

James Bond in "Roger Me Never"

Narrator - Charles

James Bond - Taylor

M - Andrew

Q - Branson

Moneypenny - Hesse

Gleeglor Plorplop - Hesse

Babe in intro - Hesse

Skyrizi - Branson

Valtrex DaVinci - Charles

Artemi Ocularis Brillianti - Andrew

[OPEN on JAMES BOND and HOT BABE having crazy psycho sex in a four and a half star hotel. On the nightstand we see a picture of the queen, which Bond turns face down before returning to his lovemaking. He's banging her hard as a dog and he stops for a moment to grab her by the ankles and spin her around his head. He puts her back down. The HOT BABE then takes the picture of the Queen and turns it back up, picking up James by the butt and slamming him against the wall as hard as she can.]

BOND: It seems we're evenly matched. You know in tennis, they call having zero points "Love." Seems quite apt to me.

BABE: Well Mr. Bond, I didn't expect to *score* tonight, but if your backhand is as good as your *stroke*, then I might fancy a tennis match sometime.

[James smiles wryly, and then enters her and frontflips out of the window into the fire escape. They bash their heads against the iron bars outside as they tumble down the stairs still having sex the whole time. They come to a rest outside of a closed window, and they both punch the glass out and their knuckles are bleeding. The HOT BABE grabs JAMES BOND by the throat and tosses him through the broken glass into the room. As she walks in, JAMES BOND throws a rock at her head and hits her right between the eyes.]

BABE: Cigarette?

BOND: Now? We're just getting started.

BABE: Exactly. They say cigarette smoke is an aphrodisiac.

BOND: That explains why I always get so horny at the VFW hall.

[The HOT BABE grabs whoever's TV this is and drops it on JAMES BONDS head. He rolls over, pushes her head into the sink and turns the faucet on while banging her. She kicks him in the

nuts with the back of her heel, and he pukes, takes off his shoe, and starts beating her butt with it.]

BABE: Talk dirty to me, James!

BOND: Shut up bitch! I'm trying to concentrate!

BABE: Oh, yes James! Roger me proper!

[The HOT BABE rips out the faucet and the pipes from the wall and both get blasted by jets of water, tumbling out of the room into a waiting elevator door. They stop fucking and just start punching the walls with both hands as hard as they can. Basically, it is like the video game Rampage. The elevator dings, and both come out naked and screaming. They run over to the front desk and knock everything off of it and knock everyone there unconscious. They start bugging on top of the desk. The HOT BABE takes a painting off of the wall and brains James Bond with it, who throws up again.]

BOND: You know, I never did have an appreciation for fine art.

BABE: Seems like you're quite good with a *paintbrush* though, Mr. Bond. You know right where to stick it.

BOND: Yeah I'm going to bust some paint out of the tip of my paintbrush. White paint.

CONCIERGE: Ah, Mr. Bond. Enjoying your stay I presume?

BOND: Very much so, my good concierge. Seems to be a malfunction with the elevator though. Perhaps you should have someone look at it?

CONCIERGE: Very good sir.

[The HOT BABE puts two fingers in JAMES BONDS nose as he lands a palm strike to her sternum. She goes flying out the front door of the hotel and JAMES pursues, jacking off as he chases her. He goes outside to see there are firefighters with a big trampoline because some guy is going to jump off the building or something, and they are tossing the naked HOT BABE up and down on it. BOND climbs on and starts rogering immediately and all of the firefighters start saluting. As they toss their entwisted bodies in the air, the HOT BABE suplexes JAMES BOND and they go smashing through the wall back to JAMES BOND'S room, where they are lying in bed, panting in a way that suggests they both just came so hard that they will need physical therapy.]

BOND: Right. Not bad for round 1.

BABE: I don't recall hearing a bell.

BOND: I guess that ringing is only in my head.

BABE: Perhaps we should have put on helmets?

BOND: I never wear protection.

BABE: You like to live dangerously, Mr. Bond. Does that mean you're ready for Round 2?

[JAMES BOND looks under the covers at his mangled genitalia. It is purple and beat up and a dog bit it and there is a chip clip hanging off of it.]

BOND: Just a moment, darling. It looks like black pudding down there.

[Suddenly, the front door of the hotel room flies open. A bunch of 4'6" gray aliens in tactical gear burst into the room with crazy ass guns and start blasting them everywhere. A couple dozen bullets go through the Queen's head in the photo on the nightstand. A bullet hits the "on" button on the TV and James Corden comes on doing "I Love College" on Carpool Karaoke with Asher Roth. Silver platter after silver platter of room service trays filled with chicago-style hot dogs go flying into the air, spraying mustard everywhere. James dives behind the HOT BABE as her body soaks up bullet after bullet. He grabs her by the shoulders and aims her corpse at his would-be assassins, who pick up their spent clips and run out of the room. Suddenly, all is silent, and all you hear are the desperate breaths of James Bond. He turns to the corpse to regard it.]

BOND: You were looking forward to Round 2 in the bed... Looks like you got 2 rounds to the head. I'll always remember you... A blonde. Anyway, I'd better get a move on. I wasn't expecting such... Lively visitors. Maybe M knows what's afoot.

[BOND doesn't even bother getting dressed as he grabs a huge gun and walks out of the hotel room. He puts on a pair of sunglasses in order to go incognito and walks out of the hotel naked as the day he was born. He coolly makes his way over to the double decker bus stop and tactically gets on the bus.]

BOND: We take these everywhere in England...

[After finding a seat, the naked secret agent stares at a small boy who is playing with a very odd little toy. A little toy of an alien. Then out of the corner of his eye, Bond sees the MI6 stop is coming up next, and he pulls the string to get off. Immediately the bus explodes and body parts go raining down everywhere.]

BOND: You know, in England we get a bloody lot of rain. But it usually isn't quite so... Bloody.

[Bond theme plays and it is super cool. You see James Bond through a sniper's scope and then he turns around with a machine gun and he starts blasting the screen and it turns red. A

silhouette of a beautiful woman is putting a gun in and out of her mouth like she's sucking on it like it is the shit that you suck. A tractor beam pulls James Bond up into a spaceship and there's a pool party happening up there. He puts on some blood red sunglasses and then you see him draw a gun and point it at a car that drives by inside the spaceship. Three silhouettes of aliens are shown begging for their lives as they are executed Al-Qaeda style, one after another. The blood sprays up onto James Bonds' face, and he licks it a little. He walks up to the last one, who is a great big fat alien, and he stomps him with his boot and the blood sprays onto the wall spelling out the name of the movie. Also, the credits are rolling during this time. Also, the song is playing the whole time.]

[Then we cut to MI6 headquarters in foggy London town. James Bond is standing around waiting to meet with M, talking to Moneypenny at her desk.]

MONEYPENNY: That's a nice suit, Mr. Bond.

BOND: I'd look even nicer if I took it off. That's what you're thinking isn't it? You sicko.

MONEYPENNY: Care to have lunch with me, Mr. Bond? I'm having a big hot dog.

BOND: I bet you're going to imagine me while you eat that thing. You nasty freak.

MONEYPENNY: You're the nasty one James. I've just been saying normal things.

BOND: God I'd love to slather you in barbeque sauce and take you down under the bridge—

M: James! It's me—M. You know, the leader of MI6? For anyone who hasn't seen one of these movies before...

BOND: Let's step into your office. Moneypenny is trying to molest me. She is probably just obsessed with my perfect body and ape-like sex drive.

M: That's quite enough Mr. Bond.

BOND: (walking into the office) Fucking already jacked off three times—

M: Now James. This is going to be your most dangerous mission yet. Even more dangerous than the time you had to pretend to be a dog to infiltrate that dog fighting ring.

BOND: I still have fleas. Terminal fleas. Doc says I could go at any minute. But I don't care if I live or die. Not since—she died.

M: Who, James?

BOND: You know. The last one. The blonde one. What was her name, oh man, I was just thinking about it. She had that thing on her lip. I want to say Deborah but that doesn't really sound like a Bond girl. Her name was probably Randi Cooter or something. Anyway, since she died—Actually, I remember it now. She didn't die, I just left her in Turkey without a passport. She might be dead now. Anyway, her. Since she died I don't give a fuck.

M: There will be plenty of supermodels for you to use as collateral damage on the next mission James. We don't have time to waste. You remember those alien visitors you had at the hotel?

BOND: Not particularly. I was a little... Distracted. By all the hardcore sex I was having.

M: Charming. Well those aliens want you dead James. And not just you, but every last Briton. Our intelligence sources say that may even be trying to kill the queen.

BOND: Eddie Izzard?

M: No, the Queen of England.

BOND: Well she *is* getting up there in years.

M: God dammit. You're James Bond! You're fucking British! You know what you're doing. Stop making B+ jokes when I'm trying to tell you the very future of the monarchy is at stake! And besides, this is bigger than the Queen.

BOND: Who's bigger than that. Is there a King?

M: Our intelligence says they're trying to destroy the whole bloody country!

BOND: Well what do you want me to do about it? I'm just an aging alcoholic sex addict with half a mind to slip in the bathtub on purpose and put my own lights out. Pills. I've been taking pills lately. All sorts. I just learned about trauma and it turns out I have loads of it. It's given me a free pass to be cheeky and bad.

M: James, your country NEEDS you! Pull it together. If not for me, then for Boris.

BOND: I did vote for the lad. He's done a bang up job getting Brexit done.

M: That video of you outside your apartment, shirtless, banging pots and pans shouting his name swung the election in his favor.

BOND: I like to believe I do my part for this country. So yeah. I suppose I'll take a gander at these aliens and see what's afoot.

M: I knew I could count on you James. England can count on you. Speaking of England, remember that bus you were on that blew up? I know that British engineering isn't what it used to be, but that explosion was no coincidence. A photo taken at the scene of the crime revealed a gray alien dressed as a bobby holding a poker chip with the name of a casino on it. Lucky O'Alien's Gastropub & Slots.

BOND: I've heard of the place. They're said to have the loosest slots in town. Chinese town, by the way. I don't know if their slots are looser over there. But I know there's a lot of Chinese rich guys nowadays. So you gotta figure people are winning big at the casinos over there.

M: Well China does have mandatory gambling James. Two years of gambling when you turn 18. It's really helped turn their economy around.

BOND: I spent my teenage years gambling. Not because I had to, but because I owed it to my country.

M: Oh, and James? Don't pretend to be a Chinese guy. We got in a lot of trouble the last time you did that. In fact, a lot of people at MI6 didn't want to send you to China this time. We had to replace over \$30,000 of spoiled Coca-Cola thanks to your racist antics.

BOND: Well, be that as it may, I can't wait to just get over there with my guns and start blasting and blasting and shooting up everything until I get the answers that I like the best.

M: We need you to keep a low profile James. No machine guns. No swords. And no big cast-iron black bombs with a big long fuse.

BOND: I suppose you want me to kill these Queen-hating aliens with my boots and my teeth? Are you taking the piss?

M: We already discussed the piss, James. It's right where you left it in those Coke bottles. You won't be going empty-handed, 007. Q has some gadgets for you. He's waiting in his laboratory or factory or basement or whatever. You know where it is. I grow weary of explaining the basics to you every time James.

[James Bond walks out of that room and into the room next door and Q has his crazy lab there.]

BOND: (mumbling) Pieces of shit going to fucking chop them up into a million little fucking pieces Jesus Christ I'm so fucking horny too—

Q: Cheerio, 007. Do you fancy some new gadgets?

BOND: Q, I would like a big wooden mallet. I've always wanted to bash someone right in the noggin. And when I say big wooden mallet I mean 4 or 5 feet long. Something to really sink my teeth into. Really raise over my head before exterminating the soul of an evildoer or passerby.

Q: I'm afraid I've just given our last wooden mallet to a new agent. Have you met him? His name is 100. We've run out of the cool sounding numbers.

BOND: You guys should hire more sluts.

Q: Excuse me Mr. Bond? That's very inappropriate. You're acting like a regular Beavis or Butthead. You know—from across the pond?

BOND: Just hurry up and give me my pills or whatever. I have to go to China to kill a bunch of aliens or something.

Q: Righty-o. I've got your loadout right here. First up, the M1600 Pocket Pussy. You can bang this thing like crazy - instead of a woman that you'll probably end up being indirectly responsible for the death of. The M1600 has seventeen different vibration features, adjustable tactile fuck wall, and a 2 pint load capacity.

BOND: Hmmph, but does it do pillow talk?

Q: See for yourself, James.

[Q hits a button on the side of the pocket pussy.]

POCKET PUSSY ROBOT VOICE: *Pillow* talk means we make it to the bed first.

BOND: Pretty good.

Q: Moving along. This is uh, well, I didn't make this one. This is just a woodchipper. I guess you requested it? You throw pieces of wood into it and it, uh, chips it up.

BOND: I think I know just what to do with that.

Q: What else, what else - here's a million dollars cash. I guess you're allowed to gamble it, I don't know, I just make gadgets. Since we have to make it look like you are on vacation, here are some seemingly normal Corona Sandals that you can wear.

BOND: Ah, what is the secret of this one? Knife? Converts to a gun? Cell phone? Bomb?

Q: Take a look at the bottom of the sandals, 007. You'll see here that these sandals cleverly conceal a tactical bottle opener on the underside capable of opening any bottle in the known universe. There's a corkscrew on the bottom of the other one for wine, but it makes walking a little tougher.

BOND: I like my beer and wine shaken. My name is Bond James Bond.

Q [mumbling]: Stupid son of a bitch. [talking] Moving on. James, I assume you'd like to do some gambling while you're at the casino?

BOND: Yeah I'm gonna gamble a lot of money. They should've taken away the British Government company credit card. Cause I'm gonna spend every last penny, or pound, or quid, or pence, or whatever we have here. They're gonna have to call and tell me to stop but I won't listen.

Q: Right. Well. If you want to win big, you'll need this. A 5th ace, used to cheat in a game of cards. It's a whole new suit. The Ace of Skulls.

BOND: Whoa. That's really cool. Way cooler than a spade. About equal to a diamond. Hearts... that's my least favorite. Since mine is so messed up.

Q: Yeah OK. Well, we're very happy you think it's cool. Now move along. Lady Luck waits for no man. And your private flight is waiting outside. You're taking a helicopter to Macau so it's gonna take a few days. Also, you have to think of a cool fake name.

BOND: Struts Riley.

Q: You'll think of a better one on the flight, don't worry. Bye!

[We see a montage of James Bond on a helicopter with no doors for four days, jacking off and cleaning his gun with his mouth, doing Vietnam shit like putting his new poker card in the band of his hat and listening to CCR's Greatest Hits. No time for the deep cuts. This is war. Not *this*, but Vietnam. That's why our boys were always listening to the CCR Greatest Hits overseas. They weren't just throwing on like, Cosmo's Factory top to bottom. James Bond finally lands on a helipad on the roof of a giant fancy casino in Macau.]

BOND: Hello, checking in for one room please. The name is Struts Riley, fighter pilot.

RECEPTIONIST: Ah. Hello Mr. Bond. Your room is ready. It's number 007. Clever huh?

BOND: I'm sorry, you must have me mistaken for some handsome spy. My name is Struts Riley, and I'm a cowboy from Texas. I'm just going to head straight to the bar because I've been on a helicopter not jacking off for the last four days. Come get me when you sort my room out.

[Mr. Bond walks through the lavish, luxurious hotel to Lucky O'Alien's Gastropub & Slots. Everything in the room is made out of gold, or bronze, or brass, and if your shoes don't have a lot of traction it can be quite difficult to get around.]

BOND: Good show Q, these Corona sandals will help me navigate my way to the bar in safety.

[Behind the bar 007 sees a very gray looking man with peculiarly large black eyes but a very reassuring human-like mustache.]

BARTENDER: What would you like to drink sir?

BOND: Do you have any shaken martinis? I don't much care for the stirred ones.

BARTENDER: We're all out of shakers. I could stir one for you. Or I could put my big hands over it and shake it around. Dirty martini? I haven't washed my hands in days.

BOND: Oh. I forgot I'm undercover. I'm just a guy from Texas. Struts. Struts Riley. I'll take an ordinary American beer. In a nice brown bottle.

BARTENDER: We've got Budweiser. But over here we call 'em Tuckers. Because of local TV personality Jing Min Wong Tucker. He wears a bowtie like on the bottle.

BOND: Excellent. But wait. It's really really important to me that I get to open the bottle with my shoe. Check it out. There's a bottle opener on my sandal.

BARTENDER: Well. For health code reasons I really have to open it.

BOND: OK if I give you my shoe can you do it?

BARTENDER: Just give me your shoe Mr. Bond.

BOND: STRUTS.

[As the bartender opens the bottle of beer, a hot alien woman in a va-va-voom dress shows up.]

GLEEGLOR: Is this seat taken Mr. Bond?

BOND: There she was. A tall drink of some alien liquid like vinegar or something. The kind of woman that you're willing to pay her student loans. A unique beauty that always moves in slow motion. With some crazy kinds of tits stuffed into some little dress, she seemed like the kind of alien that I'd throw into a bed and smash in a romantic way instead of purely violent. The kind of woman that makes you play with your purple little knob at night. All you can do when you look at her is imagine how bad the room is going to smell when you're done with her. Oh, that's right. Careful James. Don't fall in love again.

GLEEGLOR: I'm sorry, can I sit here? You just sat there monologuing to yourself.

BOND: Of course, of course, have a seat. My name is Struts Riley - but you can call me James Bond. I'm a spy. From Texas.

GLEEGLOR: Well, hello James. My name is Gleeglor Plorplop. In alien, that sounds very seductive and it's kind of a play on words about the color of my Plorplop.

BOND: Well I'd sure like to see it. Depending on what it is. But I'd say there's about a 90% chance I want to see it.

GLEEGLOR: Do you charm all the ladies this way Mr. Bond?

BOND: Yes.

GLEEGLOR: Right. Well... Hmm... So... You look like a dangerous man. I'm sure you'll find your way over to Skyrizi's poker game soon?

BOND: Man being a spy is pretty easy. Everyone just keeps telling me where to go next.

GLEEGLOR: Well, I sure hope you have some time to chat Mr. Bond. After all... Being a spy must be HARD work. And I'm a crazy sexy alien with a rockin' body that's got all kinds of crazy stuff going on that you've never seen before. I have a secret tit somewhere on my body. I'm gonna make you drink my gorp.

BOND: Well this casino only has room for one sexually deranged psychopath. And I'll have you drinking my gorp before you know it. Look. I'm gonna go check out this poker game. You go to the front desk and have them tell you to let you into my room. 007. Just like my number. Wait there and when I'm back I'll do stuff to you. Hope you are attracted to super drunk guys.

GLEEGLOR: Be careful, James. You never know who to trust in a place like this.

BOND: I'm pretty sure I'll be fine if I just start shooting everything.

[BOND walks down toward the gaming tables. Everything is written in Chinese so he keeps walking into the women's bathroom and pretending it is an accident. Eventually, he finds his way to a sterile looking hallway and peaks in to find a bunch of aliens playing poker in a smoke-filled room.]

BOND: Is this the women's bathroom? I think I got turned around.

[A very evil-looking alien in a three-piece suit smoking 2 cigars pushes out a chair at the poker table for Bond to sit down.]

SKYRIZI: Mr. Bond... How... Nice—of you to join us. We were just playing Hold 'Em. I suppose a Texas boy like you would clean the table with us, huh? Why not sit down for a few hands?

BOND: You must be Skyrizi. Now that we both know each other, it would only seem appropriate to play a few hands of cards.

SKYRIZI: I'll have my bartender fix you a drink. What would you like?

BOND: I'll have a Maui Mountain Milksplosion. It's Khalua, milk, and Mountain Dew served over rocks in a big coconut.

[Skyrizi sneers at Bond's elaborate drink order.]

BARTENDER: Very good, sir.

SKYRIZI: You know, that sounds pretty good. Sir, I'll have a Turgid Fandango. It's limoncello Bacardi, vinegar, horse bitters, white rum, and sprinkles, served with lozenges inside a big dead snake.

BARTENDER: Very good, sir.

BOND: You know I'm parched. I'll add another drink to my order. This drink is called Hockey Practice. Peach schnapps, some hooters shooters, corn, stinkbait for fishing and fill to the brim with water, with a pen as a straw for me to drink it out of and served in a sopping wet shirt.

BARTENDER: Very good, sir.

SKYRIZI: Actually I want more too. A little drink called Dances with Wolves. It's about three quarters hand sanitizer, two shots of bourbon, a whole margarita, and a packet of Fun Dip, mixed together in a Slapchop and served inside a lava lamp with all the goo still in it.

BARTENDER: A specialty of the house. Very nice.

BOND: Hey, I want another one too. I want to drink a fuckload tonight and get messed up. This drink is called the Lover's Pussy and it was inspired by Aphrodite. White rum over ice with a bunch of spicy peppers and oysters, milk, ketchup and a little bit of MDMA and serve it in an extra large condom. If you drink it correctly when you drink it it all comes flying out of your nose.

BARTENDER: Very good sir.

SKYRIZI: I just got even more thirsty. I'll also have a Machu Picchu Dragon's Den Delight. You let a pound of white rice marinate in a whole pint of Kentucky bourbon for 48 hours, then throw away the rice. Put it in a cauldron, dump on a pound of The Last Dab Triple X hot sauce. Pour a couple airplane size bottles of Fireball on the ground and put just the plastic bottles in the cauldron, melt it down, and serve over a neon green gaming keyboard.

BARTENDER: An excellent choice sir.

SKYRIZI: Now, if we are properly hydrated, perhaps we should start playing cards.

BOND: Perhaps we should.

SKYRIZI: Yes. Perhaps.

[About ten seconds of silence passes.]

DEALER: So should I just—

SKYRIZI: Yeah, just deal the cards.

BOND: Oh my. A two of spades and a seven of hearts. I'm all in.

SKYRIZI: So you fancy yourself a gambling man Mr. Bond?

BOND: I don't like using condoms, so yes.

SKYRIZI: Well it seems your luck has dried up, just like your martini.

BOND: It didn't dry up, I drank it really fast in order to feel great.

SKYRIZI: Be that as it may, I will call your foolish bet. All in.

BOND: Alright. I'm double all-in.

SKYRIZI: Foolish human. You bet it all. You have nothing of value left.

BOND: What about this?

[007 places a perfectly spherical cast-iron bomb on the poker table. The bomb has a little blood on it.]

BOND: This would fetch a queen's ransom at the local arms dealer. It's quite an... Explosive offer.

SKYRIZI: I don't feel like doing the whole back and forth thing again like we did with the drinks. We've been here ten minutes and we haven't played a single hand of poker. Just flip the cards. I don't want to hear a bunch of bomb puns.

[The dealer flips the cards. The crowd that has gathered for some reason gasps when they see three aces on the board.]

SKYRIZI: Hell of a flop.

BOND: I prefer three blondes flopping into my California King size bed. For hardcore sex.

[The DEALER reveals the turn, and it's another Ace.]

SKYRIZI: Hell of a turn.

BOND: Guess you've never been to a fashion show in Milan.

[The DEALER flips a fifth Ace on the river.]

SKYRIZI: Hell of a river.

BOND: Nothing compared to the Thames.

[Tears well up in James Bond's eyes as he clutches a postcard displaying the famous British River Thames. He puts his head down and punches his own thigh really hard for some reason that he doesn't share with anybody.]

SKYRIZI: Let's see your cards Mr. Bond. I've got a two and a seven.

BOND: Me too. But I've got something else hidden behind them.

[Mr. Bond lowers his terrible cards to reveal he was holding a pistol behind them the whole time.]

BOND: I may not have pocket Aces, but I've got a whole different kind of *bullets*.

SKYRIZI: I see what you did there. A pair of aces in the hand is known to poker aficionados as "bullets."

BOND: I know. That's why I said it. It works. It's not my problem if someone doesn't get what I'm saying because if they don't get it they should look it up to see what I am saying. The line works.

DEALER: I'm the dealer. I'm the only one listening and I know all about poker. You don't need to explain this stuff to me.

BOND: Pocket aces are the best hand you could have.

SKYRIZI: I wish I had them every time. I would win a lot more.

BOND: Well your winning streak has run out.

[007 starts firing indiscriminately all over the place. One bullet hits the lever of a slot machine and gets a Jackpot instantly. Sirens start blaring. A bunch of other bullets mark up a keno card

and it also wins. SKYRIZI ducks under a craps table to dodge the gunfire, then pops back up and rolls the dice—snake eyes, and everyone at the table starts cheering and getting rich. BOND sees a chandelier overhead and shoots it down, it nearly lands on SKYRIZI but he dodges, and as the chandelier drops and shatters, gold pieces fly out of it, and everyone runs over to grab them. SKYRIZI pulls out a crazy alien looking pistol. It's like, teal or some shit.]

SKYRIZI (yelling): Wait, hold on, why are we fighting?

[Close up on BOND having a crazy, far-off look in his eyes. We hear the harp sounds that let us know what we are seeing is Bond's memories as he stops mid gunfight to reflect on his life. Cut to James Bond as a child, wearing a tuxedo as he waits for the school bus on the wrong side of the road, so we know it's England. He anxiously holds his favorite action figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nearby, a flying saucer hovers over, and the area is bathed in white light. Through his fingers, he sees an alien figure slowly approaching him through the blinding light.]

CHILD BOND: Are- are you an alien??

ALIEN: No way man. Aliens aren't real and if you ever feel the urge to kill them, you should ask your parents to put you on a bunch of adderall and antidepressants. Now give me that Sir Walter Raleigh Action figure.

[The alien pushes the child James Bond into the dirt and laughs before beaming up back to his flying saucer. Suddenly, we cut back to James Bond in the present and he is freaking out. You can see all of the veins in his neck and he is sneering menacingly.]

BOND: You bastards took EVERYTHING from me!!!

[SKYRIZI darts out of the card room while BOND unloads a clip into the ceiling. Like seven aliens dressed like ninjas fall dead from the rafters of the casino as BOND pursues SKYRIZI. He runs into the Casino Theater where Alien Neil Diamond is performing in residency. BOND follows and as he enters the theater he realizes that Alien Neil Diamond is just Neil Diamond but he painted his skin green.]

NEIL DIAMOND: Sweet alien Ba ba ba---

[BOND fires two shots in the ceiling to get everyone scared and two dead cats hit the ground right after. Everyone starts screaming and BOND puts his gun away so that he can start coldclocking aliens with both fists. BOND starts clobbering his way down to the stage, alien blood flying everywhere. They all die in one hit and pop like water balloons filled with shitty alien blood. One alien drops at Bond's feet and starts pleading.]

ALIEN: Please- please don't kill me! I have a wife! And 600 little alien spawnlings to feed!

[James Bond smiles and slowly grabs the alien's shoulder to get him back on his feet. The alien slowly looks up into James Bond's eyes. In the chaos, James feels a little bit of tenderness. And then he stomps both of his feet onto the alien's feet, grabs the alien's head with both hands, and he pulls the alien's head right off cleanly. He throws it at a kid.]

BOND: Cooler heads always prevail.

[An alien tries to stab BOND in the back with a dagger, and BOND expertly flips around, disarms the knife by breaking the alien's hand, slaps him around like the three stooges, and then he grabs the alien by the neck, lifts him over his head, and starts spinning him around and around like a chicken until his body snaps off and goes flying onto Neil Diamond's stage at 100 miles an hour.]

NEIL DIAMOND: Boo boo boo aliens always feel so good so good so good

[A dozen shitty 4'3" aliens form a circle around BOND and he roundhouse kicks all their heads off at the same time. Alien guts squirt into BOND's mouth and he pukes all over the floor. Another alien comes running by and slips on the puke and trips and dies instantly.]

SKYRIZI: This has been out of this world James, but I must be going. I am going to go to an alien strip club. I'd ask you to join me, but I see you're already... Tied up.

[A dozen aliens pop through the wall and rope grappling hooks around all his limbs. You see SKYRIZI laughing as he walks off into a nearby rocket that shoots off to the moon and also you can see him in the window of the rocket laughing.]

BOND: Last time I was this tied up I was getting sucked dry. You chaps don't look like my type.

[SKYRIZI's spaceship comes back down, and he pops out to say...]

SKYRIZI: I guess soon they'll be calling you James Bondage.

[And then his ship leaves again.]

BOND (fuming with rage): Now it's personal.

[BOND flexes and you can see his insanely good body all rippling and stuff. He starts twisting the ropes around as the aliens struggle to contain him. Finally, he manages to free one hand, and he grabs the rope and pulls an alien in. He grabs him by the neck and shoves him into the mouth of a nearby alien. A lot of the aliens start freaking out as he feeds one alien to another, whole. They are really struggling the whole time, and neither of them are dead, and he uses his nice leather shoes to stomp one living alien into another living alien's mouth. You hear a ton of gargling going on from both of the aliens as BOND forces the alien fully into the other alien's stomach.]

BOND: Hope you saved room for dessert.

[BOND grabs his PP7 or whatever and shoots the alien in the head, killing him instantly.]

BOND (mumbling): I am Shem HaMephorash the first of His angels and I am well on my way to conquering the throne of God.

ALIEN: You'll have to get through me first!

[BOND kicks the alien in the knee and his leg falls off causing him to trip over, which causes his head to fall off.]

BOND (mumbling again): I swear I got a fucking ten day nut ready to pop off I'm goign to fucking be sweating cum all night if I don't get a little piece of ass I swear to god.

ALIEN: You'll have to get through ME first Mr. Bond!

[BOND walks menacingly toward the alien, who is tending bar. 007 picks him up by the scruff of his neck and shoves him into a food processor, blending him into a chunky slurry.]

BOND: I've heard of a Bloody Mary. But a Bloody Alien? I suppose there's a first time for everything.

ALIEN: Not so fast Mr. Bond! You've gotta get through ME—Garnax 12, the WEAKEST fighter from the Paxilar Nebula!!

[Suddenly, a steamroller bursts through the wall, clobbering the alien and spreading him into a thin sheet, like a rolling pin on dough.]

GLEEGLOR: Mr. Bond! Get in!

BOND: Get in you, or the steamroller?

GLEEGLOR: Stop jacking off and get on!

[BOND stops jacking off and zips up his pants and gets on top of the steamroller as Gleeglor speeds away, bashing through wall after wall.]

GLEEGLOR: Looks like I showed up just in the nick of time.

BOND: They say alien blood is an aphrodisiac. But you already knew that. Being an alien yourself.

GLEEGLOR: Mr. Bond. Is it true what they say about you?

BOND: It is. I do have a ten day load that needs a home and it is burning a hole in my nuts.

GLEEGLOR: Just who are you, exactly?

BOND: I'm 007. The two O's are 'cause I always make women orgasm twice. And the 7 is half the length of my penis. They have a really weird system of naming agents at our agency. But please - call me Struts. Struts Riley.

GLEEGLOR: You're not going to kill me, are you 007?

BOND: I might! I might!! Guess we'll find out together!!

GLEEGLOR: We need to lay low.

BOND: Over here. They'll never find us here.

[BOND and GLEEGLOR park the Steamroller in the hotel hallway next to James Bond's room. The room he is staying in has a plaque on the door that says 'The James Bond Suite'. BOND and GLEEGLOR enter the hotel room, and on his heart shaped bed that vibrates there is a magnum of champagne and a bunch of condoms laid out like roses.]

BOND: Who put all these condoms here!? The only magnum I need is a .44.

[BOND makes a super serious facial expression and then walks over to the champagne and whips the bottle against the wall as hard as he can.]

BOND: FUCK! I'm just so fucked up lately!

GLEEGLOR: James... What's this over here?

[There is an adult dead alien inside a vacuum sealed bag inside of a big plastic tub hooked up to a sous vide machine. The machine is set at 145 degrees and it looks like the alien has been cooking for about two hours now.]

GLEEGLOR: James? James did you hear me?

[GLEEGLOR turns to see James Bond sitting on the bed criss cross applesauce and he is smoking crack out of his crack pipe. He is smiling super big as we see him smoke crack.]

BOND: I'm getting really high now. It's working. I hope you don't think I'm going to offer you any crack because I'm not. This is mine.

GLEEGLOR: James, I think we need to talk. I know your real name isn't Struts Riley. And what's more, I know who is behind those dreadful bus bombings plaguing the foggy streets of old Londontown. James. JAMES. Are you even listening to me?

BOND [on the phone with room service]: One large chocolate sundae, please. Extra syrup and extra sprinkles. And she'll take a salad. A salad for the lady. I got a lady up here so be cool when you drop this shit off. I'm trying to score. Struts Riley out.

GLEEGLOR: Look, you need to pay attention because I'm trying to help you. The bus bombings. I know who did them. It's an alien ambassador named Valtrex DaVinci. He's using his post in London as cover to do very bad shit. I think he hates the British, James.

[The Spongebob theme song blasts from the TV as James lies on the bed fast asleep with the TV remote in one hand and the other hand down his pants.]

[BOND wakes up in a daze and wipes his face. GLEEGLOR is seated beside him, looking out the window of the airplane.]

BOND: Where—where am I?

GLEEGLOR: We are on a plane to London. You were passed out so I put you on the conveyor belt with all the luggage. I had to bribe them to let you out of the cargo hold. But this is no time for chitchat. The diabolical ambassador Valtrex DaVinci is trying to bomb bloody London to a pulp! We must stop him—

BOND: I need a drink.

GLEEGLOR: This is a dry flight, James. It's Sunday. No alcohol.

[BOND starts tearing up and punches the seat in front of him as hard as he can. A fat teenager with headphones on grunts like the guy from minecraft as he hits the seat in front of him.]

BOND: I'll make due. I always do.

[BOND puts his fingers down his throat and starts gagging. He pukes onto the floor, reaches down to rummage through it, and comes back up holding a vacuum sealed bag with all the ingredients for a martini in it.]

BOND: This is a trick I learned from Juice WRLD.

GLEEGLOR: Pay attention, James. I will not explain the plot to you again.

BOND: So what's your plan? We go back to my flat, smoke a little crack—

GLEEGLOR: No, James! The embassy! We are going to the Alien Embassy! Of course, we don't have any proof or a warrant, so we will have to gather some evidence.

BOND: Nah. Not really an evidence guy, lady. I'm just gonna show up and say some cool shit. Probably use a fake name like Struts Riley or something.

[BOND takes a knife out of his tuxedo and slices open the corner of the vacuum sealed martini and starts chugging it down. He finishes, throws the empty down, and fishes around in his puke for another.]

GLEEGLOR: Maybe you should report back in and let them know what—

[BOND opens up a vacuum sealed crack pipe and starts smoking some crack on the airplane. Everyone complains. Gleeglor sighs and leans back in her chair.]

BOND: Relax. Everyone does this.

GLEEGLOR: It's not the '70s anymore Mr. Bond.

BOND: It's part of my plan. Meet me in the bathroom in two minutes.

[BOND gets up and walks to the bathroom. He is undoing his belt and unzipping his pants as he walks down the aisle. He kicks off both shoes before getting in the bathroom. Right before stepping in, he pops his shirt off and hands it to a stewardess.]

BOND: Be a darling, iron that for me.

[BOND slams the door as loud as possible and immediately begins moaning. GLEEGLOR is sitting in her seat, frowning. The moans slowly get a little louder. GLEEGLOR tries to ignore it and puts her headphones in.]

BOND (from the bathroom): Gleeglor! Gleeglor! Are you there! (yelling even louder)

GLEEGLOR! DID SHE PUT HER HEADPHONES IN? Can someone go grab her arm really hard for me?

[45 minutes later they're walking past the "Welcome to London!" sign at Heathrow International and JAMES BOND is tucking in his shirt and straightening his tie.]

GLEEGLOR: Look, there's the express Tube to the Alien Embassy! It'll take us right to Valtrex DaVinci and his henchmen. How do you wanna play this?

BOND: I want to get a sledgehammer at the hardware store. I had a cool thought about how I might do a thing to a guy and then say, "smashing". Like how the English say it. I'm English.

GLEEGLOR: There's no time Mr. Bond! You'll have to use your English charm to negotiate, instead of killing innocent men, women, and children with no hesitation.

BOND: Oh hold up. There's a sledgehammer right here, leaning against this construction site. They're probably not allowed on the Tube, but I'm James Bond. *JAMES* Bond.

GLEEGLOR: Whatever. Do whatever you want. I'm tired of suggesting reasonable plans.

[They hop on the express train and it immediately pulls up inside the Alien Embassy in Downtown London. He is greeted by a smiling old alien security guard. He has alien heterochromia which makes him half-green and half-gray. It's not an important detail but I thought it would be cool.]

ALIEN: Pleasure to see you two! Welcome to the Alien Embassy! You might be the last two people I ever welcome to this place. See, I'm retiring today. I'm just a nice old alien with hundreds of grandkids and trillions of great grandkids. I can't wait to just give all of them a big hug -

GLEEGLOR: Why that's so touching, I—

BOND: Plow! Plow! Ka-bam! Boom! Wuttup Cuz!! Woop Woop!

[James Bond takes a huge, really long wind-up and brings his sledgehammer down perfectly on the gentle old alien, who explodes like a paint bomb if a paint bomb [[splat sfx]] was filled with weird alien guts.]

BOND: I'm sick of everything. Songs don't sound as good as they used to. I don't enjoy doing activities anymore. Oh shit -- I forgot to say Smashing. I'll have to do it on the next guy.

[A second gentle old alien security guard enters.]

ALIEN 2: What seems to be the problem here?

[The alien walks into the exact same spot where the other alien was standing and James Bond does the exact same animation when smashing him with the sledgehammer.]

BOND: Smashing.

GLEEGLOR: Just walk in, James. Or they're just going to keep sending new guys.

BOND: Don't threaten me with a good time, love.

GLEEGLOR: Valtrex DaVinci is just on the other side of this door!

BOND: How do you know that?

GLEEGLOR: I think I owe you the truth, James. I hope you don't hate me for this. The truth is - I'm an alien agent who was sent to seduce and murder you. There was just one problem. I fell in love with you. Your personality is bad, you're mean and violent, but you have a great body and you know some insane skill-level sex moves. I'm sorry James.

BOND: Wait a minute -- so you're telling me... you're an alien?

GLEEGLOR: Yeah. I'm obviously an alien. I got suction cups on my fingers. I got gills. For breakfast every day, I just suck in a big canister of green gas.

BOND: I'm more of a... cocktail man myself. For breakfast.

GLEEGLOR (seductively): Now that I have told you that I love you, maybe there is something you want to tell me.

BOND: Yes, there is. This door is password protected.

GLEEGLOR: Fuck!! We'll never get through! Guess we should give up. Go home. Fool around. Maybe start a family. Get a house with a British white picket fence.

BOND: Wait up. There's an option to pay a million dollars instead of entering the password.

GLEEGLOR: But where will we get that kinda dough? We don't got that kinda scratch, man!

BOND: Au contraire, Miss Plorpop. Q gave me a million dollars for just such an occasion. I'll just insert it into the door, like so...

[The door goes ding-ding-ding then makes a cha-ching sound and lets them enter.]

VALTRES: Well well, Mr. Bond. A pleasure to meet you. And who's your companion? It appears you've found some pussy that's truly... Out of this world.

BOND: That's no way to talk to a lady, compadre.

GLEEGLOR: Seriously. It's bad enough to be dehumanized—or, Dealienized—down to my basic sexual equipment—

BOND: Oh great, here the bitch goes again. Anyway, Valtrex, how would you like to proceed? Earlier, I was thinking it would be funny to kill an alien by trapping him inside of a condom

VALTRES (finishing the sentence with Bond): - trapping him inside of a condom. Ha! Give up now, Bond. I can easily read your mind like it was a book written by a celebrity. I can see all your

moves coming. Your head isn't even in the game. Right now, you're thinking about a cocktail called the Maui Mountain Milksplosion.

BOND: It's Khalua, milk, and Mountain Dew served over rocks in a big coconut.

VALTRESX: I see right through you. In retrospect, I should have been the one to play poker against you. Not the guy whose only skill is coming up with crazy cocktails.

BOND: Perhaps you're good at poker, but this is a royal flush checkmate! I'm all in.

[James Bond pulls out a condom and starts unrolling it. VALTRESX takes a small alien pistol and shoots a hole in it.]

BOND: Time for plan B.

GLEEGLOR: I told you, humans can't get aliens pregnant.

BOND: No, not the pill. An actual plan B. My first plan was to put him in this condom. My new plan will be a bit more... shocking.

VALTRESX: I'm not even reading your mind right now but it's pretty obvious you're going to try to shock me with electricity or something. I have a gun and I'm going to just start shooting it at you.

[Lasers fly through the room as Bond flips a desk. GleeGLOR and Bond dive for cover behind it, and they do that thing where they are hiding but their mouths get really close and they look at each other like damn, I forgot I'm getting shot at because I'm horny now, but then they both get back into battle mode like a split second later. You know what I'm talking about? Anyway.]

BOND: I'm not going to think about anything!!! That way he can't read my mind!

[BOND goes around the room pulling books off shelves, tearing up papers, knocking over chairs, stomping his feet really hard on the carpet for some reason, flicking the light switch on and off, trying to lick his own nose, and saying the alphabet backwards.]

VALTRESX: Damn you Bond! What have you got in store!

BOND (Grimly): I... don't.. KNOW!

[BOND reaches out and grabs a candelabra that the alien has in his office for some reason and throws it as hard as he can against the wall. It bounces off and hits a chandelier, which falls down and hits a lever, which sends a ball toward a mousetrap, which clasps down on the ball, freeing a piece of cheese, which a mouse swoops up then brings to the top of the bookcase, but he accidentally drops it on a different lever, which is tied to a string, which is on the water cooler

nozzle, which drizzles a little water into a cup, which spills over and gets a little on VALTREX's shoe.]

VALTREX: Retreat! Retreat!

[Valtrex hits a big red button on his desk and the building starts to shake. BOND is trying to walk towards Valtrex despite it, but suddenly, the building blasts into the sky, going higher and higher and higher until they escape the blue sky and find themselves in the blackness of space.]

BOND: I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore. Kansas, Britain. Great place for a pint, some footy, and scran.

GLEEGLOR: Stop talking about England all the time and stop him! He didn't explain what he's doing, but it's gotta be SOMETHING evil. Right?

BOND: I can't believe the embassy was a spaceship all along! Arrrrgghh!!

[BOND is so mad he just starts punching the wall again and again until his knuckles bleed.]

VALTREX: In a few moments, Mr. Bond, this vessel will link with Alien 1, also known as The Mothership. I believe you're familiar? It's the big Macau casino you visited. I bet you didn't see that coming.

BOND: What's Macau?

VALTREX: Alien Security will board shortly and ascertain you. Give up now.

BOND (in a mocking voice): Oh yeah sure I'm just going give up I'm James Bond I love giving up I love it when the good guys lose I'm just a little baby who turns himself in and answers for his crimes oh yeah sure.

[In one deft motion, BOND pulls the Ace of Skulls from his sleeve and throws it like Gambit from X-Men at over 1,000 miles per hour and it cuts cleanly right through VALTREX's head, killing him instantly. Valtrex slumps over like a big wet dog turd and dies, with half his skull on the ground like the top of a Jack O'Lantern.]

BOND: Now I see why they call it the Ace of SKULLS.

VALTREX [dying]: British people... Are... Disgusting... And must be stopped...

[007 starts stomping on the part of Valtrex's brain that's exposed and he dies for real.]

BOND: How many brains do aliens have? I feel like I have to kill some of these guys ten times. It's all over my feet now. Next time I fight aliens I'm going to wear my grass cutting shoes.

GLEEGLOR: Follow me. I still have access because I'm an alien secret agent and they haven't canceled my gym fob yet. I'll buy you some time.

BOND: But --

GLEEGLOR: There's no time. I can get you into the gym, but from there, you'll need to make it to the command center on your own. And James - I love you.

BOND: That's fine. Okay. Alright, bye. Have fun Gleeplor.

GLEEGLOR: No, I don't want to hear it James. You can't stay with me. You have to go - even though you're probably in love with me because of all the stuff we did in that room that we ruined. I probably remind you of the life you think you could have if you weren't a secret agent and how I'm great enough that you consider leaving it all behind, but remember this. Stop smoking crack.

BOND: Some crack a day keeps the dentist away.

GLEEGLOR: That's apples, James. Here - [[fob noise]] Good luck James. I'll never forget that night in --

[JAMES BOND is already walking away into the weird futuristic Alien gym where they got a bunch of weird machines because aliens have weird squat bodies with a bunch of arms and shit. There's like a really slow and wet treadmill for snail guys, and there is a steamroller that they get run over with in order to stretch out.]

BOND: I really stand out here. I need to find a disguise.

[BOND walks up to a pile of gym towels and wraps one around his head like a turban. He then turns towards a wall and starts kicking a hole in it. He's got a block of drywall stuck on his foot, and he looks through the hole he created and sees an alien nursery. He climbs through the hole and finds an intercom in the nursery.]

BOND: This breed of alien is even smaller than the rest. But no less evil.

[Bond turns on the spaceship intercom]

BOND: Fuck you Aliens! I'm in here and I tricked you and I'm beating up your guys!

ALIEN: He's in the nursery wing! They're just kids!

INTERCOM: (sounds of a chainsaw starting up, screams)

[Two minutes later, James Bond emerges from the room completely covered in green blood. He lights a cigarette while turning left and right and he sees a small sign that says COMMAND CENTER - THIS WAY. He shrugs and follows it. A small contingent of Alien Security guards point at Bond and begin running towards him.]

BOND: Guess I'm Mr. Popular around here.

ALIEN: There he is! There's the monster who's killed Thousands of us!

BOND: Everyone's a critic, I suppose.

[James Bond, 007, the darling superspy of MI6, grabs a sword from a bucket, and sticks the hilt into the wall at the end of a hallway. Then he chases a bunch of aliens down the hallway into the sword, skewering them like a kebab.]

BOND: Appetizers are on me.

[BOND walks down the hallway mumbling to himself]

BOND [mumble]: Sick of this fucking shit mother fuckers hate hanging out in this alien shit it's been over forty five minutes since I last had an orgasm and --

[BOND throws open the doors of the Command Center dramatically. A bunch of nerdier looking aliens at computer terminals gasp at his presence and start running away from him. In the center of the room, we see a posh, refined looking alien with a long elegant neck turn to regard Bond.]

BRILLIANTI: Mr. Bond. How nice of you to join us. My name is Artemi Ocularis Brillianti—the leader of the aliens. We were just about to... Celebrate... The lift-off of your beloved British Isles.

BOND: Lift-off?

[BRILLIANTI turns to Gleeglor, who is being held on a rope above a woodchipper.]

BRILLIANTI: He didn't know about the plan? Then why is he here?

BOND: That's my woodchipper from Q! It must have fallen out of my pocket!

GLEEGLOR: I'm not sure if he knows I'm an alien or not.

BOND (looking at Gleeglor): Whoa! Who's this chick!

BRILLIANTI: Focus, Mr. Bond! I'm going to tell you all about my plan. Remember those double decker bus bombings that my goons carried out all around London? They were but a mere decoy, just a cover for the fact that we have been drilling underneath the British Isles, to separate them from the rest of the Earth.

BOND: But who's the chick? Is she single?

GLEEGLOR: You know who I am, James! And I love you!

BOND: Wow, girls here are desperate. I don't even know you, lady. Anyway, could you repeat what you said about your plan?

BRILLIANTI: Fine! Remember those double decker bus bombings that my goons carried out all around London? They were but a mere decoy, just a cover for the fact that we have been drilling underneath the British Isles, to separate them from the rest of the Earth.

BOND: OK. Nothing I can do about that I guess.

BRILLIANTI: Now hold on. See, if you stop ME, that won't happen.

BOND: Ooooh. OK. Right.

BRILLIANTI: But you WON'T stop me. It's too late. In one hour we will launch the British Isles into the moon. It's the only way to save the rest of mankind, as the British are the most DANGEROUS human beings on earth—culturally, philosophically, their soccer fans are the worst, food's not so good, and the women, don't get me started. Anyway. We're been watching your kind for like 200 years, and it seems like the British are always oppressing and enslaving and colonizing everyone. I mean, you haven't even colonized us or declared war on us, and yet you've killed thousands of us for no reason at all.

BOND: You bastard!! I can't let you win. I made a promise to the Queen of England. That promise? I promised to murder Princess Diana for her. But I also made a promise to defend England from aliens like you.

BRILLIANTI: Don't you see that I'm the good guy and you're the bad guy? Like everyone thinks of themselves as a good guy. But if you examine both of our behaviors objectively, I think you'll be able to admit that you've done much worse stuff than me.

BOND: You sound just like Princess Diana, right before I turned the wheel and slammed right into that wall on that foggy, fateful evening. I'll tell you exactly what I told her, "I'm just doing my job, pal."

BRILLIANTI: You take one step towards me, your girlfriend here dies.

BOND: So what? They die every movie. That's the point, so I can get a new one in the next one.

BRILLIANTI: So be it. You have sealed your fate. Prepare to die.

[Brillianti walks a few steps away and gets into the driver's seat of an insane alien car. This car basically looks like if aliens designed the Chevy Cobalt. Lots of green underglow, the wheels are spheres for some reason, it looks like it should hover but the sphere wheels just drive like normal. It looks like a really big LED buttplug, and Oh, there's lava lamps inside the headlights. On the back there's a bumper sticker that says "Alien ass, alien gas, or alien grass, no person or alien rides for free."]

BRILLIANTI: Well, Mr. Bond. No more free rides. I'm going to run you over with my car.

BOND (really seriously): I'm going to fuck you in your ass hole.

BRILLIANTI: Which one? I have seven of them.

BOND: You'll know which one when I'm fucking you.

BRILLIANTI: Not if I fuck you up with my car first. Vroom vroom!

[The alien car's engine, which is probably just a giant diesel crystal or something, revs menacingly as he speeds towards Bond. Bond pivots and begins running away, turning down a hallway. They do a close up on the alien's hand while he does a cool driving move and Tokyo Drifts around the corner. Even though it looks different and crazy, the car basically functions exactly like a normal human car.]

BOND: I've got to shake him. I'll make a quick turn into this room.

[BOND pivots to the side and an automatic spaceship door glides open. He finds himself in a fine China shop, with all kinds of expensive hand-made dishes stacked precariously on flimsy shelves.]

BRILLIANTI: Damn! He's in the China shop! I'd better proceed with caution.

[BRILLIANTI drives his car slowly into the China shop, gently bumps a shelf, and immediately brings everything down like a bunch of fragile, expensive dominos. Clang! Clang! Clang! James Bond's hiding spot 1 aisle over is revealed as all of the China crumbles to dust.]

BOND: Gotta go!

[He goes through another door, which leads directly into a car wash. BRILLIANTI drives in, but has to slow down for the little overhead rollers, and then the little scrubby things come out. And he keeps looking at his watch, like, I don't have time for this. And then an old man comes to

polish his windshield, and he expects a tip, but BRILLIANTI shrugs and makes a gesture like, "my wallet's empty, no cash." Finally he reaches the next room, where James Bond is already standing at the very far end, taunting him by sticking out his tongue. Between them is a huge monster truck jump where you have to jump over 20 school buses. BRILLIANTI revs up his alien engine and starts the jump, but mid-air he seems to be losing steam. Then we see his hand grab the clutch, and move it from 4th Gear to Warp Speed, which gives him just enough juice to reach the other side.]

BOND (mumbling): I swear when this one is fucking done I'm going off the fucking deep end I'm going to fucking Buffalo Wild Wings every fucking day -

[As the car is barreling toward him, Bond has to think quick. He grabs his gun and puts it to his own head, but then changes plans.]

BOND: Think Bond, think. Or wait. Better yet. Smoke Bond, smoke.

[James Bond smokes a bunch of crack really fast, like, he's chugging it down and as he is smoking, you see his muscles vibrate and expand exactly like how Popeye's muscles did when he ate spinach. The car is flying towards him so fast that it just looks like a blur, but somehow, James Bond catches the car mid-air, lifts it over his head, and rips it in half. Brilliant goes tumbling out of it to the end of the room, and he has a look of panic on his face as he slides to a halt.]

BOND: They call me Cockney Popeye when I'm off that crack. But you can call me Struts Riley.

BRILLIANTI: No... no... no British person should be that strong. You're ruining everything!

[Brillianti goes running out of the room back towards the Command Center. James Bond is doing the thing where instead of running he is just walking really quickly behind him but they are basically going the same speed. They both enter the Command Center and see that Gleeglor has fallen asleep while being hung from the rope because no one has bothered to interact with her yet. As Brillianti nears the woodchipper, James Bond throws a bola at his feet and he falls to the ground inches in front of the woodchipper.]

BRILLIANTI: You ruined everything. The only hope Humans had was to be free of British nonsense. You've doomed everyone. We were going to put you on the moon, sure, but we were still going to let you guys get drunk and kill each other over soccer games. It could have been a lunar paradise.

BOND: The only thing lunar here is your lunacy, Octavio Whatever Arturo Brillianti. This. Ends. Now! Don't bother begging. It'll only get my dick hard.

[James Bond drops his knee down hard on Brillianti's little butt, smashing it to a million pieces. He folds up the alien's legs, breaks them, and ties them together. Then James Bond throws up

on the back of his head. Then he kicks him a bunch. He then gets down on both knees and starts biting the alien's hand.]

BRILLIANTI: What the fuck, man? Just kill me!

BOND: I won the fight! I can do this however I want! Let me do my thing! I'm some sort of Brave New God and I'm doing my thing! Fuck you!

[James Bond picks up Brillianti and starts slowly pushing him feet-first into the woodchipper. The alien's little, mangled hands try to hold on for dear life, but James is just too good, and he starts kicking and stomping the alien further and further into the woodchipper. The alien is just gurgling and shit, puking all over James, but he doesn't give a fuck and for some reason his eyes are now red. He's stomping the creature over and over and over and spraying a bunch of blue-black guts all over the dirty fucking room.]

GLEEGLOR: You did it James! Please, now get me down from here!

BOND: I'm sorry but I have no idea who you are.

GLEEGLOR: You don't have to keep pretending, James. I know you were hurt by someone - many people. I know that your heart seems too black to ever love again, James. But if you trust me, I will show you depths of love and caring that you have never, ever seen before. It's okay, James. You can let go.

BOND: I don't know what the fuck you are trying to do to me right now but what you are saying to me is really pissing me off. Did I do you a bunch already and it made you crazy or something? I apologize for ruining you for other men.

GLEEGLOR: James, we can run away from it all. Buy a house. Have kids. This life you live, smoking crack, fucking different bitches like me every night, killing most of the people you meet, it could all just end. If you just let go.

BOND: What about the next movie? Will I get to fuck a different ho?

GLEEGLOR: Well, no. Because I'm still around, so—

[James Bond cuts the rope holding Gleeglor over the wood chipper and Gleeglor falls into it and just bursts into blue juice that sprays all over the Command Center.]

BOND: I'll never forget you. I'm going to use your tragic death to pick up more chicks in the next movie.

[James Bond's phone starts ringing and he sees it's from M. He silences the call and ignores it but he calls again.]

BOND: What!?! What is it!?! I already took care of everything. The guy is dead and so is that chick. And I think I killed some children.

M: No James, this isn't over yet. The alien ship already has the British Isles in its tractor beam! It's going to pull us into space whether Artemi Ocularis Brillianti is alive or not! We need you to go into the ship's engine room and smash those pipes, James! England's counting on it!

BOND: That wasn't part of the deal, M!

M: It's the main part of the deal! It's basically your entire job. Killing aliens is not actually your job, no matter what you want to believe.

BOND: Don't tell me about my job. I did the Diana thing without bitching once. Fine.

[He hangs up on him, then rips a hot pipe off the wall—the kind they have in New York City apartments. He sees a sign that says “ENGINE ROOM” and bashes it with the pipe. Then he goes into the engine room and there's steam coming out of everything and it looks like if the Titanic was really high tech. Like there's computers and glowing lights but also it's all steam powered.]

BOND: This one's for the Queen of England. Adios, mother fucker. Time to die. Roger me never. Slag off!

[Secret Agent 007 James Bond bashes his pipe on all the shit in there, kicking over garbage bins, knocking papers off desks—for some reason people had desks in there, even though steam was blowing in their faces 24/7. He sees that M is calling again.]

M: Good show, old bean! I'm looking out my window here in London and it looks like the tractor beam stopped. I can barely see the ship through all the fog. Anyway, I'm gonna head home early and make myself an apricot spritzer and watch Goldeneye. Later James.

BOND: That's all well and good for him. But how am I gonna get off this messed up hunk'a junk. It's about to crash into the dang Earth!

[James Bond looks out of a window and he looks at the pipe he is holding and then he looks back at the window and then he looks back at the pipe he is holding. Then he looks at the window and he looks at the pipe and then he looks at the window and he looks at the pipe he is holding. Then he puts down the pipe and punches out the window and jumps out of it.]

[The international man of mystery James Bond holds his breath while falling from near-earth orbit back towards the earth. As he descends through the atmosphere, the heat burns through all of his clothes as he descends for like, fifteen minutes of straight uninterrupted falling. As he nears the pacific ocean, he contorts his body to the most perfect, athletic looking dive you have

ever seen, and he slips into the Pacific without even causing a splash. The screen fades to black.]

[Three weeks later, at a Buffalo Wild Wings on Hawaii's Molokai island.]

WAITRESS: More spicy garlic boneless wings Mr. Bond? Can I get you another Blue Moon with an orange slice?

BOND: Yes, be a darling and do that. You know, you're so beautiful you could honestly work at Hooters. Do you want to sit on my hand?

[She smiles and walks away to put in the order, leaving the check, on which James Bond writes "Tip: ZERO!!!" He then starts yelling at a different waitress.]

BOND: Hey!!!! Hey!!! What do I gotta do to get the Yankees game on over here!? I gotta see my Yankees.

[The camera until now has been tightly zoomed in on his face, but now it zooms out and we see he's wearing a Yankees cap. The camera pans to the window outside. It's a beautiful summer day with one yellow sun and one red sun shining in the sky.]

WAITRESS: Mr. Bond, the bartender wanted to give you a free hit of his crackpipe on the house.

BOND: Charmed. But I'm afraid I never touch the stuff.

WAITRESS: So tell me Mr. Bond. What do you do for work?

BOND: I'm actually a secret British agent. My name is Riley. Struts Riley. But you can call me Tex.

[James Bond tips his Yankees hat like it's a cowboy hat.]

[Theme starts playing—Train's Meet Virginia—start right on the climactic part]

Struts Riley will return in... An Insane Time to Kill, Alienpussy, The Man With the Deadly Gun, Die So Good Again, This Day Dies Tomorrow, Time to Kill an Alien, An Allocation of Serenity, The Spy Who Shot/Killed Me, Vector of Tranquility, Time to Kill Another Day, and, Tomorrow Dies Of Course.