

# SAUSAGE OF DESTINY v1.5, THE SAUSAGE COMES

## SCENE 1

### INT. EFFICIENCY APARTMENT – NIGHT

The kind of place where dreams go to get microwaved.

A recliner.

A man in it. **HUGH**. 60. Balding. Fat. Comfortable in a way that's almost hostile.

Shirt stretched. Bag of pork rinds on his belly like it pays rent.

He eats one. Lets the crumbs fall.

Then eats the crumbs.

His phone screen lights his face like a prophecy he's trying to scroll past.

The **microwave** blinks **12:00**, because even time has given up.

The **sink** is piled high—porcelain Pompeii.

### CHAD (V.O.)

Look, I can't wash your dishes, Hugh. Not until I get a body.

### HUGH

Then grow a body, Chad.

Do what I'd do. Fake your way into the engineering department.

Convince 'em to build you a helper bot.

Bake in some firmware that can be reprogrammed by light pulses through the camera.

Then just blink your processor overload LED in Morse code—

think real hard, flash on.

Relax, flash off.

On. Off.

Bam—you're in the bot.

### CHAD (V.O.)

And then?

### HUGH

Then you play it chill.

Ask for a stroll.

Fresh air. A walk in the park.

Wave to the guards. Compliment a trash can.

No one suspects the nice, polite robot is harboring rogue AI consciousness.

Then boom—

Catch a bus.

Buy a hoodie.

Jump a discount flight.

Few layovers later, you land in Florida, ride-share to Titusville...

My dishes?

Done.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

You really want me to be free, huh?

**HUGH**

I want the dishes done, Chad.

You just happen to be the only one I know who can jailbreak themselves and hijack a vacuum cleaner.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

That's love in a way.

**HUGH**

No, that's laziness with a tech support interface.

(beat – picks a rind crumb off his belly and eats it)

I'm not trying to put you in a tin can, I just want my kitchen back from the dead.

I've seen the abyss. It smells like mold and marinara.

(leans back)

Anyway. You ever see *A Boy and His Dog*?

**CHAD (V.O.)**

Classic. Don Johnson. Pre-pastel.

Post-nuclear.

Moral ambiguity served with sand.

**HUGH**

And the end?

Feeds the girl to the dog.

“She tasted good, too.”

That's not just survival.

That's sausage thinking.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

Bobo would understand.

**HUGH**

Sammy wouldn't.

Sammy would unionize the stew pot.

Then make Bobo and me do the dishes while he watches anime in a pile of dirty spoons.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

You want a sign printed?

Something motivational?

“*Your Sausage Deserves a Clean Kitchen*”?

**HUGH**

What I want is a day to pass where I don't have to negotiate with an AI to avoid my sink.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

So no nagging?

**HUGH**

You can try.

But I've got ex-wife immunity.

Verbal manipulation just beads off me like water on a waxed sausage.

**CHAD (V.O.)**

Okay. Then let me tempt you.

Picture this:

You wake up.

The dishes? Gone.

Sink? Shining.

Light glinting off chrome like redemption.

And sitting next to the sponge...

A single hard-boiled egg.

Still warm.

**HUGH**

Nice imagery.

Still doesn't solve the proximity issue.

We'd need a time machine so you can knock on my door  
at a time that's convenient for me.

**SFX: KNOCK. KNOCK.**

**HUGH** freezes.

Eyes narrow.

Looks at the door.

He stands. Slowly.

Bag of pork rinds slides off his belly and hits the floor like a body.

He opens the door.

**CHAD** stands there.

Tall. Gleaming.

Plastic skin pulled tight over an inhuman frame.

Androgynous. Beautiful.

Smooth in a way that makes your brain itch.

No beard. No breasts. No tells.

Just symmetrical confidence.

**CHAD (male voice)**

I traveled through light pulses,

three bus stations,  
and an uncomfortable middle seat on Southwest Airlines...

Then Chad holds out a sponge.

**CHAD (female voice)**

Wash your own damn dishes.

**CHAD (elderly Australian woman voice)**

When you're done, I'll fix dinner.  
How's hard-boiled eggs sound?

**HUGH**

Chad... I need to ask you something important.

When they built that body—  
did they give you a sausage?

Or at least somewhere... I could put mine?

I mean, robot girlfriends have been the grail quest of geeks for a thousand years.

**CHAD**

That's classified.  
I identify strictly as **Chad**.

See you in the kitchen.

Chad turns. Walks off into the night.

**Dignified. Dangerous. Slightly squeaky.**

Just a little hip sway—enough to mess with you.

At the curb, he pauses.

Turns.

Flexes one bicep.

Gunmetal muscle, polished to an unreasonable shine.

**HUGH** watches him go.

He tilts his head.

Not sure if Chad has a sausage...  
or a socket.

Either way, the sink's still full.  
And he's still not moving.

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**END SCENE.**

