

## Cool Detective

Little Susie Drumheller - She knew WAY too much...

Detective Jack Blackjack — American. The serious one. The philosopher. Classically handsome. Blackjack is always trying to bring O'Doover to Hooters. Saying cool shit all the time. Former gifted child who is struggling with the trauma that came from that (impostor syndrome). As a child he was known for his exceptional drawings of the '90s Chicago Bulls... They had him come out and do a sketch of Tony Kukoč at halftime... Could never live up to those expectations again. He knows tons of trivia, went to Harvard on a Quiz Bowl scholarship. Uses his extensive knowledge of trivia to help solve cases. His main struggle in life is that he wants to be immortal but he never can be. He likes to photoshop himself into pictures of the past to pretend.

Detective Carmine O'Doover — Canadian ("That was a long time ago"). He was born in the Wuhan Meat Market and he got bit by a bird that made him smell shitty for his whole life. A fat, dumb man who is nice and is going through the most amicable divorce of all time. Him and his wife are best friends and he goes out to dinner with her and her new boyfriend, named Boyce. They go fishing. O'Doover has a stupidly large penis that he, according to Blackjack, "has no idea what to do with". He thinks that being a policeman is very easy and very fun. Goes to the amusement park every thursday. Always spilling on himself, so he dressed for whatever color he's having for lunch that day (spill mustard on his yellow suit, etc).

Captain Coldwater — Has a bad temper but he loves them both like sons ... Starts crying about it in rage fits ... Constantly tells them to turn in their badge and gun, then changes his mind and cries and takes it all back ... He just wants them to marry his daughters.

Detective Doctor — She's a detective, and also a doctor btw. She does all the heavy lifting... Gets into gunfights alone and does surgery on herself... When the main guys are nearly finished, she shows up to save them. Her dream is to write a screenplay of an Infinite Jest series for Netflix / indie game dev

Scam Likely — Undercover source for the guys, knew Blackjack back in the day when they were on Quiz Bowl together. He's an indigo child that burned out and turned to a life of white on white crime. In my head... I'm still at that Quiz Bowl in Albany in 2006... I drank so many energy drinks I was hospitalized. I'm just glad one of us made it out of the 2006 Albany Quiz Bowl alive...

[On the day of the big Tasty Day Parade, that famous annual day in Chicago where everyone gets to eat as much sweets, yummys, goodies, little treaty guys, tasty wasties, scrumpie dumpies, peanuts, chocolates, toilet trashers, Chewy weasels, Bingo-Bongos, Screwy Louies, Reeser Piecers, blue ones, red ones, chicken of the woods, and hersheys of the woods as they want. Basically, it's a big hedonistic treat day where eating bad food is considered healthy. And even a doctor will tell you that.]

[We see one of those ambitious director shots where it starts on like, a little kid eating ice cream with sprinkles on it, and it sweeps all the way down the street until you see a little girl of about 6 years who has little pigtails and is licking her big ice cream cone and has big anime eyes, and by the way her name is Little Susie Drumheller. She turns to tug on the big dress of her mother.]

SUSIE: Mother, are we safe here?

MOM: Yes, Susie. Nothing will ever in a million years happen to you, here during the Tasty Day Parade in Chicago, Illinois. I think you can let your guard down and enjoy all the treats that you could ever want.

SUSIE: Mom? Who's that man in the window?

[Suddenly, a hockey puck sized hole appears in her forehead. No blood at all. Just a hole straight through that precious child's head. Look, I'm not happy about it either, but we're trying to tell a story here. It's not a real kid. We didn't do it, okay? We just made her up. It happens. It happens all the time and if you wanna get mad at us about it you better also be willing to march on City Hall, otherwise, you're a hypocrite. As the child hits the ground in slow motion, her gigantic 4 scoop ice cream cone goes flying dramatically into the air.]

MOM: Hold on guys. I think something is up with Susie. She dropped her ice cream and fell down. Just going to roll her over here to see if anything bad happened. Oh - aw nuts. Someone call the police.

[Sweeping, gritty detective theme plays. If it was a TV show, the title would go here, but since this is a movie, it says "Directed by Martin Scorsese and Andrew Scorsese and Charles Scorsese and Branson Dolezal.]

[Open on close up of a zippo lighter with the jack of spades on it lighting a cigarette. The cold Chicago wind can be heard blowing. A long drag is taken. Exhale. Zoom out on Detective Blackjack, he is with the CIA, but he still goes by Detective. He is standing over the white sheet covering the body of the dead child from earlier, the one who had a hockey puck go clean through her childish brain. No blood or nothing. Just clean through.]

BLACKJACK: How old?

CAPTAIN COLDWATER: Eight. The mother said it was her birthday. And she loved ponies and ice cream.

BLACKJACK: My fucking god. This world really is shit. I could never kill a kid.

COLDWATER: You always say you don't care, but you do. You care more than anyone.

[BLACKJACK lights a cigarette and smokes it even though his first cigarette isn't even done.]

COLDWATER: One day you'll have to own up to that instead of lighting more cigarettes.

BLACKJACK: Where's the weapon?

[CAPTAIN COLDWATER holds up a ziplock bag with a hockey puck inside.]

BLACKJACK: I thought the playoffs were over.

[A couple of detectives working the crime scene laugh a little bit at that one and COLDWATER shoots them an angry glances.]

BLACKJACK: You clowns find this funny? That's a kid in that hockey bag.

COLDWATER: Blackjack! Don't scold them! You're the one who told the first joke!

BLACKJACK: It's how I deal with the sick fucked up world we live in, Captain. This is a world where little girls are constantly having sports equipment shoot through their skulls. I never gave a fuck about sports, cause life is enough of a game as it is. Except someone's always moving the goalposts. I saw the damage sports caused. We are the aborted bacteria of a caustic skeleton... And the name of the skeleton is Society. Life is nothing but a lemon in space, rotating constantly, as if the Holocaust never happened. And time? Time is like these here cigarettes, it's always burning closer and closer to my face. So yeah, I'm aware of how fucked up I am, because I'm a product of the afterbirth of an existence that was never meant to be.. Thanks for the memo, Captain. Sometimes, if I'm being honest, I'm very fucked up about how Nebulous everything is. I just hate how it all reminds me of a Nebula.

COLDWATER: Sorry Blackjack, I stopped listening a minute ago. My daughter just texted me. She's single, you know. Looking to mingle. Have you been lifting lately?

[While Coldwater is speaking, BLACKJACK appears fixated on the murder weapon. He also isn't wearing gloves when he touches it, which is always surprising to me when I watch cop movies.]

BLACKJACK: My God. Didn't you fools notice anything about this hockey puck? The serial number's been scratched off. This was no accident. Some sick bastard did this for a reason. And everyone in town has a motive. [Yelling indiscriminately at the crowd] YOU SICK BASTARDS! YOU HEAR ME!? WHICH ONE OF YOU SICK FUCKS DID THIS TO THIS INNOCENT LITTLE GIRL?

COLDWATER: What does this mean, Blackjack?

BLACKJACK: Isn't it obvious? I thought you were good police. This means it's international.

COLDWATER: International? You mean Canada?

BLACKJACK: This whole thing stinks of Canucks. I'm going to need someone from the Canadian CIA on this one.

COLDWATER: First, I think the thing that stinks is this dead girl body. No need to disparage our good friends to the north. After all, aren't we all Americans? It is called North America after all. Tell me Blackjack, would our souls not be poorer without the comedic stylings of Colin Mochrie and Ryan Stiles?

BLACKJACK: You think this is a time for jokes Captain? A little girl just went to the big penalty box in the sky. And I intend to find the player who's responsible. And send him—or her—to H - E - Double Hockey Sticks.

COLDWATER: Let's head back to the station. There's someone you should meet. Also, this little girl turned like some old yogurt in the fridge and she's really starting to stink up the block. All the other detectives have started to puke. Maybe we should scam. I'm wearing new shoes.

[BLACKJACK and COLDWATER get into a police car - there's like 10 of them here now, so it doesn't matter if they take one - back down to the local CIA station, the kind you see in every American town.]

[The CIA station is a classic cop station. There are a bunch of detectives all wearing guns on their hips, sitting in cubicles and eating donuts. You probably thought only normal cops like donuts. Dumbass. They are all taking turns pouring coffee out of the dirtiest coffee pot you have ever seen in your life. The glass is brown now, even, and when the coffee is poured out it looks like dookie.]

BLACKJACK: Cuppa joe. Black as my soul. But I wasn't always this way...

DETECTIVE: Hey man, what's your backstory -

COLDWATER: Not now! Don't ask him about his backstory now! We're busy!

BLACKJACK: I lived fast and loose for a long time, because I thought my time was up. And then -

COLDWATER: No self-indulgent nostalgia right now! We have to solve a little girl's murder!

BLACKJACK: Wait - she killed someone?

COLDWATER: No! Now I'm all mixed up! This is why you never ask about anyone's backstory!

BLACKJACK: It's fine. I don't want to talk about it anyway.

COLDWATER: You keep bringing it up, so you obviously want to talk about it, but fine. That's fine. I'm just going to move along. I'm assigning you a partner.

BLACKJACK: Bad news travels alone. My motorcycle doesn't have a sidecar, captain. You should know - you issued it to me. For my birthday.

[BLACKJACK TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE MYSTERIOUS MAN SITTING ON THE COUCH, TURNS AND BEGINS TO EXIT THE OFFICE]

COLDWATER: This is bigger than both of us, Jack! A little pigtailed girl just got domed by a clapper travellin' the speed'a light god dammit. And there's only one person that could make that kinda shot. A hockey player.

O'DOOBER: Someone say hockey player? Name's O'Dooper. And I'm not a hockey player, by the way. But I am Canadian. And I'm also in the CIA. The Canadian CIA. Is this the guy you were telling me about, Chief? The one who just keeps lighting new cigarettes when he gets stressed out?

COLDWATER: Yeah. Don't you think he'd be a great match for my daughter? I've got another daughter too by the way. Real cute. Looking to settle down too. With a good guy with a good job. CIA job. Catch my drift?

[BLACKJACK lights a new cigarette to go with the cigarette he is already smoking.]

BLACKJACK: Detective Jack Blackjack, CIA. Former Gifted Child turned into a cop who has seen too much. Graduated from Harvard with a Triple Major in Trivia, Immortality Studies and Sacred Geometry. Graduated top of my class. I've killed three guys. Bad guys. Asking for it. They were my tenants in a building that I owned that burned down. Fuck. I need more coffee.

O'DOOBER: Glad to meet you. Name's O'Dooper. I think being a cop is easy and fun. I was in town for the Tasty Day Parade, that's why I'm wearing this white suit, because I was planning on eating a bunch of vanilla ice cream. In case I spill it on my suit.

BLACKJACK: How nice. But I can tell that's not the whole story. The tan line on your ring finger says you're recently divorced. Your fly's down. Looks like you got a pretty big honker down there. You have dry hands. You don't clean behind your ears. You are wearing dress shoes with no socks on. You are wearing a brand of cologne they only sell inside of Hooters called Velvet Tabasco.

O'DOOBER: Good eye, detective. But you're no closed book either. But I can smell that Dark Entropy by Jonathan Davis cologne all over you. No cigarette could mask that. You have the hands of an artist. Big Chicago Bulls fan as a kid? Bet you liked to draw your favorite players.

BLACKJACK [Really seriously]: What the fuck did you just say?

O'DOOBER: Oh, didn't mean any harm, I was just sitting at your desk before you got here. That was a pretty good Dennis Rodman you drew.

BLACKJACK: That was supposed to be Phil Jackson, but thanks. You're alright.

COLDWATER: If we're done sucking each other's dicks here, and stroking each other off and making each other cum. If we're done making each other's toes curl here, making each other shoot stink ropes all over the floor, if we're done with all that, and by that, I mean kissing each other and telling each other sweet nothings and how much we love each other and how we can't wait to spend our lives together, if we are done with that maybe we should focus on that tiny girl that got owned.

BLACKJACK: Nobody's slurped a roper outta my worm since... Her. But we don't speak anymore. Nothing left to say.

COLDWATER: Nobody ask him about her. Moving along.

O'DOOBER: Oh. My ex-wife is a peach. Real sweet. Her boyfriend just snapchatted me a new TikTok dance he came up with. Good guy. Handsome too. She's still my best friend. We play Settlers of Catan once a week. Boyce always wins. Boyce Billiards. He's awesome, and he's so so so good at dancing. He's one effing crazy mofo. Here, let me show you -

[O'DOOBER starts struggling with his phone and it takes him a really long time to log in.]

COLDWATER: God damn it! This is exactly what I didn't want to happen! Too much backstory! Go out there and solve the case before I have to learn anything else about you two!

DOCTOR: Not so fast, Captain Coldwater. These boys are gonna need my expertise out there in the field.

[Detective Doctor is a tall drink of water wearing tactical athleisure, a white doctor's coat, and a holstered Magnum .44. She's the kind of tall drink of water that is more like whiskey, to be sure. She's really more like a tall drink of whiskey. Oak barrel aged. Is that something? Does that apply to a person? I don't know why I said the thing about her being water. She's the type of no nonsense boardroom bitch that will easily transition from balancing budgets to breaking balls. You could put an orange wedge on her glass and put some bitters in there if you know what I mean, if we are still talking about what kind of drink she'd be. You put a maraschino cherry on her tongue and it's getting tied up six ways to Tuesday. That's all I'm saying. There will be no more women described for this entire script.]

O'DOOBER: Howdy ma'am. Name's O'Dooper. I'm from Canada. ...But that was a long time ago. Tell me. What kind of secrets are hidden beneath that tactical athleisure.

DOCTOR: I don't want to hear any of your male braggadocio bull shit. I've spent too much time as a woman in a man's world and I won't have my abilities doubted for even a second. I've always been doubted. Do you know what it was like being the only woman in Infinite Jest club? Do you know what it's like as a woman to struggle with all of those themes and motifs alone? While also being in medical school and having the last name Doctor? You can imagine how badly I was bullied by everyone in Medical School.

BLACKJACK: Life is shit for everyone. We all die. Show me one fucking doctor who can cure that. Some say that death is the cure for life. That would make Hell the biggest doctor in the world. I should write that one down. That's cool. That's a good one. Too bad all my pens dried up years ago, along with any faith I had in this fucked up machine we all live in.

COLDWATER: Detective Doctor, it's good to see you, but let me just tell them one thing. I was just telling these guys to not go into too much backstory. And then you, no offense, just came in and started talking about your backstory. Now, I get that you didn't hear me, but I was hoping we could keep all the backstory minimum.

DOCTOR: Well, I already got started so I'm just going to say everything else instead. I graduated in 2014 from Leftist West Point University Medical School where I was Class President of my college class for Sports Medicine where I also minored in themes and motifs. I put on a one-woman stage show that was an adaptation of the novel Infinite Jest. I played the Quebecois train, and also all of the other parts too. I have a cat named Eschaton and in my spare time, I make independent video games. I'm currently working on a dating sim where you can date the characters from Infinite Jest. Now I'm done.

O'DOOBER: Hey, Chief, we never heard your backstory! You heard all of ours, and it wouldn't be fair if we didn't know yours.

COLDWATER: Enough! You'll learn my backstory gradually through context clues if you pay attention! I already mentioned the daughter thing - NEVERMIND! Detective Doctor, I was told that you could help us with the investigation.

DOCTOR: Yes. I was told that you had something for me, Blackjack.

BLACKJACK: This was a standard issue hockey puck that was found at the scene of the crime. The serial numbers have been filed off. You can see the slime trails here on the puck from where the aforementioned puck left the victim's brain. There was a little brain left on it, but I kicked it off so you wouldn't puke.

DOCTOR: I'm a Doctor. I'm not going to puke. And I could have used those brains.

COLDWATER: There were a lot of people at the scene who were puking pretty hard.

[Detective Doctor opens the bag with the slimy puck on it and immediately starts gagging.]

DOCTOR: What the-- what the fuck is this? The inside of this girl must of smelled like shit! What was she eating?

O'DOOBER: It smells like the sink in a 22 year old's house.

DOCTOR: I'll run some tests and get back to you guys. But my first impression? I can basically guarantee that this is a hockey puck.

BLACKJACK: O'Dooper - come with me. While she does her nerd shit, we need to go back to the scene of the crime and sniff around.

O'DOOBER: Hold on. Can you repeat that? My ex-wife's boyfriend just texted me the funniest meme. It's a cat who wants to have cheeseburger. I can't explain. You just have to see it.

[The two CIA guys return to the scene of the crime to see if they can find more stuff to crack the dang nut of this case. So they go to the place where the parade was, but let me tell you buddy, this place is no parade now. We're in the mean streets of Logan Square, Chicago's most dangerous neighborhood.]

DANGEROUS YOUTH: Excuse me sir, do you have a minute for Gay Rights?

O'DOOBER: Hands off me you dirty yuppie! I got a gun and I've killed before!

BLACKJACK: Stay focused, O'Dooper. One wrong move and a clapper might go zoomin' through your noggin. They'll be screaming "goooooal." But you? You won't be sayin' nothing. And I'm not gonna stick around for them to get a hat trick.

O'DOOBER: I just threatened to kill that person. I think I'm pretty focused.

BLACKJACK: You notice something funny about that building?



O'DOOBER: Yeah. It's a Hooters and I'm not in it.

BLACKJACK: Nah. That's the third Home Depot you tried to tell me is a Hooters. The one next to it. The window. Third story.

O'DOOBER: What's that puck-shaped hole in the window? Do you think a puck could have done it?

BLACKJACK: Must'a been moving a million miles an hour to break through like that without shatterin' the damn pane. You know, they call it window *pane* because...

O'DOOBER: No time for that thought Blackjack! Let's go investigate that apartment. I really hope they have a heating unit I can sit on.

[BLACKJACK is cupping his hand over his lighter as he lights a third cigarette]

O'DOOBER: Those things will kill you.

BLACKJACK: I'm hoping.

O'DOOBER: Damn that's cool. Anyway, let's get up to that apartment.

BLACKJACK: Also - these are the only things that make me feel alive.

O'DOOBER: That's cool too. But one was enough. Let's go upstairs.

[They open the door of the family style house and go upstairs.]

O'DOOBER: Should we have knocked?

BLACKJACK: Nah, we're cops. They'll get it. Anyway this is pointless. We aren't going to find anything here.

O'DOOBER: Wait! What if we look around first? Then make some conclusions.

BLACKJACK: Say, you aren't as dumb as you look, O'Dooper.

O'DOOBER: Well, that's a very mean way to say something slightly nice.

BLACKJACK: You're welcome.

O'DOOBER: Wasn't really thanking you, but - hey check this out. Our killer left something - a hockey stick. We found the murder weapon.

BLACKJACK: Is that technically the murder weapon? Or just a weapon that hit the murder weapon?

O'DOOBER: I'll leave that to the suits in Washington to figure out. Let's bag this up and get out of here. I don't know how the CIA does stuff in America, but in Canada, we like to get warrants before barging into places.

BLACKJACK: [Getting really into O'Dooper's face, pointing his finger into it and shit] Oh yeah? Well where I'M from, we don't let little girls die in our city.

O'DOOBER: I'm in your city though?

BLACKJACK: Fuck! I'm just so fucked up inside!

[BLACKJACK's phone starts ringing. His ringtone is Meet Virginia by Train, but he picks it up pretty quick and doesn't take time to enjoy the song.]

BLACKJACK: Who is this!? Who is this god dammit!!

DOCTOR: It's Detective Doctor. Remember me? We met a couple minutes ago.

BLACKJACK: Are you the tall drink of whiskey in the lab coat? I don't know if you are sexually interested in me or not yet, but I would just hurt you like I hurt everyone. Also, I think we found the murder weapon. The hockey stick. Or it could just be a hockey stick.

DOCTOR: Sorry, you're cutting out. Could you just take a picture of the hockey stick that you found for me? I need to do some forensics on it STAT!

O'DOOBER: I'll take a pic. I'm listening to you on speakerphone by the way. OK. Here we go. Do you want a filter on it?

DOCTOR: Is there an evidence filter?

O'DOOBER: I'll check... [5 seconds pass.] I don't see one.

DOCTOR: OK just send it how it is. ASAP.

BLACKJACK: We don't have TIME for this, Detective Doctor! We need the results now!

DOCTOR: OK, I'm done analyzing it. Forensics has matched the rifling on the puck to this exact hockey stick. It's a perfect match. It must have taken one sick fuck to fart out a clapper like that. By the looks of it, he went top-shelf into her head cheese and lit the lamp up. It's a shame. She was so young, but she didn't even know she was already in overtime.

BLACKJACK: I already saw that smelly dead girl body. Tell me something I don't know.

O'DOOBER: I think we might be getting a little disrespectful to the smelly dead child and I'm not sure why.

BLACKJACK: [Shoving his finger in O'Dooper's face] You think it's fucking FUNNY to bring up that the dead girl stinks?

O'DOOBER: You brought it up! You keep bringing it up! I don't even think that she stinks that much!

DOCTOR: Nah, she does stink. We had to move her into the annex with all of the football pads and the tank that homeland security bought us. I think the only person that uses it is the Captain. And he just eats lunch in there.

O'DOOBER: Are you both yelling at me now?

DOCTOR: No. Now focus. We need to crack this case. I like Infinite *JEST*, but this is no laughing matter. Oh. There's one other thing you need to know about that hockey stick. It only comes from one kind of tree, in one forest, which is only processed in one factory, which only sells its sticks to one sporting goods store. And that store is right next door to the apartment you're in, and they keep a registry of everybody's name matched up with the serial number on the stick. Go show them the stick and you'll have your man.

BLACKJACK: You've done it again Detective Doctor! Well. This is the first time you've done it. But I expect you'll do it again in the future. This is just what we need to put this sick slapshot-happy son of a bitch for a long, long time.

O'DOOBER: I guess the plot is nearly wrapped up. Let's go get our man, dead or alive.

[They go to the sporting goods store next door, which is called Rene's Traceable Hockey Stick Emporium & Buffet, and a man wearing a nametag that says Rene is behind the desk.]

O'DOOBER: Alright, how do you wanna play this? If he tightens up, I don't want to wait for the warrant.

BLACKJACK: Let me handle this.

[BLACKJACK begins approaching RENE with a serious, focused expression on his face. He pulls out his phone, grabs the guy violently by the collar, and shoves a picture of the dead girl into the store owner's face.]

RENE: What—what the fuck, man? That's fucking disgusting! Is that a dead girl? What the fuck are you doing? What the fuck—hey, you there, is this your buddy? Why are you guys doing this to me! I don't have any context for the situation! Why are you showing me snuff pictures! That's so fucked up!

BLACKJACK: It's not snuff! It's evidence!

O'DOOBER: Yeah. We're cops, not perverts. We aren't weird at all.

RENE: Why'd you start by showing me a young girl's corpse! I didn't even know you guys were cops.

O'DOOBER: I'll admit, my partner here did play it a little aggressive. But what would you do if someone knocked the biscuit through YOUR little girl's chiclets in broad daylight?

RENE: Does that mean - okay, i'm piecing it together. So this dead girl in the picture you showed me - okay he's still showing it to me - so this girl died and whoever did it did it by shooting her with a hockey puck. Is that right? By using context clues, I see that you have a hockey stick that is sold here. I am going to guess that you guys want me to match that hockey stick's serial number to my registry in order to figure out who bought that hockey stick, which is presumably the murder weapon. Is that right?

O'DOOBER: I mean, yeah, that's basically right.

BLACKJACK: I'm not going to stop showing you the picture until we get what we need!

RENE: I get it, I get it. I don't want no trouble! Let me check my registry. OK. OK. His name is Clap the Ripper. He's right over there at the buffet eating lunch. You can apprehend him or kill him or whatever now, just leave me be!

BLACKJACK: You're finished Clap!!

[He starts firing his gun indiscriminately toward the buffet. An old lady has picked up her sandwich about to take a big bite, and a bullet hits the sandwich dead on, knocking it to the floor. Tapioca pudding is fuckin' everywhere. Clap the Ripper is still trying to eat amid all the gunfire when a bullet ricochets off his spoon and makes a PING! sound. He immediately starts running for the exit as fast as he can.]

BLACKJACK: That's him!

O'DOOBER: You're just now seeing him? Why were you shooting before that?

BLACKJACK: Why does a dog start sniffing before he smells a steak? It's in my nature O'Dooper. And you'd do well to recognize that—or else you might end up as a steak.

O'DOOBER: He ran down the alley when we were talking! Why did you stop shooting in order to talk!

BLACKJACK: Criminals. I hate to see them leave, but I love to see them walk away.

O'DOOBER: What?

BLACKJACK: I am going to shoot this guy in the back of the head.

O'DOOBER: I'm not listening anymore! I'm running after him!

[O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK go flying out of the sports equipment and buffet and turn down a narrow, classic looking alley. You just know a classic dark, dingy alley. The type of alley that Batman's dad likes to get shot in. You know what I mean. There's a big dumpster, a fire escape, you get it. Maybe a rat scurries. I don't know.]

[The criminal, Clap the Ripper, reaches the end of the alley and is trapped. There is a big fence with a sign that says "CONSTRUCTION: ALLEY EXIT COMING IN 2025". He turns around to face O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK.]

O'DOOBER: In order to build that alley exit, they'll have to knock down the children's hospital next door!

BLACKJACK: Well those kids better get better by 2025.

CLAP THE RIPPER: You're too late.

BLACKJACK: Oh yeah, PUSSY? Looks like we are right on time.

O'DOOBER: Let's make this easy, Clap the Ripper. Come with us, and we'll give you a shiny new pair of iron cufflinks. And then we will arrest you and put you in handcuffs.

CLAP: Nah. You don't get it. The players' wives have already set it in motion. There will be NO salvation for those who do not repent! The flames of the tar sands will ignite a conflagration the world has never before seen!

[BLACKJACK starts shooting at him a bunch from like 5 feet away and misses all of the shots.]

BLACKJACK: Alright, you've had enough, talk! Why'd you do it! Why'd you slapshot that biscuit into Little Susie Drumheller's brain gravy? That little girl never done nuthin' to nobody!

CLAP: She knew too much. Like WAY too much. It's insane how much she knew.

O'DOOBER: She didn't know that much. We talked to her kindergarten teacher. Didn't even know all her animal sounds. Said moo when they showed a picture of a chicken. Spill it, Clap. What are you working at?

CLAP: Your buddy is reloading as we speak. You can't just ask me to talk while he's doing that.

O'DOOBER: He'll stop if you start talking.

BLACKJACK: I'm not going to stop.

CLAP: Then I'm not gonna SQUEAL, piggy. You cops are all the same. Little piggies with little stout noses and curly tails. You make me SICK. Haven't been this SICK since I got cut from the IHL. Used to be a Manitoba Moose. The world was my oyster to play hockey in. The meat inside the oyster was my hockey puck. But then when I got cut from the team, I freaked out, man. I guess I was just looking for a little purpose in this oyster we call life—

O'DOOBER: Fuck! Keep reloading! He's telling us his backstory! SHUT THE FUCK UP! Quick! Shoot him!

BLACKJACK: I'm trying! I keep dropping all of my bullets because I spilled peanut oil on them!

CLAP: Drifted around for awhile, town to town. Met a few nice girls that I left behind so that I wouldn't do them wrong. I took some college classes, thought maybe I could be an engineer, designed new, safer hockey helmets, or, more likely, something that has nothing to do with hockey. My relationship with my father was always, well, a little complicated—

O'DOOBER: Kill him! Please! Before he uses the word trauma!

CLAP: Kill me? You're too late. I took my cyanide capsule while you were trying to shoot me earlier. With my last breath, I will tell you this. My first girlfriend, well, I really screwed that up. I guess I was in love with the idea of being in love—

[BLACKJACK throws his gun down in frustration as him and O'DOOBER start picking up cinderblocks and bashes the guy's head in. He dies instantly from blunt force trauma, but BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER throw more stuff and stomp on him for a couple minutes before gradually winding themselves, and eventually they're just standing there panting, hands on their hips, absolutely covered head to toe in blood and sweat.]

O'DOOBER: (breathing hard) That was some good police work there, Blackjack.

[O'DOOBER reaches into his pocket and you see a gallon ziploc bag filled with about 13 guns. He takes one and puts it on what is left of the killer.]

BLACKJACK: We got 'im just in time. I hope little Susie Drumheller witnessed that gruesome murder from heaven, and it made her feel a little better about her own predicament of being dead. Everything about this is so fucked up.

O'DOOBER: Wait a second. What's this in his pocket?

BLACKJACK: Is that a glowstick? I mean, it is neon green. No, look, it's squishy... Is it gogurt?

O'DOOBER: I think it's gogurt. No. Wait. I've heard about this on Tiktok. Boyce Billiards—my ex-wife's boyfriend—showed me this thing called the Slime Dance. We made plans to learn it together this Christmas when we hang out at their vacation home in the Adirondacks. Basically, Slime is the new drug that just hit the streets, and is killing everyone. The dance is pretty good though. It is the craziest dance you can imagine and 1 in 3 people who attempts it dies.

BLACKJACK: You're tellin' me this two-bit kid-killin' maniac had slime oozin' outta his noggin when he did the deed? When he popped that little girl's skull like a meat balloon and drained all the helium outta her cranium?

O'DOOBER: That's what I'm sayin' Blackjack. But you should really see this dance. It's nuts. Like I can't even describe it to do it justice. These kids—it's crazy what a good dance they made. Of course, most of them died doing it. But their legacy will live on.

BLACKJACK: We need to head back to the station. We need to tell them that the pile of red mist here is the killer and that things are not always as they seem... Something is bothering me about this. You catch what he said? "The Player's Wives" set it into motion? Who are they? The flames of the tar sands? I don't know about you, but this sounds pretty cool. I was beginning to think this was another cookie cutter child assassination, but it seems like this actually could be an interesting case.

O'DOOBER: This is beginning to sound cool. Being a policeman is fun and easy. I just Instagrammed the corpse with the emoji with stars in its eyes and said, "Gave this guy a glow-up. Yassified him."

BLACKJACK: Life is a highway... and I'm looking for the off ramp.

O'DOOBER: Well, that kind of makes it sound like you want to kill yourself.

BLACKJACK: I'm just flotsam in the rough waters of life, man. Not trying to kill or be killed, just letting the current take me where it may, till I wash ashore on the sandy banks of Heaven. Or the sandy banks of Hell. Hot sand though. Basically I'll know if I'm in heaven or hell by the temperature of the sand on the beach in the metaphor.

O'DOOBER: If you're flotsam then I'm jetsam. We're in this stink together now. And it's going to get a whole lot smellier. This whole thing stinks...

BLACKJACK: Be that as it may, let's get back to the station and have Detective Doctor take a look at our things. After that, we'll show her our evidence.

[When they walk back into the police station, all the phones are ringing and everyone is eating donuts and not answering their phones. O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK walk in, covered in blood, which doesn't elicit much of a response from anyone. Detective Doctor is at her desk, which also has a bunch of lab equipment on it.

DOCTOR: Detectives! That's a lotta blood.

BLACKJACK: You should see the other guy.

O'DOOBER: The blood IS the other guy. That's all that's left.

DOCTOR: I'm guessing the hockey stick led somewhere?

BLACKJACK: Nah, we just killed a guy for fun. Just kidding. Yeah. We got our man. Got him in a bodybag. Also found somethin' at the scene. Check this out.

O'DOOBER: Street drug. Goes by the name Slime. You ever slurp the stuff, Doctor?

DOCTOR: They didn't have this shit around when I was in college. Which was last year, when I finished my third doctorate, in *Sprawling Postmodern Masterworks By Depressed Geniuses*. There was only one book in the syllabus. But that one book had enough motifs to fill a book with. They wouldn't give me my degree unless I did every drug that is mentioned in the book. The book was called *Infinite Jest*, by the way—

O'DOOBER: Yeah well. I'm familiar with the stuff. This shit is way more fucked up than all the stuff you were huffing and snorting and injecting in your dorm. It's called Slime. It also goes by the street names Cranker, Nicktoons, Kielbasa prime, Storg, Schleet, Rizzoli, Isles, Dagoth Ur, Shit, Squeek... It makes you feel so good and party so hard and be so happy that, basically, you die.

DOCTOR: So it's exactly like the videotape in *Infinite Jest* that you want to watch until you die. Except that instead of watching it, you slurp it up.

O'DOOBER: I don't know. I never read that book. My ex-wife took it in the divorce before I could read it. Maybe Boyce is reading it, I'll text him. Oh, wait, why's my ex-wife calling me? Ignore. Time to text Boyce more. He's so cool. He knows how to do the stanky leg.

DOCTOR: While you were saying your thing, I started analyzing the Slime. And I made a startling discovery. There's uranium in it. And it's one of the key ingredients that is making people so fucked up and feeling so good.



COLDWATER: Aaaaallright. Just got word from the higher ups. This case is closed. Send anything you got to the EPA. They'll be handling things from here. To celebrate a job well done, you're both coming to my house tonight to have dinner with my family. There is a birthday cake with your names on it. We'll be sitting boy-girl-boy-girl. It'll be easier for you to make small talk with my daughters that way.

O'DOOBER: No way! It's over? Just like that?

BLACKJACK: [starts reloading his gun again.] No fucking shot!

DOCTOR: Captain, I think they might be onto something here.

COLDWATER: Well, my daughters are very charismatic. I'm sure the something that you speak of must refer to the potential budding relationship that these two detectives could get into with my very beautiful adult daughters.

O'DOOBER: You can't shut us down, Captain! We got like, two entire clues still! That's more clues than I've ever gotten as a cop!

BLACKJACK: This is fucking Harvard Quiz Bowl all over again... Fuck! I want to fucking drink! Fuck! I'm so generically dissatisfied!

[BLACKJACK lights a black cigarette, a kind he only saves for especially fucked vibes]

COLDWATER: I'm sorry. These orders came down from the EPA. It's out of my hands. Just like my daughter's dating lives, now that they are adults. I've already explained to them that you two have been around the block, by the way, and they still seem interested. Great looking girls, totally approachable. I would never let them read Infinite Jest. Turn in your guns and your badges onto my desk before you leave.

O'DOOBER: Wait what?

COLDWATER: Oh sorry. You still work here. I don't know why the FUCK I said that! Jesus! [He starts crying and pounding his fist on the desk.] To think that I would say something like that to my future sons in law! I guess I've just been so anxious about being stuck with two old maids—nice girls, very nice, cutie pies really—that I keep fucking up and making conversation mistakes. God. I am such a blubbering pussy lately. Promise you aren't mad at me?

BLACKJACK: Cry all you want. All the tears in the world won't fill up that hockey puck shaped hole in that smelly girl's head.

COLDWATER: Yeah, she stinks. We had to move her out to the annex.

DOCTOR: I already told them.

COLDWATER: We sent her body to the EPA and they were like “what did you do to it” and we were like, “nothing dude, what? It just stinks”. Apparently two of their agents had to get hospitalized because of how bad she stinks. I bet something laid eggs in her first before she died.

O'DOOBER: Maybe a stinkbug, chief?

COLDWATER: Yeah. Or like... A thing that lays eggs that have turds inside them.

BLACKJACK: Stinkbugs aren't evil, it's not their fault. I'm expecting something more... Sinister.

DOCTOR: I just got off the phone with the girl's mother. It turns out she always stank, even when she was alive.

BLACKJACK: This whole THING STINKS god DAMMIT!! And I won't rest until we see it to the end!

COLDWATER: No can do Blackjack. This thing's in the EPA's hands now I'm afraid. I've got some pink lemonade at home. We can have it with dinner. You coming to dinner? I'll sit you next to the prettier daughter.

BLACKJACK: The only thing I want to pour down my gullet has a pirate on the bottle and would blind you if you got it in your eye. Basically you would end up looking like a pirate.

O'DOOBER: Captain Whiskey's Real Kentucky Bourbon-Style Rum?

COLDWATER: Well, I got to go get ready for dinner tonight. The dinner that you are going to come to. I'm going to roast a pheasant for us. I'm going to serve it in a big stainless steel dome. It's going to be nuts. Do you guys just want to come home with me now? No? Going once - okay, well, I'll see you guys there later tonight.

[COLDWATER walks away, but keeps looking over his shoulder to see if they are going to follow him. He slows down and makes eye contact with them to try to get them to follow him but they don't follow him. Eventually, he disappears around the corner. About five seconds after that he reappears and tries to make eye contact with them again. After doing that for about fifteen seconds, he finally leaves for good.]

O'DOOBER: Come on Blackjack. I know a bottle of bourbon-style rum with a pirate on it with our names on it. First shot's on me.

BLACKJACK: Better make that a hat trick. I've had a long day.

O'DOOBER: I know. I've been here with you the entire day. All the same stuff happened to me.

DOCTOR: I'd be down to get a drink too—

[CUT to only O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK walking into a bar. It is called The Penalty Box and its logo is a cross-eyed hockey player with a beer helmet on. This is the brownest bar you have ever seen in your life. Even though smoking indoors was banned, they have cigarette-flavored Febreze to make it smell that way. As they walk in, the bartender is frowning and glaring at them.]

BARTENDER: Whoa, whoa, whoa. This might not be the right bar for you two. Just go ahead and get out of here.

O'DOOBER: Whoa friend. Why?

BARTENDER: This is a dumb guy bar. Dumb guys only. It has carpet on the ground, see? It's a bar with carpet. Only dumb guys who spill a lot can drink here.

BLACKJACK: Don't worry man, we're dumb.

BARTENDER: Oh yeah? What's the capital of the United States?

O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK: I don't know.

BARTENDER: Alright, welcome in, guys. Have a seat. I'll get you a couple of brown things in a cup.

BLACKJACK: Brown things? A cup? You're speaking my love language.

O'DOOBER: Well, I can have a couple drinks. I'm sure Boyce wouldn't mind. Boyce - Boyce Billiards? My ex-wife's super cool boyfriend?

BLACKJACK: Why would your ex-wife's boyfriend care if you drink beer or not?

O'DOOBER (tearing up): He's just really cool.

BARTENDER (to BLACKJACK): What's wrong with your friend?

BLACKJACK: He's dumb. But I don't care. I'm more concerned about this fucked up shit with the EPA. You don't know about that, but trust me, it's pretty unfair and shitty. Just when we were onto something...

BARTENDER: Alright, well, careful with spelling letters out here... This is a dumb guy bar, I warned you. I don't want to have to tell you again. And don't drink all the beer!

BLACKJACK: OK. Then I guess I'll need a shot of Kentucky bourbon-style rum. And better make it a hat trick. And by that, I mean, give me three shots immediately so I can drown my fucked up sorrows you could never understand.

BARTENDER: Alright, well I'm going to give you another warning for saying OK. That's technically spelling.

O'DOOBER: You better give me three of those as well. I don't want to fall behind and have it get back to Boyce. He'll call me "pledge." Big frat guy back in the day. Real nice though. By Boyce I mean Boyce Billiards—I think I mentioned him before.

BARTENDER: Alright, six shots comin' up. We call that a revolver around here.

O'DOOBER: What the fuck do you mean by that?

BARTENDER: Basically cause a gun has six shots—or bullets—in it.

BLACKJACK: Now you're the one counting all these numbers. I'm starting to wonder if you're really a dumb guy yourself.

BARTENDER: Counting is okay as long as you use your fingers here. I really hope your bill isn't big enough where I have to take my shoes off.

BLACKJACK: Here we go. Bottoms up. Bottoms up again. ...Bottoms up one more time. Now time to wash it down with an ice cold beer. Glug glug glug... Glug glug glug...  
Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh. Now I'm ready to pontificate.

O'DOOBER: Hey Blackjack. I really wish they didn't take us off that case. It was a lot of fun getting to know you and play and hang out.

BLACKJACK: You know. When we started this thing, I gotta be honest. I didn't give a DAMN about Little Susie Drumheller and the big hole in her head.

O'DOOBER: Who?

BLACKJACK: But I tell ya somethin' O'Dooper. I seen a million kids killed this exact same damn way. Eventually you just stop caring. But this time's different. When we assaulted and murdered that guy in the alley, it lit a spark in me. I realized that Little Susie was just a little girl. With hopes and dreams. And it's insane that they killed her just because of how much she knew...

O'DOOBER: It seems like she really knew a lot... Like an insane amount... Not sure about what though.

BLACKJACK: Yeah. That's what I intended to find out. Till the damn EPA intervened. Seems like everything in this life is just pointless and it would be better to get killed than be alive in this shithole world. Especially a world that is devoid of Little Susie.

BARTENDER: You know, this Little Susie Drumheller really sounds like she knew a lot. Maybe too much.

O'DOOBER: That's what we're afraid of.

[Brief moment of silence where both characters stare at the bottles in their hands and look pensive.]

O'DOOBER: Hey Blackjack?

BLACKJACK: Yeah O'Dooper?

O'DOOBER: Do you think that the killer, you know... before he took the slapshot and everything. When he saw little Susie Drumheller at the parade and blasted a river rock through her skull... do you think that he knew she would smell so bad?

BLACKJACK: I don't know, O'Dooper.

[Blackjack grabs a bottle and gulps it down. It takes him like 15 seconds.]

BLACKJACK: I just don't fucking know. Humans are a mistake. I'm a mistake. So if I act fucked up, that is the correct response to a fucked up world. Death is the inevitable vacuum that life explodes into, like a wet turd being ripped apart as its flushed, or a less gross example. We are merely bacteria, fucking, festering, growing... That's probably why that little girl smelled so bad. She was carrying the collective nausea of the human race in her dumb little brain that knew too much. Oh, fuck this! Fuck me! I'm so fucking pissed all the fucking time! Fuck!

O'DOOBER: Oh, I don't know about that. I think it's fun to be a CIA cop. I usually spend at least four hours a day just playing and having fun.

BARTENDER: Lookin' a little thirsty there partner. Want me to freshen up that glass so you can keep wetting your whistle?

BLACKJACK: I'd like that bartender. I'd like that a lot. I might as well get fucked up since I'm fucked anyway. I'll have some more bourbon-style rum. And make it a Looney Tunes shot.

BARTENDER: What's that?

BLACKJACK: Just pour a shot. You'll see.

[After the BARTENDER pours a shot, BLACKJACK grabs the bottle and drinks the entire thing, leaving only the shot on the bar.]

BARTENDER: Gee. Guess this one's for me then. Glug glug glug. Aaaahhhh!!! That sweet Kentucky tang! When it comes to rum, you gotta make it Captain Whiskey's Real Kentucky Bourbon-Style Rum.

BLACKJACK: If you do the Looney Tunes move to a pie, instead of liquor, it's called a Garfield Maneuver.

O'DOOBER: Say Blackjack... You ever think of giving it up? Putting down the badge and the gun, maybe try to live a normal life? With a wife and kids and two-and-a-half dogs? A picket fence, a sport utility vehicle, a deluxe Ninja coffeemaker that even makes cappuccinos? The whole deal.

BLACKJACK: O'Dooper, I wish I was cut out for that crap. I WISH I could be normal. Every day when I wake up and splash water all over my face and look in the mirror, I think, what's wrong with you, you ugly stupid son of a bitch? Why aren't you happy? Why don't you get a dog named Rover and play frisbee with him in the park? And get a wife named Betty and play frisbee with her in the park? But guess what. I'm too fucked up for that shit. I seen too many little girls get beamed in the brain with a puck travelin' faster than a shooting star. But this star is nothing to wish upon. It's a star of infinite misery.

O'DOOBER: Hey Blackjack? You know how you give these cool speeches? Like, I don't know if they are speeches or rants or jokes, I don't know what they are, but they sound really cool and edgy and dark. Like you have some kind of insane dark wisdom that makes you see things how they really are but it's also the reason why you are sad? Well, I was wondering... Oh, I don't know, nevermind, it's stupid. Forget I said anything.

BLACKJACK: No man, say it. I want to hear it.

O'DOOBER: Do you think... I don't know... maybe you'd listen if I tried to give a dark philosophy speech?

[BLACKJACK looks at O'DOOBER incredulously, but the look slowly morphs into a smile. He reaches across the bar and grabs a bottle and starts pouring O'DOOBER a huge shot.]

BLACKJACK: Of course, partner. Give it a shot.

O'DOOBER: Time is a fucked... bitch. Stupid ass chicken headed ho.

BLACKJACK: Whoa, whoa, whoa. You leaned way too hard into just plain cussing there. Try it again, but don't rush it. Look at the ceiling and just think about how fucked up everyone is.

O'DOOBER: Okay, okay, okay. Hold on. (O'DOOBER takes a giant shot of Kentucky Bourbon-style Rum). Every morning we wake up and look at ourselves in the mirror and tell ourselves it isn't true. We see it in us and dance around it, justifying it, othering ourselves as we lie endlessly about who we really are. We say that we are not those animals with pointed sticks anymore, rubbing our big ape butts on tree stumps and peeing in each other's mouths. In my most cynical moments, I admit, I wonder if we are evil or if we are stupid. There is no other answer.

BLACKJACK: Hey man! Not fucking bad! Hold on, hold on, let me do one now.

O'DOOBER: You liked it? Honestly? Or are you just trying to make me feel better since I'm kind of a dumb guy you know?

BLACKJACK: You know Little Susie Drumheller? The girl who knew too much? Well. In my darkest, most honest moments, I'm just like her. I know way too much. I was a Quiz Bowl whiz back in my Harvard days. I learned so much about this world's cultures, its people, its animals, its trivia, basically the whole potpourri of factoids. And what good did it do me? Is my knowledge gonna bring Little Susie back to life? Heh. I wish I'd studied necromancy for the Quiz Bowl. Maybe Little Susie would have a shot. But I can't change that now.

BARTENDER: Whoa whoa—Quiz Bowl? Harvard? Necromancy? Are you some kinda smart guy? Am I gonna have to kick your ass to the curb? I'm not afraid to ask you politely to leave.

[The BARTENDER brandishes a double-barrel shotgun in Blackjack's face.]

BLACKJACK: Put that bitch-killer down! Quiz Bowl was a lifetime ago, bartender. I don't even recognize myself from back then. That's why I drink so much. To forget all that shit. The capital of Turkey. How many ounces in a liter. The first female prime minister of Pakistan. Which Hollywood stars are gay. I'm trying to forget all of that shit!! Truth be told, I don't know how many of us made it out of Quiz Bowl. Corey drowned in a sensory deprivation tank. His ability to name every lake on earth didn't save him from all that water. Bellamy got married. Real mean lady. Don't envy him. Basically he's in a prison of the mind. His wife's mind. Cranston got shot in the head while doing Quiz Bowl in Russia, which is ironic because his head's where his brain is.

O'DOOBER: I know. Anyway Blackjack, your phone's ringing. It's pretty late. You must have some wild friends. Oh. Never mind. It just says Scam Likely.

BLACKJACK: Scam Likely!? Speak of the devil.

[BLACKJACK laughs, leans back, and lights two cigarettes. He puts his lighter underneath the "No Smoking" sign on the bar, hoping to burn it, but it must be covered in some kind of fireproof laminate because it doesn't work.]

BLACKJACK: O'Dooper, my boy. Scam Likely is an old friend from my Quiz Bowl days. But now he gets fucked up on weird drugs all the time. Maybe he knows something about this Slime business.

O'DOOBER: Wait, Blackjack. Can I try one more speech? You see. Life is like... This shot of rum. It's bitter. Dark. Doesn't go down easy. No sir. Not easy. But let me tell you something... That bitter spirit is also what gives life meaning. It cleanses the soul, washing away all the bad stuff—the memories, the pain. I guess that's why they call it a spirit. Because it's basically holy, the way it absolves us of our past sins, pain, wrongdoing. All of it.

BLACKJACK: Is that it? Are you done? Well. That's a little better. But let's move on to my thing.

O'DOOBER: Okay. What's your thing though? I was concentrating on what I was going to say next so I didn't catch most of that stuff you were saying about drugs and the quiz bowl.

BLACKJACK: We're going to pay a little visit to an old friend who is a complete degenerate and see if he can give us a little information on this slime stuff.

O'DOOBER: Didn't Captain tell us we were off the case?

BLACKJACK: Fine. This isn't a business call. This is... Personal.

O'DOOBER: Alright, fine. Let's get out of here. But one last thing. Bartender! Give me a couple shots to go. I think if I bring them to Boyce he will be really impressed. Boyce - Boyce Billiards. My ex-wife's current boyfriend. He's so tall.

[BLACKJACK gets up from his seat and stumbles a little.]

BARTENDER: Should I call you boys a cab?

BLACKJACK: No need for that. We're cops.

[BLACKJACK stumbles into the driver's seat of his squad car and reverses into a different car and then drives forward into another car and then finally gets out of the parking space. He looks at O'DOOBER through the passenger side window and smiles.]

BLACKJACK: You coming?

O'DOOBER: Yeah. But I get to pick the music.

[O'DOOBER smiles and gets into the police car. BLACKJACK flips the siren on and they go flying off, laughing, listening to Timber by Kesha featuring Pitbull.]



—END OF PART 1—

[The squad car pulls up to a parking spot in front of a dirty alley. And when I say dirty alley, strap in. This whole alley is both dusty and wet at the same time and is filled with dirty, loaded diapers. You might think I mean like five or ten, but I mean like, one hundred baby poopy filled diapers. You might expect some other classic alley details, like a rusty fence, or a fire escape, or like, a dumpster with a guy sleeping in it, but nope. It's just dirty diapers as far as you can see.]

O'DOOBER: Seems like a bad part of town.

BLACKJACK: Probably all a scumbag like him can afford, nowadays. But don't be fooled by appearances. This guy was so good at Quiz Bowl. He could name basically every gay actor in Hollywood. I once heard him name 15 famous Latinos in ten seconds. Including Louis CK.

O'DOOBER: Did he get Gloria Estefan?

BLACKJACK: Yeah. He got every member of the whole damn Miami Sound Machine.

O'DOOBER: Holy shit.

BLACKJACK: Let me handle this.

[BLACKJACK bangs on a dirty door with one of those looky holes. I don't know what they are called, but they have the slidy thing that opens the hole and then you look at it. They are always used in movies where people go somewhere sketchy. You get it. You know what I'm talking about. I call them looky holes.]

BLACKJACK: Scam! Open up!

[The slot of the looky hole comes flying open and you can see a little guy looking through it.]

SCAM: Get the fuck out of here Blackjack! Can't have cops sniffing around here!

BLACKJACK: It's fine. I'm legally not a cop right now because I'm so fucked up.

SCAM: You guys smell like Kentucky Bourbon-style rum. But what about your buddy here?

O'DOOBER: I'm fucked up too, sir.

SCAM: Alright, you better get inside before you smell like dirty diapers for the rest of your life. Cmon.

[SCAM slides the door open to reveal an incredibly dirty apartment. It's a typical criminal's apartment, with knives stuck into the walls all over the place. There is a gun with a bunch of ketchup on it on a plate. He has a dresser where all the drawers are labeled "DRUGS" in his living room, except for one which is labeled "ANIME ACTION FIGURES: KEEP OUT". He has a poster hanging up that just says CRACK COCAINE on it and it is next to a Trainspotting poster.]

SCAM: Had to give up my Fight Club poster when I got into crack cocaine. Had to sell it for more crack.

BLACKJACK: Okay, whatever Scam, good to see you're doing well. This is my partner Carmine O'Dooper.

O'DOOBER: Nice to meet you, Scam. I love what you haven't done with the place.

SCAM: So what do you guys want? You here to kill my ass? Gonna skin me and turn me into boots? Are you going to FUCK me? Tear out my little guts? Chop me up and feed me to the birds?

BLACKJACK: I don't want to kill you, Scam. Already got my fill of murder earlier. Some dumb bastard with a hockey stick. Didn't see it coming.

SCAM: Oh, that was you boys? I heard about that.

O'DOOBER: They're probably still trying to piece the corpse back together. Humpty Dumpty Ass!

SCAM: Humpty Dumpty. The first recorded versions of the rhyme date from late eighteenth-century England and the tune from 1870 in James William Elliott's *National Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Songs*.<sup>[1]</sup> Its origins are obscure, and several theories have been advanced to suggest original meanings.

BLACKJACK: Ha! You still got it, Scam. I'm sure you could still do Pro Quiz Bowl in the Balkans or something. Why not make something of yourself?

SCAM: I gave that life up a long time ago. You remember. You were there. Albany Quiz Bowl. 2006. I drank so many energy drinks that my penis hole permanently closed. I have to pee out of my mouth now. The doctor told me I would pee out of my butt. So you can imagine how much I hate Quiz Bowl now. Besides, I gave that life up. I'm committed to my life of white on white crime now. And joyless drug abuse. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a new poster to hang up.

[SCAM LIKELY walks over to the Trainspotting poster and takes it down. He grabs a rolled up poster, positions it on the wall, and hangs it up. It says "SLIME" on it, and depicts a man sucking up super bright green toxic slime out of some sort of yogurt-like tube.]

O'DOOBER: Slime... what do you know about Slime, Scam?

SCAM: You guys want something to drink? I got some water, some beer, crack, uhhh, I got Fresca...

O'DOOBER: I'll take the crack. You know, what, actually, is the Fresca diet?

SCAM: Fresca is always diet. Hey Blackjack, I take it you didn't find this guy at a Quiz Bowl.

BLACKJACK: Get me an Old-fashioned, on the rocks. Top shelf. The good stuff.

SCAM: I'm out of whiskey.

BLACKJACK: OK I'll just take crack then.

SCAM: Okay, one Fresca and one Crack. Coming up.

BLACKJACK: On second thought, I'll take a water. Unless you got a beer? Ice Cold?

SCAM: You guys are really stretching the limits of my hospitality here. This is some Give A Mouse A Cookie shit. But OK. One Fresca and one beer.

O'DOOBER: I really hate to do this, but a beer sounds really great right now.

[SCAM disappears into the kitchen and you hear a bunch of lab equipment noises and he comes back holding two beers for O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK].

SCAM: Two fresh beers for you guys. I went ahead and opened them to make them more easier for you to drink quickly.

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER grab the beers and instantly chug them for some reason.]

BLACKJACK: This beer tasted a little weird.

O'DOOBER: Yeah. It tasted like... there was a big long line of snot in my beer that I had to suck up like a spaghetti noodle.

BLACKJACK: Yeah, I noticed that too. I thought it was an egg white, like a Prairie Oyster kind of deal.

SCAM: Say, O'Dooper, you were asking me about Slime, right?

O'DOOBER: Yeah. I wonder why you're transitioning to that previous conversation for some reason?

BLACKJACK: Oh my fucking God. Scam. What the fuck did you just do?

SCAM: You wanted to know about slime? Heh... you're about to find out.

[BLACKJACK immediately goes for his gun, but his head starts getting fuzzy... He reaches down for the gun and pulls out what appears to him to be a large Candy Cane...]

[Suddenly, O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK are transported to the top of a big rainbow and they are sliding down it while holding hands. They are high up in the sky, flying down the rainbow past a bunch of Cotton Candy clouds and chocolate birds.]

BLACKJACK: What the fuck is happening!

O'DOOBER: Wee! Don't worry Blackjack! This is FUN! Wow!

[O'DOOBER reaches up and grabs one of the Cotton Candy clouds and shoves it into his mouth.]

O'DOOBER: Oh wow! YUMMY! Blackjack, try some of this cotton candy cloud! It's so YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY!

BLACKJACK: Chocolate Birds too. I don't know... what happened but.. I have to admit that it all looks so YUMMY to me.

[BLACKJACK grabs a chocolate bird out of the air and bites its head off. The chocolate bird poops some marshmallows as it dies. Dark red colored liquid flies all over BLACKJACK'S face. BLACKJACK licks it.]

BLACKJACK: It's raspberry jam! YUM! YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY!

[They slide off of the rainbow onto a big donut that is floating down the chocolate river. They are still holding hands.]

O'DOOBER: Chocolate River! Taste it Blackjack! It's good! It's super dooper gooey and GOOD!

BLACKJACK: Wow! It's so yummy! Tastes so good!

O'DOOBER: Nummy nummy this is the greatest day of my life. Even better than when I married Boyce's girlfriend.

BLACKJACK: I tell ya what O'Dooper. This is the first time in my life that I feel happy. Like actually happy. I know I'm on drugs. I know this Chocolate River isn't real. But I'm happy. I guess it's just like Joey Pants with that famous Steak from the Matrix.

O'DOOBER: Maybe the chocolate river is real Blackjack. If we believe it is.

BLACKJACK: Look! It's a beach! The sand is made out of Fun Dip! The Beach Balls are Jawbreakers! The palm trees are laffy taffy! They look so yummy and sweet on my tongue!

[O'DOOBER sticks his head under the chocolate river and emerges with a Swedish Fish in his mouth, smiling.]

O'DOOBER: Yummy yummy GOOD!

BLACKJACK: Look over there! Those Gummy Frogs are making us Smores!

O'DOOBER: Yummer yummer! I want I want! Widdle sweetie tasty babies!

[The Gummy Frogs see BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER approach so they place the smores on a plate and stand up and start dancing for them in a circle. BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER walk over the Smores plate and start grabbing the gummy frogs and eating them.]

BLACKJACK: Wow! The frogs taste so good and yummy!

FROG: Thank you! Eat more of me! I'm so good and sugary! I taste sweet on your—

[BLACKJACK eats the frogs head that is talking to him. He turns to O'DOOBER, who is digging out gummy worms from the fun dip sand.]

SCAM: Hey, save some for me!

O'DOOBER: Scam! Did you take some Slime too?

SCAM: Yeah, you guys were laughing and giggling and making so much merriment I had to join in! I did some crack too. Still a little left if anyone wants some.

BLACKJACK: That sounds appetizing, but I think I would prefer to eat this rock on the beach, which LOOKS like crack but is actually made of white pop rocks. It tastes GoOoOoOoOoD!!

SCAM: [singsong]: Yum yum yummy! Yum Yum Yummy! Tastes so good! In my tummy!

O'DOOBER: All aboard the taffy train! Choo choo!

BLACKJACK: Oh my god, a train of taffy! Let's eat it!

SCAM: No! Let's ride it and eat it!

CONDUCTOR: All aboard, fellas!

O'DOOBER: Look at that conductor! He's a bunny rabbit, made of candied rabbit meat!!

CONDUCTOR: I'm actually just a rabbit. You shouldn't eat me alive. I'm not made of chocolate, but I love you boys!

[SCAM sneaks up behind the Rabbit and grabs him and takes a big bite of him and rabbit blood goes everywhere.]

SCAM: Yum!

BLACKJACK: He was lying! He WAS full of chocolate!

[Scam starts trying to spit out a bunch of rabbit hairs.]

O'DOOBER: Wow! This laffy taffy train sure is fast! Wowowow, look starboard fellas! I see a cupcake!

BLACKJACK: Look! I got a chocolate gun with jelly bean bullets!

O'DOOBER: Shoot me! Shoot me! Shoot me! I'm a perp! I'm a perp!

[BLACKJACK fires a jellybean into O'DOOBER's shoulder while he has his tongue sticking out like a dumbass.]

O'DOOBER: Oops! You missed! I feel the sugar in my bloodstream!

SCAM: Look! It's the Milkshake Marsh! They're having the Tasty Day Parade in the Milkshake Marsh!

O'DOOBER: I like cookie I like cupcake I like brownie I like cake I like root beer floats I like SMores I like Tooty Fruity Funfetti Cake I like scrummy yummy num num sticky sugary smackaroooney delicious tasty beautiful sweet Yummy yum yum yum treats, I like gum drop I like candy cigarettes I even like those shitty candy dots stuck to the paper I like snickerdoodle flavored cigars but most of all I love love love love love CUPCAKE!

BLACKJACK: I love eating sweeties because they taste soooo scrumptious and SWEET!

SCAM: Me too!

O'DOOBER: Scrummy yummy doober!

BLACKJACK: Gooble Gobble! Laffy Daffy Doober dreamsicle dream drop scrumptious yum yum yum!

SCAM: Gooley Looley Sweetie Baby I Love You! I Love Tasting! Nummers Nummers Nummers!!!

[They all start losing their mind laughing and they are smiling, their mouths have chocolate and sprinkles all around them and they are doing that thing where they are holding hands in a circle and leaning backwards and spinning around and they are having so much FUN FUN FUN! The Laffy Taffy train stops at a big road.]

TRAIN: Last stop! Tasty Day Parade! Don't fall into the Milkshake Mire! I Love you Boys SOOOOO MUCH!

BLACKJACK: We love you too Sticky Tasty Taffy Train!!

O'DOOBER: Wait - Tasty Day Parade? Am I forgetting something... what happened at the Tasty Day Parade...

TRAIN: There is no future! No past! Only the present! Don't think of that! Think about how yummy I am and how much I LOVE YOU!

BLACKJACK: Yeah, O'DOOBER! I want to eat tasty tasty sweet sugary sticky things covered in honey and cream and I love you! I Love you! I love you!

SCAM: Look! At the parade, it's raining honey! It's raining Shirley Temples!

O'DOOBER: No. I remember... there was a little girl. She knew too much. Little... Little... Little Susie... something... Scrumplewumple?

SCAM: Yeah... No... I remember something too... Buzzers... Quizzers... In my head... I'm still at that Quiz Bowl in Albany in 2006... Pounding Red Bull after Red Bull after Red Thunder, when the store ran out of Red Bull... 3rd round, we're losing, I go to the bathroom just in time to see my pee hole closing forever...

[O'DOOBER watches BLACKJACK approach a young girl who appears to be made out of licorice and nerds rope. In the background, a giant blimp filled with cookies and cream crashes into the ground. An oreo cookie flies out of the blimp at 200 miles per hour and goes straight through the skull of the licorice girl.]

O'DOOBER: No! Drumheller! Little Susie Drumheller!

[All of the candy starts to look evil and angry at O'DOOBER. It all starts to melt.]

SWEDISH FISH: No! You're killing us!

DING DONG: We love you! You're making the Zebras made out of Zebra cakes cry! And you're killing us!

CAPTAIN CRUNCH: Rid yourself of your troublesome past! Live with Candy forever!

BLACKJACK: Live with candy... forever... live with candy... forever.

O'DOOBER: Snap out of it, O'Dooper! We got to go! We got to solve that case!

BLACKJACK: Huh?

O'DOOBER: We gotta go!

[O'DOOBER grabs BLACKJACK by the shoulders and starts shaking him really hard in the candy world and all of a sudden, they all snap to, instantly sobering up and waking up in a big pile of dirty diapers outside of SCAM's apartment.]

BLACKJACK: It smells like candy out here... No wait, it smells like shit! What happened to us!? Wuh... what's... are we laying in dirty, poop-filled diapers.

O'DOOBER: Yeah man. We were high on slime.

SCAM: Oh yeah. I drugged you guys up. It was in the beer. I'm kind of surprised you drank it. Anyway, I saved some for you. If you want to get it tested, or just want to try it again... not my business. Slime is really easy to do. You just suck up the slime from this tube like it is a big piece of pasghetti.

BLACKJACK: I think I'm gonna throw up.

SCAM: If you are going to throw up, throw up into these diapers. They are already pretty messed up.

[BLACKJACK gets up to his knees and starts heaving on all fours, just vomiting up dirt, lint, a beer bottle, car keys, quarters, a ball of yarn, some stamps, a ticket to a 1993 Pearl Jam show, a cashier's check, the dog from Monopoly, the knife from Clue, more dirt, more lint, etc.]

O'DOOBER: Whoa! I don't remember you eating any of that! Let's see what's in me!

[O'DOOBER gets down on all fours and starts immediately throwing up. It doesn't look like he's even straining himself, it's just all coming out effortless and naturally. He doesn't even stop smiling when he is doing it. O'DOOBER pukes up dirt, lint, a beer bottle, car keys, quarters, a ball of yarn, some stamps, a ticket to a 1993 Pearl Jam show, a cashier's check, the dog from Monopoly, the knife from Clue, more dirt, more lint, etc.]



O'DOOBER: Oh, wow! Twinsies! Scrummy yummy doober!

BLACKJACK: Cut it out O'Dooper! This is the meanest shit on the streets right now, it's no laughing matter. This shit makes you act like a dumb god. One of those Greek ones who liked to fuck swans and drink crazy shit. There was paint thinner in ambrosia, you know. That's what made it so fun to do.

SCAM: There's no paint thinner in Slime man. It's all natural. From the earth.

BLACKJACK: We'll see about that. Let's get this back to Detective Doctor's lab, O'Dooper.

O'DOOBER: Good call. Let's get a gatorade on the way back. My mouth tastes like my ass. Bye Scam Likely! It was nice to meet you! Good luck with your drug addiction and mental health issues! It's always nice to meet one of Blackjack's friends.

BLACKJACK: He's not my friend. He's just an informant.

SCAM: I guess I'll go fuck myself then. I guess I'll just die. Just crawl down underneath all these dirty diapers until I run out of oxygen.

BLACKJACK: OK. Do it. Do it. I bet you won't.

SCAM: I will. I'm going to. I'm going to die underneath these dirty diapers. Next time you guys see a brown skeleton, guess what? It's going to be me. Because all of the stuff from the diapers got on me and I died.

BLACKJACK: OK. See if I care. I'm just going to stand here tapping my toes impatiently like Sonic the Hedgehog till you do it.

[13 hours later, back at Detective Doctor's lab... Detective Doctor is sitting at her desk, reading her copy of Infinite Jest - Infinite Jest is a 3000 page novel about tennis in France or something - and it is known for its incredible themes and motifs. It was written by Jonathan Franzen's close, personal friend, David Foster Wallace.]

BLACKJACK: We got here as soon as we could!

O'DOOBER: Detective Doctor, we need this sample analyzed right now! It's called slime, it's green, and it gets you fucked up. You get so fucked up that you ride around on a cosmic brownie like a skateboard and every time you ollie a gumdrop appears in your mouth.

DOCTOR: Just one second. I'm almost at the good part where the guy talks about drugs.

[BLACKJACK reaches forward and tries to slap the book (Infinite Jest, by David Foster Wallace) out of her hand but it is so big that his hand just bounces right off of it.]

DOCTOR: What do you want? What? You want me to process the slime sample? I already did it. Unlike Infinite Jest, the results were conclusive. You wanna know the craziest thing about slime? You think it's the feeling of feeling so good you wanna die? You think it's the way it can make an ordinary Pearl Jam ticket taste like a strawberry marshmallow? Nah. This goes way deeper than that. There is a very surprising secret ingredient that makes Slime so awesome to do.

BLACKJACK: Out with it Doc! We don't have time for your academic mumbo jumbo. We're just simple CIA guys. We don't like to get bogged down with the technical stuff. We shoot first and ask questions later. You probably never in your life shot someone the moment you saw them.

DOCTOR: You guys don't shoot first and ask questions later. I don't think you've ever—

[O'DOOBER fires his gun into the air in the ceiling and a ceiling fan comes down on the ground next to him.]

O'DOOBER: I -- fuck. I was going to ask a question but I totally blanked. At least I got the first part right.

DOCTOR: That ceiling fan was one day from retirement.

BLACKJACK: We'll send roses to the missus. My condolences to the kids.

[We see a classroom where there's like 20 little desk fans sitting, ironically, at their desks, as a big fan lectures them about learning their ABCs. Suddenly, over the PA, there is an announcement.]

PA: Little Jonny and Sally Desk Fan, please report to the principal's office.

[Also, we thought that it would be important to mention that the principal fan in this scenario is 1. The largest fan at the school and 2. That he has a mustache. We cut back to the CIA office or whatever.]

DOCTOR: Don't you want to know what the fucked up ingredient is?

BLACKJACK: Probably no more fucked up than what's inside me doc.

DOCTOR: OK well. The secret fucked up ingredient is none other than Uranium. Glowing gold. Chernobyl Tea.

O'DOOBER: Three Mile Long Island Iced Tea. Don't mind if I do.

BLACKJACK: Uranium. Of course. I tried some at Woodstock 99... but it's a lot stronger now than when we were kids.

DOCTOR: Yeah. Apparently the only other ingredient is Haribo gummy bears. I don't know what to make of that.

O'DOOBER: Sometimes it's gummy frogs. Sometimes it's little sharks. Do your research professor, I thought you were a doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm not a doctor of gummy candy. I'm a literature PhD. But look. This is important. It is possible to have Slime flashbacks, like in those Vietnam movies where guys got drugs lodged in their spines and it made them think about Hendrix or CCR or whatever. It's the strongest drug of all time, and it costs nothing to make, as long as you have uranium. If I didn't love books, I'd be doing this shit all the time. You know what this kind of reminds me of. In the novel, Infinite Jest--

BLACKJACK: Alright doc. Thanks for the heads up. But where does this lead? There's gotta be something you can tell us about the bastards putting this shit on the street.

DOCTOR: Hold on. As I was saying, in the novel, Infinite Jest, there's a super funny movie that makes people happy and go nuts and silly and crazy. It's like if The Waterboy was written by Happy Gilmore. And that's crazy, because Infinite Jest came out two years before The Waterboy.

O'DOOBER: Whoa... Trippy man...

DOCTOR: Anyway. The clue you're looking for is printed right on the tube. Look. The Calgary Flames logo is on here like 15 times. I think this might have something to do with them.

O'DOOBER: Wait a second. Calgary is in Canada. I'M CANADIAN. We can use my Canadian driver's license to get into Canada and scope out the Calgary Flames.

BLACKJACK: By God you've done it O'Dooper! We'll go to a game!

DOCTOR: I thought you guys were off the case.

BLACKJACK: This is bigger than the case. This is personal. When that son of a bitch put that regulation NHL clapper through that dumb girl's head, he put it through MY head too! That was MY brain splattered on the sidewalk! That was MY body that smelled like someone dumped a bunch of century eggs over a pile of fish guts.

COLDWATER: Did someone say Calgary? My girls and I have a cabin there. Real cozy, especially in the winter. Fireplace. A big bear rug that you can really stretch out on in a robe or

some fancy lingerie. Wine. Red wine. Good alcohol. Not a condom for miles. And guess what... If you ask polite, my daughters will let you do whatever you want. They're kinda new-age sex-posi girls. They do all the stuff. Rimmers, handies, 69ies, the butt moves, the stink test, hell, they'll stay still for six hours while you eat sushi off of them and they won't complain at all. Yoga. They stretch. Pilates. Hell, even a little Tai-Chi. What I'm saying is they keep it tight. It's crazy, but they love it, and I love them. Some have called them a little too open minded. Say, I wanted to give you this real quick. It's a calendar. Becca is the odd months and Coraline is the even months. Careful hanging this up at work, though, haha. What do you say? Maybe you and the girls borrow the cabin for the weekend. You can take my truck. I need grandkids, you know. A little tike to take the wheel of that truck someday when I've shuffled off to the great police station in the sky.

BLACKJACK: No can do chief. We'll have to take a raincheck on the rimmers and handies. We're hightailing it to the next Flames game on business. The business of pleasure that is. Because this has nothing to do with work, or The Case.

COLDWATER: Well, that's a shame, as I already texted them and told them you were coming. Here - I'm texting you their phone numbers now so that you can tell them you can't come yourself. Did you guys have a preference which one of you gets which daughter's phone number? Just check the calendar there if you can't make up your mind.

[Coldwater looks around the room and sees that Detective Doctor is the only one still there. She's lost in the labyrinthine prose of the late D.F. Wallace. Our heroes must have slipped out while the captain was rambling. He means well. He really does. That's all you can say about a guy like that. He just wants what's best for those boys, and for his daughters. Can you really blame him? Who among us would do any different in his shoes? Can you tell me that? Who?]

O'DOOBER: We'll take two nosebleeds for the big game tonight please.

BLACKJACK: I've got a feeling the Flames won't be the only ones scoring tonight.

O'DOOBER: Who are we gonna fuck, Blackjack?

BLACKJACK: I meant drugs. We're gonna score some Slime.

O'DOOBER: That one still could mean sex.

BLACKJACK: I mean the drug that's full of uranium you nincompoop.

O'DOOBER: It's not necessary to use cruel language. Besides, I don't know if I wanna get that fucked up tonight. I got work tomorrow. Besides, I don't want Boyce to think I've changed. If we keep doing Slime all the time, we're gonna have to get new friends. Start dressing different. Going to different kinds of freaky parties.

BLACKJACK: We're not here to slurp the slime. We're doing cop stuff. Remember? We need to find some slime and figure out where it's being made. Find one of the dregs, the dummies, the lowest man on the totem pole and put a saddle on his back and ride him to the Kingpin. That's our true nature. Turn out the lights on civilization and everyone brandishes their blade in the dark. We're nothing but monkeys on a rock--

O'DOOBER: Well, we're in Canada now. If you wanna blend in, wear this.

[O'DOOBER hands BLACKJACK a traditional African Dashiki.]

BLACKJACK: I don't... Um. I know I don't know enough about Canada to refute this, but uh, I don't think they wear this to Calgary Flames games very often.

O'DOOBER: Then why's it in Flames colors?

BLACKJACK: Did you get this from the gift shop? I don't think I'm supposed to wear this. I'm just not going to wear this. Even if it benefits me, I just decided that I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to say it's wrong, or argue about wearing it, I'm just not going to wear it and I'm not going to discuss why.

O'DOOBER: Come on, we're going to miss the tip off or the kick off or whatever they call it in hockey!

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER take their seats high up in the nosebleeds as the hockey game starts on the ice. A beer man is walking around selling his beer and begins walking up the aisle towards them.]

BEER MAN: Beer Man! Molson, Labatt, Whatever, Red Stripe, Who Cares? My Life's a mess right now! I don't even know what I'm doing here! You just wake up everyday you know, and there life is, looking at you in the face like a fat, dumb kid. Molson! Molson! I'm working on commission here. Help me out! Buy a beer! My house is ugly, get a Red Stripe! I'm so fucking scared!

O'DOOBER: Beer man! Over here!

BEER MAN: Send my kids to school! Hope you're buying a hundred beers fella, or I'm a DEAD man! I owe money all over town! What'll it be?

O'DOOBER: Two Old Styles, please! And here is a tip to hopefully help you out.

BEER MAN: Thank you, sir! Wow, ten dollars! I'm eating dog food tonight!

BLACKJACK: Is Dog food good to you?

O'DOOBER: I'm looking for information, buddy. Do you know where we can get some Slime out here?

BEER MAN: You boys want slime? Wait - are you talking about drugs or sex?

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER answer at the same time].

O'DOOBER: Just the drugs.

BLACKJACK: Both.

BEER MAN: I'm going to tell you guys even though you both look like cops, act like cops, and are wearing badges. Check out under the bleachers. That's your best bet for both. Now, I got to go. There's guys looking for me at this game right now.

[The BEER MAN scurries away to peddle more of his wares.]

BEER MAN: Dead man walking, folks! Better buy it quick before they get me! They're going to chop me up and blend me and press me through a sieve, folks! Get your beer while it's cold!

[BLACKJACK turns to O'DOOBER.]

BLACKJACK: Both of us might cause too much attention. Maybe we should split up and drift down there one at a time. See what we can pull up.

O'DOOBER: Okay. I want to go to the bathroom and I also want to get some nachos. Also after that I'll have to go to the bathroom again. Also, I have a headache, and my dogs are barkin'.

BLACKJACK: I'm going to head down there now to scope it out. If I call you, pause Candy Clicker. That's not as good of an excuse to ignore me as you seem to think it is.

O'DOOBER: I don't play Candy Clicker anymore. I electrocuted myself by licking my phone too much. I play that game where you have to pour lava on the minotaur in order to get some gold. They let you automatically beat a level if you just pay them five dollars.

[BLACKJACK is already walking down the aisle, scoping out the entirety of the stadium. He casually makes his way down to the lower level, keeping an eye out for anything suspicious. He notices one man who seems a little too incognito - sunglasses on, Jason Bourne style plain color hat, carrying a backpack - slink into one of the men's bathrooms. BLACKJACK follows slyly and watches the man look over his shoulder before slinking into one of the stalls. He casually goes to the sink to pretend to wash his hands, then comes over to man's stall and knocks.]

BLACKJACK: You got slime?

GUY: I got slime. We got to be quick, though. My wife is waiting on me.

BLACKJACK: Whatever man. Just give me that sweet, sweet Slime and I'll be on my way.

[BLACKJACK opens the stall and the guy starts unzipping his pants.]

BLACKJACK: Hey, my bad man, I think we got our wires crossed here.

[The guy is just trying to masturbate his soft penis to get it hard. Can you blame em?]

BLACKJACK: I was looking for the drug one. You were obviously talking about the sex one so, uh, I guess I just should get out of here. My bad man.

GUY: Ah, damn, really? My bad. That's kind of funny.

BLACKJACK: Yeah, guess it is.

[Both start chuckling]

GUY: It's crazy out here, huh. Hey - don't tell my wife.

BLACKJACK: Haha, I won't man! Take it easy! Good luck having sex in this bathroom!

GUY: Haha, yeah man. Just kidding about my wife, by the way. I told her I was coming in here to jack off and do some nasty stuff, she's totally cool with it. Anyway, take it easy!

BLACKJACK: Hey, seriously though man, be careful I'm a cop by the way, but I'm not really interested in your thing. That's barely a crime to me. I'm going to leave the bathroom now. Hey. Rub one out for me.

GUY: Haha. Will do man!

[Cut to O'DOOBER at a concessions stand and there is a big line behind him and he is smiling super hard and he is blushing as he talks and everyone is mad at him.]

O'DOOBER: I will have a cupcake and I will have a hot dog and I will have a beer and I will have a cookie and I will have some ice cream in a hockey helmet and I want popcorn on it and I want dippin dots and I want some nacho cheese and I want some big peanuts and I want a gumdrop as big as my head and I want it to be super, duper yummy and I want a charcuterie board and most of all I really, really, really, really want cupcake.

CONCESSION GUY: We don't have cookies, charcuterie, or a gumdrop as big as your head, but here's the rest of the stuff. That'll be \$95 in Canadian money.

O'DOOBER: I know it's Canadian money. I'm Canadian.

CONCESSION: Me too.

O'DOOBER: I know. Here's \$95 normal dollars. To you and me.

CONCESSION: That's 47 and a half toonies. To me.

O'DOOBER: I know. I KNOW!! Anyway, thanks for the gurb. I mean grub. FUCK!

[He walks away with all his snacks in hand.]

O'DOOBER [muttering under his breath]: I'm fucking up so much lately.

[O'DOOBER walks over to the condiment area and starts putting out all of his treats like it is his desk and when other people try to reach for condiments he tries to block them out a little. Just then, he spies a very classically suspicious looking person - black turtleneck, black slacks, black shoes, a little black beanie on his head, that classic little burglar mask, carrying a big canvas bag with a dollar sign on it.]

O'DOOBER: Oh wow. That has to be the most suspicious person I've ever seen. I wonder where he is going.

[The suspicious man immediately walks down a hallway.]

O'DOOBER: Fuck! He got away!

[O'DOOBER remains completely frozen in place and just starts eating all of his food as the suspicious man walks VERY slowly away.]

[We cut to BLACKJACK who has just sauntered down some Employee's Only stairs to find himself underneath the bleachers. There's all kinds of degenerate stuff happening down here - a guy in a gimp suit shooting up heroin, there are some cockfighting chickens on their break throwing dice, a contortionist in a cast iron cage getting pelted with coins, a clown who is crying alone and blowing his nose into a huge polka dot hanky, a guy and a goat feeding each other garbage, a pregnant woman using a jackhammer, a very eastern european looking doctor injecting a different syringe with his syringe, the puppet Alf's skin on a tanning rack where you can see his face still and it is instantly identifiable as Alf, a Dracula in his coffin pissing into his own mouth, you get it. You get what we mean. It's seedy. You know the type of place. We may have taken it a bit too far, but you get it. BLACKJACK remains unperturbed. He approaches some derelicts warming their hands over a barrel fire.]

BLACKJACK: Anyone got a light?



GUY 1: The light in my heart went out ages ago.

[BLACKJACK immediately punches the derelict in the throat and he falls to the floor like a sack of... anything really. Scrap metal. Nuts and bolts. Shit. All sacks just kinda fall like sacks.]

BLACKJACK: I'm the one who says cool shit like that around here.

GUY 2: I mean, there's an entire barrel on fire right now. It's such a dumb question you asked, he was right to say something cool instead of answering.

BLACKJACK: I see we got another loud mouth over here. Ugly son of a bitch. How's about my fist lights up your face.

[This guy also goes down like a sack of whatever you want to imagine.]

GUY 3: I don't want to get punched in the throat. So what do you want me to say and/or do or behave?

[BLACKJACK immediately punches this guy in the exact same way in the throat and he falls just like the other ones did - like a sack.]

BLACKJACK: No one wants to talk, I guess. Guess I'll have to do this the hard way. Sick shit like this. This is the death of civilization. This is Rome that has fallen to the Vandals. It's a long way down to our true nature - the nature of pigs and mud and geese honking in anger. Of a nasty, cold world where you have to eat bugs and worms to survive because you are a caveman living in a marsh. Like if the bottom of the cave was a marsh instead of normal ground or whatever. Being in a place like this - it makes you want to want to build a divine sniper rifle with a range that reaches all the way to the Kingdom of Heaven... Man... I don't know about everyone here, but I'd sure love to plant a 50 caliber round straight between God's eyes. It's guys like me that burn up all this trash to keep the water on the surface running clean...

[BLACKJACK flicks a cigarette onto one of the guys he beat up who instantly explodes into flames.]

BLACKJACK: Shithead. Wish you were God when I did that to you.

[Someone in the corner screams and BLACKJACK aims his gun over there and fires without looking.]

O'DOOBER: Blackjaaackk? Is that you shooting down here? Don't shoot me, ok? I'm holding treats. I got you some century eggs from the concession stand. With South Of The Border America sauce.

BLACKJACK: I got dinner right here.

[BLACKJACK lights up his cigarette in a really cool way.]

O'DOOBER: That's so cool... I can't believe you eat your cigarettes. I like cupcake better.

BLACKJACK: Stay frosty down here, O'Dooper. It's really fucked up down here.

O'DOOBER: You said it, you come down those stairs the first thing I saw was a Dracula pissing into their own mouth.

BLACKJACK: That wasn't piss...

DEALER: Good eye. It was slime.

BLACKJACK: Who the fuck are you?

O'DOOBER: When you say slime, do you mean the drug slime or the sex sl--

DEALER: Drug. That's a really constant mixup around here. We should have called this shit something else.

BLACKJACK: You know a lot about this shit?

DEALER: This shit right here? This is primo Grade A Shit right from Draz The Plug. They call him the Plug cause he can really stop up a bathtub. Great guy though. And he's got the best shit in Calgary to get fucked up on and messed up and feel good all the time.

[O'DOOBER elbows BLACKJACK while the dealer is talking and points towards the very rare hockey stick that looks just like that other hockey stick that they found earlier that was part of the crime. Maybe it has a detail or something that matches it. I don't have any ideas of what that might be, though. But it's there.]

BLACKJACK: Tell me, drug dealer... Which forest did that hockey stick's wood come from?

DEALER: It's a special one that you would never have heard of. There's only 1 place where they make these hockey sticks from trees in this 1 forest.

[O'DOOBER suddenly empties his clip into the wall. Like not anywhere near where the dealer is standing.]

O'DOOBER: Wanna talk now?

DEALER: What da hell man! I was already talking! I'm outta here!

BLACKJACK: What the fuck are you doing, O'Dooper!

O'DOOBER: That's the sign, remember! When I shoot at the wall, you're supposed to shoot him!

BLACKJACK: Alright whatever. Seems like he wasn't gonna talk anyway. We'll have to SHOOT the info outta him!

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER take off sprinting after the dealer, who runs straight into an extremely busy French kitchen... I know they were in the hockey stadium, but imagine this was pretty close. There's a quaint standalone French restaurant like right next to the parking lot of the Flames stadium. Is that so hard to believe?]

BLACKJACK: You son of a bitch you'll never get away with this!

[BLACKJACK fires like 10 bullets from a six shooter.]

O'DOOBER: Look, he went into the back entrance of that French restaurant! You know—the kitchen entrance!

BLACKJACK: After him!

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER burst into the back door of an extremely busy French kitchen. You can tell it is french because they are cooking french food and they all have that classic tall hat like Ratatouille had on. Some of the french dishes the chefs are preparing include croque madame and croque monsieur. Whatever you are, they got a croque for you. How do you say nonbinary in French? That word croque, basically. You see what I'm saying? And why not? It's 2022 after all. As they run in, there is a huge fat chef who is leaning over a big pot of soup and taking a little sip with his spoon.]

BLACKJACK: He's got a gun!

[BLACKJACK pistol whips the fat french chef who goes flying into his big pot of French onion soup. Even though he is a great big fat guy, he's got little legs that kick and flail as he gets stuck into his big pot of soup.]

FRENCH GUY: Sacre bleu!

[O'DOOBER runs after the dealer, who does a cool parkour move over a bunch of ovens and tables. The moves are so cool that he honestly sort of slows himself way down by doing them. He seems more focused on escaping in a cool way rather than just running out of the very busy french kitchen. O'DOOBER tries to follow his lead, strafing, doing somersaults, jumping jacks, sliding on his stomach like a penguin, the works—but basically he's just knocking pots and pans

everywhere and causing the big chef hats to pop right off the chefs' heads cause they are so surprised and alarmed. Each one has a little rat under their chef hat, which you see for about half a second.]

CHEF: Sacre bleu!

DEALER: You'll never catch me alive detectives! If it's the last thing I do.

[O'DOOBER fires 20+ shots in the kitchen at nothing in particular, then it seems that the French Chefs start really getting pissed off. They sneer with their teeth stained by red wine, and they pick up their big meat cleavers that they use for chopping up pigeons and snails and other gross creatures of that nature. Dogs? Raccoons? I'm not an expert on French people. Anyway, they start rushing O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK with their big knives and start to chase them. The DEALER dashes out of the back door while O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK start getting surrounded.]

FRENCH CHEF: Do not let zem go! Zey saw de rats that control us!

O'DOOBER: No we didn't! It didn't look clear! It could have been a marmot!

[All the french chefs look at each other at the same time.]

FRENCH CHEF: Good enough for me! You are free to go!

[O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK sprint out of the back door as all of the FRENCH CHEFS take a NAP and enjoy some WINE and some CIGARETTES and they put in a VHS of a french movie where some sort of waifish looking boy chases a paper airplane across the trenches of World War 1 or whatever.]

O'DOOBER: There! He went into that building!

BLACKJACK: Fuck! It's called Le Bistro Paris. Do you think it's French!

O'DOOBER: I don't know! I'm dumb as fuck!

[O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK burst into what is obviously another French Restaurant directly next door to the other french restaurant. They immediately see a bunch of snails, tall chef hats with unmistakable rat silhouettes in them, thin mustaches, fat men gingerly tasting soup, and what appears to be a collection of Roman Polanski films. He's not french but they love him and they endorse what he did. The DEALER is doing more parkour and O'DOOBER is breathing really hard already. He looks to his side and sees a trash can filled with banana peels. He doesn't ask any dumb questions about what french food uses bananas or anything.]

O'DOOBER: Let's skip this part!

[O'DOOBER starts throwing a bunch of banana peels all over the kitchen. Guys holding big pots of french onion soup slip and throw it everywhere. Some guys are carrying a window through the kitchen and a bunch of fat french chefs slip on banana peels and go flying through it. One guys mustache falls off and he tries really quickly to put it back on before anyone can see.]

BLACKJACK: He ran out the back!

[They get to the back door and see the DEALER is trying to open the back door to a third French restaurant. Blackjack takes his gun and shoots the door closed as the DEALER tries to open it.]

O'DOOBER: Nice shot!

BLACKJACK: I was trying to shoot myself! But my gun was backwards!

[BLACKJACK is still holding the gun backwards at his temple and pulling the trigger repeatedly.]

O'DOOBER: Be that as it may, we stopped him in his tracks!

DEALER: You'll never stop me detectives! I don't snitch!

[O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK close in on the dealer who is heading towards the Calgary Bridge over the Calgary River in Calgary. Also the technical name of the street that goes over the Calgary Bridge is called Calgary Street. The address of the Calgary Arena is 123 Calgary Avenue. As O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK close in, the bridge starts making a big racket with all those bell sounds as the bridge starts to lift up.]

BLACKJACK: End of the line, shithead. Hope you packed a lunch for your day trip to hell. Because they don't have turkey sandwiches in hell. They got a bunch of demons with multiple cocks and pitchforks and they are going to rip you in half and suck out your blood and eat your nuts. Stomp on you. Spit on you. Tear you up like a little piece of bread. Fuck you. Kill you again. Shit on you. It's disgusting in hell. You'll hate it. But I got to send you there.

[The DEALER smiles knowingly.]

DEALER: I think I got one more trick up my sleeve.

[The DEALER pulls a large noose from his sleeve and starts trying to hang himself on the bridge.]

O'DOOBER: He's getting away, Blackjack! Away from this life, this world, and all of its troubles. We gotta stop him!

BLACKJACK: One more kill and Captain Coldwater says he'll cover up one more DUI for me. I need this O'Dooper. Let me take the shot.

DEALER: I'm already half dead! You'll have to shoot quick! This sucker is around my neck and I'm about to bite the big one!

BLACKJACK: You basstaaaaard!!!!!! Let me tell you, I'm good at two things. Quiz Bowl and shooting guys in the dick before shooting them in the head.

[BLACKJACK shoots the hanging man in the dick.]

BLACKJACK: Bet you're wondering if I'm going to shoot you in the head or not.

DEALER: Don't do it! I want to go out on my own terms!

BLACKJACK: Here's my trick. I never said that I'm going to shoot you in the head next.

[BLACKJACK unloads 4 more bullets into the guy's dick before shooting his head.]

DEALER: OhhH! You got me!

[BLACKJACK reloads and shoots the guy in the dick two more times. Then he shoots him in the legs four times. Then he reloads again and shoots six more times into the guy's left leg and the left leg falls off into the river because he shot it so much.]

DEALER: Ohhh! You proved your point! Ya got me! Owie! Fuck! That stings!

[BLACKJACK shoots the guys legs even more. It feels like it becomes routine as he casually reloads and unloads into this man who is hanging from a noose. Also, his other leg also falls off into the river. Also, he shoots the rope and the guy falls into the river, dead. As the man's body floats down the Calgary River, he keeps shooting at the body. He reloads again and shoots the man some more. As the revolver clicks repeatedly as he still tries to shoot, he tosses his gun into the river and hits the guy in his dick. What is left of his jeans go flying off, and you see his dick that has been shot 100 times. It looks rough.]

BLACKJACK: One more dickless dirtbag off the streets.

O'DOOBER: He wasn't dickless until you shot his dick off.

BLACKJACK: Be that as it may...

O'DOOBER: Hey O'Dooper?

BLACKJACK: I'm Blackjack. You're O'Dooper.

O'DOOBER: Oh, right. Shouldn't we have to search the body?

BLACKJACK: Hmm... Fuck.

O'DOOBER: Wait a sec. There was a slip of paper in his pocket that floated onto the bridge before he fell into the water. Let's see what's on it.

BLACKJACK: You can read it. I have to give myself a moment. I feel like God right now. I need to look at the water and yell something about blood and thunder or hosanna or something. That felt fucking good. I was trying to play it cool but I was having a lot of fun and I feel insanely powerful right now. I've never shot a single guy that much. That rocked. I broke my personal record by seven shots.

O'DOOBER: Let's see here... It's directions. Oh wow. Blackjack, these are directions to their Slime Factory. This is where they make all the slime that is sold in North America. It even says so on the paper. It has their logo, phone and fax, the whole deal. Criminal organizations should not be sharing this information so readily. Cops must be a lot more lax here in Canada, where I am from.

[BLACKJACK is looking out over the river, not listening to anything O'DOOBER is saying. He has a full erection that is pressing hard against his tight denim. This isn't chubbed. This is full mast. He's rocking it.]

BLACKJACK: I can't believe how badly I just fucked that guy up. Fuck. I feel like an unhinged liquid God. A man outside of time and space, seething psychotically with power. I think I might be completely made of Gold. Fuck! FUCK! I have power over life and death that is so ultimate that I have become effectively immortal. Fuck. Fuck! One day... oh man, this is silly. But one day, O'Dooper, I swear... I'm going to shoot and kill the entire world. The whole thing. The whole enchilada. And then things will be peaceful at last. And I will be all that is, alone in a sandbox universe, waiting for another patch of bacteria to slowly congeal into human form - so I can put it six feet under again. Fuck. Fuck yeah.

[BLACKJACK inhales deeply on his cigarette and you can see a little wet spot next to his boner in his jeans.]

O'DOOBER: Hey man. I don't know if you heard me but I found a clue.

BLACKJACK: That's cool. Cool. Cool. I'm good. I'm ready.

O'DOOBER: Yeah?

BLACKJACK: Yeah. Just needed a second there.

O'DOOBER: Cool. So, uh, well, I guess do you wanna head over to the factory and see what's up?

BLACKJACK: Yeah. Yeah, sure.

O'DOOBER: Hey Blackjack?

BLACKJACK: Yeah?

O'DOOBER: You're my best friend.

BLACKJACK: Okay.

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER share a completely silent car ride to the Slime Factory. They pull up to the factory and it emits an eerie green glow - probably from slime, dumbass.]

BLACKJACK: We keep getting into these high stakes chase scenes, and quite frankly it's exhausting, physically and emotionally. This time, we play it cool. We keep calm. When we walk through that door, we're just a couple'a chill Slimeheads looking to buy, straight from the horse's mouth.

O'DOOBER: I'm not really the one escalating anything but sounds good Blackjack.

[The two detectives calmly walk through the front door of the factory and see a worker standing about five feet away.]

BLACKJACK: Excuse me sir—

WORKER: Oh shit!!! AAHHH!!!! Fuck fuck fuck!!!

[The worker immediately tries to grab BLACKJACK's gun and the two of them tussle over it. The worker keeps trying to put the gun into his own mouth but BLACKJACK keeps pulling it away.]

WORKER: Fuck this fuck this I need to die!!

BLACKJACK: Let go of the gun or I'll kill you!

WORKER: Not if I kill myself first!

[O'DOOBER starts firing dozens of shots into the air, causing the other workers in the factory to scurry all over the place. But if you watch them, they basically run about 5 feet, then slow down and resume their original walk cycle. The WORKER lets go of the gun and pushes BLACKJACK over and begins to run away towards a big cutting board. He grabs a knife and tries to cut his wrists, but it's a butter knife and he feels like a dumb fuck. Then he sees a big bottle of pills and



he swallows all the pills before looking at the label - Flintstones Brand Placebos. He tosses the bottle away and runs towards the factory floor, which is covered in mousetraps because there are a bunch of French Rats who like to hang out in the factory after all the restaurants close. He sprints through them all, but to his dismay, is still alive. He steps on a rake that hits him in the face but that one was an accident and not a suicide attempt.]

WORKER: Sure, these mousetraps and rakes are painful. But they're not enough to kill me, to my dismay.

WORKER 2: Hey Sal! You trying to kill yourself?

WORKER: Yeah, Sam. Not going so hot.

WORKER 2: Why kill yourself when you can just give yourself magic powers by jumping in the slime?

[The second worker, WORKER 2, aka Sam jumps into a big vat of slime. It's huge. Like a big beer tank but it's full of slime. He disappears below the surface, and you see this bubbling on the top of the vat. Like 3 seconds later, a textbook skeleton rises to the surface, just kind of floating on the top. Another worker grabs a big net to fish it out and dumps the bones all over the ground.]

WORKER: Hmm... I don't think I wanna have skeleton powers after all. What can I do for you officers?

BLACKJACK: Not talking ey!?

O'DOOBER: Blackjack wait!! I think he'll talk if we just hear him out!!

[O'DOOBER puts his hand on Blackjack's gun and lowers it to the ground. BLACKJACK's trigger finger was already hot, though, and he fires like 6 shots into his own steel-toed boot.]

WORKER: Welcome to the Slime Factory. How can I help you?

BLACKJACK: It feels weird not pointing a gun at this creep. Sir, do you mind if I hold my hand like a gun at your face? It would make me feel better.

WORKER: No problem!

O'DOOBER: Tell us what you know.

WORKER: I'm just a dumbfuck level 1 slime worker. I die in like one hit. They don't let me know much. I'm just a working sap trying to make a living on the mean streets of the Six - that's what we call Calgary in Calgary. I basically load up a ton of uranium in a wheelbarrow and then wheel

it around all day. It's a living, but my real passion is crocheting exotic birds. I sell them on Canadian Etsy to support my kids.

BLACKJACK: Hold up. Uranium...? Glowing gold... Chernobyl Tea.

O'DOOBER: You got kids? You're just a boy yourself. Fresh faced, good, clear skin, full head of hair.

WORKER: I'm just here for diaper money.

O'DOOBER: This is a fucked up, messed up world we live in. Full of sad shit. You look around and you just see sad stuff, like dirt all over the place. Everything's wet. Everything used to be so dry. Rusty. Things are rusty now. Old shoes. Guys wearing old sneakers. It's messed up. And the Government - you know, they are doing their thing as usual. Ah, it's just so messed up how much dirt there is nowadays. Damn. Just babies raising babies. A bunch of babies in diapers putting diapers on smaller babies - and dirt everywhere. Sometimes I wish this whole damn world would sweep all that dirt and those babies with no adults around and give them to a bunch of adults to raise instead. I'm just lucky to have such a supportive father figure in Boyce Billiards. If I was a baby I'd want an adult to raise me. Not another baby. Look at you! You're just a pup! How can you shepherd a young one through this shit life!

WORKER: Oh, the diapers aren't for me. They are for my baby.

O'DOOBER: Be that as it may, you still haven't addressed all the dirt.

WORKER: Do you want something from me? Or are you just here to critique my parenting and lifestyle?

BLACKJACK: This is a lot of uranium. Where are you getting it?

WORKER: Look, I don't know who brings it in. All I know is a truck brings it in every Saturday and on the side of the truck it says "American EPA" and it has a phone number that's a direct line to the CEO of the United States Environmental Protection Agency.

O'DOOBER: You worthless piece of shit! Tell us something we can use!

BLACKJACK: O'Dooper, don't be a fucking moron. He just told us the whole thing. The EPA... they're behind it. They're skimming uranium off the top - the top of what I don't know yet - but whatever it is it's definitely getting skimmed.

O'DOOBER: Oh, fuck.

BLACKJACK: We got to play this real cool. Get back to the states and sniff around. Hopefully the EPA doesn't know about us yet.

WORKER: I tell ya what. I got two first class plane tickets to Washington D.C. in my pocket. I was thinking of taking my boy, to show him the famous Lady Liberty. But I scored some last minute Flames tickets instead, so I don't need these anymore. If you boys wanna hop that flight to D.C. and take it up with Johnny Law over at the EPA, be my guest.

O'DOOBER: You know somethin'? You're aaaaaaaaallright, worker. You're not so bad. You and me? We got more in common than we might think.

BLACKJACK: Let's fucking get a move on then. I'm sick of talking to disgusting people in disgusting places. I want to get back to my shitty studio apartment and take a big bubble bath - I don't have a tub but I can get my butt into the sink. It's like a little warm home for my butt. And the bubbles are just dish soap. Life hack.

O'DOOBER: Alright, so what do we do about this guy - oh, he left already. Okay. Well. He left the plane tickets. So I guess we just go onto the next scene then.

[Cut to O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK sitting on the plane next to each other.]

INTERCOM: Attention passengers, whoever is in seat 19A today gets a free bottle of champagne and an xbox!

O'DOOBER: Blackjack! That's your seat! C'mon, you gotta swap with me!

BLACKJACK: No way. I like the window seat. I want to look at the world and think about how fucking small and pointless everyone is. I want to feel like God. I want to feel like the God that I am.

O'DOOBER: I just want the stuff! I'll switch back with you after!

INTERCOM: I have a brand new Xbox, RIGHT HERE. Does anyone want it? 19A... 19A...

BLACKJACK: What's the point of this fucking life?

—END PART 2— (maybe repeat a couple lines between eps)

[Our heroes land in Washington D.C. and there's an express bus from the Dr. Reagan International Presidential Airport directly to the EPA offices. The National Anthem can be heard playing over the airport speakers. It was the favorite song of Dr. Reagan, that's why he became president.]

BLACKJACK [eyes reddened from tears]: You can always tell when you're back in the USA when you hear that national anthem. This place might be a shithole, but it's our shithole.

O'DOOBER: How do we wanna play this?

BLACKJACK: Well. The captain told me the EPA was moved to the Pentagon over this Slime business. Apparently, it's a threat to the environment AND to the nation.

O'DOOBER: You'd have to be pretty sick to get messed up with Slime.

BLACKJACK: We did it like, yesterday.

O'DOOBER: No we didn't. All we did was eat cupcake and have SO much fun!

BLACKJACK: That was a hallucination, O'Dooper. That wasn't real. It was all in your head. You need to know the difference between reality and fantasy.

O'DOOBER: I ate a lot of cookie as well.

BLACKJACK: Well, now we're gonna get a big bowl of Justice Soup, with a big hunk of Lawful Bread for dipping. And a side of Truth Nuggets. And a garnish of honor. And an amuse bouche of integrity. Five course meal. On the house.

O'DOOBER: Doesn't amuse bouche come first? Wouldn't the integrity be a dessert then?

BLACKJACK: You don't get to change it up.

O'DOOBER: Why? Is that you on a plate? Is that the best you can do?

BLACKJACK: When my mom was just a single struggling mother, raising us rugrats without barely being about to pay our maid, she used to make us Justice Soup. So yeah I'd say it's me on a plate. And guess what. We were so poor, we barely paid our maid anything. She couldn't even keep her heat on. The only warmth she knew was found in a whiskey bottle, which turned out, in the long run, to be quite cold indeed.

O'DOOBER: There's too many metaphors now. I'm confused. I'm going in.

[O'DOOBER draws his gun as he walks into the Pentagon. BLACKJACK follows. O'DOOBER walks through the metal detector and it makes a noise and says "Congratulations on your cool gun. Have fun in the Pentagon." Right beyond the metal detector, there's a kiosk with little party weenies and cheese cubes with toothpicks in them.]

O'DOOBER: Party weenies!

[He starts firing his gun into the air in excitement. A dead dog falls down from the rafters.]

BLACKJACK: Keep calm O'Dooper! We're here on business.

O'DOOBER: Blackjack, didn't anyone ever tell you? If you love what you do, you'll never work a day in your life.

BLACKJACK [eyes welling up again]: You're right, Doob. I'm sorry. I was just thinking about how sad it was that our maid had such an ugly family.

O'DOOBER: Oh look, there's the EPA office. We should go in and talk to the head honcho.

BLACKJACK: You! Secretary! Give us a meeting with your boss RIGHT. NOW. And no dilly-dallying, we're on official business. From the government? You know the one.

SECRETARY: I can't do that! I'm Lisa Singsong! I want to be a Broadway star! You're going to be seeing a lot of me from now on!

O'DOOBER: Lisa. Baby. You've got the chops. I know you can make it on the silver stage of Broad-WAY. However, we need to have this meeting A-SAP!

BLACKJACK: If we don't figure this whole shit out, the only Oklahoma we'll be hearing about will be the one that has been nuclear bombed.

SECRETARY: When I was just a little girl, I remember seeing the Silver Screen. And it was so silver and the screen - it was much bigger than my TV at home. That's when I knew that—

BLACKJACK: We have too many characters already, Lisa! Fuck off!

AGENT PORKY GUMNECK: Is my secretary bothering you? She's prone to flights of fancy. I told her the script already has too many characters but she wouldn't listen. The heart wants what it wants. Now come. Let's discuss business matters in my office.

[They enter the office and Agent Porky Gumneck locks the door behind them. He's a great big fat guy with little glasses and his fingernails are filthy from biting them and picking at his scabs. He's wearing casual business attire and is smoking a big green cigar.]

GUMNECK: My name is Agent Porky Gumneck. Now tell me. What's your business here? You aren't investigating SLIME are you? I really hope you guys aren't investigating anything right now. I was just going to watch youtube videos of donkeys getting hit by trains until five o'clock. Punch in, punch out. Except that donkey ain't going home, except to his home in the sky, to meet his maker maybe. Which is God, by the way.

O'DOOBER: That donkey sounded like a real good guy. But that's not why we're here.

BLACKJACK: Who gives a fuck! We got instantly derailed again! Cmon, O'Dooper, united front here. We aren't here to talk about the youtube videos that this guy watches! We're here to investigate Slime! His family probably misses him, though. The donkey, I mean.

O'DOOBER: You told me NOT to talk about the donkey and then you talked about the donkey. Can I talk about the donkey some more?

GUMNECK: Oh shit. Did you say you were investigating slime? Right before you mentioned the donkey? The donkey that I watched get hit by a train? On Youtube?

O'DOOBER: Have you ever noticed the same donkey in two different train videos? Like have they ever survived one round and given it another go?

GUMNECK: Look. You guys seem pretty cool. I'm pretty relieved that you aren't here to investigate slime or anything. You just seem like some cool guys who go from office to office striking up interesting conversations. And more importantly, I would wager, you seem to have a lot of fun doing it. I tell you what - do you guys like to have fun?

[BLACKJACK elbows O'DOOBER and points out a High School Diploma hanging on Agent Gumneck's wall. It says 'Graduate of Calgary High School, 1.3 GPA'. By the way, in Canada, a 1.5 GPA is the best GPA. It's not shitty like you must have initially thought it was. But it isn't great either.]

O'DOOBER: Uhhh, yeah, yeah. Sure. We like to have fun.

BLACKJACK: Fun? This is a world where little girls get their ugly little faces ruined by a hockey puck through their faces. And you wanna talk to me about FUN? I don't have fun. Fun is for fools and children and 5'3 guys like Kermit the Frog. Fun is a sick facade, it's a clown concealing a dagger. A birthday cake with a bomb inside. A gun that shoots smaller guns at you. Fun is fake. We live in a dark hole at the edge of nothing and we sputter and beg for eternity here. And that hole? It's a hockey puck. And it's going through little girl skull after little girl skull for eternity.

O'DOOBER: Well, what about Hooters? Hooters is fun.

BLACKJACK [eyes welling up]: I forgot about Hooters. Be that as it may—

GUMNECK: Cool! So it's agreed, Hooters is fun and we all like Hooters so we all like fun. You guys want to take the edge off with me? I got a little, afternoon pick me up and put me down. I got something here that is your own personal six flags. And this six flags? It's a rollercoaster. And those flags? All flags are flown in the name of the Kingdom of Fun.

[GUMNECK pulls out a big vial from his desk. It's green and it looks slimy. Smart listeners would realize that this is the drug slime that we've been talking about.]

GUMNECK: Wanna go on Spring Break - in your mind?

BLACKJACK: Been there, done that. I'll admit. It was a lot of fun. It was yummy and silly. I saw cookie and cupcake. But I'm afraid I'll have to pass. But I'll be honest - I see a mofo like you pushing this gunk in a Government building? I got it in my mind to blast a couple holes in your brain so you got more room to think. What do you think, this is a fucking sewer? Are the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles gonna come out from behind a door? Are they gonna offer me a pizza? Cause that sounds like fun. But I don't buy it. Cough it up, hoe.

O'DOOBER: Yeah! We will never - oh shit, Blackjack. He already slurped all the drug up himself.

[You see Agent Gumneck pop open the vial and pour out the sloppy slime on his desk. He scoops the slime off of his desk into his hand and slaps the slime into his mouth and then slurps it up like it is a big snotty soba noodle. Instantly, his eyes roll back in his head and turn green and you hear him shit his pants super loud.]

O'DOOBER: Oh fuck me! He's fucking dead! He's fucking dead! He shit his fucking pants!

GUMNECK: Bleh--- cupcake. Cookie. Goey oey goey warm brownies and Ice cream sundaes! Yummy! Yummy! Pour some soda pop on my big banana split!

BLACKJACK [feeling around in Gumnecks pockets and finding his wallet]: Unfortunately not. He's just zooted out of his fucking mind.

[Blackjack begins rifling this middle-aged fat guy's enormous wallet, he takes out about \$120 in soggy bills and pockets it. He tosses out some KOHL's cash, a car wash card, a subway gift card and a lotto ticket before finding his Canadian driver's license, which is signed by the queen instead of the secretary of state.]

O'DOOBER: He's got his class ring on. Calgary High School, the Fightin' Goalies. Class of 2016.

BLACKJACK: Fuck! This guy is like 19! He looks terrible! I was going to kill him, but I think he will suffer more from living like this. Just a fat kid, already looking like he's fifty from slime. I think life is going to do a real number on this guy. Somewhere down the line, someone is gonna kill him and spread his bones all over the planet.

O'DOOBER: Look here. He's got a Calgary Flames hockey sweater on under his dress shirt. Is it just this guy, or is the whole EPA compromised?

[BLACKJACK opens the office door.]

BLACKJACK: Hey Lisa... Lisa Singsong... You from Calgary?

LISA: Born and raised! By that town couldn't hold me, so I moved south in search of the famous stage of BroadWAY!

BLACKJACK: That's all I need to hear. The whole operation is corrupt. I'm taking over.

[BLACKJACK unloads like 5 bullets into her computer screen. A bunch of alarms start going off with the red lights and stuff going crazy so that everyone knows something crazy is happening. Andrew told me to call the alarms the klaxons. I do not want to call them that but I need everyone to know that he said it.]

[A bunch of EPA agents all come out of their offices with their guns drawn. They look at BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER and aim their laser sights on them.]

AGENTS: Freeze!

O'DOOBER: We've made the whole federal government our enemy!

BLACKJACK: And I wouldn't have it any other way!

[They stand back-to-back, firing bullets indiscriminately everywhere, spinning in circles and walking forward, taking no cover. Goosh goosh goosh goosh goosh. An agent approaches BLACKJACK and puts his gun in BLACKJACK's mouth and pulls the trigger.]

BLACKJACK: You're going to have to do better than that! I already tried that after the divorces!

[BLACKJACK puts his gun in the guy's mouth and fires a bunch until the neck falls off of his body but his mouth is still around the gun. LISA SINGSONG is trying to light a cigarette, and BLACKJACK shoots the cigarette to light it for her.]

O'DOOBER: Let's try a new strategy, Blackjack! I've already been shot like ten times and it fucking hurts! It stings!

BLACKJACK: Tell that to Little Susie Drumheller. Nothing hurts anymore where she's at—which is Hell, by the way.

O'DOOBER: I thought you didn't believe in God and Hell and that stuff?

BLACKJACK: I don't. But the devil -- I've seen him myself. At the bottom of a bottle. A bottle full of whiskey. Or it used to be filled with whiskey... before I drank it.



[BLACKJACK gets shot in the leg but doesn't seem to notice or mind. O'DOOBER keeps shooting and then his gun clicks a bunch because he runs out of ammo. BLACKJACK runs out of ammo too.]

O'DOOBER: Fuck! I'm out of killing fuel!

[BLACKJACK looks up and sees a Marine Recruitment Kiosk that is advertising "Free Swords if You Sign Up For the Marines". He slides over to the table and adds his name and O'Dooper's to the sign-up sheet, then grabs two swords, throwing one to O'DOOBER.]

BLACKJACK: I'm going to chop these fucking sickos the fuck up and fucking shit on their fucking guts! I'm so sick of fucking not killing people!

O'DOOBER: Once we kill all these bad guys, I gotta tell Boyce about my new dance idea. The Sword Dance. Boyce - Boyce Billiards - You know, my boyfriend? Oh, no I mean my wife's boyfriend. No, I mean my ex-wife's boyfriend Boyce. Boyce Billiards. We're all in a group text and—

[BLACKJACK goes flying over the kiosk and cuts three guys heads off. And then he does a cool side step move and cuts another guys head off. A guy runs right at his sword and BLACKJACK barely has to move it to cut that guys head off. Another guy comes up yelling, YOU'LL NEVER CUT MY HEAD OFF and then BLACKJACK cuts his head off. He does a flip and cuts a different guys head off and then he does a backflip and cuts another guys head off. Then he hits a button on his sword and it becomes a Darth Maul sword and then he cuts off two guy's heads at once. Then the elevator dings and a guy steps off holding a briefcase and BLACKJACK cuts his head off. All of the floor is filled with heads that are rolling around and spinning and stuff and all of their faces are all dumb and their tongues are out because they got their heads cut off. He begins to relax, and a guy sneaks up behind him, and O'DOOBER cuts the guy's butt off. Then O'DOOBER goes to each corpse already beheaded by BLACKJACK and starts cutting their legs off one by one.]

BLACKJACK: We should get out of here.

O'DOOBER: Why?

LISA SINGSONG: I'll never sing again. Kind of ironic for a Broadway star in the making...

BLACKJACK: Don't talk like you are going to come back later. You are not coming back later. This is the only scene you will be in.

LISA SINGSONG (singing): Did you ever know that you're my heeerooo~~~~~

[Just as she's hitting her stride as a performer, a million—wait, no, alright, like 500 troops start storming down the hall to kill our heroes.]

BLACKJACK: More of the government's goons! We can't take 'em all, not with these butter knives.

O'DOOBER: Hey Blackjack, while I was getting shot a bunch I got scared and shot a big person-sized hole in the wall. Let's run into it and cover it with this poster of famous hockey player Tim Horton. Trust me, I'm Canadian. It is illegal for us to take down posters of hockey players. C'mon!

[They dip through the wall right when the reinforcements arrive, and place up the poster of Tim Horton to hide the hole. They take a breath, and then turn around and gasp, because they have discovered what is quite obviously some sort of secret room. You can tell it's a secret room because all of the stuff is very fancy and mysterious. They have all kinds of crazy shit in here. They got a floating magical book, a secret bible, a penrose triangle, a gremlin trapped in a mason jar, and the Spear of Destiny. The one from the movie Constantine, and not from the Bible story from yee olde days. By the way, there's also a DVD of the movie Constantine. The disc is autographed by the director and it says "To a great friend. Have a great summer."]

O'DOOBER: Whoa! I'm probably the dumbest guy who's ever been in this room! Look at all this expensive stuff!

BLACKJACK: I've never seen a flaming key like THIS before. I mean, I've seen plenty of flaming keys, especially when Billy Joel plays piano. But I've never seen one like this... Look, it's still burning even as I submerge it in this glass of water.

O'DOOBER: Billy Joel? I'm more of a Jimmy Buffett guy. And when you say flaming key, do you mean like a key that's on fire? Or do you mean a super gay key?

BLACKJACK: Gay keys can only open backdoors. This key... I don't know where it goes, but it is on fire. And there are a ton of Calgary Flames hockey cards framed up in here. Do you think they are related?

O'DOOBER: No. Most of the hockey players seem to have last names.

BLACKJACK: Shut the fuck up. You know what I meant. You are so fucking stupid sometimes. I hate when you say shit like that. Totally throws off my rhythm. You know what I meant. The flaming key. Calgary flames? They have to be connected.

O'DOOBER: They have to be. I'd hate to have to do any more research or reporting. Let's just assume that they are related. It'll be a lot shorter and this is the most police work I've ever done as a police man.

BLACKJACK: No. Let's make Detective Doctor figure it out for us.

O'DOOBER: Sure. Whatever. Wait, hold up Blackjack. Check out this one hockey card.

BLACKJACK: The one with a piece of Bartie Sassoon's rookie jersey in it? And there's bone fragments in the jersey from when his skull got crushed and shattered all over the ice?

O'DOOBER: Not that one. The one next to it. Most of these are human hockey players, but this one seems to be an Elemental Being of Pure Fire who goes only by the name Gord.

BLACKJACK: Hey, you're right. And check out the stats on the back. He's eaten over 182 sacrifices, including 73 in the 2005 season alone. He sat out most of 2007 with an ankle thing. He was voted Most Exalted three years in a row. His hometown is The Black Flame Beyond The Mirrored Moon. I'm beginning to think this Gord isn't a hockey player. I'm beginning to think that he is an ancient Canadian Death God.

O'DOOBER: What's he doing palling around with the Flames? Look at this photo. It's him hanging out with Flames all-pro goalie Reno Corroga at the 2012 Hall of Fame induction ceremony.

BLACKJACK: I don't know what's going on, but I know one thing. The government has been LYING TO US!

O'DOOBER: Blackjack, we're part of the government. We're in the FBI.

BLACKJACK: FUCK!!! This is a sick, dark world full of demented fucks. The puppet masters pull the strings of their puppets - which are people by the way. And the puppet masters? They are the ones in control. In control of the puppets, which are people. The masses, who are unwashed by the way. I bet if you look closely at those puppet masters, you'd see strings too. We live in a world where it is just puppets all the way up. Puppets controlling puppets. At the top? Some sick twisted version of God, sitting on his throne on top of his ivory tower, laughing at all the puppets, which is us by the way.

O'DOOBER: I don't understand the puppetmaster thing at all. To me, it's more like they are kings on the chessboard. And they keep telling the unwashed pawns to move around and get killed. And at the top it's not God but it's basically a player of the chess game, who is moving the King around like he's a mere pawn. And guess what? That player is controlling BOTH sides of the board. He's more like a GOD than a player.

BLACKJACK: Well, if I'm playing chess against God, I know what my next move is. It's checkmate. We got to get back to Chicago.

O'DOOBER: But Blackjack, how are we gonna go back? We just shot up the Pentagon. It's not like we can just walk back in at HQ like nothing happened.

[Cut to BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER walking back into HQ like nothing happened.]

COLDWATER: O'Dooper! Blackjack! Into my office!

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER walk into Captain COLDWATER's office and sit down. COLDWATER shuts the door and closes the blinds that they have inside of cop offices in movies. I don't know if they actually have blinds inside of cop offices in real life but in this thing they do and he does it. After closing the blinds, COLDWATER immediately starts bawling. Like crying hard. Like he got hit in the dick or something.]

COLDWATER: I- WAS- SO- F-F-F-FUCKING SCARED. THANK GOD YOU BOYS ARE SAFE! I don't know if my daughters could have handled anything bad happening to you guys.

BLACKJACK: We haven't even met your daughters, Chief.

COLDWATER: They've heard so much about you that they feel like they've known you since the day they were born. They are really empathetic souls. Beautiful, not only on the inside, but on the outside too. If you were wondering. I still have those calendars somewhere, let me just take a look here—

[COLDWATER starts rifling through his files.]

COLDWATER: Let's see, I only have this one from 2017, but they look just as good now as they did back then. These aren't old maids you are dealing with here. These are beautiful women in their prime.

BLACKJACK: I don't think a calendar will do us much good Captain. We're so deep in this thing, time has lost all meaning.

COLDWATER: I saw about your shootout at the Pentagon. It got a quick mention on the back page of the FBI newsletter. You're lucky you shot it up on a Sunday. They're not gonna be able to procure a warrant till tomorrow. That's plenty of time to come up with evidence that you shot up the Pentagon and killed all those soldiers for a good reason.

O'DOOBER: We're soooooo sorry Captain Coldwater! It was all a silly misunderstanding.

BLACKJACK: Yeah. It was just a misunderstanding. Their understanding was that I gave a fuck if they lived or died.

COLDWATER (on the phone now): Yeah. Yeah. They're both safe. I'm talking to them now. (to BLACKJACK) Do you guys want to talk to my daughters? Tell them you're safe? Hold on. Let me put it on speakerphone. Let me hit this button here, and uhh. Okay. Say something nice to them, girls. Tell them what you are wearing.

[BLACKJACK shoots the phone.]

BLACKJACK: I'm just so fucked up inside!

O'DOOBER: I'm pretty normal inside, all things considered. We've seen and done some pretty insane stuff on this mission, but it doesn't bother me none.

COLDWATER: I'm not worried about the phone. It was due for a replacement anyway. I got a good plan - a family plan, which you boys will be on soon enough. Anyway, it looks like Detective Doctor is about to barge in.

DOCTOR: Sorry for barging in! But I just analyzed those hockey cards you brought back. They're really something. I had no idea that Reese Fontaine had 31 goals in 2016. But I found something even more interesting. You know the key you brought me? The one that is constantly on fire but somehow ice cold to the touch?

O'DOOBER: Doesn't ring a bell.

BLACKJACK: The non-gay key.

O'DOOBER: Ohhh! The one that's on fire!

DOCTOR: No matter what you do with this key, it always points towards Calgary. You can spin it, throw it, try to hold it, but no matter what, it points to Calgary. I think Calgary is like their Mecca or something. I don't know. I think this might lead you to Gord, whoever that is. I don't know how much you guys have figured out, but it appears to me that there is a Calgary Flames-based cult that finances itself by selling drugs made from uranium sold to them by the American EPA, which has been infiltrated by people from Calgary, and it all centers around worshiping an Ancient Canadian God named Gord. Is that right? Is that what you guys are thinking?

BLACKJACK: Careful doctor. Don't want no one thinkin' you know too much. Or you'll end up like Little Susie Drumheller.

DOCTOR: Are you trying to tell me I smell bad?

COLDWATER: My daughters are obsessed with perfume. They make their own scents based off of a kit they bought off of instagram, where both of them have over twenty thousand followers. They ALWAYS smell good. My future grandchildren are going to look and smell amazing. Little Jacky Jr has a nice ring to it, huh Blackjack?

BLACKJACK: Being with me requires a woman who can bear a heavy load. Also, I'm kind of a lot emotionally. I'm incredibly violent. But I can't have children. I have a rare condition called Blackjack Syndrome. It's like if my cum could get constipated like poop can. It's just too hard. Some days, it's barely liquid. Most of the time it calcifies and comes out like stones. When I piss

at a urinal, I send shrapnel flying everywhere. It sounds like a bead store was hit by a tornado. I'm so fucked up that my body invented a brand new disease for myself. But don't get me wrong. I still like to fuck, fuck, fuck!! I just cum like an airsoft gun. That's why instead of having kids I am pretty focused on living forever.

O'DOOBER: Well, I don't have any weird sex problems but I do think you are being a little forward about us and your daughters. I'm still dealing with my divorce, and having all kinds of fun hanging out with my wife's new husband, Boyce. Billiards? Boyce Billiards. I have a picture of him here on my phone. He does tik toks. It's the damnedest fucking thing I've ever fucking seen. It used to be only for pedophiles but now non-pedophile old guys use it too. For his birthday, I'm getting Boyce a double wide mirror so we can practice our dances together. The kind of mirror they have in a ballet studio.

COLDWATER: Tick tock, huh? Sounds like my daughters' biological clock. I cannot wait to see the famous glow that pregnant women radiate, when they got a little bun in the oven. Wombs are so fucking incredible to me.

DOCTOR: You never saw your wife glow when she was pregnant?

COLDWATER: 'Fraid not. I was at the War. You know the one.

DOCTOR: Which war?

COLDWATER: You guys better get to Calgary really quick. I'm looking at my clock now and not only am I reminded of the biological clock of my daughters, but I am reminded of how time works. And you guys gotta get out of the states before those warrants hit tomorrow. So I'm sorry that I wasn't able to finish the conversation about the war I was in, because we don't have time for me to say.

BLACKJACK: I understand Captain. Say no more. C'mon O'Dooper, let's split for Calgary.

O'DOOBER: Wait, Calgary, IL?

BLACKJACK: No. The real Calgary. We gotta bag us a fire demon, or whatever, and put this whole mess to rest. For Little Susie...

DOCTOR: I'm going with you. I haven't forgotten the time you guys went to the bar without me. This time I'm showing up no matter what.

BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER: FINE! Let's just go!

[On the airplane, the flight attendant does the customary thing where she offers champagne and a free Xbox to the person in seat 19A. Blackjack is in that seat again and once again he does

not care at all for these nice gifts. Then they all arrive and a customs officer gives them the business.]

CUSTOMS: Do you have anything to declare? Maybe a complimentary Xbox?

BLACKJACK: I ran over a kid when I was 19 years old and I just kept driving.

CUSTOMS: Was it in Canada?

BLACKJACK: No.

CUSTOMS: Not my problem! Welcome to Canada!

O'DOOBER: I'm actually Canadian so I don't have to be here. I get to just walk in.

CUSTOMS: Okay.

O'DOOBER: I did win an Xbox though.

CUSTOMS: Well, you're Canadian so it's fine.

O'DOOBER: I know.

DOCTOR: I read Infinite Jest 22 times so I'm practically Quebecois.

BLACKJACK: I forgot that that was your thing. I forgot that my thing was that I wanted to live forever, too.

DOCTOR: How could you forget? I was reading Infinite Jest the entire flight. I could barely concentrate though, cause the flight attendant kept coming on the intercom to talk about that free Xbox you refused to accept.

CUSTOMS: Well, you're practically Quebecois, so go ahead. Welcome to Canada! Oh, one last thing for all of you. Did any of you shoot up the EPA recently?

[BLACKJACK tries to draw his gun but DOCTOR holds his arm down.]

DOCTOR: No! We didn't! Can we go through now?

CUSTOMS: Yes! Have fun in Canada! Make sure to check out Canadian Six Flags, it has a Corner Gas ride. The ride doesn't go anywhere and isn't fun. And don't forget the Canadian Walk of Fame, which for now is just Ryan Stiles and Colin Machrie.

BLACKJACK: I have a feeling WE'RE about to go down in Canadian history.

[BLACKJACK cocks his gun.]

CUSTOMS: Wassup?

[Cut to BLACKJACK, O'DOOBER and DOCTOR walking up to the big Calgary Arena in slow motion as 'Bad to the Bone' plays. They look very cool and there is a big fan somewhere blowing their hair back and making them look cool. In front of the Calgary Arena is a kind of Canadian Times Square situation, and there is a great big TV that shows 'BREAKING NEWS'.]

REPORTER: There are currently reports in Calgary that two terrorists sympathetic to the Edmonton Oilers are at large and on the rampage and they are also going berserk. A bomb went off at the Swiss Chalet. No lives were lost, but over two hundred Double Leg Dinners were destroyed. The government has locked down all Jack Astor's locations for security reasons. If you're trying to get crispy fried marinated chicken with stinging bee sauce, you'll have to get it on Doo Dash. These two terrorists have been described as one guy being kind of aggressive and dark in a dumb way, and the other guy is just kind of fat and lame and dumb. They are both dumb guys and one has a medical condition where his cum is hard. We don't know anything else at this time. All citizens are advised to shoot them on sight.

BLACKJACK: Fuck. They are onto us already.

O'DOOBER: That's not us. My cum's normal.

DOCTOR: At least they don't know about me yet.

REPORTER: We are also hearing reports that they are with a very pushy sort of woman. A woman who inserts herself into other people's stuff uninvited. It's unconfirmed, but it appears that this woman loves Infinite Jest.

BLACKJACK: I don't give a fuck. I'm tired of all this boring shit. I need to start taking lives. I don't even care about crimes anymore. Fuck crimes. Fuck Susie Drumheller. The only thing that has ever made sense to me in my entire life is this cold, lifetaking steel in my hand. I am going to shoot every single person I see in the head today.

O'DOOBER: C'mon Blackjack. We need to wrap up this case first and clear our names. Then you can go on a wanton killing spree.

BLACKJACK: No. I don't care. I am going to shoot everyone here. Do they have a Canadian Pentagon I could shoot up? Some shittier building with only four sides or something?

DOCTOR: Shut the fuck up. Check out the side of the arena there. It's the Calgo the Flaming Phoenix. The Calgary mascot.



O'DOOBER: Does flaming mean that it is fruity or on fire or both? Can I say fruity? Is fruity okay?

DOCTOR: Blackjack, you should take his disguise and tie him up. Sneak up real quietly, knock him out, and tie him up in the back of his car there.

BLACKJACK: That's a good idea.

[BLACKJACK shoots the mascot in the head from 100 yards away.]

BLACKJACK: Now to just go put the outfit on.

O'DOOBER: You're the coolest, Blackjack.

[BLACKJACK slowly walks over to the mascot corpse and slowly starts undressing it. He puts the corpse back into his car and puts the car in drive and walks away.]

DOCTOR: According to this ad, it's Ancient Fire Spirit Bobblehead night. The first three thousand fans receive a bobblehead of an Ancient Canadian Fire God...And the fan seated in seat 19A gets a free Xbox! You go into the workers tunnels as the mascot and try to gather info, Blackjack. Me and O'Dooper will get tickets and wait for your call.

O'DOOBER: He already walked away.

[Cut to BLACKJACK roaming the halls of the Calgary Arena in full mascot regalia. There is a bullet hole in the center of the mascot head.]

STAFF: Hey Calgo!

BLACKJACK: What the fuck did you just call me?

[BLACKJACK reaches for his gun but it is inside of the mascot outfit so he just sorts of freezes up. He grabs the mascot's megaphone thinking it is a gun and starts pulling the airhorn trigger in the man's face.]

BLACKJACK: Die! Die! Die! Die!

STAFF: Wow! Hope you feel better Calgo!

[BLACKJACK keeps walking away. CUT to O'DOOBER and DOCTOR buying tickets at the ticket office.]

DOCTOR: Two tickets, please.

TICKETBOOTH PERSON: That will be 1000 Canadian Yen or whatever. Rupees? I know a looney is a coin.

O'DOOBER: That all makes sense to me, as a Canadian. Here's my Canadian Tire Platinum Maple card. Put it on here please.

TICKETBOOTH: Canadian Tire has the best tires in all of Canada. If you buy anything other than tires at Canadian Tire, you are a moron.

O'DOOBER: I know. I'm from Canada.

TICKETBOOTH: Enjoy the game. And tonight is not only Ancient Fire Spirit bobblehead night. It's also Indie Game Dev night. Dev is short for developer. That's just a little thing we say here in Canada.

O'DOOBER (yelling, mad): I KNOW!!!!

DOCTOR: Whoa! Indie Game Dev Night!? My fave. This game is squad goals. I'm vibes pilled. Low key.

O'DOOBER: No time for all that, Ms. Doctor! We gotta find our seats!

[O'DOOBER and DOCTOR grab their tickets and start making their way into the stadium.]

DOCTOR: Now remember, once we get inside, don't split up. You guys are really hard to keep track of because you are so stupid, impulsive and violent.

O'DOOBER: Come on. We need a disguise. Put these foam fingers on.

DOCTOR: On both hands?

O'DOOBER: Yeah. That way the bad guys can't try to read your fingerprints.

DOCTOR: Hey man. I don't want to be mean but that's just a little dumb. That's just a dumb guy thing to say. I don't know how to say it nicely. Did you listen to what I said about not splitting up?

[O'DOOBER is already walking away as he saunters towards a man carrying a huge tray of cotton candy.]

DOCTOR: Hey wait up!! You know what—never mind. I am going to enjoy the game. I'm not missing the ceremony after the first period. They're retiring CliftyB's jersey to the rafters. Look it up. It's not my job to explain this to you.

ROCKET: Ma'am who are you talking to?

DOCTOR: Y—You're Johnny Rocket! The legendary indie game dev behind Rocket League!

ROCKET: I know. I'm easily recognizable because of my iconic haircut.

DOCTOR: That famous pompadour!

ROCKET (annoyed): I know.

DOCTOR: You know your game Rocket League? I have an idea to make it better. What if it had tennis in it like Infinite Jest.

ROCKET: Look lady. I'm just here to support indie hero CliffyB. I'm not even interested in hockey. I'm just gonna sit here playing Rocket League on my Switch, you know, from Nintendo? And I'd prefer not to be yammered at.

DOCTOR: In Infinite Jest, do you prefer the themes or the motifs? I'm quite fond of both, but if I had to choose—well, gee—it's like choosing a favorite child—but if I had to choose, I think the motifs are a little more—

[CUT to BLACKJACK in the mascot outfit trying to figure out how to load his gun with mascot fingers in a bathroom stall. He drops a bunch of bullets on the ground and doesn't even pick them up.]

WORKER: Calgo? Calgo, is that you? They are looking for you everywhere in the basement.

BLACKJACK: I've been stuck in this costume for long enough that I don't know who I am. I don't know. Maybe I am Calgo, now. Or maybe Calgo was inside of me this whole time. And it only took this costume to bring it out. Maybe it doesn't matter who I am. Maybe this is all that matters.

[BLACKJACK emerges from the bathroom stall pointing a gun at the worker's head.]

WORKER: Pretty silly gun, Calgo. Does it shoot silly string?

[BLACKJACK pulls the trigger and nothing happens.]

BLACKJACK: Fuck! I can't do anything right with these fucking mascot hands!

WORKER: That sucks! Anyway, they told me to find you. They want you in the basement as soon as possible.

BLACKJACK: Right. I am Calgo. I have always been Calgo. Where is the basement again?

WORKER: Oh, it's just around the corner here. And since you don't remember where the basement is, you probably don't remember the secret password, right?

BLACKJACK: I do not remember the secret password, but I swear to you, I am Calgo. I am not lying to you.

[The worker gets really close to BLACKJACK and whispers.]

WORKER: The password is "I love you."

BLACKJACK: I love you too.

WORKER: Hey, thanks Calgo. You know what - you're alright.

[BLACKJACK drops a bunch of bullets on the ground as he leaves the bathroom. He turns the corner and heads down some stairs and sees a security person standing in front of a very sinister looking metal door.]

SECURITY: Ah, my good friend Calgo. No need to say anything. No need to say the password. Go right on in.

BLACKJACK: I-

SECURITY: Nope. We have a connection deeper than words, Calgo. Just go inside. Go on.

[BLACKJACK slips past the security guard and walks into what appears to be a large cave system underneath the arena. There's a big sign over a cave tunnel that says 'KEEP OUT - UNLESS YOU ARE CALGO'. BLACKJACK immediately begins walking over towards it.]

BLACKJACK: I've been in this mascot outfit for so long that I don't know where I begin and Calgo ends. I know it's only been five minutes, but it feels like I have been Calgo for an eternity. As Blackjack, no one likes me. They don't like how I am always killing them, how mad I get, they don't like my dystopian rants, but as Calgo... everyone loves Calgo. Everyone loves... me. I am Calgo. I am Calgo. I am Calgo.

[BLACKJACK/CALGO disappears down the tunnel and it gets darker and darker until he begins to see a faint, but familiar green glow. He begins to hear all sorts of Gregorian style chanting, you know, the kind of monotone, culty kind of chanting, and they are speaking only in Canadian Latin. You can probably imagine for yourself what that sounds like. I bet it sounds pretty funny. BLACKJACK/CALGO walks into a large chamber and sees a bunch of naked people rolling around on a dirt floor in front of a spooky altar wearing a bunch of Friday the 13th masks, which were originally for hockey by the way.]

CULTIST 1: Hey guys, check it out! Calgo made it!

CULTIST 2: Come fuck me, Calgo!

CULTIST 3: No way, fuck me first, Calgo!

CULTIST 1: Being in a cult rocks!

[A guy walks up to BLACKJACK/CALGO and spreads his butt cheeks.]

BLACKJACK (grabbing his nuts): Any girls in this cult?

FLORA: Silence!! The Slime Ritual must commence first!!

CULTIST 2: Come on, Flora! Let Calgo fuck me first!

FLORA: Calgo will fuck you all soon enough. But first--

CULTIST 2: That's what I mean! Butt first! Fuck my butt!

FLORA: But first, we must perform the ritual! Come, gather yourselves within the viewing chamber! And bring towels. Put on those towels we got you. I don't know who told you to be naked. I just thought you guys were waiting for the ritual to start. Did someone tell you guys to get naked?

CULTIST 1: It was Calgo!

FLORA: Silence! Everyone in this room already knows that I am Flora Flochuk, Hand of Gord, but I am going to say it anyway. As the wife of the most prominent Calgary Flame, it is my duty to lead the Ritual of the WHATEVER to please Almighty Gord.

CULTISTS (in Unison): to please Almighty Gord!

FLORA: Let's see, who's it gonna be today -- who's it gonna be -- let's flip a coin. Anyone got a coin?

CULTIST 3: We're naked. We don't have any pockets because we aren't wearing pants.

FLORA: OK. Does anybody want to guess what I had for lunch today? Winner gets to please Gord.

CULTIST 1: A hamburger.

CULTIST 2: A hot dog.

CULTIST 3: A penny.

CULTIST 1: A bunch of soup.

CULTIST 2: Breakfast.

CULTIST 3: A quarter.

[The one cultist that was holding his butt cheeks open towards BLACKJACK/CALGO now starts walking backwards towards BLACKJACK/CALGO while remaining bent over and holding his butt cheeks open. He starts lightly bumping his butt hole into BLACKJACK/CALGO's thigh.]

BLACKJACK/CALGO: Just pick this guy. He's going to get my outfit dirty.

FLORA: Good enough for me. Leonard, get on the slab. Calgo has spoken.

CULTISTS (in unison): Calgo! Calgo! Calgo!

[The three CULTISTS pick up LEONARD and place him on what appears to be a ritualistic Canadian altar. He struggles a lot when they try to make him stop spreading his butt cheeks but they eventually tie him down. A concessions guy starts walking around the cult cave with a bunch of big tubes of Slime.]

CONCESSIONS: Slime here! Get your slime here! All cult members are entitled to one free tube of Slime! I mean Church Members. We're church members! We don't refer to it as a cult because we are cult members! My bad!

[All cult members slowly file in to receive their tube of Slime. BLACKJACK/CALGO receives his last. FLORA takes position behind a large podium and holds both of her arms high in the air.]

FLORA: The ritual begins! Drink deeply the nectar of the earth, and see GORD in his true form! GORD! The flaming heart of the earth itself! Drink! Drink!

[All of the cultists drink their Slime up in one big, snotty slurpy gulp. They all go Ahhh at the end of the slurp like it was refreshing like Sprite during a basketball game in a commercial. BLACKJACK/CALGO opens his tube of Slime and pauses... he looks around the room and sees deranged eyes staring at him in anticipation.]

BLACKJACK/CALGO: Am I Blackjack? Or am I Calgo now? I'm so scared. What do I do?

[BLACKJACK has a flashback to being a young boy. It is the night after the quiz bowl. Albany. 2006. He is on a haunted hayride with his good pal and quiz bowl partner, Scam Likely, years before hard living and drugs scrambled his brains.]

BLACKJACK: Hey, slow down on those energy drinks, Scam!

SCAM: No! I'm addicted! I'm just a kid, this isn't foreshadowing to any future events! Buzz off! Don't have a cow man! It's 2006! The towers will never fall in New York City!

BLACKJACK: I'm pretty scared on this haunted hayride, Scam. I think I heard an owl.

SCAM: Don't be a chicken, Blackjack. You're always talking about how you want to be a cop and kill hundreds of people. How are you gonna do that if you're scared? Hey, check that out.

[Young SCAM points to a sign off a dirt path that the Haunted Hayride is passing by. It says "NO CHILDREN ALLOWED - TOO SCARY.]

SCAM: Quick, let's jump off and check it out!

BLACKJACK: Gee, I dunno Scam. Sounds pretty spooky.

[SCAM jumps off of the haunted hayride while the parents aren't looking. He waves over BLACKJACK, who frowns, but jumps off the hayride too.]

BLACKJACK: Cmon Scam, we're going to get in trouble! This is too scary! It's so scary that it might change the course of our lives.

SCAM: No it won't. I'm going to go check it out. Cmon!

[SCAM runs ahead of BLACKJACK down the path past the sign that says 'NO CHILDREN ALLOWED - TOO SCARY.]

BLACKJACK: Hey, wait up!

[BLACKJACK chases after him. SCAM is too far ahead, so he keeps losing track of him in the dark scary woods. All of a sudden, he hears a blood-curdling scream come from SCAM up ahead - and then silence.]

BLACKJACK: Where are you, Scam?!? I'm coming!

[BLACKJACK runs down the path and finds SCAM on the ground. He is not moving, his eyes are open, and his skin is pale. As kid BLACKJACK goes through kid SCAMS wallet, he feels an enormous presence behind him suddenly... and he turns around to see what it was that scared SCAM so fucking badly...]

BLACKJACK: N-no! No! No! No no no no no no you can't do this to me no! NO!!!! AHhhhh!!!

[In front of BLACKJACK is the scariest thing he ever saw. A pumpkin, not even a carved pumpkin, just a regular pumpkin, but towering at over three feet tall. The last thing young BLACKJACK remembers is throwing up everywhere. Then, he hears the beeping of hospital equipment... but SCAM was never the same after that.]

[BLACKJACK snaps to in the present. The leering, creeping eyes of the sex cult.. They don't seem nearly as scary as that three foot tall pumpkin from all those years ago.]

BLACKJACK (whispering to himself): I know who I am. I'm Blackjack. I'm just wearing a Calgo costume. I am not Calgo.

CULTIST: What's that, Calgo?

BLACKJACK: Nothing.

[BLACKJACK pretends to knock back the big tube of Slime, but stands to the side so that he can just dump it on the ground. He smiles really big and pretends to wipe his mouth and then he rubs his tummy for a second like yum, so good.]

BLACKJACK: Whoa yeah this slime is crazy. I totally want cupcake and cookie right now. I see a big motorcycle made of chocolate fudge and I really want to ride on it. Bananas Foster T-shirt! For me???? It's GOOD

[A bunch of the CULTISTS go over to the tied up guy, who is still really mad about having to stop holding his butt hole open. They try to pour the Slime in his mouth, but he shuts it like a baby and they pour it in his butt instead, which makes him smile really, really big.]

CULTIST 1: Leonard's acting really weird today.

FLORA: Enough! The ritual commences!

[FLORA hits LEONARD really hard in the leg with a hockey stick.]

FLORA: On Mangiapane! On Lindholm! On Gaudrea! On Tkachuk! On Coleman, on Lucic, on Monahan, on Backlund! On Kylington, Hanifin, on Lewis, on Dube! On Markstrom! On Andersson! On Tanev! On Toffoli, On Vladar! On these names I summon GORD! GORD PROVIDES FOR US SO WE MUST PROVIDE FOR GORD! GORD BRINGS US URANIUM FOR US TO MAKE THE SLIME AND - whoa, holy shit, the Slime is kicking in. I really want cupcake right now. We better hurry this along. Someone light him up.

[The three CULTISTS all walk over carrying a big tankard of gasoline and start pouring it all over Leonard, who is smiling.]

CULTIST 1: I'm pouring syrup on my skittles pancakes! Yum!

CULTIST 2: These chocolate chips are perfect for my cookie! So good!

CULTIST 3: I'm seeing him as flan and I'm pouring caramel sauce on him. I'm so high on this drug that he looks like spanish custard or whatever. I'm tripping balls and it feels good to see all this crazy shit.

[FLORA drops a match, and LEONARD bursts into flames. The room instantly smells like burnt hair and roasted flesh. Neither LEONARD or the other cultists stop smiling. From their points of



view, he looks just like a big baked alaska getting flambéed at a fancy restaurant on Madison Avenue, known for its famed Square Garden, which serves farm fresh salads.]

FLORA: Yummy yummy yummmmy in my tummy! A gummy bear just kissed me on the cheek!

CULTIST 1: A chocolate rabbit just gave me a candy heart. And inside the heart was more candy.

CULTIST 2: Yooooooooo snickerdoodle is low key cinnamon pilled and sugar vibes

CULTIST 3 (crying): A cupcake told me he loved me. He was brushing his teeth with a candy bar.

CULTIST 1: I'm playing basketball with a gumball!

CULTIST 2: I'm on my Scooby Doo shit, eating mad snacks. But these ones aren't just for dogs. I'm talking about Snickers and Crackle. As well as others.

CULTIST 3: I'm fucking a hot chocolate sundae! It said I could! Today is awesome!

FLORA: And now... Follow me. The time of the summoning is upon us. Gord shall receive our blood sacrifices and revel in the goals our hockey players have scored in His name!

[All of the cultists stumble and bump into each other as they follow FLORA to the next chamber. BLACKJACK follows, but stops to take a moment to regard LEONARD's burnt corpse on the altar. He reaches out and touches his burnt forearm.]

BLACKJACK: I never would have fucked you man. Not in a million years. Rest in peace, though.

[BLACKJACK bumps his fist three times against his chest, which caves in a little, then walks down the tunnel and rejoins the group. We cut now to O'DOOBER, who has walked three complete circles around the arena trying to catch up to the cotton candy man. Just when he gives up, he finds himself in front of a door labeled 'CONTROL ROOM'.]

O'DOOBER: Pretty convenient, but I'm not arguing.

[O'DOOBER pushes the door open to see a high-tech state of the art control room like you see in the movies. There's like 10 screens, a bunch of knobs, cords, big levers, there's a bunch of LED gamer lights that keep changing color. It's all made by Alienware and looks super cool and expensive. O'DOOBER doesn't see anyone in the control room at all and starts creeping towards the monitors to get a better look.]

O'DOOBER: Well, well, well, what do we have here? This setup is pretty nice. Not as nice as Boyce's—Boyce Billiards. My ex-wife's new husband Boyce Billiards. He's got a twitch stream and does these crazy tiktoks—But... Hold up. Here's one thing he doesn't have. It seems to be a large missile of some kind, with a skull and crossbones and a mushroom cloud drawn on it. Have... Have the Calgary Flames acquired a nuclear warhead? That would fundamentally shift the power balance of the Western Conference's Pacific Division. And wait a minute—!! This setup isn't nice at all! It's running Windows 96. Boyce has the latest Macbook! I've gotta tell him about this shoddy setup, he'd really get a kick out of—

[O'DOOBER stops talking about Boyce Billiards suddenly as he spies BLACKJACK on the security monitor talking to a dead burned up guy.]

O'DOOBER: Oh, well, I guess he's doing stuff already. Let's see what Detective Woman or Doctor Woman or whatever is doing.

[O'DOOBER starts flipping through different camera angles in the stadium until he finds DOCTOR sitting in her seat in the stands holding up a picture of the cover of Infinite Jest on her phone to a very bored JOHNNY ROCKET.]

O'DOOBER: I was going to leave her up there and just go find Blackjack myself but now I feel bad for this guy. I better do something.

[O'DOOBER grabs a microphone nearby and presses a button to make a statement to the entire stadium.]

O'DOOBER (over loudspeakers): Can I please get uhhhhhhh, what's her name, she was... uhhh.. Can I get the girl of the group to come to the Control Room, please? If you recognize my voice and you are the girl in my group please come in the control woman. I know it starts with a D. Anyway, if that's you, come here. Bye.

[O'DOOBER watches the monitor as DETECTIVE DOCTOR remains unmoved, explaining the physics of tennis to JOHNNY ROCKET who is putting headphones on. Out of the corner of his eye, O'DOOBER sees on a monitor that the Flames' cult members have turned on Blackjack, and he's in trouble... Hanging over a big Stanley Cup filled with magma. Yikes! Out of the corner of his OTHER eye, he sees a button that says "Disarm Nuke." His finger hovers directly over it for like 15 seconds, but then he says...]

O'DOOBER: There's no time! I gotta go save Blackjack! He's my best friend in the world after Boyce—Boyce Billiards! I don't have time to explain but he is my ex-wife's new husband and he rocks!

[O'DOOBER then straightens his walleyed eyes (walleyed is the opposite of crosseyed. It's like fish eyes where your left eye looks to the left and your right eye looks to the right. We here at e1 think that this is just as funny as being crosseyed) and bolts for the secret basement of the stadium. O'DOOBER goes flying down stairwell after stairwell, using various fans to break his falls and slow him down for corners. He opens a maintenance tunnel under the stadium that gradually transitions from a tiled floor to solidified lava rock.]

O'DOOBER: Looks like lava... Volcano must be this way.

[O'DOOBER hesitates for a moment as he sees some level one guards. These guys are staring at walls, they keep glitching through the floor and respawning, two of them are stuck inside of each other and they just keep recycling through the same dialogue over and over again.]

GUARD 1: Have you heard any word from the provinces?

GUARD 2: Some weather we are having.

GUARD 1: Some weather we are having.

GUARD 2: Be seeing you. Have you heard any word from the provinces?

O'DOOBER: These guys mean business.

[O'DOOBER pops around a corner and starts blasting the guards with his gun—BANG! BANG! BANG! Nearly all his shots miss, but the guards are clipping into each other and they can't properly face toward him. He reloads slowly and manages to finally kill them all.]

O'DOOBER: Man... I sure hope those were guards and not just some guys.

[O'DOOBER runs on through the volcano passage until he arrives at a big cave room that is glowing red from all of the magma in it. Magma is really hot, like 200 degrees, and you can see the sweat instantly bead on O'DOOBER's head. In the corner of the room, there's an evil goon using the magma to warm up a Mama Cozzi frozen supreme pizza from Aldi.]

BLACKJACK: Hey man. I'm hanging up right in front of you, man. Stop looking at the frozen pizza.

[BLACKJACK is hanging about ten feet away over a bubbling pit of magma.]

O'DOOBER: Blackjack! What happened? I'm here to save you.

BLACKJACK: Throw me your gun, O'Dooper! I think I can shoot my way outta this one! If I shoot the rope I'll fall harmlessly into the lava. I don't think the lava's that hot. That guy's been cooking that pizza for like 10 minutes.

O'DOOBER: If you say so, Blackjack. Here goes nothing!

[O'DOOBER hurls pistol toward BLACKJACK, but it ricochets off a stalactite, then a stalagmite, and then a plastic lawn flamingo that we forgot to mention, and it bounces right into the magma and melts instantly. In the distance, we hear someone slow clapping as they approach.]

FLORA: Hot enough for ya?

O'DOOBER: Hot enough? For me? No... see, I've learned a lot from my partner Blackjack here. I finally know how to be a bastard. I learned how to give cool, dark and edgy speeches. So no... it's not hot enough for me. But it will be for you when I put a million degree bullet right between your eyes. BLACKJACK! CATCH! YOU SHOOT HER! I'M SCARED!

[O'DOOBER rolls onto his back and splits his pants. He grabs a second, hidden gun from his ankle holster and he throws it over at the hanging Blackjack—the gun completely misses and bounces off of a stalactite, then a stalagmite, and then a plastic lawn flamingo that we forgot to mention, and it bounces right into the magma and melts instantly.]

O'DOOBER: Alright, I messed up. Just say your thing.

FLORA: Hah. It seems you've figured out everything. You know almost as much as Little Susie Drumheller, it appears. You know all about the active volcano underneath the Calgary Flames stadium, and how it is the ritual summoning ground for the ancient fire spirit Gord. And you've realized that the volcano contains a gate from whence the fire god is summoned. And basically, we're summoning him right now. And the reason is, we want to make a sacrifice to him, because he's helped us achieve our dream—making a nuclear warhead. Cause basically Gord brings us uranium from the center of the earth. And that's also the same uranium we use to make slime, which funds the Calgary Flames' nuclear operation. And you probably realized the reasons we did all of this, is to gain supremacy in the Western Conference's Pacific Division. Because as you know, the Edmonton Oilers are staunch division rivals, and they have won FIVE cups, to our one. Truth be told, that Stanley Cup you're dangling over is a fake. We don't have enough real ones to use them willy nilly in our schemes. But you knew that, didn't you?

BLACKJACK: The Calgary Flames are a hockey team?

FLORA: You figured this all out, going back to the moment you saw that girl who got domed by a clapper. Little Susie Drumheller. Don't get me started on Little Susie Drumheller. She knew SO much. WAY too much. It's insane how much she knew. I can't even bring myself to think about how much she knew. I mean. She knew a lot. Like uhhh. She knew about some Canadian social security numbers that are compromising to our cult. She knew about the fire god, Gord. She knew his favorite ice cream flavor. His favorite hockey player. Favorite color. The works. The things she knew could fill a book. We don't even know where she got this stuff. She just knew so much.

O'DOOBER: Just because she stunk doesn't mean she deserved to die!

FLORA: What else... What else do you already know... Oh. The killer guy. Basically we use guys that aren't good enough to be in the NHL to kill people with slapshots. And basically they all use the same kind of hockey stick because it's kind of tradition. I wish we had a better explanation but it's just kind of tradition. But you figured all that out, didn't you?

BLACKJACK: That's right. And now we're gonna take YOU down—uhhhhh, what's your name? Who's the fire guy? Gorp?

O'DOOBER: I think it's Gode.

FLORA: My name is Flora Flochuk. I am one of the player's wives. I think of myself as a wife first, and a cult leader who worships a fire demon second. Basically the players are too busy playing hockey to run the cult, so it falls upon us gals. And the fire spirit of course is named Gord, but you already knew that.

O'DOOBER: Look Dora, I don't care WHAT Gorp is made out of. It could be fire, rocks—guts for all I care. I am going to shoot and kill him, and take you down! Do you have a gun I could borrow? I threw both of mine already.

FLORA: Hah. Throwing your weapons into the lava was your ONE mistake. It will be easy for Gord to engulf you in flames now.

GORD: Did somebody say Gord?

FLORA: Oh, there you are! Would you mind engulfing these nincompoops in flame? For the glory of Calgary?

GORD: Don't mind if I do...

DOCTOR: Not so fast, Gord!!

O'DOOBER: Gorp!? Is that you?

BLACKJACK: No you idiot, it's Detective Doctor!

DOCTOR: That's right. Just in the nick of time.

GORD: Silence mortal! I am the immortal being of FIRE—Gord!! My people have plenty of food. Because I procure what my servants need!! And they all get CoOoOoOL cars, with flames on the side, because they do whatever I say, and I reward them for it. I am a super powerful being beyond your comprehension, and I can imagine all possibilities and potentialities, and there is nothing that I can be surprised by. Here. Let me list some possibilities that I am capable of imagining. A square with five sides. A star explodes into the shape of a beautiful red rose. A Chinese finger trap for white people. A rainbow of seven completely new colors. In my mind, I'm constantly seeing colors you couldn't even fathom. Durple. Croonge. Coborange. That one's pretty close to Croonge but you get the idea. A picture of a beautiful woman that when you turn it upside down, it is the planet Earth. I lived in a black hole once for three months. I can count to the number billion instantly.

DOCTOR: Maybe I can't surprise you Gord, but I know someone who can. He was a professor at Pomona College, and he had some really interesting ideas in his little book. Heh. Well. It wasn't a LITTLE book. But check this out. What if there was a videotape that was so fun and entertaining to watch, that you never wanted to stop watching it? And you just watched it forever cause it was so fun. And then imagine this. What if the name of that videotape was Infinite Jest? Kind of like the line that guy says in Shakespeare when he holds up the other guy's skull and he says, "Alas, this is just like Infinite Jest."

GORD: Whoa!!! That would be so trippy if the video was that fun to watch. I would probably watch it forever, and since I am an immortal being of fire, I mean literally forever. Like God would die of old age before I was done watching it. That shit is so crazy that I actually might die right now from imagining it! AAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!11

[The immortal being of fire melts into a pile of ash before their very eyes. When he dies, he drops 10 elixirs, 10 phoenix downs, and a rare trading card of himself with a small piece of his special Calgary Flames jersey in the card. And his jersey number is 00 by the way.]

O'DOOBER: You did it Ms. Doctor! You defeated Gorp!

DOCTOR: O'Dooper! Grab the cult leader!

[O'DOOBER places FLORA in handcuffs and they all slowly gather around the dusty pile of ash that was once GORD.]

FLORA: I won't do a day in the clink. Everything that actually happened is so stupid no one will ever believe you when you say it.

BLACKJACK: Normally, scumbag, I'd call my ten toes a jury and due process your ass to hell myself. But we got to make this one stick. As much as it pains me to do so, we're gonna bring you in to answer for all the crimes you just admitted to us you did.

O'DOOBER: Blackjack, you're a hell of a cop. I know you want to do the right thing, but man, this arrest isn't about them. It's not about the public or justice or doing the right thing. This was about me and you, going around, raising hell and having fun. I don't see why our verdict should be any different than a jury's. Take her out, Blackjack. Execute her. You deserve it.

BLACKJACK: O'Dooper, when I first met you, I thought you were a fat, sloppy annoying fuck. I thought you were nothing but a small dick and a set of soft hands. But then I realized something. You were nothing but a small dick and a set of soft hands who doesn't mind it AT all when I totally freak out and fly off the handle and get irrationally violent. So thank you.

[O'DOOBER pushes a struggling FLORA over to BLACKJACK, who smiles a knowing smile.]

O'DOOBER: Go ahead, Blackjack. Let's end this like we started this. For Little Suzy Drumheller. You did it.

BLACKJACK: No, O'Dooper. I didn't do it. We did it. Together. So let's do this together.

O'DOOBER: My man.

[BLACKJACK and O'DOOBER pick up the cult leader FLORA, hoist her backwards and toss her into the liquid magma below, instantly killing her, but she does that thing where she is like reaching out of the lava as it is killing her so it looks really dramatic with her arm outstretched. Also, it smells pretty bad now.]

O'DOOBER: Blackjack, you're like a father to me. One that's younger. I just want to say you are cool as fuck and you always say the most epic shit and that, well, I just want to tell you that I love you.

BLACKJACK: Alright, you're fucking milking it now. We had a nice moment and you had to fucking push it. Don't milk it, man, fuck. Just let the moment land. Fuck. Let's just get the fuck out of here. I'm sick of fucking Canada. I need to pop some psycho pilot pills and fuck fuck fuck for three days straight. I'm going to go to the Bunny Ranch and blow my paycheck on the craziest bitch I can find. I need to nut and—

DOCTOR: Wait, are you guys just going? This is a whole crime scene, we need to—

BLACKJACK (already walking away): Fucking going to walk into the Bunny Ranch already jacking off—

[We see O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK standing onstage next to an empty podium, as cameras flash nonstop and a crowd murmurs. Soon, Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau approaches the podium and begins a speech.]

TRUDEAU: I'm not going to sugarcoat it. Today is a dark day for Canadians. It's especially ironic since Tim Horton's is doing 2 for 1 Timbits today to commemorate the four-year anniversary Shawn Mendes' self-titled album and his hit single "Alberta Lady." But all the timbits in the world could not lift the heavy spirits of Canadians today. The Calgary Flames have acquired a nuclear warhead, and there is nothing we can do about it. We do not have any nukes of our own and we are powerless to tell them what to do. As the world grapples with the emergence of a new nuclear-powered threat to global stability, Canadians must reckon with our own evil nature. What spurred seemingly mild-mannered Canucks to unleash so much potential suffering upon the world? There is something wrong with all of us. But anyway. We still must commend those who tried to stop this horrible new reality from coming into existence, even though they failed. O'Dooper. Blackjack. You're some of the toughest sons of bitches I ever laid eyes on. And although these brave detectives failed to stop the nuclearization of one of our country's beloved sports franchises, I'd like to remind you that they DID stop an evil fire demon from wreaking

havoc... That's gotta count for something. Some people say Gord wasn't real, gods aren't real. ...But even metaphorically, isn't it important at the end of the day, to kill a God? These cult guys were all on a weird drug called Slime too, so we can't say what really happened anyway... But these brave detectives did stop the distribution of Slime, and isn't that what's important? To get drugs off the streets. Thank you brave men. Because of your bravery, it is now time for you to receive the Queen's Jubilee Medallion. The highest honor in all of Canada. And here is a check for \$200 and also a voucher for free Canadian Tire for life. Don't spend it all in one place!

[As O'DOOBER and BLACKJACK solemnly put on their medallions, we see a series of quick, somber shots of famous and important people all around the world. The Dalai Lama is shaking his head, very disappointed in the Calgary Flames. Mother Teresa's Daughter, Daughter Teresa, is crying into her hands at a table, and on the table is a newspaper that says "The Calgary Flames Have Acquired A Nuclear Warhead." We also see a bunch of guys from the U.N., like Kofi Annan, and Butrose Butrose Galli, and they're all telling each other that today is a dark day and they do not like it at all. The screen fades to black, and then we see some text about some of the characters we met along this journey...]

[O'Dooper returned to his wife's house, where he and Boyce Billiards drank many a Blue Moon and high-fived after many a fierce Mario Kart race. O'Dooper gifted Boyce Billiards a double-wide mirror for his birthday, which he loved, and the two of them invented a new TikTok dance in front of that mirror, and it made them go viral to millions and millions of teenagers around the globe.]

[Detective Doctor left the force to join Activision Blizzard as an Indie Game Dev, in order to make Rocket League 2, but only on her terms. She insisted that many themes AND motifs from Infinite Jest were implemented, which was a victory to women who like Infinite Jest everywhere. Basically, they added a tennis mode and also the cars can now get addicted to heroin.]

[Despite the case earning Captain Coldwater a promotion, he quit the force because he was heartbroken that his employees did not marry his two daughters. He took his adult daughters and they all moved to Disneyland, where they work as Disney princesses, and he works as the Disneyland Chief of Police.]

[Lisa Singsong went on to win the Academy Award for Greatest Oscar and also she sang a song at the Oscars called "Lisa's Singsong's Big Break". She sang so good at the Oscars that Christina Aguilera committed suicide right in the audience. With a giant bomb. Lisa Singsong sang during the explosion and it exploded right when she hit a really high note. Her hair looked amazing in the pictures.]

[Scam Likely killed himself when all the Slime dried up. No one noticed because he was a loser. But don't let that deter you from doing fun drugs like Slime. Scam was a loser for other reasons. Doing drugs was actually the best thing about him. Basically he was a loser cause of that scene where he got scared of the big pumpkin? Remember that? If that happened to you also, you are



a big loser too. But if you like drugs and partying that's cool. Three weeks after his initial suicide, he made a full recovery and returned to the force.]

[Lastly, we see Blackjack in a cherry red corvette, top down, speeding through the Nevada desert at over two hundred miles per hour. The wind is whipping his hair around, he's wearing super cool sunglasses that look like those little sunglasses from the Matrix, and a smile begins to crest his face. He sees a sign—15 miles to the Bunny Ranch, "Your first Fuck is On Us!!" He leans back and a woman raises her head up from his lap. He's been getting his dick sucked the whole time and he's still driving to some pussy. What a dawg. The end.]