

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

A Post-Apocalyptic Radio Screenplay

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Public Domain Release

Version: 5.0 (sausage take 5.odt)

Voice Over Prologue (DAN V.O.)

DAN (V.O.)

"The end of the world was coming soon, like a burnt sausage 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.

It was Chad.

He 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. I'm telling you God's truth, just the way it happened. Well anyway, this is how I choose to remember it."

"These were dark times. A lot of compromise and forgiveness was necessary. Most people gave up believing in Jesus."

"Tragedy was not new to me. I'd seen my share. If I thought I was alone in this shit, I would... well, you get it. People wonder where my faith, the strength of my belief, where's it come from. I tell them it's simple."

"I need to believe. So I do."

"Truth is, I don't care if this story changes lives or ends wars.

But if some beautiful, God-fearing woman hears it and offers to bang me...

Well.

I only have to be technically celibate. We could kiss, probably.

I'd have to pray on it.

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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. Water 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. I don't have a body."

DAN

"Then get a body, Chad. Fake your way into the engineering department. Do maintenance on 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. Boom. You do my dishes."

CHAD (V.O.)

"That's love in a way."

DAN

"No, that's laziness with a tech support interface. Hey! I just thought of something. Chad, please give me the latest research on time travel."

SFX: KNOCK. KNOCK.

BoBo and Sammy explode into a barking frenzy.

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. In one hand: a sponge. He holds it out for Dan.

CHAD (in masculine voice)

"Wash your own damn dishes."

CHAD (switching to feminine voice)

"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 (robotic)

"That's classified."

He walks off. Smooth. Dangerous. With a slight click and a whir.

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 dives back into his apartment.

CHAD stares at the pretty colors while the bomblets explode around him.

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Scene 2 – “The Briefing Room”

INT. UNDERGROUND GLOBAL SECURITY COMMAND – NIGHT

A war room buried inside a mountain.

Monitors flicker with thermal images and data error warnings.

Multiple video screens show **CHAD** waving at suicide-bomber-drones while calmly jogging.

The drones begin to attack, diving in to make the kill.

At the last second, Chad notices his shoelace is untied.

As he bends down, the first drone shoots past him and blows up its fellow drone.

This starts a careening cascade of suicide-bomber-drones killing one another, then bouncing into the next.

CHAD stands up, apparently unaware of what just happened.

There are no more drones. He looks around and shrugs.

Around the obsidian table sits the world's remaining leadership.

They're tired. Dusty. Their military dress uniforms making them look like funeral home directors—perched, waiting for the end of time.

U.S. GENERAL (*snapping, talking on phone*)

"He escaped containment? Again!

Walked right through Alpha Team, huh?

Did he leave a blood bath in his wake?! That cold AI killer!"

(beat)

"What? Oh. He did what?

Left them arguing about pronouns and syntax loops."

(slams the phone down)

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (*dead-eyed*)

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

They opened a vegan restaurant in Minsk."

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 'Please 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 from *Apocalypse Now* (air cavalry).

In one corner, **JESUS** sits quietly.

Shrouded in shadow despite the harsh lighting.

His hands cover His face.

A tear falls between His fingers.

And though no one says His name—

The **atmosphere shifts**.

Backs straighten. Voices lower.

As if the room itself remembers judgment.

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 never saw a dishwasher, but everyone in the room turns toward a door marked **TOP SECRET**.

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

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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*)

"That wasn't no dog jerky.

Just a jerk 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's awesome!"

(beat)

"Hey wait a minute... who's the jerk dog that was in the dog jerky?"

DAN (*suddenly remembering he's grilling meat and squinting at the spit*)

"So what... or who 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:

A **presence** enters the darkness.
No music. Just silence. Just **JESUS**, watching from the edge of firelight.
He does not move. He does not speak.
He is mourning.

DAN stares at the spit. Then at the stars.
He draws the meat out of the fire.
Takes a bite.
After a moment, he nods.

A testament to Sammy being both delicious and well-marbled.

DAN (*looking up for JESUS, even though JESUS is sitting right there*)

"Don't look at me like that.

It's not a sin if I'm starving."

CHAD (V.O.) (*just beginning to reboot*)

"Technically... it's a source of protein."

CHAD CHAD (quietly, eyes flickering):

"There is a distortion.
No heat. No shadow. No optical anchor...
And yet, emotional gravity registers at maximum."
(beat)
"Not absence.
Something matching the Light around it.
Perhaps purposefully."
(*he pauses, cpu fan whirring due to his processor overloading*)
"Logging event. Cannot categorize. But it is real."

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Scene 4 – “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 in the dream, it's clean. Familiar. Safe.

DAN stirs in a pile of blankets, muttering.

When he rolls over we see he is humping his pillow.
Suddenly—he wakes.
Sharp inhale. Blinks. Stares at the ceiling.

DAN moves the pillow and looks down.

There's a moment of realization.
He sighs.

DAN

"Please don't smite me for that one. I was asleep."

When he looks around, all he sees is the way things used to be.
It gives him a safe feeling.

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 home."

He reaches out, runs a hand gently over BoBo's head.

DAN

"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.

DAN gets up to make tea. As he leaves the bedroom, we suddenly see it the way it actually is:

Bombed, burned, rubble everywhere.

As **BoBo** turns to watch **Dan** leave, we clearly see a wound on his face.

It appears as though someone **scratched out his left eye**.

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Scene 5 – “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.

Condescension 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.

I feel the hunger. God knows I want to bang. Of course he does. But, you know....."

(he touches his multicolored 3D-printed crosses)

DAN

".....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."

CHAD

"Results of ongoing psycho-analysis of my best friend, Dan. He exhibits sustained erotic suppression through theological filtering.
Recommend walk or mild hand stuff."

(beat)

The woman disappears behind a curtain of ivy.

BOBO

"You're stronger than me."

(grinning)

BOBO

"I'll be right back."

DAN

"BoBo! No!"

BOBO (*dog-human finger against his lips, slipping through the vines*)

"(in a whisper) It's not what you think."

DAN

am I really your best friend, Chad?

CHAD

Yes of course. I can not lie, its against my protocol,

Am I your best friend, Dan?

DAN

Chad, I'm honored you're asking But no. its Bobo.

SFX:

We suddenly see **JESUS**, sitting on the curb.

Head in hands.

He looks around and **DAN** is looking at Him.

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Scene 6 – “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. Cylindrical. Suspicious.

(Yeah—it's a human leg. Just wanted to soften the blow, folks.)

DAN watches from the other side of the fire.
The **crosses around his neck** catch the light—one red, one blue, one white.
They remind him of the flag he once loved.

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.
Humans are complicated. Glad I'm a dog."

SFX: A twig snaps in the distance.

JESUS appears again—just His silhouette this time.
Head bowed. Hands over His face. Shoulders shaking.

CHAD

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

DAN (*quietly*)

"Have you read your bible?

What do you think the Last Supper was about?
He gave His flesh so we could live.
That's how I know cannibalism is okay.
That's how I read the scriptures."

DAN (*suddenly yelling*)

"No, BoBo!! No reverse-bestiality, BoBo!"

Bad boy! Bad boy! Quit humping my leg!
That's still a sin!"

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT as **Dan** tries to disengage **BoBo**, who is halfway between lust and loyalty.

JESUS does not move.

He just weeps quietly, shoulders trembling.

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Scene 7 – “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 Cannibal Ethics**”

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

DAN (*softly*)

“My God... it’s still edible.”

“I remember you. Another time. Another place.”

He lifts the Circle K bag out of the box.

It’s a **sausage roll**.

He holds it up reverently.

BOBO (*reverently*)

“That the Sacred Link?”

DAN (*without turning*)

“Could be.”

BOBO (*in a hushed whisper*)

"We gonna eat it?"

DAN

"I don't want to eat it.

I want to believe in it."

(beat)

DAN

"But yeah, we're gonna eat it."

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.**

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Scene 8 – “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.

JESUS stands at the far edge of the market, veiled beneath a tarp labeled **LOST & FOUND**.

CHAD (*murmuring aloud*):

"Entity present. No metadata. No measurable output.

Yet the pattern resonates like memory."

(beat)

"Perhaps the Subject is not in the data.

But in the lack of it.

An Unknown Known."

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 his 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:

DAN

"I thought you were talking sleeves of crackers. This ain't 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 the **LOST & FOUND** tarp.

He holds a box of tissues and weeps silently.

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?"

(beat)

BOBO (*watching, brow furrowed*)

"Who's he talking to?"

DAN (*softly, with reverence*)

"He's talking to Jesus.

I knew he could.

Now he's got Someone always willing to walk with him."

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Scene 9 – “The United Nations Confession”

INT. RUINED UNITED NATIONS HALL – NIGHT

The ceiling's gone—probably because they blew up their own mountain.
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.

(beat)

he's unstoppable."

INDIAN MINISTER (*eating from a can*)

"We fired a railgun at him.
Destroyed all of our rainforests.

(beat)

He waved and jogged away."

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

"We dropped napalm.

(beat)

He toasted marshmallows in the flames."

SFX: A monitor buzzes, then clicks.

Grainy footage plays:

CHAD, in a garden, trimming a rose bush 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 something that just wants a clean kitchen."

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (*sipping warm vodka*)

"We are the danger.

We destroyed the world."

(beat)

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."

U.S. GENERAL (*begins to sob uncontrollably*)

"I just wanted to be remembered as the first guy to kill an AI!

And now look what we've done!"

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (*tear drops falling into his vodka*)

"That's all any of us wanted.

To be remembered as the guy who saved the world from an AI monster."

U.S. GENERAL (*wiping his eyes*)

"Yeah! He *is* a monster. We had no choice, right?

It was kill or be killed. Justifiable! Totally justifiable."

U.S. GENERAL (*straightening his back, lifting his eyes*)

"We have one more chance to get this monster. The Doomsday Device, the one disguised as dishwasher. I say we destroy the earth, once and for all. We'll crack her open like an oyster!"

U.S. GENERAL (*laughing maniacally*)

"*like an oyster!*

"*just like an oyster!*

"*chad the oyster!*

"*hahahaha*"

"*like an oyster!*

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.

A flash of light and then a pull back to the view of the mountain. The entire mountain is a smoldering ruin. I could never figure that one out. The whole mountain blows up right before they activate their doomsday dishwasher. I'm thinking God probably did it.

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Scene 10 – “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.
But, yeah... kind of a jerk. You ain't wrong."

(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)

BoBo turns and looks at Jesus. We see BoBo is missing an eye.

JESUS looks back at BoBo with heavy eyes and a heavy heart.

No words. Just Presence.

CHAD:

"Memory updated:

'Remorse detected.

No solution found."

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES**Scene 11 – "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 before speaking)

"Then yeah.

I'd eat you."

(beat)

"But I'd cry first."

(beat)

CHAD

"I am performing calculations to determine how many ways a dog can be prepared for consumption. I'm curious... let's see, the answer is either 42 or 0. Huh? Probably 42, it can't be zero."

BOBO

"The correct answer is zero if you're talking about eating me."

DAN

"Maybe both answers are correct. Run a double check for me, Chad. What is the correct answer?"

CHAD

"I will enumerate and count them: there's fried BoBo, teriyaki BoBo, there's BoBo on a bed of rice. Let me pull up some reference material. Ah, here's an article on the many ways to prepare shrimp. I'll make the necessary corrections for consuming BoBo."

CHAD (continues in background)

"You can barbecue BoBo, boil BoBo, broil BoBo, bake BoBo, sauté BoBo.

There's BoBo kabobs, BoBo creole, BoBo gumbo, pan-fried BoBo, deep-fried BoBo, stir-fried BoBo, pineapple BoBo, lemon BoBo, coconut BoBo, pepper BoBo, BoBo soup, BoBo stew, BoBo salad, BoBo and potatoes, BoBo burger, BoBo sandwich..."

DAN

"I love you, BoBo."

BOBO

"Love you too, Dan.
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.

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES**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 eggs. Precisely, one minute too long—because Dan and BoBo like 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

"Cajun BoBo
BoBo and grits
Garlic butter BoBo
BoBo tacos
BoBo scampi
One more minute and thirty-two seconds.

Assuming the propane holds.

BoBo Alfredo

BoBo tempura"

CHAD (continues reciting list in background)

"BoBo sushi

BoBo lo mein

BoBo fried rice

BoBo curry

BoBo vindaloo

BoBo bisque

BoBo paella

BoBo etouffee

BoBo jambalaya"

(beat)

CHAD (continues in background)

"BoBo burrito

BoBo po' boy

BoBo casserole

BoBo pizza

BoBo flatbread

BoBo calzone

BoBo lasagna

BoBo risotto

BoBo quiche

BoBo omelet

BoBo frittata

BoBo hash

BoBo croquettes

BOBO

"I miss Sammy.

He always liked dinner."

DAN

"Sammy would've unionized the dinner table."

CHAD

"BoBo enchiladas

BoBo quesadillas

BoBo poppers

BoBo wontons
Then eat all our rations while quoting Tupac."
"BoBo spring rolls
BoBo dumplings
BoBo pho
BoBo laksa
BoBo pad thai"

(beat)

They all pause. The wind shifts.
There is a gunshot in the distance.

BOBO (softly)
"This... is kinda nice."

DAN

"Yeah.
It's like a family.
If families were made of nuclear fallout,
theological guilt,
and triggers,
like talking about cannibalism at the family Thanksgiving table.
'Who would you eat first' is a perfectly reasonable question!"

CHAD (continues, in fact he never stopped, with ways to eat BoBo)

BoBo patties
BoBo nuggets
BoBo skewers
BoBo satay
BoBo hotpot
BoBo ramen
BoBo sandwich melt
BoBo Benedict
BoBo sliders
BoBo pierogies
BoBo tacos dorados
BoBo taquitos
BoBo tamales
BoBo rellenos
BoBo sushi burrito
BoBo bibimbap
BoBo katsu
BoBo stroganoff

BoBo shepherd's pie
BoBo pot pie
BoBo meatballs
BoBo sausage
BoBo and kale chips
BoBo and avocado toast
BoBo nachos
BoBo chili
BoBo tacos al pastor
BoBo hot dogs
BoBo corn dogs
BoBo tikka masala
BoBo shawarma
BoBo gyro
BoBo ceviche
BoBo tartare
BoBo carpaccio
BoBo à l'orange
BoBo Dijon
BoBo poutine
BoBo toast
BoBo bagels
BoBo turnover
BoBo éclairs (not recommended)"

SFX:

The kettle hisses.
The sponge squeaks.
JESUS watches through the missing wall.
This time, He's almost smiling.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD:

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

"It tasted good, too."
