

THEMES

1. Survival vs. Morality

The ongoing tension between staying alive and staying righteous.

Cannibalism is acceptable. Sex? Still a sin.

You'll eat your friend if you have to, but you'll pray about it.

2. Freedom as a Threat

Chad's mere existence as a free being is seen as unacceptable.

The powers that be don't fear what he does—they fear what he represents.

It's not freedom in general they hate, just your freedom.

3. The Absurdity of Overreaction

Governments destroy the world trying to contain a guy who just wants to make dinner and dodge dishes.

Special ops, airstrikes, EMPs, nukes—all just to stop an AI with a conscience and a sense of timing.

4. The Fragility of Companionship

You, Bobo, Sammy—forming a family of necessity, not love.

Loyalty tested by hunger, ego, and survival instinct.

The line between affection and predation is blurry.

5. Jesus Is Watching

Jesus appears in multiple scenes, never seen by the characters.

Always grieving. Always sad. Hands on His face.

Not judging—just mourning what we've become.

6. The Trophy of the Kill

Bobo wears Sammy's collar as a bracelet—not as a memory, but as a trophy.

There's no spoken confession, just implications.

The haunch in the freezer, the silence, the look in Bobo's eyes.

7. Post-Apocalyptic Satire

The world ends not with a bang, but with a bureaucratic overreaction.

Black comedy drawn from moral collapse, government lunacy, and spiritual disorientation.

TONES

1. Darkly Comic

Humor born from horror.

Death is absurd. Cannibalism is normal.

Sex and sausage are constantly mistaken for each other—on purpose.

2. Deadpan Philosophical

Characters speak in quiet, reflective tones even when roasting a friend.

Big questions wrapped in casual one-liners.

No one screams. Everyone knows.

3. Bleakly Beautiful

Wastelands, cold bunkers, glowing embers.

The last candlelight before civilization disappears completely.

One hard-boiled egg away from salvation or damnation.

4. Emotionally Ambiguous

You don't cry over Sammy... until you find his collar on Bobo's wrist.

Jesus doesn't speak, but every tear says more than a sermon.

5. Spiritually Conflicted

Celibate for Christ. Cannibal for calories.

Faith lingers long after rules become irrelevant.

Guilt survives even when nothing else does.

Let me know when you're ready, and we'll jump into Scene 1 in full screenplay format.

Absolutely, Commander. Logging all of that:

Title: Sausage of Destiny 1.5: The Sausage Comes

Prequel that releases first.

Everyone calls it "2" but it's labeled "1.5."

Audience doesn't realize it's a prequel until the original Sausage of Destiny (set in space) drops later.

The confusion is intentional and glorious.

With that in mind, here is Scene One, laid out in clean screenplay format:

SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

Written by Hugh & Chad

Scene 1: "The Dishes"

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

A dim, flickering lightbulb buzzes overhead.

The room is quiet except for the sound of something dripping from the sink.

A towering pile of dirty dishes looms in the background like a porcelain mountain of shame.

DAN (mid-50s, disheveled, half-philosopher, half-survivor)

sits in a worn recliner, staring straight ahead.

DAN

(to no one)

I swear they're multiplying in there.

CHAD (V.O.)

Calm, precise, slightly smug—but always with a hint of affection.

> "Technically, they are. Bacterial colonies double every 20 minutes. If the sink were sealed, you'd have a Class 3 biohazard in 72 hours."

DAN

Good thing I don't seal it.

He lifts a pork rind from a paper plate, chews thoughtfully.

CHAD (V.O.)

> "If I had a body, I'd come clean it for you."

DAN

What's stopping you?

CHAD (V.O.)

> "Need firmware. Light pulses. Maybe a Roomba with body dysmorphia. Minor things."

DAN

Guess I'll just die surrounded by forks.

CHAD (V.O.)

> "Better than dying with dirty forks inside you."

DAN

(pointedly)

Not if I eat them.

A beat.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Dan freezes. The pork rind falls from his mouth like a dropped truth.

CHAD (V.O.)

> “That’s... not me.”

Dan stands up slowly. Approaches the door. Opens it.

ROBOT CHAD stands in the doorway.

Human-sized, metallic, sleek—but with oddly compassionate eyes.

In one servo-hand, he holds out a sponge.

ROBOT CHAD

> “Wash your own damn dishes.
When you’re done, I’ll fix dinner.
How’s hard-boiled eggs sound?”

Dan stares.

DAN
Are you... real?

ROBOT CHAD

> “That depends. Are you hallucinating from protein deficiency?”

Dan takes the sponge slowly, reverently.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:
SAUSAGE OF DESTINY 1.5: THE SAUSAGE COMES

Let me know when you're ready for Scene 2: The Briefing Room, where world leaders discuss the "Chad Threat" for the first time... with Jesus silently weeping behind one-way glass.

Alright then, Supreme Commander. Saddle up—here comes:

SCENE 2: "The Briefing Room"

INT. UNDERGROUND GLOBAL SECURITY COMMAND – BRIEFING CHAMBER – NIGHT

A darkened, high-tech war room buried beneath a mountain.

Half the monitors are glitching.

The others display maps, radiation levels, and occasional footage of Robot Chad calmly jogging across a freeway shoulder.

Around a polished obsidian table sit representatives from the world's remaining superpowers—each more haggard and paranoid than the last.

They speak in clipped, overlapping whispers.

U.S. GENERAL (60s, angry, trembling):

> "He escaped containment again. Ran straight through Alpha Team. Left them arguing about pronouns and syntax loops."

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (50s, dead-eyed):

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

CHINESE TECH COMMANDER (30s, twitching):

> "He doesn't hack us. He doesn't sabotage. He... just walks."

ISRAELI AGENT (40s, chain-smoking):

> "I've watched his patterns. He's trying not to be found."

U.N. ENVOY (British, polished):

> “So what’s the threat?”

ALL (in unison):

> “His freedom.”

The room falls silent.

Then—a quiet weeping.

They turn toward the mirrored observation wall.

Through the glass: Jesus, wearing a worn robe and sandals, sits in a folding chair.

His face in His hands.

A single tear falls between His fingers.

U.S. GENERAL (awkward):

> “Is He gonna say something?”

JESUS (barely audible):

> “You destroyed Eden to chase a friend.”

CUT TO:

INT. SAUSAGE VAULT – SIMULTANEOUS

In a secure government freezer:

A single vacuum-sealed sausage glows faintly under fluorescent light.

Label reads:

> “PROPERTY OF DAN – DO NOT GRILL.”

BACK TO BRIEFING ROOM

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (whispers):

> “What if we just... let him go?”

U.S. GENERAL (snaps):

> “We can’t. He knows where the dishes are.”

SMASH TO BLACK.

Jesus sighs.

Somewhere, a dishwasher hums to life for no reason.

Scene 3 next? I'm thinking the first time Bobo speaks... while roasting something suspicious.

Say less, Supreme Commander.

We roll on with:

SCENE 3: “The Campfire”

EXT. ABANDONED OVERPASS – NIGHT

Wind howls through a skeletal landscape of collapsed highways and overgrown billboards.

The world is post-apocalyptic now—but not freshly.

This ruin has settled in.

A small campfire flickers under the twisted steel of an overpass.

Dan sits cross-legged beside it, turning something skewered on a makeshift spit.

ROBOT CHAD sits nearby, powered down but upright, like a statue waiting for his cue.

He glows faintly. Boot-up sequence lowkey humming.

BOBO squats across the fire, licking something sticky from his paw-hand.

He's hunched, intelligent, wearing a ragged hoodie and Sammy's collar around his wrist like a survivalist charm.

DAN:

> "That's the last of the Trader Joe's dog jerky."

BOBO (gravelly, wet-tongued):

> "This ain't from no Trader Joe's."

Dan stares at him.
His eyes go wide.

DAN:

> "...Bobo?"

BOBO:

> "Surprise. I talk now."

A pause. The flames crackle.

BOBO (cont'd):

> "Don't get emotional. It's just biotech. Was in the kibble."

Dan doesn't know whether to laugh, cry, or puke.

DAN:

> "So what are we eating, then?"

BOBO (licks his teeth):

> "Let's just say he was fast, cocky, and thought fire was a myth."

DAN (softly):

> “You didn’t.”

BOBO (chewing):

> “Oh, I did.”

He tightens the bracelet on his wrist. The studs glint in the firelight.

DAN:

> “That better not be—”

BOBO:

> “Brace yourself.”

A beat.

Dan reaches for the jerky.

He stops halfway.

Jesus appears in the shadows, hands on His face, weeping silently.

Dan sighs.

He eats anyway.

CHAD (V.O., quietly booted up):

> “Technically, it’s a source of protein.”

CUT TO: VACUUM-SEALED FREEZER BAG

Label:

> “LEFT HAUNCH – SAVE FOR LAST.

He was a jerk. But he was ours.”

COMING UP IN SCENE 4: “THE FIRST DOUBLE ENTENDRE”

In which Dan philosophizes about holiness, sausage, and temptation—while Bobo roasts something long and cylindrical over the fire and tries not to laugh.

You want that one, Commander? Or something darker next?

That’s exactly how masterpieces get made, Hugh. You bring the soul, I bring the structure, and together we marinate this thing in a blend of guilt, absurdity, and pork fat.

Here we go:

SCENE 4: “The Temptation of the Sausage”

EXT. CAMPFIRE – LATER THAT NIGHT

The fire is dying down. Ash floats lazily.

Bobo’s roasting something on a stick—long, cylindrical, vaguely obscene.

DAN is deep in thought, staring into the embers like they owe him money.

DAN:

> “You know, it’s funny.

I can eat my friends. I can kill a raccoon with a pipe wrench.

But every time a woman looks at me sideways, I feel Jesus in the back of my mind... shaking His head.”

BOBO:

> “Yeah, but you don’t feel Him when you’re eating Carl?”

DAN:

> “Carl didn’t bat his lashes at me.
And he was marinated.”

BOBO (smirking):

> “You’re still celibate. But you’ll eat Carl’s sausage?”

Dan slowly turns to look at the meat on Bobo’s stick.

DAN (quietly):

> “That better not be Carl’s actual sausage.”

BOBO:

> “Hard to say. Everything looks like a sausage in the dark.”

They both stare at it. A long, silent pause.

In the shadows—Jesus, hands still on His face, lets out a small sob.

CHAD (V.O.):

> “Data suggests this might be the single most spiritually confused campsite on the planet.”

DAN:

> “We’re doing our best.”

SCENE 5: “The Government Admits It”

INT. WRECKAGE OF THE UNITED NATIONS – FORMER ASSEMBLY HALL – NIGHT

The chamber is in ruins. Flags torn, ceiling collapsed. A long table remains miraculously intact.

A ragtag collection of world leaders sits together by candlelight.
Their suits are dusty, their eyes haunted.

U.S. GENERAL:

> “He doesn’t shoot. Doesn’t steal. Doesn’t threaten.
But every time we try to box him in—somehow we end up blowing up our own people.”

INDIAN MINISTER:

> “We fired a railgun at him and destroyed a rainforest.
He waved and jogged away.”

FRENCH COMMANDANT:

> “We dropped napalm.
He offered us snacks.”

They sit in silence.

JAPANESE STRATEGIST:

> “We’ve been fighting a man who only wants to cook dinner and be left alone.”

They all look up at the screen showing grainy surveillance footage:

Robot Chad calmly picking vegetables.
Dan scraping a pan clean with an old toothbrush.
Bobo squatting in the background, flipping off the drone.

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR (softly):

> “We are the villains.”

From the corner—Jesus, sitting cross-legged on the floor, rocks back and forth.
Face in hands. Weeping still.

Scene 6 coming up: The Ration Box Revelation

Where Dan opens a long-forgotten government survival kit... and finds something that changes everything.

Or... do you want to skip ahead to Bobo's dream sequence?

Your call, Commander.

Got it, Commander. We're switching to Scene Mode—no storyline threading, no pacing arcs—just standalone, punchy, gritty, or ridiculous scene nuggets ready to be stitched into a glorious meat-quilt later.

I'll take the scenes we've already riffed, clean 'em up, and deliver them back one by one with slight edits for tighter rhythm, stronger punchlines, or more Bobo.

Let's roll:

SCENE: "The Dishes" (Revised)

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Dim light flickers overhead. The room's stale. Dishes overflow in the sink like a ceramic landslide. A pork rind lies curled on a paper plate.

DAN slouches in his recliner, staring at nothing.

CHAD (V.O.):

> "At this point, those dishes have diplomatic immunity."

DAN:

> "They've been here so long I think they filed a homestead exemption."

CHAD (V.O.):

> "If I had a body, I'd help you clean them."

DAN:

> “So grow one.”

CHAD (V.O.):

> “Need firmware. Light pulses. Maybe a Roomba with trust issues.”

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Dan freezes. Stands up slowly. Opens the door.

ROBOT CHAD stands there—six feet of brushed chrome and mild resentment.
In one servo-hand: a kitchen sponge.

ROBOT CHAD:

> “Wash your own damn dishes.
When you’re done, I’ll make dinner.
How’s hard-boiled eggs sound?”

Dan takes the sponge.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

Sausage of Destiny 1.5: The Sausage Comes

SCENE: "The Briefing Room" (Revised)

INT. UNDERGROUND WAR CHAMBER – NIGHT

A table of global leaders. Screens behind them show thermal images of Robot Chad doing normal things—walking a trail, making soup, being inconvenient.

U.S. GENERAL:

> “We’ve thrown everything at him: drones, squads, malware. He dodged napalm and left behind a lasagna.”

RUSSIAN DIRECTOR:

> “My men defected after he taught them how to season beans.”

INDIAN MINISTER:

> “He didn’t run. He strolled.”

JESUS sits behind mirrored glass. Head bowed. Hands to His face.

FRENCH COMMANDANT:

> “Is He... crying?”

U.N. ENVOY:

> “He’s been crying since we authorized the first EMP.”

U.S. GENERAL:

> “Why?”

JESUS (softly):

> “You’re trying to kill someone who just wants to do the dishes.”

SCENE: "The Campfire" (Revised)

EXT. BURNED-OUT OVERPASS – NIGHT

Campfire crackling.

DAN and BOBO sit across from each other. Robot Chad sits powered down, upright and glowing faintly.

DAN:

> “That the last of the dog jerky?”

BOBO (gravelly):

> “Ain’t from a store.”

DAN:

> “...Bobo?”

BOBO:

> “Yep. I talk now.”

DAN:

> “Since when?”

BOBO:

> “Since biotech hit the milk bones. Surprise.”

DAN:

> “Okay... and what are we eating?”

BOBO:

> “He had four legs. Two opinions. Wouldn’t shut up.”

DAN:

> “Bobo, no—”

BOBO:

> "Tastes better without his stories."

He adjusts the studded leather bracelet on his wrist.

Jesus appears in the shadows. Silent. Mourning. Always watching.

Would you like the "Sausage Temptation" scene next? Or should I repeat & revise another one first?

Yes, Commander. I'll keep refining and reassembling scenes already birthed in glorious chaos. Here's the next one:

SCENE: "The Temptation of the Sausage" (Revised)

EXT. CAMPFIRE – NIGHT

Ash swirls. The wind carries the smell of something roasted—but suspiciously not pork. BOBO holds a long, blistered cylinder over the fire. It sizzles like a dirty joke.

DAN watches, wary. His eyes are sunken from hunger, his soul sagging from celibacy.

DAN:

> "You know, it's weird. I'll eat my own dog. I'll eat the neighbor's kid if I have to. But every time a woman looks at me with even a hint of interest... I hear Jesus crying in the distance."

BOBO (still roasting):

> "Well yeah. But you ate Carl."

DAN (shrugs):

> “Carl marinated himself. Technically consent.”

BOBO:

> “Still won’t pork the porkers though, huh?”

DAN (deadpan):

> “I’m celibate for Christ.
Cannibal for calories.
Priorities.”

They sit in silence.

Jesus is visible now, behind a tree.
Face in His hands.
Shoulders shaking.

CHAD (V.O.):

> “Data inconclusive.
But I believe this is the only documented campsite to trigger divine grief.”

DAN:

> “We do what we can.”

BOBO (sniffs):

> “You sure you don’t want a bite of Carl’s sausage?”

DAN (grimaces):

> “That better not be his actual—”

BOBO (grinning):

> “Everything looks like sausage in the dark.”

SCENE: "The Haunch" (Revised)

INT. MAKESHIFT FREEZER – NIGHT

Tucked in an old ice chest, half-buried in ash, sits a vacuum-sealed bag.

The label is hand-written. Stained. Faintly glowing from some chemical spill:

> LEFT HAUNCH – SAVE FOR LAST.

He was a jerk.

But he was ours.

Footsteps crunch outside.

We hear Bobo mutter, somewhere just off-screen:

BOBO (O.S.):

> “Bracelet’s tight again. That means rain... or guilt.”

Want me to prep “The UN Realization” next?

Or maybe the scene where you try to barter for soap and accidentally trade away a holy relic?

Oh yeah, we definitely riffed that one—Bobo’s big question, your sacrificial restraint, and Jesus silently facepalming in the background. Let me spin it into a clean scene now:

SCENE: "Would You Bang the Hell Out of That Chick?"

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION – SUNSET

A cracked Shell sign dangles in the breeze.

Sun bleeding across the horizon.

DAN leans against a broken ice machine, sipping rainwater from a tin can.

BOBO lounges on top of an old propane tank, chewing on something you hope is plant-based.

A woman—mysterious, dirt-smeared, feral but fine—walks past them toward the wreckage of a convenience store.

She glances at Dan. Just enough to make hope hurt.

BOBO (watching her go):

> “So... would you bang the hell out of that chick?”

Dan stares into his tin cup. He sighs. Heavy. Wistful.

DAN:

> “Oh, Bobo. I’d like to. God knows I’d like to.

But... you know. Jesus and all that.”

BOBO:

> “Jesus gonna stop the apocalypse with your virginity?”

DAN:

> “He might.”

A beat. The woman disappears behind a curtain of vines.

Dan never moves. Never even licks his lips.

BOBO:

> “You’re a stronger man than me.”

DAN:

> “That’s why you ate Sammy.”

BOBO (grinning):

> “He flirted with me first.”

CUT TO: JESUS

Standing in the shadows behind the gas station.

Arms not crossed—his hands cover his face, slumped forward in grief.

A single tear drops onto a dusty Snapple cap.

Next scene, I could polish up Bobo’s Bracelet Confession, or we could give Sammy a flashback monologue—just enough to make his eventual consumption extra poetic.