

SPAM WARS

by

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INT. HERO'S HOME

The HERO is reading the Blogger's blog. He browses, and then yawns.

HERO
Hmm, no comments.
(yawns)

CUT TO:

INT. SOME SORT OF LIMBO/HEAVENLY AREA

There is a silence. HORMEL, the God of Spam reads a blog on his computer. The clouds around him billows. HORMEL is a fat entity dressed in ancient Greek livery. He sits with his fats oozing out of the chair. He's eating a SPAM sandwich.

HORMEL
Ho ho, here's a blog I can spam.

He types a few words into the computer, and presses enter.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOGGER'S HOME.

The BLOGGER is half asleep. There is a book covering his face, and his computer is turned on. There is a 'bing' sound and a female voice says "New Blog Comment". The Blogger wakes up and checks the new comment.

SCREEN

On the computer screen, there is a blog comment left by Hormel, the God of Spam. The message says: Free SPAM Meat! Guaranteed to increase your pen!s size! Chicks will want to date you after you try our Ci@lis laced SPAM!

HALF SHOT: BLOGGER

The Blogger grunts and leans forwards to type a reply. He types a reply and presses the the Enter Key

SCREEN

The Blogger's reply was "Sorry, I like Ma Ling SPAMmeat better".

CUT TO:

INT. HERO'S HOME

The Hero looks with interest now. There have been two comments on the blog. He types in a comment, and presses Enter.

SCREEN

The comment says "WTF is Ma Ling? And SPAM is salty"

CLOSE-UP: HERO

The Hero chuckles. Above, thunder rumbles.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME SORT OF LIMBO/HEAVENLY AREA

There is a flash. And then the Hero finds himself in the Limbo/Heavenly Area.

Hormel was standing in front of the Hero.

HORMEL
What did you say?

HERO
Oh. You. I was wondering who called.

HORMEL
(angry loud godly voice)
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
(thunder rumbles)

HERO
Say what?

HORMEL
(angry loud godly voice)
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SAID!

HERO
Oh shut up. I was just being bored. And oh,
yes, SPAM is salty.

At the mention of being bored, another God strolls in. He is TEDIUM, the God of Boredom. He looks sleepy, bored and depressed. He keeps yawning.

HORMEL
(to Hero)
Why you little runt!

TEDIUM
(in the background)
Hey, don't drag me into this. I may be the
God of Boredom, but I want no part in this.

HORMEL
(continuing)
I'll destroy you yet! I'll spam your blog
comments! And your inbox!

HERO
Well, look who's being wrathful now. Didn't you know that Wrath is a Seven Deadly Sin? Ain't that right, Jehovah?

JEHOVAH
(disembodied voice)
Yep, that's right, son.

HERO
But fear not! I have Gmail! And Akismet!

Hormel is visibly angry. The whole picture distorts itself and goes a little chaotic.

PULL OUT AND REVEAL:

INT. BLOGGER'S HOME.

The camera pulls out and reveals that the Blogger is watching this from his computer. He hits his monitor and the image stabilized. At the very edge of the screen, in rides a horseman.

CUT TO:

INT. SOME SORT OF LIMBO/HEAVENLY AREA.

The Horseman is KAOS, the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. He is dressed like a rock star, with funky hair, and torn jeans and stuff.

While Hormel is thinking of a response to the Hero, he says to the arguing pair

KAOS
(rather brightly)
Hi! I'm Kaos, Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. How may I be of service?

Hormel and the Hero totally ignores Kaos.

HORMEL
Pah! Akismet! Gmail! Your pathetic spam prevention system will not prevent the Divine Spam!

HERO
Oh yea? Akismet has the power of the Community! You can spam me once, but you can't spam me twice!

HORMEL
Ah, trying to trick ol' Spamster, eh? There's an old saying in Tennessee, I know it's from Texas, probably in Tennessee - that says, fool me once, shame on - shame on you. Fool me - you can't get fooled again.

HERO

And Gmail has got advanced spam filtering technology! Algorithms rock my socks!

Meanwhile, Kaos rides up to Tedium, who's sleeping.

KAOS

Hi! I'm Kaos! Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse! How may I be of service?

Tedium continues snoring.

And the arguing pair are still going on

HORMEL

Oh you humans and your worship of False Gods like Technology, Money and Credit Cards. Didn't you hear what the Pope say?

At this point, a giant credit card pops up.

CREDIT CARD

Who says I'm a False God? I'm as real as you buster.

Hormel pushes Credit Card onto the ground. The God of Credit Cards screamed as he fell into oblivion on to Earth.

HORMEL

(his voice goes all Darth Vader like)

You don't know the Powaaaaar of the Dark Spam!

Hormel raises his hands like Emperor Palpatine, ready to fire lightning upon the Hero.

HERO

I have faith in Akismet.

Hormel fires his lightning bolts from his hands towards the Hero, who calmly raises his hand and absorbs the lightning.

HORMEL

Use your feelings, boy. Let the need for a bigger penis flow through you.

Kaos rides up the the duelling duo and says

KAOS

Hi! I'm Kaos! The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Everyone ignores Kaos. The duelling continues, each focused on one another

KAOS (CONT'D)

(dejected)

Aww, nobody bothers about me. I wasn't even in Durer's painting. Damn! Time to remarket myself.

Kaos rides away.

HORMEL

Search your feelings! You know you are Nigerian Royalty!

HERO

NOOOOOO!

HORMEL

Now fulfil your destiny and buy Generic Cialis! It is unavoidable. It is your destiny.

PULL OUT AND REVEAL:

INT. BLOGGER'S HOME.

The Blogger watches, en-tranced. Then a curtain comes down in the screen, and a man popped out. He's a bit fat in the middle, and wears a white shirt and jeans. He is HOMER J. S., master storyteller.

HOMER J. S.

And so, man and god embroiled themselves in a war that lasted many millenias. Some sources say it's still going on, right above our heads, banking on their obscurity and our ignoran-

(sees a cake off camera)

MMMMMMMMM..... CAAAAAAAAAAAAAKEEE!

THE END.