

THE SILLY GUYS GO TO WAR

ANDREW - himself

BRANSON - himself

CHARLES - himself

ZEKE - Narrator

NOAH - Private Dusty Nutz & miscellaneous

BRENDAN - President Cecil Cobra

NARRATOR: Nightfall. An undisclosed location in the Pacific.

CHARLES: Do you see the bastards!?

ANDREW: Target sighted at 3 o'clock!

NARRATOR: OK I'll give you a hint. It's near Japan.

BRANSON: Vector vector. Roger over. Permission granted to drop the payload. Permission granted to spank their little butts.

CHARLES: You're all clear Sergeant. Give 'em hell. And tell 'em Uncle Sam sent you.

BRANSON: I'm trying to shoot my sniper rifle into the wall over there until it spells Fuck You. But then I realized—I don't think these guys read English. And I don't know how to be rude in any other language.

ANDREW: There's only one language guys like this understand.

BRANSON: I hope it's English.

ANDREW: No. Bullets. The sound of a gun is the only true universal language.

CHARLES: The sound of that chopper got me feeling like I speak Esperanto.

[rapid gunfire sfx]

BRANSON: The enemy's coming! The enemy's coming!

CHARLES: Then it's a damn good thing I was already shooting!

NARRATOR: In the darkness, we see a half dozen men crest a nearby hill. They are incredibly elderly Japanese men wearing the military uniform of WWII-era Imperial Japan. They are

shuffling forward at a turtle's pace and their guns are all rusty. They are all easily over 100 years old.

ANDREW: You bastards! Here's a message from Uncle Sam... He meant to send it 80 years ago, but better late than never!

[tons of gunfire]

BRANSON: Is it really okay to kill these guys? They aren't shooting in the right direction. Maybe I'll send up a flare to help them out. That way they could shoot at us more accurately and I'll feel less bad about blowing their wrinkled old brains out.

CHARLES: War is hell, Branson. And in Hell, it's hot. So I think it's OK to melt their geriatric brains with searing hot lead.

BRANSON: True, war is hell. But it doesn't HAVE to be. You know. We don't use poisons anymore, right? Maybe we can get rid of bullets and guns next. I think if we go straight to fighting with sticks, I'd be a way better warrior.

ANDREW: Save all the moralizing for peacetime, PUSSY! This here is WAR! Check out this drug the army gave me to sniff to fight more better. It's like cocaine but it's blood red.

CHARLES: The only drug I need is found in the barrel of a gun.

BRANSON: You smoke drugs out of your gun too?

CHARLES: Kind of. It's called "Bullet," but I'm not talking about bourbon. And instead of smoking it, I smoke opps with it.

BRANSON: Right. We know how bullets work Charles.

CHARLES: I just thought it would sound cool if I said it that way. Also I'm holding my gun sideways.

ANDREW: Hold on guys—check it out. One of the old Japanese guys from World War 2 is rushing us. Ope, look here, he's charging us with a grenade. Not moving too fast. Pretty far away still. Ope, he pulled the pin. He pulled the pin way too early. He really overestimated how fast he was moving. Should be going off-- (Explosion sound effect) There we go. Okay guys, that's all of them. Should we bury their bodies or just throw them in the next car we see instead?

CHARLES: No. Leave them out to set an example.

BRANSON: But this is a remote unoccupied island.

CHARLES: Well it'll set an example for the birds and critters and stuff. Don't FUCK with Uncle Sam 80 years ago.

ANDREW: I think we actually did a favor for the birds and bugs. They're gonna have a big delicious meal eating these yummy corpses.

CHARLES: War is hell to a human... But heaven to a bird or bug or rat...

ANDREW: Still have too many bullets. FUCK! No more losers to fucking shoot.

NARRATOR: With too many bullets to spare, our heroes begin shooting trees, snapping branches, kicking rocks, pulling up grass, just generally fucking up stuff in nature.

CHARLES: This one's for Uncle Sam, you damn tree!

[tons of gunfire]

BRANSON: Hey when we're done playing war what do you guys wanna do later?

ANDREW: I dunno, maybe go back to our Hawaii mansion and play truck drivers next?

CHARLES: Truck driving is hell. But don't get distracted. Our mission isn't complete till our private helicopter arrives and takes us home.

BRANSON: We got the Theranos helicopter at a police auction.

ANDREW: I know. I already know that. Don't open the glove compartment. There's still a ton of loose blood in there. Elizabeth Holmes said she liked to keep some handy just in case.

CHARLES: Oh nice, the pilot must have heard us shooting at all those trees, they're coming in for a landing.

ANDREW: The pilot is waving at us. I wonder if he'll have any lines this time. Hey Peter!

(Silence)

ANDREW (whispering): Dude, Peter's fucking mad about something today.

CHARLES: Maybe we can cheer him up by letting him drop a bomb on the island as we leave.

BRANSON: Vector Roger, tango en route to Whirlybird pick up, we got the tens and the toes here, we got all ten toes on the sand, we're centered and we're present waiting for the meal trolley to take us into home base over.

ANDREW: Mission complete. Relay the message to HQ.

BRANSON: HQ? There's no HQ. We just did that for fun.

CHARLES: Wow. I got 15 XP from that mission.

ANDREW: I got a loot crate. Whoa, check it out! The jacket from Eddie Murphy Raw is in here!

BRANSON: Petey Pilot, set a course for our Mansion. It's time for some R&R, hot dogs on the grill, goofing off, guys stuff, war is hell and we need to blow off some steam. We're talking about military grade horseplay. Petey, I'm talking about committing so much grab ass that the brass is going to have to fly around a drone constantly dumping cold water on my head. I'm going to get a dishonorable discharge for wrestling in the pool for 18 hours straight. Let's fucking get the fuck out of here so I can wipe the old man blood off of my face!

[helicopter noises, "Born in the USA" plays]

NARRATOR: After the pilot set a course of the island mansion, our heroes still had many hours to kill on the helicopter. Did you really think we would just cut to the next exciting scene?

CHARLES: Ugggghhhh flying in our private helicopter is so BORING. When is something cool going to happen.

ANDREW: It takes a really long time to fly across the pacific ocean in a helicopter. We should have used our federal grant money from the Podcasters & Orphans Bailout Act of 2024 on a jet.

BRANSON: No. This was the only thing that we could buy that they would let us paint a girl on.

ANDREW: I don't know why you had to be the one to paint the girl on the helicopter. I'm a much better artist. The one you made just looks like a stick figure with two big tits.

CHARLES: I like the crudely drawn naked woman on the side of our helicopter. It sends a terrifying and confusing message to our many enemies.

[phone ring ring ring sfx]

ANDREW: Hello? Mr. President? But it's not time for our daily phone call yet. First of all, we're not even home yet. We couldn't do a Gilmore Girls watch-along with you even if we wanted. Mhm. Mhm. Ok. Wow. Yeah I'll run it past the guys.

BRANSON: Who was that?

CHARLES: Using context clues, I think it was the President. ...But of which country?

ANDREW: Charles, you are right. It was the President. President Cecil Cobra. And get ready for this. It's the President of the United States. He wants to know if we want to join the army for a secret operation.

BRANSON: What's the secret operation?

ANDREW: I don't know. He said he would only tell me if I joined the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines and Coast Guard.

CHARLES: So... they're playing hardball. That's how those suits in Washington get you. Oldest trick in the book. They learned it from Chris Matthews. Remember him? Hardball.

BRANSON: Whatever. I'll join the army.

CHARLES: Really? Just like that?

BRANSON: Yeah. I don't give a fuck. I just feel so tired lately. I don't care what happens, I'm just tired of worrying about it. I'll join the Army. Who gives a shit.

CHARLES: Oh yeah. I don't give a fuck about anything. I do it. People say I'm crazy for this one but I'll do it.

ANDREW: The President is going to meet us at our Mansion in Hawaii. He heard about our private mission to kill those old Japanese guys and he said it sounded really really cool and we probably looked awesome as hell destroying them with our guns. He's going to give us a meeting or a briefing or a mission details book or whatever. This thang has MAJOR geopolitical implications, he said.

BRANSON: Oh cool, we're landing. Hold on, let me play the song.

[Flo Rida's "My House" plays]

BRANSON: It makes me feel cool to play this song when I go to my house because my house is cool just like the guy's house is in the song.

NARRATOR: Everyone in the helicopter makes a cool and stoic pose with their weapons as it slowly descends into the pool outside of our heroes' big mansion. They all flip out of the helicopter into the water in slow motion as the song plays. A bunch of women are walking on a nature trail 15 feet away and they are all wearing cocktail dresses and the helicopter blades blow off all of their dresses in one swift motion. The pilot jumps out of the pilot seat really quickly right after landing the helicopter and the helicopter fan blades blow off his jumpsuit too. Everyone else's clothes stay on. Andrew, Branson, and Charles lower their sunglasses to look at the ladies in their underwear and also the naked male pilot while their three butlers hand them some of their famous labatt blue margaritas.

PRESIDENT: Hey boys, save some for me!

NARRATOR: The President of the United States comes into view and steps forward to request a labatt blue margarita, and the still-churning helicopter blades blow off his blue suit at over 100 miles per hour. His aides and assistants instantly rush in and slap a new blue suit on him, but for a brief second you could see that he has a Prince Albert piercing on his penis, although he calls it a President Albert.

PRESIDENT: You three are the coolest soldiers I have ever seen in my life. You make Solid Snake look like uhhh... What's a lesser reptile than a snake? A skink? You make Solid Snake look like Solid Skink.

CHARLES: Thank you Mr. President. You make JFK look like shit, sir. And Barack Obama too. The whole lot of the bastards. I hate them all except for you, sir.

BRANSON: I would die for you, my liege. Kill me now. I won't even try to stop you.

ANDREW: Hell, I'd eat some steaming hot enemy guts for you, sir! Haha! Just playing!

PRESIDENT: Thank you Boys. I've been feeling really insecure about how I'm doing as a President lately and it's nice to hear some words of encouragement.

BRANSON: Do you have a Prince Albert on your penis?

PRESIDENT: I call it a President Albert.

ANDREW: OK.

CHARLES: OK.

BRANSON: OK. I call it a President Branson.

PRESIDENT: So then it's settled. Listen boys, I'd love to talk to you right now about this crazy new mission. I saw what you guys did to those one hundred and ten year old Japanese guys, and if you so easily are able to take out guys with that much experience then, hell, murdering dozens or even hundreds of teenagers or child soldiers will prove to be no feat for you.

ANDREW: Let me at 'em Mr. President. I'm gonna bag me a teen right now.

CHARLES: I can think of a military strategy that will murder ANY type of person. Just give me the go ahead Chief. ...Commander In.

BRANSON: Basically, when I get ready for war I stoke myself in a white-hot rage by making up imaginary cultures in my head. And then it doesn't matter if it's a child or an elderly or a dog I'm against, all I see is the face of the Ultimate Enemy, red and glowing and formless, begging me to end it.

PRESIDENT: That's good to hear, Branson. Because we're going up against ALL the cultures. You see, a new island has been discovered in the Pacific, and—

CHARLES: Hold on, old man. All this talk of war against every country in the world is real exciting. But you're forgetting one thing.

ANDREW: Before discussing classified tactical military strategy operations, we gotta make sure we can trust you.

PRESIDENT: But boys! I'm the President of the United States!

BRANSON: Right. But can you hang?

PRESIDENT: I can fucking hang sack with the best of them. Ten toes on the sand and two nuts. Put me in a lazy river and I'll blow your fucking mind. I'll make you throw up.

BRANSON: Talk is cheap, Mr. President. In fact it's the only thing that's cheap in your damn economy, you scumbag. But enough about that. Prove to us you can hang and let your nuts down and all that. You know those girls the helicopter just blew the clothes off of? They're coming here in 5 minutes for the craziest party you've ever seen in your life. And the pilot is invited too. Let me see what you got Mr. President.

PRESIDENT: Alright, well check out this first move. See this tie? It's going on the side of my head. And see this shirt? I'm going to undo a button and you're going to see my little ground meat. I'm going to roll up my pantslegs and I am going to play an acoustic version of My House by Flo Rida while all the chicks here rush to the bathroom so they can all go flick their bean. That's right I said it. I said flick their bean.

CHARLES: Don't you mean flick their Beans, sir? Plural.

PRESIDENT: Go fuck yourself. I'm the President, I have the authority to break the laws of grammar whenever it's in the national interest to do so.

CHARLES: I oughta shoot you with my gun right now...

BRANSON: Charles. You can't do that. We just told this guy we'd let him kill us and stuff. That would be very shady. This guy could be my ticket to getting into the Deep State. I've always wanted to live underground.

CHARLES: I wouldn't be the first guy to K a P. But I see your point. Let's get back on track.

ANDREW: Enough talk. This party needs to start right fucking now or something bad is going to happen. I just saw a bunch of black ops guys in gas masks walk over to the chicks who had their clothes blown off. Then the girls started dancing with them and they took their gas masks off and then they sprayed each other with a bunch of pink gas. They're walking over here now making direct eye contact with us and raising the roof. I feel a little scared, but also excited.

NARRATOR: As the crowd approaches, Andrew, Branson, Charles and the President all start doing the Degeneration X suck it thing from wrestling and then they drink a huge beer. This makes the black ops guys and the girls in their underwear go crazy and they start doing the Degeneration X thing too. Then both groups start running at each other full speed and all of a sudden they collide and all go flying into the pool. They're drinking in the pool, doing that thing where people are on each other's shoulders, smoking weed, wearing sunglasses. A nerd shows up with a pocket protector and his bow tie starts spinning around after a thong flies into his mouth. Steam shoots out of his ears also. A rapper shows up and films a music video and during the music video a pizza delivery guy shows up and one of the black ops guys starts giving him head. Like a porno. A late nite delivery guy shows up with a truck with 200 lampshades and 200 sharpies. He gives himself head in his truck and then leaves. That's NOT like a porno. At least not like any I ever saw. In the morning, everyone is sprawled all over the mansion, sleeping wherever they fell, and everyone has a lampshade on their head and everyone has a penis drawn on their face.

PRESIDENT: Now that we got all that out of our system... Boys. The United States is in grave danger. A brand new island has been discovered in the Pacific. It's about the size of Texas, and they found it in a place where nobody bothered to check before. It has tons of natural resources. Gemstones. Rubies. Diamonds. Vespeine gas. Sulfur. Emeralds. Lapis Lazuli. Ore. Money trees. Salt and spices. Basically all of the stuff that people like to fight wars over. And the danger is, well... Someone else in the world might get some of those resources.

ANDREW: Bastards! Those are my rubies!

CHARLES: Those gemstones and lapis lazulis belong to the American people. Anyone can see that.

PRESIDENT: I know that as well as you. But there's some bad guys from all the other countries who want to get their grubby little mitts on the stuff.

BRANSON: Sounds like we've got us an old fashioned World War on our hands. And this time, Uncle Sam is taking the gloves off. To reveal that he had his hands replaced by two machetes.

PRESIDENT: I'm afraid it's true. We are facing the prospect of a World War, located entirely on an isolated island in the Pacific. And there's no time to waste. All the bad guy countries should be arriving riiiiiiight aboooooout... Now. I hereby promote you boys to generals. And not just in

the army. You are all in the navy, air force, and coast guard too. And also on Seal Team 6. And guess what? You three just got promoted. You're all proud members of Seal Team 7 now.

ANDREW: Thank you sir. We are willing to go to boot camp if we need to. But we'd prefer not to. We already know how to kill guys and shoot guns and stuff.

PRESIDENT: Hah. You three have no need for boot camp. I've watched your game footage from when you massacred those bad guys. You're immaculate. In fact, I bet you could teach the drill instructors a thing or two. And it would be fun to see you have an adventure like that. But this situation is critical. We need to air drop you onto the newly discovered island in about... Oh-Zero-Hundred hours. Right now.

BRANSON: That sounds good Mr. Commander and Chief. But there's one thing you're forgetting.

ANDREW: Heh. That innocent look on his face. He doesn't know.

PRESIDENT: What? What don't I know? I'm cool. I know things.

CHARLES: You have no fucking idea chief. Don't you see? We need you in this thing too, Mr. Cobra. Right there on the front lines with us.

PRESIDENT: A President... Fighting on the front lines? But that hasn't happened since Air Force One. The movie.

ANDREW: Sir, that movie wasn't real.

PRESIDENT: Give it a rest, Sgt. Hudson. You now have access to classified intel that proves beyond a doubt that the events of Air Force One were real. It happened to Barack Obama. But you're right. My country needs me. I'll join you on this unauthorized military action into disputed territory. It'll be difficult to explain to the American people, sure, but I think they'll understand.

CHARLES: The American people are some of the most reasonable people on earth, sir. They invented Monster Trucks, after all.

PRESIDENT: Well, gentleman, it won't just be us. I wouldn't let us go in alone. Private Dusty Nutz! Please report for duty!

NARRATOR: A stupid looking soldier in a loose, ill-fitting uniform shuffles into the beautiful mansion. He is holding a rifle and his pants and shoes are on backwards and he trips and ends up shooting one of the black ops guys in the arm who is currently clipping his toenails. He quickly stands up, and his pants fall down, revealing oversized, cartoonishly starchy boxer shorts featuring the cast of Family Circus.

NUTZ: Gawrsh! It appears that you done did saw my underpants!

BRANSON: Ohhh, I get it. This guy sucks.

ANDREW: Yeah, so this is just like kind of our shitty underling guy? That's the thought here, right?

CHARLES: I'm not sure I like the idea of him having a gun. Are you allowed to be in the army if you can't hold a gun? Maybe we can strap him to a bomb or something.

PRESIDENT: You guys are the shooters. His job's to grab you beers and stuff during the war. Deliver pizzas to you. Enhance your water with Mio tangerine.

NUTZ: Yes sirs! I will get you fellas any dang drink you done dream of! Sprite, pepsi, water. Gatorade if you check your pee during the war and it looks like a big pint of chicken broth. I know how to make a mint julep, an old fashioned—

BRANSON: Hey Dusty, do you know what a sack tap is?

NUTZ: If that's a drink, no, I don't know it sir, but if it's an action, I'm familiar wi—

[whip crack sfx]

NUTZ: OOF!

BRANSON: Get me a gatorade. You guys want anything?

CHARLES: I'll take an Old Polish. That's a drink I just made up in my head. If you don't guess the ingredients right, you have to sleep outside.

ANDREW: And I'll take a Jolly Ranchers soda. Blue, if they have it.

NUTZ: Very good sir, that's my favorite! Okay, you fellas just wait right here and I'm going to put them on a fancy plate. The military air dropped a bunch of coolers filled with every type of drink, but they landed on a volleyball net and got thrown everywhere. I'm sure it won't take me very long to find that stuff though, because although I am dim-witted, ugly, stupid, bad personality, bad breath, short, weird body, weird legs, weird sort of ideas in my head. Skin tags. I got skin tags. Pills. I've been doing pills. I've been dragged through the dirt by all manners of braggarts and bastards, ne'erdowells and nymphos. But despite all my many, many failings, I think I'm basically Rudy but for war instead of football. In as much as my purity of heart will manifest itself at a crucial moment and everyone will have to pick me up and put me on their shoulders.

PRESIDENT: Private Nutz! You were strictly instructed not to explain yourself or provide your backstory in any way!

NUTZ: Sorry sir! I just thought I should say something, in case there was a crucial moment later on I could help with because of the purity of my soul! You see, when I was just a boy in Silver Spoons, Georgia—

[whip sfx]

NUTZ: Oh no! My genitals!

PRESIDENT: What did I tell you, Private Nutz! No backstory! Now, hurry up and leave the scene! You're taking forever.

BRANSON: Maybe we should all leave the scene now, Mr. President. The choppers are landing and the war sirens or whatever you call them are going off.

ANDREWS: Klaxons.

BRANSON: That's Star Wars.

CHARLES: That's Klingons. And that's from Star Trek.

ANDREW: We should get to war. I'd hate to show up late and miss the biggest fight and then easily destroy everyone else after they are weakened. That's against the spirit of the game. I want to show up bright and early, be a gentleman, and give my enemy the first target to shoot at.

NUTZ: Agreed! If you guys want me to get shot, then I will! I'm great at getting shot. Don't even have to think about it.

PRESIDENT: You're trying too hard to impress these guys, Private Nutz! Relax! Wipe the damn precum off and relax! You're embarrassing me! I vouched for you!

NUTZ: Sorry sir! Once we get in the helicopter, I'll get right in the kennel!

PRESIDENT: Alright, boys, it's showtime. Let's go out there and kill some fuckers that look different from us and live in strange, alien ways. All aboard the helicopter! HOORAY! I mean HOO RAH!

EVERYONE: HOORAY!

NARRATOR: The boys all sling their gear over their shoulders and hop onto the helicopter. It takes off while everyone is kind of holding on with one hand for some reason and everyone looks really cool because it is going off into the sunset. The helicopter cruises through the

Pacific Ocean at over 1000 miles per hour while everyone reflects in soldierly reverie. Branson opens up a locket and looks at a black and white photograph of his wife eating a meatball sub. Andrew fights back tears as he reads a PRIMA strategy guide for Gex the Gecko. Charles sighs wistfully as he looks at a picture of a beer he printed out on computer paper. President Cecil Cobra hands out already lit cigars to each of the fellas as the battlefield comes into view.

PRESIDENT: Get ready boys. War is hell.

[CCR Fortunate Son starts playing in the left channel, then Hendrix Purple Haze or Watchtower enters in the right channel clashing with each other.]

NARRATOR: Suddenly, gunfire is heard in the distance. The pilot swerves the helicopter down, and we see a brand new island in the Pacific Ocean filled with the sights and sounds of modern warfare. Call of duty soldiers in metal wetsuits run on the walls while shooting or whatever. Drones are flying around with big buckets dropping hot tar on guys. There's a Kaiju in the distance that looks like a big crab and it keeps walking sideways around the island. A tank using a low gravity mod is flying around the map by shooting down at the ground and you can see the guy's username above the tank and his username is CODY_WINTHROP_JR. The helicopter lands on the beach, and our heroes scramble out of the chopper, screaming loud as hell, shooting randomly in every direction until they find some cover behind a great big rock.

PRESIDENT: Alright boys, this rock here is home base!

CHARLES: Standing behind a rock is hell! Especially when there's bullets on the other side trying to SEND you to Hell... Even though you're already in Hell...

PRESIDENT: I take it each of you boys has a signature weapon? Mine is this custom deagle with my name engraved and a spiderweb wrap on it like it's a car. Also, I don't know if you boys noticed but I have a full sleeve tattoo of a snake that ISN'T a cobra, it's like, a python or something, even though my name is President Cecil Cobra.

NUTZ: This here potato peeler is my signature weapon. And I plan on skinning thousands of taters before I leave this island. I've already skinned like, 12 of them, and we've only been here thirty seconds.

ANDREW: Weapon? I don't need a weapon. Just ammo. I got ammo in my pants, ammo in my shoes, ammo in my underwear. But no weapon. Because I am the weapon. I'm my own gun. I bet you're wondering how a man could be his own gun? Well, I can throw bullets faster than you can shoot them. I can throw bullets at well over a million miles an hour.

BRANSON: I get jealous of my weapons if they get more credit for killing guys than me. That's why I got this exo-suit. It's a fancy name but it's basically a master chief suit or a super hero suit or whatever you want to call it. Basically when I wear the master chief suit, I mostly shoot at guys with my crazy assault rifle if they're too far away and I'm feeling lazy. But if they are real

close to me, I am basically super strong in this thing so I can just reach right in them and pull their hot guts out with my super strong hands.

CHARLES: Heh. Me? They call me the close-range sniper. I get right up in their face with the longest-barrelled gun you ever saw, and blast away. And also my sniper rifle can go into bazooka mode to explode the bad guys more better. And also I have a silencer for my bazooka.

ANDREW: Mr. President. Aren't you forgetting one thing? A Blastoise. His skill with water cannons will be crucial in our war against the English, Spanish, Polish, Japanese, Chinese, and all the other types of bad guys.

PRESIDENT: Dammit Hudson, there you go again! He's my second in command. Of course I didn't forget.

ANDREW: Sorry for questioning your judgment, your highness sir. It's just that war is hell and I just—

PRESIDENT: No need to apologize, Corporal Hudson. You're the best damn soldier I've ever seen in my life. Now, you boys know as well as anyone that this war is going to get serious. And that's why the U.S. military has been instructed to remove the safeties off of all our guns. We can't lose a single second flipping the safety off.

CHARLES: Good thinking chief. The safety was the only thing holding us back... It was our enemies' best friend... Now they're going to meet their maker... Every last one of 'em. The Canadians. Luxembourgiens. Russo-Kremlinians. Mexicrainians. And Canadians.

BRANSON: We're taking heavy fire from behind this rock! Maybe we should report for duty at base camp until the bad guys go away?

PRESIDENT: Good thinking Lieutenant Branson. But you boys have no need to sleep in the barracks tonight. Our soldiers have already airdropped in your huge, cool, brand new mansion, directly to your specifications in the blueprints. You three will sleep there, and there's infinite Cinnamon Toast Crunch in the kitchen, and you can wake up whenever you want. You'll need all the beauty rest you can get since you'll be stepping directly into Hell, which is war, in the morning. Or afternoon if you prefer.

CHARLES: We're pinned down here, we're going to have to make a run for it. I'm a close range sniper only, these guys are way too far away.

ANDREW: Private Nutz! Stop peeling those potatoes! We need you to go run towards the mansion that they built for us today. You know, the exact 1:1 replica mansion of Stephen Soderberg's mansion that the Army built for us? Basically, we're worried that we are going to get shot if we go first so we want you to go.

NUTZ: Yes sir! Just give me one moment to tighten my belt up before I run, and to straighten and secure my helmet. I'd hate to have something bad happen while I run through the gunfire.

BRANSON: Private Nutz, you stupid sack of shit, we don't have time for that bullshit! Instead, I am going to put my dirty boots on your lower back and push you as hard as I can into an active battlefield. War is full of unknowable, gray areas, and we never, ever, ever relitigate any decisions ever made during it. Now, run!

NARRATOR: Private Dusty Nutz goes flying out from behind the big rock and lands face first in a big cow patty. He wipes off the doo doo from his face and starts running. His leg gets shot and his pants fall down. He is trying to run to the mansion with one hand holding the pants up and his other hand blocking the enemy army from seeing his penis. He shuffles towards the mansion, finally collapsing and throwing himself down behind the replica hot tub from Hot Tub Time Machine, safe but still flinching from gunfire.

ANDREW: Good. The bad guys are all tired of shooting now. We can make it across unscathed.

CHARLES: I'm going to just stroll across the battlefield with my hands in both pockets.

BRANSON: Alright, let's make a run for it already. I have to go to the bathroom really bad. And don't tell me I should have went before we got on the helicopter because I did. There isn't a toilet on the helicopter.

ANDREW: I told you to pee out the door of the helicopter.

BRANSON: It was a number two. I couldn't be seen doing that. I couldn't do that to my family.

PRESIDENT: Soldier, I order you to go #2 in your mansion right now. ASAP!

BRANSON: Sir yes sir! Reporting for duty sir, and by duty, I mean—

PRESIDENT: Shut the fuck up, dickhead. You are going to say that to the President of the United States? Make a duty/ doody joke? This is serious. This is war. Hundreds of millions of lives are at stake. Now drop down and give me twenty.

NARRATOR: Branson lays down on the ground on his back and hands a twenty dollar bill up to the President.

PRESIDENT: Not exactly what I wanted. I'll be more specific next time. Look! All of the other nation's soldiers are all reloading at once! Now's our chance!

NARRATOR: Back at the big mansion, just behind the front lines...

ANDREW: Wow! There's a million dollars cash in the fridge!

BRANSON: And infinite blueberry pop-tarts in the pantry! ...And they're full of money instead of gooey stuffing!

CHARLES: And a broom closet full of rubies and gemstones and diamonds!

NUTZ: Hey guys! You made it! Sorry for bleeding all over your mansion. I actually got shot back there. And I think some fellers from the Netherlands saw my twig and berries! I tell you, when I was mentally preparing myself for what war was like, I didn't think I'd have to worry about anyone seeing my penis here.

BRANSON: Hey Dusty. Nice dick. Sorry you got shot.

ANDREW: Yeah man, nice dick.

PRESIDENT: It's fine.

CHARLES: Mr. President... Um. Uhh. Me and the guys were wondering umm... Would you want to have a sleepover? We're going to drag all of our mattresses to the living room and drink soda and eat pizza and stay up all night. We are going to watch the Family Guy movie and play Mario Kart. And well. We need a 4th controller. You in?

PRESIDENT: Boys, I thought you'd never ask. But what about Dusty?

ANDREW: He can make us all a big birthday cake and do our dishes. You know. Put our paper plates into the dishwasher.

BRANSON: I have an idea for this game we could play where we heat up some coins on the stove top and then we all put on black leather gloves and whip the hot coins at him as hard as we can.

ANDREW: If I whip a coin at him it'll kill him.

NUTZ: Gawrsh. I mean, this is war, so I'm prepared to die for my country.

BRANSON: War is nothing compared to the 5th grade bullying I'm about to do to you. I'm going to give you a nurple so evil that you'll never be able to look at the color purple again without throwing up.

PRESIDENT: Easy, Branson, we got a long war here, so save some of that bullying for the enemy. In fact, we may need to get a little shut eye. Where's the DVD for the family guy movie? What do you guys say we all sleep in a big pile like a bunch of stray dogs?

(All at once)

ANDREW: As long as Branson is wearing socks, sure.

BRANSON: As long as I don't have to wear socks, sure.

CHARLES: I don't care about anything.

NARRATOR: Later that night...

[cricket sfx]

PRESIDENT: Say... Whatcha thinkin'...?

CHARLES: I think I have trauma from the war already... It's just so... Loud. I feel like a golden retriever on 4th of July. But this ain't no holiday. Out on the battlefield, we're playing for keeps. Yes sir. Can't just pick up your ball and go home. Yup. This is war. And war is hell. And in hell, you don't just get to pick up your ball and go home. You have to stand there getting poked in the butt by a little pitchfork demon and there ain't nothing you can do about it.

BRANSON: Hey guys... Who's your crush?

ANDREW: Not saying! ...Would you rather have a million jetskis or a million birthdays?

CHARLES: That's the same thing to me cause I'd ask for a jetski on each of my birthdays.

ANDREW: Would you rather have your own Dave and Busters or have a million video games?

PRESIDENT: Both.

ANDREW: Nuh-uh! Come on, Cecil! You can't pick BOTH!

PRESIDENT: Yuh-huh. I'm the President, I can do whatever I want!

CHARLES: Would you rather play golf with a gator or have lunch in a box with a fox?

BRANSON: Would you rather meet the real life guy Math Blaster was based off of.... Or what?

CHARLES: Answer my fucking question before you say YOUR shit. God damn.

NUTZ: Hey guys, can I ask you a question?

ANDREW: No.

BRANSON: Let him ask it. He's just a boy.

NUTZ: Do you think I could ever be one of the fellas? One of the guys just like how you guys are?

CHARLES: Look here you putz. You nincompoop. Someday you might defuse a bomb. You might even save our lives. But you will NEV-VER be one of the fellas. Pussy.

NUTZ: Gawrsh! Thank you for being honest with me! It's kind of a specific example but I get what you mean!

ANDREW: Will you guys get to sleep? Family Guy just saved the town from the evil funny baby so the movie is over. I need to get my beauty sleep so I look good for the big war tomorrow.

BRANSON: How am I supposed to sleep when there's all this soda, big bowls of ice cream, even bigger bowls of candy, what else is there, snacks, chips, video games. We're playing video games. Pills. I've been doing pills. I'm drinking a 2 liter of mountain dew code red like it's a normal sized soda to me.

CHARLES: I hate soda. I can't even drink a can of it. Basically, if you think of a whiskey coke, it's backwards to me. Like I would enjoy 10 ounces of whiskey with 2 fingers of cola. But the opposite is nasty.

ANDREW: A single can of full strength soda would send me into a full body panic.

PRESIDENT: Boys, boys, boys! You have to get to sleep! We have a lot of the plot to get to still—we're already halfway through the script. You don't need to waste time.

BRANSON: The president's right. In fact, I think we should just stop talking right now and fall asleep. Nobody say goodnight, nobody say anything else. Let's just all close our eyes right now and fall asleep right now.

[cricket sfx]

[rooster sfx]

NARRATOR: The next morning at 11 AM, after a nice big balanced breakfast, the guys leave their beautiful mansion and clock in at the front lines of the war. Dusty Nutz has already dug a whole bunch of trenches for our heroes to fight in. When the guys walk up, Dusty Nutz tries to strike a cool pose by putting his elbow on the shovel but he completely fucks it up and eats shit and falls into the mud at over 1,000 miles per hour.

NUTZ: Good morning fellas! I got your trenches ready. Sorry for trying to strike a cool pose there. I learned my lesson by failing and fucking up and I'll never try to look cool again. How did you sleep?

ANDREW: I didn't get much sleep. I was up all night practicing my 1,000-yard stare in the mirror.

BRANSON: Here. Take these G.I. issue amphetamines from the 1940s. War is hell but you don't have to feel a thing. That's a pretty good trade off.

CHARLES: Dusty, where's the rats we ordered? These trenches are practically rat-free. Who's going to feed on all the corpses when they pile up, eventually? YOU?

NUTZ: Duuurrrr, sorry sir! I'll go find 2 rats and get them to make more rats ASAP.

PRESIDENT: Admiral Branson! What in tarnation are you doing!?

BRANSON: Hmm? Just making one of my famous mustard gas hot dogs. Pretty good. Not bad.

PRESIDENT: Branson that's a war crime!

BRANSON: Not if you do it to yourself. Then it's just acting out and being bad.

CHARLES: Mustard gas is sinful, like chocolate. But not as decadent.

ANDREW: You know you'll die if you eat that.

BRANSON: Maybe you'll die I won't fucking die. I won't fucking die from a hot dog. Pussy. Fucking hell. If this hot dog kills me I deserve to die. I don't give a fuck about anything. They don't make any good TV shows anymore.

PRESIDENT: Let's all stop talking about Branson. We need to plan on how to win this war right now. This is a new type of war—a type of war we haven't seen before. It's the first Free for All, so our enemy is every type of person who have ever existed. It's like a game of Risk but it's taking place entirely in Kamchatka. Or Yakutsk. Or Irkutsk. You get the idea. Now how are we going to kill all the bastards in the name of Lady Liberty?

CHARLES: I've thought about this for a really long time Mr. President. And I really think we should split up. It's the only way we're going to take care of so many kinds of bad guys so quickly. Like ideally I want this war to be over by noon tomorrow. If the war is still going on the weekend you gotta pay us overtime.

ANDREW: The sooner this war is over, the sooner we get to kick our feet up at "the playa"—which is Spanish for "la beach." We'll be wearing this exotic new type of footwear called sandals, which means "Foot Bench" in English.

NUTZ: Well, as soon as this war is over, I'm going to go back to my home of Silver Spoons, Georgia, and I'm going to walk right up to Jenny Kaminsky and make an honest woman out of her.

PRESIDENT: Aw, that's great Private Nutz. I didn't know you were about to get married.

NUTZ: I'm not going to MARRY her, Mr. President. I was gonna jack her with a needle full of phenobarbital. It's a truth serum. She's going to have to confess to her crimes for once.

CHARLES: OK well. I'm just going to start walking in a random direction and kill whoever I find there. See you guys later.

NARRATOR: Charles pulls out a magnifying glass out of his pocket and bends over to follow a trail of footsteps. He takes less than 10 steps before bumping into the guy from whence the footsteps originated.

CHARLES: Hold it right there you bastard! Swear allegiance to Lady Liberty or I'll blow your brains out. It's gonna look like somebody threw a bowl of brain-colored spaghetti at the wall. Unless you're Italian. Cause I don't mean that in a racial way. Necessarily. Unless it's OK to be racist to Italians now? It probably is. So... I stand by it.

GRANDMASTER: Heh. Any man can blow another man's brains out. But can you blow me out on the chess board?

CHARLES: H—Huh!? What the hell is chess?

GRANDMASTER: In Russia, we call it Russian chess. But I believe in your native tongue it is called chess.

CHARLES: Hmmm... Yes. I am familiar. But to me, the battlefield is the chessboard of war. And that is where I prefer to make my kills and move my rooks and stuff.

GRANDMASTER: Typical American. You see, I am the evil Russian chess grandmaster Ronnie Checkmate. And we do things a liiiiiittle different in Mother Russia. If you want to kill me, you'll have to kill my queen and bishops and stuff first.

CHARLES: It feels like we just had dinner at an Australian restaurant. Cause I'm about to get the check, mate.

NARRATOR: Charles takes out his sniper rifle, puts it directly to the king, and fires.

GRANDMASTER: Heh. No matter. A true grandmaster always carries a spare king.

CHARLES: Fine. We'll do things your way. You can even have the first move. Make my day.

GRANDMASTER: OK. I will move my pawn like so.

CHARLES: [anime surprise] U-u-u-u-u-No way! He's—He's advancing his pawn! But... I bet you didn't expect this move...

GRANDMASTER: [anime surprise] I-i-i-it can't be! He's keeping up with every single one of my pawn movements!

CHARLES: You know what we say in America... It's always darkest before the pawn...

GRANDMASTER: What does that mean?

CHARLES: It means my pawn has killed your pawn.

GRANDMASTER: Ah. But now my other pawn gets to kill your pawn.

CHARLES: Who cares? It's the shittiest piece and I have like 40 of them.

GRANDMASTER: It seems I forgot to tell you something about our little game. See the battlefield over there? Each one of our chess pieces is wired up via biosynthetic link to a real soldier on the battlefield. For you see, I didn't just take your pawn. I have killed your countryman.

CHARLES: Who cares? Those soldiers are all expendable. The only ones who matter are me and my friends and I guess the president cause he's our friend now too. If they didn't want to die they shouldn't have joined this damn war. Now check this out. It looks like you're about to take an L. Because I am moving my knight in an L shape in order to take your bishop.

NARRATOR: 50 yards away on the battlefield, we see an actual bishop from the Russian Orthodox church explode into red mist.

GRANDMASTER: Looks like we won't be seeing him at church on Sunday.

CHARLES: Heh. While you were so busy worrying about your fellow countrymen, I checkmated your king. We did things your way. But this ends now. Do you have anything you say before you meet your maker?

GRANDMASTER: Only now that it is too late do I realize that there is more to life than playing chess. I should have spent my life killing helpless strangers from other countries drafted into military service against their will, rather than playing a silly little game.

CHARLES: Yup. You people from every other country in the world besides America are all the same to me. Scum.

NARRATOR: Charles puts his sniper rifle to the grandmaster's head and shoots him 100 times. He collapses after the first bullet and his brain and guts turn to mush by the 6th bullet and the other 94 bullets are basically just fired straight into the dirt.

CHARLES: Checkmate. Winner: Uncle Sam.

NARRATOR: We see Branson standing on a big hill. He's wearing jeans to the war but he forgot his belt so you can see his ass crack a little bit and he's constantly dropping his gun to pull them up. By the way, his gun is the same gun from Halo, the one that Master Chief was friends with. His gun gets stuck in the sand and, as Branson tries to fix it by staring down the barrel, twelve Polish marines descend from their four-wheeled land-based helicopter. Half of them are holding their guns backwards and they start bashing in Branson's head until he's unconscious. Hours later, Branson wakes up in a dark room deep underground, tied to a chair.

BRANSON: Hey, I know this is a rude thing to ask right when I wake up, but uh, I think I know what's going on here, I've been captured, I'm probably going to be tortured I know, it's cool, but uh... what race are you guys? Is that rude to ask? I would like to know what race is torturing me at least before they start torturing me.

POLISH: I am a Polish TorTURer.

BRANSON: Whoa, that's a little on the nose for me. Lots of easy jokes there. If I know anything about Polish people, you're going to need a lot more guys in order to torture me.

NARRATOR: A steel door flies open and slams into the wall. A hundred more Polish torturers run into the room.

BRANSON: Oh shit. That's not good. Hey, how many of you guys are just reading the Torture page on Polish Wikipedia right now? I thought your country was cool. I thought the two main political parties you guys had were the I Want To Eat Onions Like An Apple Party and the Make The Bible The President party.

POLISH: You Americans think you're so much smarter than us. But we have developed this state of the art facility that requires only natural lighting, so that no time or manpower will be wasted screwing in lightbulbs.

BRANSON: That's how you want to play it, huh? Hardball. Well I'm not even going to tell you if I know anything or not. You're going to just have to start torturing me.

POLISH: Okay, be patient with us. Torturing is technically a war crime, so we haven't started doing it again until right now. Before this, I was a really bad barber.

BRANSON: I'm a powerful American and I laugh at your stone age torture technology. Do you know what the United States has to torture people with? They cloned a little man that they inject

into your body and he runs around, sneezing, kicking stuff, ripping stuff around, going crazy. They have a energy gun that they shoot at their own government workers for fun that give them awake sexual nightmares. America has a Protoss. What do you guys got?

POLISH: Okay, game time. I practiced this. Okay, first move. I'm going to put my ecigarette out on your arm.

BRANSON: Ok. I don't think that is going to hurt but I'm not 100% sure. Okay it doesn't hurt. It's a little warm I guess.

POLISH: Ok. My bad. That's on me. Just give me a second. Let me think.

POLISH 2: Pee on him!

POLISH 3: Why don't we call it a day? We've been working for a whole hour.

POLISH: I'm not going to pee on him. Just because something is gross, doesn't mean that it is torture.

BRANSON: Don't tell me you're not gonna pee on me. You're supposed to be torturing me. The only reason why you shouldn't want to pee on me is if I'll like it or not.

POLISH: No. No peeing guys. They told us no peeing. Don't listen to this American guy. He's trying to get into our heads.

POLISH 3: Are we done? Is he tortured? I want to go home and watch a reality dating game show with completely incomprehensible rules where contestants charge each other money to smell each other and then at the end a puppet votes someone out of a mansion.

POLISH 2: Let's get out of here. I haven't drank any clear alcohol today. We're done, right?

BRANSON: Hey! Hey! What's going on here? Are you guys going to torture me, or what? Come on! I can take it! I'm not going to talk at all! What's the deal?

POLISH: I think we're losing them. Trust me, I want to torture you. I'm going to make you lick a double A battery.

BRANSON: I feel like I shouldn't have to beg you guys to torture me. I think I just got excited is all.

POLISH 2: Break time! I'm stepping out of here. I'm going to get a coffee and think angrily about the concept of immigration.

BRANSON: Ah, cmon guys, you have the whole rest of your lives to not work. Can't you torture me a little bit? Cmon? Ah, not going to take. There they go. (Door slamming sfx)

POLISH: Well, um, it's a little awkward if it's just me torturing you.

BRANSON: Yeah, a little bit. Heh.

POLISH: Heh.

BRANSON: Say, why don't you let these cuffs off of me and I'll teach you some new torturing techniques. Maybe I could torture you, and you could see it from my perspective. That's the real key to learning how to torture a guy well. Ironically, you have to have a lot of empathy. In order to predict the pain that the person feels more better.

POLISH: This isn't a trick right?

BRANSON: Just let me out.

POLISH: Okay, here goes.

NARRATOR: The Polish Torturer frees Branson from his handcuffs. He instantly grabs the torturer and rips his head off.

BRANSON: You stupid fucker! I'm way too busy to torture you right now! I got a war to win!

NARRATOR: Branson heads out the door while humming "Chelsea Dagger" where the guys are going badumbadbadum a bunch. All the Polish torturers are posting too much racist stuff online and completely ignore Branson, who is mumbling as he walks about the Fratellis being liars because they aren't really brothers. Branson steps outside, stares directly into the sun for five seconds and smiles. Then he takes a big rock and puts it in front of the only door to the Polish base.

Meanwhile, we see Andrew ducking behind a crate in a subterranean military facility. He peers around the corner and sees a dozen armed guards in brightly colored Metal Gear Solid-style sneaking suits protecting the pope sitting on a large golden throne. Andrew's codec starts beeping.

PRESIDENT: Andrew. I see on my radar that you have the pope within your sightline. As you know, the pope derives his power from his hat. If you can destroy his hat, it will bring down the entire vatican. Like killing the queen bee.

ANDREW: I don't want to destroy his hat. I want to give it to Branson.

PRESIDENT: Be that as it may, your country NEEDS you sergeant Hudson. Be the change you want to see in the world. Get the hat off that old wrinkled fuck and the papacy goes down in flames once and for all. They already fucked with our country making Kennedy president. It's time we got payback.

ANDREW: Don't worry President Cobra. The pope doesn't stand a chance. His god won't be able to hear his prayers over all the gunfire, and the sound of blood flying out of bad guys and spilling all over the place.

PRESIDENT: Godspeed, captain.

NARRATOR: Andrew starts ducking and rolling from box to box, stealthily approaching the pope and his nefarious guards.³

ANDREW: The pope's henchmen look so fucking stupid in those bright colorful suits. Almost as stupid as the royal guards at Buckingham Palace. God I would kill to kill an Englishman right now.

NARRATOR: A Buckingham Palace guard walks by holding a pint of ale but before Andrew can kill him, the pope's guards smoke him with a big rifle with a halberd as a bayonet.

ANDREW: You bastards! He was MINE!

NARRATOR: Suddenly, two great angel wings emerge from Andrew's back. He flies 30 feet into the air and begins spinning, whipping bullets in all directions like they're Gambit's cards. Annihilating dozens of Swiss Guards in mere seconds.

ANDREW: Didn't think I would Ult on a few shitty lackeys, huh Pope Heinous XIV?

POPE HEINOUS: Well well well, if it isn't one of the SILLY guys. You greedy evil Americans think you can control everything. You sit in your ivory towers and look down at everyone who doesn't kiss your ring and worship your god, Money. But there's more to life than money, Andrew. There's jewels. Rubies. Diamonds. Golden bibles and stuff. The kind of stuff that popes can't get enough of.

ANDREW: All the golden bibles in the world won't save your soul now, you diabolical wretch. It's time to meet your maker—the devil. You baroque heifer. They should call you Pope Heifer 'cause of how fat you are, you holy cow. I know it wasn't established before so I'm making it clear. They should call you Pope Heifer Zero, cause you're nothing. Now give me that fucking hat before I resort to violence.

POPE: Heh. You Americans always resort to violence. When will you learn that it is only God who should kill people with lightning and turn them into pillars and make them get eaten by

whales and stuff. Man is supposed to read his golden bible and collect as many gemstones and rubies as possible and wear big hats. You idiot.

ANDREW: You won't need any hats where you're going. I hear that it's pretty hot in hell. Might want to dress light. No robes or anything. Might want to bring a Camelbak and some sunscreen.

POPE: Enough!!

NARRATOR: The pope flings his hat at Andrew and he catches it one-handed, then crumples it up and shoves it into his cargo pants pocket.

POPE: Fuck! It was supposed to explode!

ANDREW: The only thing that's going to explode is you.

NARRATOR: The pope's clothes start to disintegrate and everyone sees his shitty little dick, and then his skin disintegrates and Andrew plants a bomb inside his ribcage and his bones blow up all over the place and his gross old guts go all over. Andrew makes the sign of the cross.

ANDREW: Amen.

NARRATOR: Back on the front lines, Charles is murdering world leader after world leader, who all came to fight because this war is so important.

CHARLES: Time to die, Vladimir Putin! Say hi to Alexei Navalny in Hell! Pow Pow Pow Pow! So long Volodymyr Zelenskyy! Say hi to Putin in Hell for me!! Bang Bang Bang! Adios Australian Prime Minister Anthony Albanese, Cypriot President Nikos Christodoulides, and Moldovan Prime Minister Dorin Recean! When you're in hell, say hello to Kyrgyzstani Chairman of the Cabinet of Ministers Akylbek Japarov, who I just killed moments ago!

NARRATOR: Suddenly, a swarm of French zerglings wearing berets and smoking cigarettes crest over a hill.

CHARLES: God damn you Macron! I knew you would try to zerg rush us. But it'll never work. Because there's one thing us Americans have on our side that a Frenchman could never understand. The power of prayer.

NARRATOR: Charles puts his hands together in the classic prayer emoji gesture, like you might see on a Drake album cover, and suddenly the clouds part and torrents of poisonous rain spill down on the French zerglings, vaporizing them instantly. Macron is left completely isolated and vulnerable, and Charles approaches him holding his close-range sniper rifle.

CHARLES: It looks like there's one thing they didn't teach you at Investment Banking School, Macron. War. They didn't teach you how to shoot guns and kill guys and stuff. And that was your downfall, compadre. Adios.

[lots of gunshot sfx]

PRESIDENT: Charles! Good work annihilating all those evil world leaders. Wow! You know. Politics is a lot like a game of chess. If you kill the leader, it immediately fixes all the problems. Nobody ever steps in to fill a power vacuum.

CHARLES: Yup. I learned about that in my big chess match against a Russian grandmaster. He was trying to use the power of chess for evil, and I had to show him the true meaning of the game.

[cocks rifle]

PRESIDENT: Excellent. You boys have done superb work up to this point. But I think it's time we make our big move. You're not going to believe this, but I thought up a masterstroke to win the whole enchilada.

BRANSON: Back when we were NFL quarterbacks we used to throw touchdowns for the whole enchilada.

ANDREW: Now we get our enchiladas by murdering people from all around this beautiful world of ours.

PRESIDENT: Enchiladas are a very malleable metaphor. Now boys, let me tell you something. Warfare has changed since my day. There used to be a day when men were men. When soldiers looked at each other dead in the eyes when they killed each other. They didn't use nukes. Nowadays some nerd in a suit gets to sit around with a 140,000 to 1 KDA while the real, honest to goodness soldiers like us have to scrap and claw, lie, commit war crimes, just to even get on the scoreboard. We need to fight like the old days. Like our fathers did. Like our grandfathers did. They didn't need nukes. They fought the old fashioned way, with sniper rifles, land mines, and poison gas. They dug holes in the ground filled with sharp sticks covered in pig shit and waited for a guy to step on it. They blasted poison all over entire countries just so the soldiers there didn't have any trees to hide behind. We don't need nukes. We have drones that we can gorilla glue guns to and drive into each other's foreheads. I say, today we, the soldiers, say no more. We say no to nukes, and yes to killing each other the old fashioned way, which is any way the winner decides. Who's with me?

ALL: Aye aye captain sir!

PRESIDENT: But... You know god damn well those bastards on the enemy teams are gonna be using nukes. They're gonna come at us with everything they've got. North Korea. Israel.

Pakistan. They're champing at the bit to launch those suckers. They don't like those atoms being in one piece. They want to split them like a damn... Banana split.

BRANSON: Don't worry Mr. President. We've got a plan. A 7-year-old fan of ours wrote us a letter that was really interesting. He said that we should get rid of all the bad guys' nukes while keeping a stockpile for ourselves, just in case. If we're the only ones who still have nukes, we could nuke the whole world and no one could stop us or retaliate.

PRESIDENT: That's brilliant! But how are we going to get rid of all the nukes?

ANDREW: I have a special magnet I've been saving for just such an occasion. It's called the nuclear magnet, and it has the power to draw all the nukes in the world to its location.

PRESIDENT: B—But what about our own stockpile?

ANDREW: Heh. I knew you would ask. Here's the thing, old man. Good old fashioned American-made nukes are built different. They're made with Nucleanium D-26. All the other countries use regular nuclear stuff. So our bombs will be impervious to the magnet's extraordinary powers.

PRESIDENT: You boys have really thought of everything!

BRANSON: You keep calling us boys, but I AM 36.

CHARLES: You're over 250 years old in dog years. And yet, even an old dog is still called a boy. So I think it's fine.

ANDREW: When I lift the magnet like so, all the nukes in the world will be sucked to our location at lightspeed. And... Here... We... Go...

[metal clunking sfx]

PRESIDENT: These weapons radiate a dark and malevolent energy! Man was never meant to wield such awful power—except for America.

ANDREW: That's right Mr. President. And no longer shall man use the power of the mighty atom against his fellow man.

PRESIDENT: But how do you plan to get rid of all these nukes?

BRANSON: Heh, that's where I come in Mr. President. I've been working on a plan. I'm going to hurl them into the sun.

CHARLES: And I'll supervise. Here's some sunglasses, Branson. The very same kind the sun wears, so you know they're extra high strength.

BRANSON: No thanks. I'll squint right at the sun, like my Irish ancestors before me. It's time to muster my strength. I call upon the four pillars of the American laborer to help me get rid of these nukes once and for all. I call upon the landscaper eating the 2000 calorie breakfast! The American auto worker drunk on the clock! The retail worker hiding in the supply closet! The office worker making vaguely racist comments on reddit on the clock! I call upon your strength! Help me now!

NARRATOR: Branson starts spinning around like Superman, going so fast that he looks like a really cheap special effect. He shoots out his webs (much like Spiderman) and encases the nukes into a big web ball. Branson starts screaming a bunch and all of his clothes start ripping off and you can see a huge brown recluse spider bite on his ass. He plants his feet and launches the nukes into the sky, going so fast that they hit the sun instantly, and the nuke explosion on the sun makes the shape of a big heart.

ANDREW: Branson, you did it! And you barely shit your pants doing it!

NARRATOR: Elsewhere on the battlefield, we see Narendra Modi and Benjamin Netanyahu drop to their knees saying something like, "Noooo! You've done it again, Andrew, Branson, and Charles! The power of our nukes was nothing compared to the power of your friendship!"

CHARLES: The time is now Mr. President. It's time to use our arsenal for what it was always intended for—destroying all the parts of the world occupied by bad guys. Give the orders to launch every nuclear weapon in the U.S. arsenal—NOW!

PRESIDENT: I-if you say so, Charles! These nukes were all made in 1959 so the first password is "Communists suck" and the second password is "Eddie Haskell 123." The security guys in Washington said we should add a non-alphanumeric character to strengthen the nuclear codes but none of the presidents wanted to remember a new password so it just stayed that way. But now it doesn't matter anymore, cause we are launching every single one of them thanz.

NARRATOR: With the nuclear codes inputted, hundreds of nuclear weapons fly all over the world, destroying bad guys in countries like China, Qatar, Italy, and many others you've heard of. As the unprecedented global carnage is displayed on screens in Times Square, good, hard working Americans cheer as their powerful leaders finally vanquish all the bad guys everywhere all at once. Other countries that haven't been hit yet, like, I don't know, Paraguay, raise white flags at their capitals, just seconds before nukes rain down hellfire upon them. We see the Big Wall of China, the Big Paris Tower, the Big Brazilian Jesus, all of those stupid landmarks reduced to rubble... Back to dust from whence they came. Adios, bad guys.

PRESIDENT: Heh. War is hell. But ironically, it has created Heaven on Earth. Now we live in a paradise where Americans can control all the resources. And we owe it all to you three.

BRANSON: No problem, Mr. President. I like to think that all we did is simply take the idea of war to its logical conclusion. I think the most important thing in a war is winning. Other than having a cool uniform.

CHARLES: Aren't you forgetting one thing Branson?

ANDREW: Yeah. The power of friendship. War is hell, but there's no rule that you can't have fun in hell, as long as your best friends are by your side.

CHARLES: You know, I don't envy the devil. It's cool that he gets to reign in hell, and that seems a lot better to me than serving in Heaven, but... He doesn't have his two best friends at his side. I bet it gets awful lonely poking John McCain in the butt with a hot stick all day... Instead of 3 hot sticks, with your friends. Like sitting around a campfire. But instead you're sitting behind John McCain prodding his ass all night until he combusts into flames.

BRANSON: War is like a great big pie that you get to eat all by yourself in a room that's decorated with all your favorite things and when it's over everyone helps you wipe your mouth and tells you how impressed they are with how much you ate.

ANDREW: Oh man, I think you guys are forgetting one awesome and fun thing about this war. The war is over. Don't you guys know what that means?

CHARLES: I get to take a wounded enemy soldier home in a doggy bag so I can kill him later at home?

BRANSON: I hate the end of a war. Everyone just immediately heads straight for the bathroom.

PRESIDENT: Excuse me for being so forward, boys, but how about we go back to your place and throw the biggest party the world has ever seen? Lord knows you've earned it.

ANDREW: That's what I was going to suggest. And it's kind of offensive you would invite yourself over. But it's cool. I'm not mad. Let's just go.

NARRATOR: Later that evening, at the silly guys' mansion in glamorous Hawaii. We see gorgeous bartenders serving the biggest Long Island iced teas allowed by law. And Hawaii is in international waters, so there ARE no laws. Everybody is there. Even Peter, the helicopter pilot, who lands his helicopter in the yard by the pool.

ANDREW: Hey Peter! Come over here and hang out!

(Silence)

BRANSON: He really doesn't like you man.

NUTZ: Wow, howdy fellas! Remember me? Private Dusty Nutz? From the beginning of the episode?

CHARLES: What have you been doing this whole time, private?!? Me and my friends have been fighting all kinds of nasty places getting all kinds of guts and blood and stuff in our hair, eyes and teeth. What have you been doing?

NUTZ: Peelin' potatoes sir! Why, I've already peeled over 10,000 potatoes! I actually got sick from it. It's called starch lung and what happens is that it kills you by making your lungs so crispy that you can't breathe. (Coughs weakly)

ANDREW: Hey man, you look like you are going to die. Potatoes did that to you? Are you a pussy?

NUTZ: Yes sir.

BRANSON: What's up pussy you are what you eat haha. Just playing Dusty. You know what? You're alright.

[thud sfx]

BRANSON: Hey guys, Mr. President? Yeah Dusty Nutz died. Yeah I just watched his eyes roll back up in his head and he died by just falling over like some sort of hamster or a bird.

PRESIDENT: I'll send someone back to his hometown to tell the parents. (Sighs) Yep, I'll tell those parents that this is right where we left his body, on the ground outside of a Hawaiian Mansion, and that if they want to bury him they better buy some plane tickets.

CHARLES: Looks like we ended up with a happy ending after all.

ANDREW: Private Nutz just died.

CHARLES: Looks like we ended up with a happy ending after all. You know why? Cause the Strokes are here to play for us.

NARRATOR: As the Strokes launch into their 2001 hit single Last Nite, but with new lyrics glamorizing the valiant efforts of our heroes on the battlefield, the President approaches the three godlike heroes.

PRESIDENT: Maybe you three should be president!

BRANSON: That'd be a whole different episode, Mr. President.

ANDREW: And besides, I feel like the President shouldn't be saying that to other people.

CHARLES: Weeeeell, we aren't just "other people." We won the Super Bowl. We gave the Dalai Lama what he deserved. And now? We gave the entire WORLD what it deserved.

BRANSON: But now, sadly, we must be going. The old dusty trail is beckoning us... The dust on the dusty trail actually smells nostalgic to me now, after so long on the comparatively less-dusty battlefield.

PRESIDENT: But you three are the greatest and deadliest soldiers in American history! The White House could use that kind of leadership! You three could rule for all eternity and no one would be mad!

ANDREW: With all due respect Mr. President Cecil Cobra, military and politics and stuff isn't for us. We received an expensive-looking antique key in a mysterious package, and now we have to figure out which door it goes to. Could be anywhere in this wide, wide, crazy world of ours.

PRESIDENT: I understand. But here. Before you go, take this. It's a genie's lamp that the U.S. government stole from Saddam Hussein during Operation Desert Storm. He stole it from some other guy so it was OK for us to take it. I want you three to have it.

BRANSON: Thank you Colonel President. We will never forget your bravery on the battlefield. But now we must answer the call of the mysterious key. May the light of God remain always in your heart.

NARRATOR: Andrew, Branson, and Charles walk directly from the backyard of their Hawaii mansion into the sea, and begin swimming off into the distance. In the pink light of the setting sun, we see the silhouette of a dragon fly through the golden-hued skies. The end.