

THE ADVENTURES OF RON DILL, SUPER SPY

By Ryan Dell

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1 EXT. SPOOKY HEADQUARTERS (NIGHT TIME)

It's night time. Super spy RON DILL, a man with luscious biceps, taut legs, and a 12-inch dong scales the sides of the SPOOKY HEADQUARTERS with a bungee cord. Every movement RON DILL makes is accompanied by a loud grunt and the sound of rippling sweat.

The camera flips upside-down. In a shocking twist, even though it appeared super spy RON DILL was scaling the SPOOKY HEADQUARTERS downwards, he was actually scaling them upwards upside-down. He uses his muscly boot to kick in a window, then he swings in.

RON DILL
Sorry I broke your window... fag.

A shocked PIMP drops his bag of cocaine in shock.

PIMP
Damn, cracka, this shit's kra-zee!
I ain't fly wit' dis!

RON DILL
Too bad, you shiteating cunt! It's
the end of you!

RON DILL pulls out a 9mm pistol and kills the PIMP with a single shot right to the head. A smooth dolly shot slowly crawls towards RON DILL's head as he holsters his gun and grimaces at the corpse.

RON DILL
Looks like this pimp's...
permanently dead.

2 INT. POLICE STATION (DAYTIME, NEXT DAY)

POLICE CHIEF
Damnit, Ron! I told you, no
causalities!

RON DILL
What can I say, Chief? I'm a...
natural born killer.

RON DILL winks at an attractive woman who walks past the rooms large clear windows, who has cool dyed hair and what looks to be at least a C cup and her name's Evelyn and she's kind of chubby but in an attractive way.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE CHIEF

Damnit, Ron! How am I going to explain this to the President?

RON DILL

(laughs)

What do you mean?

POLICE CHIEF

How will I explain this to the President?

RON DILL

Chill out, man. I have a feeling the president will be... open to negotiation.

3

INT. WHITE HOUSE

RON DILL

So the deal is, this fag is all up in my grill 'cause he thinks I don't killed a dude.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Shit, dude, that's cold. You kill a dude?

RON DILL

Hell yeah, I did.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Damn, nigga. Tell you what, I got my own cool mission for you, bro.

RON DILL

Lay it on me, dude, I don't got all day.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

I gon' get chu to go undercover. You gon' go hide in Japan as an undercover agent.

RON DILL

Aw, shiiiiit. What's the mission?

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

We need someone to blow up Japan with secret undercover nukes. But this is a secret undercover mission for a secret undercover agent.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL

I'm pretty sure that's me, right,
homedog?

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Hell yeah, brotha. But this
wouldn't be a secret undercover
mission without a secret undercover
sexy lady.

RON DILL

Aw, shit. Who's it gon' be?

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Here she is, right now. Queen Bee?

QUEEN BEE, a sexy lady who's tall but not taller than RON DILL enters the room. She's wearing a tight latex suit lined with yellow-and-black horizontal stripes that perfectly accentuate her C-cup boobs and line her butt which will absolutely just not quit. She is pretty attractive but she doesn't even know it which makes her more attractive.

QUEEN BEE

Sorry, I'm late officer.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

That's quite alright, I'm sure you
won't mind once you see this sexy
hunk of man I've put on the Japan
mission.

QUEEN BEE pulls out a gun and shoots RON DILL in the face,
but he dodges it.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Queen Bee, what are you doing?

QUEEN BEE

I'm a renegade Nippon and I must
protect my home country!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

I should have known!

QUEEN BEE

I'll get you, Ron Dill! If it's the
last thing I do!

RON DILL

Don't count on it. I'm no slave to
the pussy. I'm my own man who lives
by his own rules, and I am a slave
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL (cont'd)
to no one. Other women have tried
to dominate my life, but all have
failed, and now I stand, a true
man's man in a world of
pussywhipped cowards. No one woman
can tame the immense power that is
Ron Dill.

QUEEN BEE
As true as that may be, I won't
stand for it!

QUEEN BEE runs out of the room and into a helicopter. RON
DILL leaps out of a window and then lands on the ground in a
crouch then calls his best friend PILOT BILL to come pick
him up.

4 INT. AIRCRAFT

PILOT BILL flips on the AUTOPILOT switch then crawls into
the back of his aircraft, which has a wine cooler and a hot
tub and is pretty dope. PILOT BILL puts on his pair of
sunglasses and stares at RON DILL.

RON DILL
Yo, what's this bizniss? You
starin' at my pecs?

PILOT BILL
No way, pal. I'm tryin' out these
laser gun specs. But they ain't
workin'.

RON DILL
That's just 'cause I'm impervious
to lasers. It's my blood type. My
special blood type is also what
renders me immune to mosquito
stings since it isn't a type of
blood that they're attracted to.

PILOT BILL
Wow, I never knew that fact, it's
pretty interesting. Anyway, here we
are, we've landed in Japan. I think
this is your stop, pal.

RON DILL
Thanks, Bill. I just wanted to say
before I leave the plane that you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL (cont'd)
and I are best friends and I trust
you.

PILOT BILL
Wait, Ron! It was a trap. We are
actually in space, and if you left
the plane know you would choke on
the space atmosphere.

RON DILL
Thanks, Bill. Now I can really
trust you.

PILOT BILL
No worries... pal.

There's an impressive CGI shot of the plane turning around
in space and heading towards Planet Earth.

5 EXT. JAPANESE CITY

It's the capital city of Japan. Busy businessmen,
schoolgirls, and Buddhist monks travel on foot, in cars, and
on bikes. It's a true urban center, full of adrenaline and
excitement - a perfect stalking ground for RON DILL, super
spy.

Up in the sky, DILL jumps out of the plane. He has a
parachute, but he doesn't even bother to use it, he just
falls really slowly.

On the ground, RON DILL makes a dramatic landing, and the
entire crowd claps and cheers.

RON DILL
Now it's time to go get me... some
nukes.

RON immediately starts running towards the NUCLEAR POWER
PLANT.

6 EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

RON runs at maximum capacity speed towards the power plant,
running so fast that he is able to scale its side using his
sheer speed. He scales the walls, roof, and nooks to find
himself hanging upside-down outside a window.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL
(whispering to self)
Holy shit!

There's a total babe working the dials over at some machine or whatever. She's wearing a super revealing lab coat and it's also very tight which is important.

RON DILL
(whispering to self)
Fuck, damn, man, shit. Holy shit.
Fuck me. Goddamn.

RON DILL pulls out a walkie talkie and adjusts it to frequency 4.

PILOT BILL
(over radio)
Yo, man, what's the haps?

RON DILL
Nothing much, dude, but I'm on some serious pussy patrol.

PILOT BILL
(over radio)
Damn, son, what's this bitch? Gimme a number outta ten.

RON DILL
High nine.

PILOT BILL
(over radio)
whistles Damn, boy, what can I do to earn you the privilege of this glorious feast?

RON DILL
I'm gonna need a lab coat and glasses.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
(over radio)
Damn, son, glasses? What are you, a fag?

RON DILL
Holy shit, B-rack? Whatchu doin' wit my boy Bill up in the sky?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
(over radio)
I've put off all my presidential
duties for the day so that I may
pay close attention to your crucial
mission. The state of US security
depends on it.

RON DILL
Pfft, whatever, loser. I don't care
about those kinds of things because
I'm a renegade.

RON DILL shuts off his radio and picks up the costume that
PILOT BILL dropped during that scene. RON DILL slides on his
lab coat well enough to suggest that he is suave and sexy,
but brusquely enough to suggest he's never worn it before
because being a scientist is gay.

RON DILL
Time to slay... some pussy.

7 INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

SEXY SCIENTIST is bending towards the camera to pick up some
test tubes or whatever.

RON DILL
Hey, sexy.

SEXY SCIENTIST drops her test tubes and backs away in fear.

SEXY SCIENTIST
Holy shit! Who the fuck are you?

RON DILL
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
I'm your fellow coworker, Dill Ron.
I am a Nippon male, like you.

SEXY SCIENTIST
I don't know Japanese, you fucking
wierdo! Who the fuck are you? You
need level 5 clearance to be in
this part of the building.

RON DILL
I'm pretty sure I've got total
clearance... if you know what I
mean.

(CONTINUED)

SEXY SCIENTIST
No, wait, stop! Stop!

RON has backed her into a corner. She reaches for her gun, but RON is too quick - he rips off the entire left side of her jacket, taking her gun with it, then using his other hand to take advantage of the opportunity and reach out for her breast.

 SEXY SCIENTIST
Help! **Help!** Rape, **rape!**

 RON DILL
Shh, shh, no screaming, please.
It's Dill time now.

RON sucker punches the SEXY SCIENTIST right in the face, knocking out her teeth. The sight of blood triggers the animal rage inside of RON DILL. His eyes turn blood red and his fingernails extend into ravenous claws. The sheer hairs on his arms and chest stand on-end.

RON DILL now gives off the appearance of a crazed monster, whose bloodthirst can only be equalled by his sexthirst. The camera tastefully pans away as RON DILL simultaneously claws away at the near-dead SEXY SCIENTIST as he thrusts in and out of her limp body.

8 INT. COURTHOUSE (DAYTIME)

 RON DILL
I swear I didn't do it.

 JUDGE
I'm pretty sure you did it.

 RON DILL
Did what?

 JUDGE
Committed the crime of rape and
almost certainly attempted to
murder an innocent woman.

 RON DILL
She wasn't innocent, she was a
scientist working on nuclear
technology.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

That's not important.

RON DILL stares down the JUDGE, who is a really old woman and she looks like a huge bitch.

RON DILL

You should just chillax. It's not a big deal.

JUDGE

Rape is a crime.

RON DILL

So is being... a huge bitch.

Everyone in the courthouse can't resist laughing at the quip. Even the jury are stifling chuckles.

JUDGE

(furious)

No, no, order in the court! This is unacceptable!

RON DILL

You're... unacceptable.

The crowd is convulsing with laughter. Some people are crying. Specks of blood are beginning to appear on the floor since the laughter is causing people to flail their limbs and accidentally cut themselves on the courthouses' antique floors and chairs. RON DILL turns around on his feet and struts out of the courthouse as the furious JUDGE desperately tries to restore order.

9

EXT. STREET (CONTINUOUS)

RON DILL continues strutting out of the courthouse and down the street. He pulls out his cell phone and dials a number as he winks at the pretty girls walking beside him, who also wink back because he is very attractive.

RON DILL

It's time for me to get to work.

RON DILL puts the cellphone up next to his ears.

???

(over phone)

Speaking.

(CONTINUED)

It's a mysterious stranger with a muffled voice. RON knows who it is, but we don't.

RON DILL

I've got a super secret mission for you.

???

(over phone)

Lay it on me, jive turkey.

RON DILL

We've got a fish to fry. There's this cunt I've got plans for and I'm gonna need all the help I can get.

???

(over phone)

Sounds good. Same as last time, home skillet?

RON DILL

Hell yeah.

10

EXT. NICE HOUSE (NIGHT TIME)

RON DELL is wearing black leather stealth gear, accentuating his already notable muscles, as he hides at the top of a tree outside a beautiful looking mansion. He's using binoculars to look through the windows at an eight year old girl making cookies.

RON DILL

He, he, he...

RON DILL is getting a notable erection through his gear. He keeps staring through his binoculars. All of a sudden the JUDGE walks into the kitchen.

YOUNG GIRL

Tough day at work, mommy?

JUDGE

Yeah, but it's worth it. Hey, listen, I've got a treat for you.

YOUNG GIRL

Wait, really?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE

Hold up a second. I left it in the car. You can wait here for, like, a minute or two, right?

YOUNG GIRL

Yep! No problem.

JUDGE

Alright. Keep makin' those cookies, they smell good. I'll be back in a tic.

Cut back to RON DILL, he's readying a harpoon. He loads the spear and tightens the already well-bolted custom scope as he steadies his feet and secures his aim. The second the JUDGE has left her own kitchen, RON DILL shoots his harpoon, successfully penetrating the YOUNG GIRL's skull, instantly killing her.

RON pulls out his own spear, twirls it, and continually stabs the YOUNG GIRL to confirm the kill. He takes his cell-phone out of a custom pouch on his chest and dials the same number as before.

???

(over phone)

Speaking.

RON DILL

I've successfully killed your past self. The timeline should now be restored.

11 INT. BLACK HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

Cut to the BLACK HOUSE - an alternate version of the WHITE HOUSE made by the Illuminaty and Skull and Bones Club. The person on the phone is the SEXY SCIENTIST!

SEXY SCIENTIST

Thank you, Ron. I'm glad I could confide in you that I was the future self of that young girl all along and that you were able to help me repair the timestream. You've saved us all. How can we ever repay you?

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL

You could totally give me a
raunchy, wild night of hot, intense
sex.

SEXY SCIENTIST

(giggles)

When and where do you want it, big
guy?

12

EXT. DENNY'S

The SEXY SCIENTIST and RON DILL are having wild, full-on deep-penetration sex on the top of the roof of a local DENNY's restaurant, America's Favorite Diner, while RON DILL eats a delicious Denny's pancake. He is literally having the time of his life thanks both to the amazing sex and the beautiful food.

SEXY SCIENTIST

Mmm... hmm... nnn... there's one
thing you should have noticed about
me.

RON DILL

What's that, bitch?

SEXY SCIENTIST

I'm not just some kind of sexy
scientist.

RON DILL

Whaddya mean?

SEXY SCIENTIST

I'm also... the Queen Bee!

RON DILL

Ha ha, I already knew that. I'm not
a fucking moron or whatever. I just
wanted to slam that pussy.

RON DILL immediately pulled out of that stank and reached for his gun, but the QUEEN BEE had already unsheathed a magical samurai sword and begun to twirl and sharpen it. She then held the sword to RON's neck in a way that stopped him from being able to move.

QUEEN BEE

You are now my hostage. Do not
resist for you are permanently
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN BEE (cont'd)
trapped in my grasp, you disgusting
American scum.

RON DILL
Okay. Wait, no, that's not okay. I
ain't standin' fo' that.

RON DILL kicks QUEEN BEE in the stomach, grips her
shoulders, snaps her neck in half, and throws her off the
roof.

RON DILL
Looks like she's... dead. Time to
sate my hunger.

RON DILL does a somersault off of the roof and curve jumps
into the Denny's drive-thru window, rolling at maximum
velocity through the entire kitchen. He moves so quickly,
with his arms extended at his sides, that he gashes the legs
of every employee he passes, splitting their major arteries
and some cases snapping through bone. He skids to a stop in
front of the other side of the counter, twists on his heels,
and slams his hand down on the counter with a crumpled
five-dollar-bill underneath his sweaty palm.

EMPLOYEE
Holy shit! What the fuck did you
do?

RON DILL
I want a fucking pancake.

EMPLOYEE
I am **not** serving you, I'm calling
the fucking police.

RON DILL grabs this little shit by the collar.

RON DILL
Listen here, you little shit. I am
hungry. I am horny. I will wait for
no man, I will wait for no excuses.
I have the money, I have the need,
it's a simple transaction. Don't
come in and make things confusing
where they don't need to be. Just
give me my **PANCAKE!**

The EMPLOYEE goes wide-eyed and starts whimpering and
pissing his pants.

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE
Yes, sir! Absolutely, sir!

13 INT. DENNY'S

Cut to RON happily enjoying a delicious Halloween-themed pancake. The camera pans out from showing just RON to also show a now-happy EMPLOYEE, mopping up.

RON DILL
This ain't half-bad, nigga. Where'd you learn to cook?

EMPLOYEE
Orientation program. Denny's has a pretty rigorous training schedule.

RON DILL
(mid-bite, chewing)
Oh yeah, son? How come?

EMPLOYEE
Well, we have a reputation for the best hygiene of any fast-food chain in the States, and we're committed to keeping and earning that reputation. In addition, we have a pride in delivering the tastiest and healthiest all-round menu of any chain there is, and we'll do anything to make sure the customers are happy with their Denny's experience.

RON DILL
I agree. It's an American institution. Y'know I once worked at a Denny's when I was young?

EMPLOYEE
Oh, shit, no way.

RON DILL
Yes, I did. I was the best fucking employee they ever had. Listen, son, you've given me a hell of a meal here. I enjoyed the food, the service, and the sex. I'll be sure to come here anytime, it's not just one of the best fast-food restaurants around, but one of the best restaurants, period.

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE
I completely agree.

RON DILL
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a mission to return to.

EMPLOYEE
Before you leave; how do I get to be a man like you?

RON DILL
It's easy, son. Just live the Ron Dill way.

RON DILL steps through the piled up corpses and puddles of blood to the Denny's exit. He opens the door only to see the bright light of a police helicopter.

POLICEMAN
(through a megaphone)
You're under arrest!

A gigantic mirror is lowered from the sky itself. RON DILL stares himself down.

RON DILL
You think you're so tough, huh?
Yeah, I bet you think you're so tough. Well guess what, hot shot. Today's not your lucky day.

RON DILL does a spinning kick and smashes the mirror into perfect halves. One of these halves transforms into a cosmic morphic entity, absorbing RON DILL into itself...

RON DILL
Huh.

RON is being transported back in time, but willingly, because he's not enough of a pussy to let something like this to happen to him if he didn't want it to.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL

RON DILL suddenly looks disoriented. He's wearing a high-school tuxedo, although the rest of him still looks his regular bad-ass self.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL

Oh shit. I remember this. This is
an event from my mysterious past.

RON DILL looks around. He's in a gymnasium, and there's a
bunch of other kids walking around. Three girls walk up to
RON, arms linked.

GIRL #1

Hey, Ron, wanna... *snicker* dance
with us?

RON DILL

No.

GIRL #2

Come onnnnnnnnn! Don't be a stick in
the mud!

RON DILL gets furious and punches one of them in the face,
severely slicing her eyeball with his fingernail and causing
her to bleed profusely.

GIRL #3

Oh, God!

GIRL #1

What is **WRONG** with you?!

RON DILL turns around 180° and launches into a sprint.

RON DILL

I've got to escape the past to
reach my present!

15

EXT. ABANDONED STREET (CONT.)

RON DILL continues his sprint. A series of fade shots show
that multiple days pass, but RON's running speed never
decreases or slows down or whatever. Eventually RON stops;
not through exhaustion, but through malaise. He looks
around.

RON DILL

Well, I guess I'm stuck in the
past. Or is this an alternate
future? Maybe if I dig, I'll find
my way to a time machine! Yeah,
that'll do it! Fuck the time
stream!

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL curls his hand into a scoop shape, does a windmill twirl with his arm, and thrusts the scoop into the earth itself. His hand seems to get stuck, but: it's actually him pulling up a gigantic area of earth, bigger than any man or machine has ever before lifted.

RON DILL
(concentrating)
Just... a... little... more!

RON DILL finally flips a gigantic chunk of earth from its home. The hole is the Grand Canyon and the chunk spins into space and turns into Mars.

RON DILL
(dejected)
I may have invented a new celestial
body, but that is no solace for a
man lost in time.

RON launches back into his trademark sprint.

16

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

RON sprints directly into a bus stop sign. He's so strong that the sign snaps into two in his midst, but still; where is he? RON DILL looks around.

RON DILL
Hmm... I'm in New York City.

RON gets into line for a hotdog at a friendly-looking hot dog vendor's cart.

HOTDOG VENDOR
Whaddya want?

RON DILL
I want a hot dog, homie. Gimme the
mustard on it.

HOTDOG VENDOR
Hey, you got it, pal.

RON DILL
Pal? Wait a minute... that
vernacular...

There's a big flash. RON DILL has a quick sepia-toned flashback to PILOT BILL trying out his laser specs back on the aircraft, trying to see if they'd work on our hero RON DILL, before quickly flashing back to the present day.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL

Oh, god! It's you, Pilot Bill.

PILOT BILL

Yes, it's me, the past version of Pilot Bill. You mustn't give up, Ron Dill. The fate of the future rests in your hands.

RON DILL

You know, you should become a pilot.

PILOT BILL

Oh my god, don't say things like that! You could change the history of the universe!

RON DILL

Don't worry, retard. It's not gonna happen. I'm Ron Dill. It's not possible. And if you think otherwise you're just some piece of scum shit. Kill yourself.

RON takes a second to eat his hotdog as he runs back to the bus stop and catches a bus.

17 INT. BUS (CONTINUOUS)

RON DILL

Excuse me, I'm looking for...
wuh-oh.

There's ROSA PARKS, that bitch I had to learn about in Mr. Willikin's 9th grade history class. I'm not putting up with more shit about this fucking bitch so RON DILL takes off his shoes, which are golf cleats, and slams them into her chest so hard she simultaneously has a heart attack and suffers from a fatal wound.

Everyone on the bus gets up and cheers, which is totally okay because this like the 1950's or 60's or whatever. So it's not racist it's just historically accurate. Anyway, RON DILL gets into a seat on the bus. A pleasant gentleman notices RON.

PLEASANT GENTLEMAN

Excuse me, I'm a representative for the city council and we're currently doing surveys on our
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PLEASANT GENTLEMAN (cont'd)
public transport users. Are you traveling on this bus because it's convenient, it's cheap, or because you have to?

RON DILL
It's actually because, when you do the math, it's the most cost efficient way to travel. When you compare the difference between directly buying bus fare and paying for gas, the saving in price is absolutely astronomical. This isn't even mentioning the added costs inherent in buying and maintaining a car. While I accept that having a car is extraordinarily convenient and useful, ultimately I just don't practically need one and it'd be a waste of money to sink that much money and effort into something I don't want let alone need. I mean, let's be frank, most car owners my age are just pressured into buying their cars by their peers, and then they feel obligated to use it because it was so expensive. But thinking that way just leads you to waste more money than you would have otherwise. I mean, let's be honest, it's not as if I or indeed anyone could easily afford something so frivolous. But that's not the point - the point is that unless you're past the point of financial freedom, and most people aren't, not buying a car just makes economic sense and allows you to actually consider using public transport without having to process the same self-induced economic guilt process most people saddle themselves with. I've always been a pretty pragmatic person, so at this point I'm just interested in doing the bare minimum required to get from point A to point B, and as long as I've got the backed-up reasons and beliefs I currently do that seems pretty reasonable. I believe it's pretty well-justified on my end.

(CONTINUED)

Anyway so RON DILL gets on the bus.

Back to the present day -

18 INT. WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
Gawd-dayum, where is that honkey
son-of-a-bitch?

U.S. ADVISOR
Croickey, mate, I dunno. He's
apparently goine into tha past boi
accident.

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
This will not stand. The people
need the RON DILL. He's scheduled
for the mysterious BIG MISSION
tomorrow. If he's not here, no one
will ever find out what the BIG
MISSION is?

U.S. ADVISOR
Croickey! That's a matter for tha
koalas to be grousing 'bout at the
ol' glory hole!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
I wonder if I can travel back in
time? Dat'd sure speed things up,
bro. I wouldn't have to just keep
waitin' around or whatever.

U.S. ADVISOR
Ya could even use da time-travel
plane!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
That's a great idea, ma bitch
nigga. Time for me to travel back
in time.

19 INT. AIRCRAFT

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA
You're sure this is a good idea,
homie?

(CONTINUED)

PILOT BILL

Of course, pal! Don't you fret!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

But isn't it possible we could upset the time stream? We might change history! We could even do something horrible like cause 9/11!

PILOT BILL

You still worryin' bout that ol' thing? Don't worry, it's not gonna happen! This plane is foolproof!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

You're sure?

PILOT BILL

I can absolutely 100% guarantee that we will not cause 9/11!

PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

Okay! Hit the accelerator!

The plane begins its ascent as purple sparks like from science fiction movies appear all around the plane and cause it to travel through time.

20

INT. NAZI TRAINING CAMP

A typical office with green painted walls, pleasant antique furniture, and a golden emblazoned Nazi symbol houses three Nazi officers and the Fuhrer himself, ADOLF HITLER. HITLER is giving a lecture.

ADOLF HITLER

And so all you need to do is...
Ach! Mein Gott!

NAZI OFFICER #2

What is it, Mein Fuhrer? Ach!

All four men stare, gobsmacked, out the window as a mysterious plane crashes into one of their work huts where hundreds of innocent Jewish workers were working. Something had gone horribly wrong...

Back to the time period our hero RON DILL is stuck in -

21 INT. BUS

As RON DILL waits for his bus to make it to its destination, a television hanging from the ceiling begins to play the local news.

REPORTER

Breaking news - Future President Barack Obama has disappeared after traveling back in time.

RON DILL

Hmm, this news report is interesting. It's a pity I... don't care.

22 INT. BUS (NIGHT TIME)

It's now night time. A sleeping RON DILL awakens from his blissful slumber only to discover he his bus has finally made it to his location, JAPAN.

RON DILL

I guess it's time to go do what I... do best.

RON DILL launches into another beautiful sprint.

23 EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT (NIGHT TIME)

RON DILL makes his way to the NUCLEAR POWER PLANT again. Instead of running across the walls and ceiling, he uses his speed to slam straight into the front doors, shattering the both of them into millions of equally sized tiny shards as he skids to a stop. He looks around and sees a set of double-doors with a key card swiper on their right, before doing a double-take at the lobby's beautiful receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello? Can I help you?

RON DILL cracks his knuckles and leans across her desk with the full force of his convulsing biceps.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry? Do you have an appointment?

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL

Yes, I have a date. With destiny.

RON DILL unfurls a black-and-white swirly hypnosis medallion from underneath his shirt and swings it at mach speed before flinging it right into the RECEPTIONIST's neck. She begins to choke on her own spit as the blood rushes to her face.

RON DILL

Stand back, everyone! I'm a professional!

He picks up the convulsing RECEPTIONIST over the desk and runs towards the locked door with her on his shoulder. As she slowly chokes to death on her own spittle, RON DILL heroically thrusts her neck at the keycard swiper, causing her card to become loosened from its home within her boobs and getting swiped all in the space of a millisecond.

The card comes loose so fast that it rips the sheer fibre of the skin between her breasts into shreds, causing her to bleed profusely from her chest, and the speed of the card impacting into her chin causes her jaw to become dislodged. RON DILL, unaware of this, bursts through the now open doorway, lifts up the now-useless RECEPTIONIST, and slams her into the concrete wall on his left with all his might before turning to focus on the task at hand.

RON DILL

Dear God...

There are vats full of nuclear acid, each with pipes connecting them to a gigantic rocket, which is also full of nuclear acid.

RON DILL

This will not stand. And neither will these vats.

RON DILL does a spinning roundhouse kick, at such a speed and velocity it propels him above the ground, like a hovercraft. He then continues spinning as he flies towards each vat, penetrating them with his feet and causing them to spill their nuclear load.

RON DILL

I'll destroy Japan with the power of **nuclear acid**!

After RON DILL has destroyed every vat, he continues spinning, faster and faster, until he's created a gigantic wind tornado which carries the acid up, up, into the sky...

24 EXT. PLANET EARTH

In a beautiful CGI shot, we slowly extend out to see the entirety of Japan. As the shot gets bigger and bigger, we slowly see that the camera has been traveling through the eye of a gigantic tornado, with swirls of acid pushing through it faster and faster. The tornado branches out at its apex, creating dozens of gigantic spreads of acid that spread out over the entirety of Japan.

25 INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

CUT TO: RON DILL, back at the power plant, continuing his massive self-created spin.

RON DILL
The time stream cannot prevent me
from completing my mission!

RON DILL begins to spin twice as fast, creating a centrifugal force that surpasses the time stream and instead creates a time gate to the present. The force of RON DILL's tornado is so strong that the RECEPTIONIST's mutilated corpse is lifted into the tornado and torn into hundreds of pieces, being disintegrated instantly in the massive streams of acid.

26 EXT. PLANET EARTH

A gigantic cloud of nuclear acid hangs above the Japanese skyline, held up by nothing other than the sheer force of RON DILL's self-created wind tornado. All of a sudden, the wind pressure deflates, and the gigantic floating pool of acid simultaneously falls through time and space as it travels both down towards Japan and through the time stream to the present day.

Back in the present day, acid rain pours upon the Japanese landscape. Grass erodes, the skin of all people is instantly disintegrated, buildings collapse, plants brown and curl. We see a gas station explode for whatever reason.

27 INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

RON DILL takes off his binoculars, which let him see through time I guess, and smiles out of a sense of accomplishment.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL
I have saved Japan from itself. God
bless America.

RON DILL then lifts his wrist to his face and looks at his watch, which he was wearing up to this point the whole time.

RON DILL
Heh heh heh. Right on time.

RON DILL closes his eyes then does a backflip out the window.

28 INT. JAPANESE HOME

JAPANESE MOTHER
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
More rice, Konichi-san?

JAPANESE CHILD
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
Yes please, Mother.

JAPANESE FATHER
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
Before we eat this glorious meal, I
would like to pay tribute to our
glorious child, Konichi-san, who
has received extreme grades at his
schooling institution.

JAPANESE CHILD
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
Thank you, Father. This is the life
in which I live graciously.

As the family is about to eat, RON DILL crashes through their homes' paper walls which I'm pretty sure are normal in Japan. So the walls are paper which means RON DILL crashes through them even though I'm pretty sure he would have been able to do that anyway even if the walls were like brick or mortar or whatever.

RON DILL
Is this the home of some kid named
Konichi-san?

JAPANESE FATHER
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
Who is this disgusting American
pigg?

(CONTINUED)

JAPANESE MOTHER
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
squeals Ron Dill! This is
extreme!

The JAPANESE MOTHER faints from delight.

RON DILL
Are you Konichi-san?

JAPANESE CHILD
(in Japanese, with subtitles)
Yes, Ron Dill, I am the one known
as Konichi-san.

RON DILL
Stop speaking Japanese, it's a gay
language. For fags.

JAPANESE CHILD
Sorry, grorious American, I was
born this way.

RON DILL
That's no excuse for being a
faggot. Wait, you know what? I
don't care about you anymore.

RON DILL calmly and politely leaves the apartment. Then he
turns around, and points at the mother directly with his
index finger.

RON DILL
Wait, I've changed my mind, now I'm
going to take you out on a date,
and you're gonna like it.

JAPANESE MOTHER
Oh, Ron-kun! You have furfrilled
many of my dreams!

RON DILL
I was just kidding, you're ugly and
you wish you could get with me but
you can't. Now if you'll excuse me,
I have to travel into the future
and collect my Heroes Medal.

29

EXT. DENNY'S

It's a beautiful, flawless sunny day, and PILOT BILL and all of RON DILL's friends - which is a lot of people because RON DILL has a lot of friends - are waiting in a crowd of what must be thousands, since that's how many friends RON DILL has. He's so popular he can't spare the time to talk to them all, but they all understand because of how cool he is, and that is why they're willing to wait for such a long time for him to appear at the outside of a beautiful, hygenic, well-staffed DENNY's restaurant to collect his official Heroes Medal.

So RON DILL appears out of a temporal void and takes his stance at the podium at the front of the stage. He coughs, leans against the podium, then pulls the mic in close.

RON DILL

Thank you for this Heroes Medal,
but I don't really deserve it.

The crowd gasps.

RON DILL

We should be giving these medals to
the real heroes. Do you know who I
mean?

Everyone in the crowd shakes their heads.

RON DILL

I'm talking about the heroes who
are working in the music industry.
Millions of the hard-working
American musicians and sound
engineers working today are living
lives of poverty and struggle
because their hard work is being
stolen, pirated, and spread.

Everyone the crowd solemnly contemplates this serious issue.

RON DILL

The issue reminds me of my cool
friend Dylan, whose dad is a record
producer or maybe a sound mixer,
one of the two. Anyway he's pretty
cool. And he had to like take on
way less jobs last year because of
pirates stealing shit, and that's
lame.

(CONTINUED)

The woman fellating RON DILL from underneath the podium starts a slow clap, which quickly builds as the entire audience yells and cheers.

RON DILL
Wow, I'm glad all you guys get it.
Hopefully we can end this
horrifying new era of digital
piracy and move into a new golden
era of paid content.

Women are crying. Children are cheering. Men are smiling so widely that their cheeks are beginning to bleed.

RON DILL
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got
some business to attend to.

30 EXT. TYPICAL SUBURBAN STREET

It's a normal, quiet day in this typical suburban street. That is, except for the gigantic electric fence erected around the perimeter by RON DILL, who is currently cruising around in his custom patrol van.

RON DILL
(through megaphone)
Attention all residents! I am
officially enacting a crackdown on
all music piracy occurring within
this suburb. Do not refrain from
forfeit - you will be forgiven!

RON DILL quickly rummages in the van's glove compartment before pulling out his set of steak knives. He punches out the glass windows at the front and sides of his car before leaning out the side, swinging his muscly arms, and hurdling the knife at a random house without seeing which direction he threw it in. He glances again and sees the knife has hit a door with a Christmas ornament hanging from its front. He points his right index finger straight at the door.

RON DILL
(to self)
That one.

RON DILL then punches himself in the gut so hard that the sheer force of the impact propels him out of his seat and through the front of his car, launching him straight through the air, over the pavement, and directly through the front door of this mysterious house.

31 INT. HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

RON DILL skids into this house, only to immediately realize that something here is wrong. The furniture is very nice, and the entire place seems oddly roomy...

PILOT BILL

Hi, Ron? What's shakin', dopeboy skillet?

RON DILL

Pilot Bill? This is your home? Why are you living in this neighborhood, which I have targeted specifically for its musical piracy centrifugality?

PILOT BILL

I just wanted to take this opportunity to say how proud I am of the job you've been protecting and defending these glorious United States of America.

RON DILL

I don't give a shit, man. I'm doing this for me, because I'm an independent man who doesn't play by anyone else's rules. I do my own thing, even if it's the unpopular thing, because I'm Ron Dill and I'm a true independent in an era where people are afraid to be themselves, but I'm not.

PILOT BILL

Wow, that's pretty interesting. But aren't you curious as to where you are?

RON DILL

Yeah, I'm in the White House, I get it.

The camera cleverly turns to reveal that PILOT BILL lives in the White House.

PILOT BILL

Your quest to defeat music piracy for Dylan's dad is for naught, Ron Dill, since I am secretly the former president of the United States Bill Clinton and I have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PILOT BILL (cont'd)
engineered the events of the last
few days in order to carry out my
secret master plan.

RON DILL
Yeah, I already knew all that, I
don't give a shit.

PILOT BILL
What? Then why didn't you stop me?

RON DILL
Because, Bill, you're... a gaylord,
and also I don't give a shit
because your plan is gay.

PILOT BILL
You won't be saying that once my
plan has successfully wiped out all
human life!

PILOT BILL takes out his detonator from inside his pockets
and presses a switch which kills everybody in the world,
except for RON DILL because he's too strong. Every single
person on the planet has now been vaporized, except for RON
DILL who is the main character.

RON DILL
Oh dear, it looks as if everyone on
the planet Earth has been
vaporized. But much more
importantly...

RON DILL slowly, carefully crouches down into a battle-ready
stance.

RON DILL
...I don't care.

All of sudden five ninjas burst out from behind street
signs, decorum, and manholes, all eager to lay a single hit
on the man known as RON DILL to prove their strength.

RON DILL
Come at me, faggots.

Each of the ninjas runs straight towards RON DILL, but he
quickly dodges them all then punches them all in the face
with his hands.

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL
I'm exhausted. Luckily for me, it's
time... to party.

32 INT. SWEATY NIGHTCLUB (NIGHT TIME)

RON DILL is getting his krunk on as a bunch of hot slutty
bitches who are all super sexy and wearing school uniforms
even though they aren't students but they look like them are
grinding the shit out of him. From the crowd a NEWS
REPORTER, with her sound and camera crew in tow, emerges.

NEWS REPORTER
Mr. Dill! Mr. Dill!

RON DILL, still krunking, points at her with his right index
finger.

RON DILL
What is it, sweetheart?

NEWS REPORTER
I'm here to investigate the slate
of recent unsolved murders in the
area! You're a suspect in every
one!

RON DILL
Who gives a shit?

The NEWS REPORTER, who is a dumb bitch anyway, is struggling
to get herself heard over the crowd.

NEWS REPORTER
I'm trying... excuse me!... I'm
trying to get a psychological
profile on you! I'm trying to help
you!

RON DILL
Oh yeah? Well, I'm about to get my
own profile... on you.

RON DILL smiles and winks at the news reporter. All of a
sudden she starts moaning. The crowd around her dissipates
as her groaning and grunting get louder and more erotic.

NEWS REPORTER
Hnn.. mmm!... nnn!

(CONTINUED)

RON DILL smiles and turns around, winking at a SUPERMODEL who is just sort of standing around. The SUPERMODEL strips off her clothes and starts rubbing her nipples in circles as her wild her flails back and forth.

RON DILL starts doing squats, with the power of each squat disintegrating successive layers of his own clothing until he isn't wearing anything but gym shorts and a tight singlet that shows off his rockin' muscles.

As more and more women in the crowd, of their own accord, begin stripping off their clothing, RON DILL starts a one-man weightlifting contest, where he is the judge. RON DILL suddenly decides to start doing laps, since he's pretty athletic.

As the background music crescendoes, RON DILL winks and points directly at the camera. The action freezes, and big pink flowing text appears reading "THE END".

THE END