

DISCLAIMER

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Buckle up.

Sonic's Last Adventure

Written by

Josh Bird
Left at London
Julian Epp
Ethan Koffsky
Nathaniel Ferguson
Bella Blaze
Christin Lacey
Sean Lehrner
Leland V
Trevor Hogle
Rachael Nelson
Ethan Esparza
Audrey Cozzarelli
Jacob Killough
Niki Sharirli
Josh Weston

FADE IN:

EXT. EMERALD HILL ZONE

We see the lush, pixelated landscape of the Emerald Hill Zone with palm trees set against rolling hills. Onto the screen runs a young SONIC THE HEDGEHOG, joined shortly afterwards by MILES "TAILS" PROWER. Together, they run from left to right, defeating robotic enemies and collecting spinning gold rings as they go. Slowly, the camera pulls out to reveal that all of this is happening on a television set - a very old and cheap looking one. Scattered around the TV in the dark room are various pieces of SONIC THE HEDGEHOG merchandise - cups, a hat, a bobblehead, a plushie, etc. - and over the TV's sound we can now hear the mashing of buttons. Suddenly, the screen turns off with a low hum, plunging the whole room into darkness.

VOICE OF TAILS

Oh, come on! ...shit.

EXT. TRAILER - GLOOMY MORNING

A rusty trailer sits on the grass at the edge of a forest. The door is kicked open and an old, overweight TAILS emerges, shuffling down the steps in a vest and stained boxer shorts. He walks to the end of the trailer and starts to pull on a cord. The generator makes a weak rumbling sound. TAILS keeps pulling the cord, and we fade to black with nothing but the repeating sound of the cord continuing in the background. On the black screen, the title appears.

SONIC'S LAST ADVENTURE

CUT TO:

EXT. SONIC'S PROPERTY - A FEW HOURS LATER

TAILS emerges once again from the trailer, this time dressed in a polo shirt with high waisted slacks. He looks fairly smart now, but boring. He walks away from his trailer across the grass to a large house. It's not quite a mansion, but an impressive home in the middle of a large clearing surrounded by pine trees. TAILS reaches the front door of the house and

fiddles with his keys for a while before unlocking the door and going inside.

INT: SONIC'S HOUSE

We can hear TAILS settling in - taking his shoes off and opening curtains, but we are looking at various objects around the house. There are trophies and awards, statues of SONIC by himself and with TAILS and KNUCKLES THE ECHIDNA. There are oil paintings on the walls of SONIC and friends, as well as photographs of them shaking hands with mayors and presidents, or standing on wreckages of huge nefarious machines. The final one is of SONIC and TAILS together as DR. EGGMAN or DR. ROBOTNIK, for the nerds, is being put into a squad car in the background.

INT. SONIC'S BEDROOM

TAILS opens the door, letting light into the room, and immediately heads over to the curtains to open them.

TAILS
Morning, Sonic.

We see that SONIC is laying in bed, but he does not respond, instead just staring at the open door. TAILS grunts as he pushes a wheelchair over from the corner of the room. He lines it up beside SONIC's bed, and pulls back the covers.

TAILS
(quietly)
Oh, we've had a little accident. That's okay.

TAILS puts his hands on his hips and sighs. We cut to a short shot of TAILS in the bathroom, through the open door, with SONIC bent over his knee as TAILS wipes his backside.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

SONIC sits at the kitchen table in a dressing gown, looking vacantly through the french windows opposite him. TAILS is blending something red, and we see an empty packet of frozen chilli dogs beside the machine. He pours the liquidised chilli dogs into a bowl and microwaves it, before placing it down in front of SONIC. SONIC look down at the bowl, and then back to the windows.

TAILS
(taking a spoonful of the mixture)
Here we go, open up bud.

Somewhat reluctantly, SONIC opens his mouth, and TAILS begins to feed him spoonfuls of chilli dog soup. As he does so, he hums the Emerald Hill Zone theme music gently to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. "Cash & Carry & Knuckles" GROCERY STORE - LATE NIGHT

We cut between establishing shots of the various cash registers and aisles within the store as Tails is slowly grabbing products and placing them into his cart. He rolls past the donuts and stares at them for a bit. In the reflection of the glass, you can see tails smiling a bit. In the reflection of the eyes, the donuts look instead like rings. His eye waters a bit, as he smirks in nostalgia. His concentration is broken by the sound of a young child in a "person scout" uniform, the gender-neutral boy/girl scouts.

PERSON SCOUT
Hi, there! Would you like to buy some cookies? All the money donates to homeless shelters just in time for the Christmas season.

TAILS
Christmas?

PERSON SCOUT
Yes, but all cookies are 15% off for our Spring Fling sale.

TAILS
Wait what? You just said it was the Christmas season.

PERSON SCOUT
We've got orange zest, chocolate champion, and our seasonal heart-shaped pumpkin spice cookies!

TAILS
WHAT MONTH IS IT

CUSTOMER
(talking to another nearby customer)
I read somewhere it was August

TAILS loses his cool and walks away in a huff. He sheepishly walks back and gives the scout a \$10 bill and takes two boxes of "banana nut bust"

TAILS

...Thank you. Sorry for yelling. You can keep the change.

TAILS, embarrassed, quickly walks toward another aisle and picks up some of what he needs, including Arm & Hammer & Knuckles baking soda, and some Johnson & Johnson & Knuckles band-aids. As he continues on his business, he passes by the electronics section, where the TV is stuck on a news station. You can hear it faintly in the background.

NEWS REPORTER

Chet.

TAILS

What?

NEWS REPORTER

Chet!

TAILS

Is he saying Chet? What is that

NEWS REPORTER

Chet. Chet Fuckhammer, the CEO of gaming company GameVape, is the name on everybody's mouths today, because he has successfully stolen the chaos emeralds. (He looks to the side to what we can only assume is a cameraman or a producer) can we say Fuckhammer? ...mmkay. (looks back to camera) Here to discuss the matter with us on skype is Senator Tammy Duckworth and Danny Bonaduce. Welcome.

DANNY BONADUCE

Pleasure to be here.

SENATOR TAMMY DUCKWORTH

Thanks for having me on.

NEWS REPORTER

Now, Chet Fuckhammer is reportedly using the Chaos Emeralds to make more shitty products and commercials, as well as perhaps,

doing unfair business deals, according to the character sheet I was given. What is your opinion on this?

DANNY BONADUCE

I think Chet can FUCK my SUCK-

SENATOR TAMMY DUCKWORTH

CHET can SUCK my CUCK-

NEWS REPORTER

I'm sorry to interrupt this heated discussion, but we have a breaking news alert about a murder in the area. Warning to all you out there, a local woman has been found stripped, brutally gored and beheaded. Images from the scenes may be disturbing for some viewers, so don't worry, we've censored her boobies.

The graphic image with censored nipples goes onscreen and stays there for a solid minute. Tails looks at the screen disgusted.

TAILS

(talking to himself)

Man, I'm telling you. They just don't make news like they used to. Walter Cronkite; Now THERE was a reporter! He could waltz his cronk into MY kite any day.

TAILS laughs at his own joke and continues on his business, checking out his items on the cash register.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - SONIC'S HOUSE

The camera is looking out the window by the front door towards the gravel road and SONIC's mailbox. It is raining pretty heavily. We see a large figure carrying some grocery bags approaching the door. It swings open and we see TAILS, dripping onto the welcome mat with his head hung low. He is wearing a poncho but it has clearly not helped. He calls SONIC's name up the stairs.

TAILS

SONIC. I'm back.

No answer. He looks toward the clock on the wall. It's almost 9. The old man might have fallen asleep on his own. He sets the wet bags on the floor and pulls the poncho off over his head. He removes his hat and puts it on a hook. He then removes his two, smaller hats from his tails and puts them on the two, smaller hooks below the first one. He calls out again, more worn than the first time.

TAILS

Hey, SONIC. Buddy.

SONIC's wheelchair is turned over at the bottom of the stairs. He must have tried to get to his room. The lights in the house are off, and TAILS flips the switch on the wall, which breaks off. He flicks it away. When the lights come on, we can see that all over the floor are crayon drawn self-portraits that SONIC had made throughout the day. By all over the floor, I mean that literally. He ran out of paper and just started drawing on the hardwood.

TAILS

God damn it, buddy. You're better than this. [under his breath] You have to be better than this.

He sets his car keys in a dish shaped like SONIC's face. It is one of the last remnants of his legacy. The world has forgotten about them and their adventures. TAILS pulls out a flask and takes a drink, but it's not enough to clear his head. The voices were back, and they are growing louder. He walks toward the living room, turns on the TV, and opens a drawer in the coffee table revealing a small, white bag and a copy of Sonic Party for the Wii U. He does a line off the game, throws the contraband back in the drawer, and slams it closed. The voices are louder now.

TAILS

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

His shouting drowns out the sound of the television. He clenches his head and runs upstairs, fumbling along the way. His vision blurs and fades in and out. He knocks over a picture that hangs at the top of the stairs, falling down and landing next to the wheelchair. The glass on the frame shatters. The camera zooms in and it's a picture of SONIC and the whole gang in their respective primes, smiling. TAILS makes it to SONIC's room and sees him sitting and coloring next to his bed. TAILS' vision returns to normal.

TAILS

Sonic- I've. I called for you. Didn't you hear?

SONIC continues to color while mumbling to himself.

SONIC

Me and Knuckles went-

TAILS interrupts him.

TAILS

Knuckles is dead, SONIC. Remember?

SONIC doesn't respond. He drew a picture of a noose on the hardwood floor which is worrying.

TAILS

It's getting late, buddy. We should get you ready for bed. C'mon.

TAILS heads to the bathroom across the hall and pulls out SONIC's various medicines that he has to give him before he can go to sleep. He fills a needle with insulin and heads back into the room.

TAILS

Alright, now. Just be still.

He goes to insert the needle into his arm and SONIC turns suddenly at the last second. It nicks him and he lets out a small yelp.

SONIC

Gah, FUCK!

He falls backwards and a bunch of golden rings shoot out of him and scatter around the room. Neither of them try to retrieve them. After blinking for a couple of seconds, the rings disappear and the two are alone once again. TAILS lifts him off the floor and puts him in his bed, which is shaped like a racecar, and tucks him in. He smiles at his old friend, who has already managed to fall asleep, and then accidentally steps in his bed pan. Piss flies everywhere. TAILS is soaked from the rain before but this is something else. Water and piss are indistinguishable at this point as they blend together into a wet fur and piss mixture that can only be described as a cacophony, but for smells. If the audience was watching this in one of those smell-o-vision theaters, they

would all be retching and contorting in an inhuman fashion as they try to rid themselves of the poison that this smell has created inside of them. TAILS heads downstairs. The television is still on.

TAILS

This shit again.

He sees that it's the same news report about Chet Fuckhammer stealing the chaos emeralds from earlier and goes to turn it off, but he can't. He is mesmerized by it. He reads the ticker running across the bottom. BERNIE SANDERS crashes biplane into the side of the Green Hill Zone. Golden ring prices up 200%. This world is much different than the one TAILS grew up in. He looks around and notices the picture that fell down by the stairs from before. He puts the chair back upright and brushes the glass off of the frame. A single tear falls onto the photo, though it could just be some of that piss still soaking him. It lands on the young SONIC's face. He grabs the wheelchair and runs back upstairs.

TAILS

Get up.

SONIC doesn't move.

TAILS

Get the fuck up.

SONIC moves a little bit.

TAILS

SONIC, you old fuck. Get your head out of your ass.

SONIC wakes up, looks at TAILS, and is semi-lucid for a brief moment

SONIC

I'm a goddamn hedge... you two-tailed fuck. I roll up in a ball. My head is always in my ass. ...chili dog.

TAILS

Listen, old man. You want a chili dog? You'll get it. As soon as you get your blue ass in the car.

SONIC

I hate that car. I hate cars. I want to run. That's what I'm made for to do.

TAILS

Look at yourself. You want to run? Then let's do it. Don't just talk the talk and then sit there with your dick in your hand while I spoon-feed you chili dogs for another 10 years until we eventually off ourselves. Get in the fucking car. It's time for a god damn adventure. One last adventure before I put a fucking bullet in my head.

SONIC is silent again. He climbs into the wheelchair.

TAILS

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have yelled.

SONIC looks up at his old friend.

TAILS

Come on. We gotta go-

SONIC smiles.

SONIC

Fast.

FADE TO:

INT. DAY - TAILS' TRAILER

TAILS sleeps atop a thin mattress in his sparsely furnished trailer home. An old alarm clock weakly rattles next to his bed. He opens his eyes, rolls over his prodigious gut, and slowly manages to stand himself up by straining both his all of his limbs and and all of his tails against the floor.

TAILS

Ow. Oh, ow.

While grimacing, TAILS lumbers over to his bathroom and looks himself in the mirror. His glassy eyes look over his flabby, tired, old body, causing him to sneer in disgust.

TAILS

(Quiet, almost whispering)

How can you stand to wake up as this miserable creature every morning? Your body looks like it's made up of flecks of bile and shit. You're useless. You are dirt. I want to feed you the rats and be done with you. I want to throw you away.

TAILS closes his eyes and stands in silence for a while. Finally, he opens them and turns to several framed pictures of SONIC placed atop his toilet tank. Immediately upon seeing SONIC, his posture and expression improves, as if he has suddenly become filled with a new appreciation for life.

TAILS

But again, it's fine that I'm not much of anything as long as Sonic's around. Because he can do everything. He's a hero. But me, I'm...I'm a coward..

He once again slumps over. A visible lump forms in his throat.

TAILS

I'm a coward who's going to hell.

TAILS exits the bathroom to pack up his things. He takes a bunch of shoes and gloves out of his drawer and places them in his suitcase. A considerable amount of orange fur falls off his face and into the suitcase.

TAILS

I'm losing fur. I may be sick. That's good. I deserve to be sick.

He shuts his suitcase and makes his way out of his trailer to get SONIC.

INT. DAY - SONIC'S HOUSE

TAILS enters SONIC's room with a grin on his face. He shakes SONIC awake.

TAILS

Hey buddy! Today's our big day! We're going to have an adventure!

SONIC'S head vaguely sways from side to side.

TAILS

I have to admit, I'm a little scared. Every new adventure is a little scary. But with that super speed of yours, I'm sure you'll be well equipped to handle any dangers we might come across! Now let's get going to Game Vapescisco!

SONIC aimlessly waves his arm about, unintentionally poking his big, connected eye but seeming unfazed by it. TAILS helps him out of his bed into his wheelchair. He pushes the wheelchair out of the room and begins to move SONIC down the

stairs, resulting in him violently bumping up and down. TAILS tries to lift the wheelchair off the stairs by flying, but all three of his tails only manage to rotate around once before getting stuck in his asscrack.

TAILS

Oh God, I FUCKED it up! Jesus! I tried to fly but I fucked up! I've been so useless lately. You think I'm useless, don't you Sonic? You must. I'm an embarrassment.

SONIC says nothing, simply staring ahead as his head is thrust up and down. The stairs end and TAILS continues to push SONIC through the house.

TAILS

You're so gracious to let me be friends with you. You are the master. I am a nothing. I consider you the best out of all the Power Animals. That's what I've recently decided to call all the brightly colored people-sized creatures in our world like you, me, or Knuckles. Power Animals. Do you think that's a good name for us?

SONIC continues to say nothing.

TAILS

No, you're right. It's terrible. It's fucking terrible. I'm sorry.

SONIC mumbles something unintelligible.

TAILS

What did you say? Did you say you're going to give me the opportunity to pitch another one? That is what you said, right? Okay, I'm seriously not going to fuck this one up. This one's going to be good. I think we should all be called Boy Monsters.

SONIC says nothing.

TAILS

Oh, god! That one's worse! Right? Isn't it? No! Dammit! No!

EXT. DAY - SONIC'S YARD

TAILS pushes SONIC out into the yard, where laying in the driveway is TAILS' '86 Corolla.

TAILS

Now, I know you could probably outrun this thing by a LONG shot, but this way I can be right there beside you to administer your medicine and help you get on the toilet at rest stops.

SONIC'S head slumps over.

TAILS

Hey Sonic, how about a little show for old time's sake? How fast do you think you can get to that car seat from your wheelchair?

SONIC slowly lifts his head up and looks up at the car. It is only a few feet away from him.

TAILS

This is going to be so great!

SONIC twitches and slumps back into his chair. His wheelchair falls over on its side and skids slowly down a hill, landing in a pile of leaves.

TAILS

Oh yeah...I guess you just woke up, huh? That's fine. Here...

TAILS retrieves SONIC from the leaves and helps him into the passenger's seat. He gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

TAILS

Next stop, Game Vapescisco!

SONIC

Juicin'.

TAILS drives off.

FADE TO:

EXT. DAY - GREEN HILL ZONE

SONIC and TAILS are driving, "Uptown Girl" is blasting on the radio. Tails is nodding his head to the song, Sonic is motionless.

TAILS

Oh man, this sure does remind me of the good ol' days, right, Sonic?

SONIC says nothing, but his eyes tell the story of a thousand words

SONIC'S EYES

Kill me

TAILS

Oh haha SONIC'S EYES, you're so funny.

The 86 COROLLA starts going on a loopy loop, at the apex of the loop, TAILS gets a far off look in his eyes, similar to the cold dead look present in SONIC's eyes.

TAILS

Oh wow, hey Sonic, do you remember that time when...

TAILS' voice trails off, the scene gets all wibbly and wobbly. This is clearly a flashback.

EXT. NIGHT - LAS VEGAS

SONIC and TAILS are walking down the Las Vegas Strip. TAILS has a fist full of \$20's, SONIC has a big cigar in his mouth. Foreshadowing? Probably not. They are both wearing leather jackets and sunglasses but nothing else.

TAILS

Wow Sonic, who knew that saving the world would have this many perks? I've been getting free drinks all night.

Suddenly, a WILD FAN runs up to them on all fours. It is a dog.

WILD FAN DOG

Oh my god oh my god it's really you! You guys are my heros, I've been a huge fan of you for years. The name's Hot, Hot The Dog. I'm light blue. Why did the chicken cross the road?

SONIC

Wha-? Uhh... To get to the other side?

HOT THE DOG

Fuck, you already knew that one.

HOT THE DOG runs off in embarrassment, as he's crossing the street, a car hits him, but it doesn't seem to phase him. He can withstand heavy impacts.

TAILS

Wow, he is resilient, and able to withstand heavy impacts.

SONIC

Come on Tails, let's use some of those \$20's to get some of that powder that makes me... go fast

TAILS

Sonic, this destructive lifestyle may ultimately come to harm you in the future, but I'm not bothered enough to intervene now, I hope you don't end up comatose in the future as a direct result of this

EXT. GREEN HILLS DRIVE - PRESENT DAY

SONIC and TAILS are finishing the loopy loop. Sonic is comatose. TAILS looks at SONIC sadly.

TAILS

[Quietly] I should have been a better friend... Things back in the day weren't always that great...

The scene gets wibbly wobbly again.

INT. SONIC'S MANSION - PAST

SONIC and TAILS are sitting at a computer. Sonic is upset.

SONIC

46??!?!?! BASED OFF OF 471 RATINGS? THE POLLS ARE RIGGED. THIS IS FAKE NEWS.

TAILS

Sonic buddy, it's okay. It's not your fault SEGA forced the Sonic Team to release a product which was not yet finished, as a desperate cash grab the development team didn't have enough time to fix bugs, or optimize performance. This is a startling trend across the entire games industry - publishers pushing the development team to have shorter and shorter deadlines because they don't understand the pressures of game development

SONIC

This is bullshit, this is slander, my name is being disgraced. I am the fastest god damn hedgehog alive. The story is all wrong, I never even did any of those things. I didn't even sign off on using my likeness. MY BRAND IS BEING RUINED BY SONIC 06.

SONIC grabs a pill bottle and dumps three Xanax into his hand. He swallows them all.

TAILS

Oh sonic, I didn't know you were still having joint pain from all your running?

SONIC

I'm not. But I'm a celebrity. Doctors give me all the good drugs.

The phone rings. SONIC picks up.

SONIC

Oh hey MJ, yeah we're still good for dinner, June 26th, 2009, right? Okay cool. Cya buddy.

SONIC hangs up the phone. The scene fades out.

EXT. GREEN HILLS ZONE - PRESENT DAY

TAILS

Wow, they never did get to have that lunch. If only I stopped him...

SONIC breathes in, it's wet and raspy. Drool is dribbling down his chin. Wibbly Wobbly flashback time

INT. SONIC'S MANSION - PAST

The mansion is a mess, there are needles and bottles everywhere. Trash is piled high all around the mansion. SONIC is sitting at a computer, his face in shadow, smashing on his keyboard randomly.

SONIC

GOTTA CODE FAST GOTTA CODE FAST GOTTA MAKE THE BEST GOD DAMN SONIC GAME THAT THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN IT'S GOTTA GO SO GOOD METACRITIC CAN'T TELL ME MY GAME IS BAD NOW

TAILS walks in the room. He looks around, and when he sees Sonic, he shakes his head sadly. He walks up next to Sonic.

TAILS

Hey buddy... maybe you should take a break. You've been working on your game for weeks.

SONIC does a line of coke.

SONIC

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, MORTAL. I HAVE UNLOCKED UNLIMITED
POWER. GOD TREMBLES BEFORE ME.

SONIC looks at the camera, he looks like shit.

TAILS

Oh, ok, I just..

SONIC slaps tails. Several times, really hard.

SONIC

LEAVE ME, FOOL. LET ME BE. I USE A RAPID ITERATIVE GAME DESIGN
PROCESS AND YOU DISTURB MY PIPELINE.

TAILS runs off, crying. SONIC sits back at his computer. Does
three lines one after another. He continues smashing randomly
on his keyboard. Suddenly, he pauses, and starts seizing. The
room is empty, camera zooms out of the window, where TAILS is
sadly walking away from the mansion, to his 86 Corolla.

EXT. GREEN HILLS ZONE - PRESENT DAY

The sun has gone down significantly, it is almost dawn.

TAILS

Oh man it is almost dawn and the god that has created this
wonderful masterpiece is late to work and has to do a rush job
to finish this scene. I should pull over at a shady motel.

SONIC

[wet breathing]

TAILS

[Sadly] Hachi Machi Sonic... What did I do to you..

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSK - MOTEL PARKING LOT

The sun is setting on Tails' nostalgic drive through Green
Hill Zone. The Corolla approaches the parking lot of a small
dusty motel at a comfortable speed, preferably in mid 2nd
gear. He pulls the handbrake while turning the corner, trying
not to lock the rear wheels or to go less than 1/2 throttle at
any time during the turn. He executes a perfect drift, and The

Corolla comes to a stop. Tails looks to see if Sonic saw that sweet, sweet drift, but Sonic is asleep in the passenger seat unstirred and unimpressed, occasionally a wet and throaty gasp-like snore erupts from his lips—but it is otherwise a quiet night.

Tails sighs.

Tails reaches his paw and caresses the face of the Valvoline Dale Earnhardt Jr. bobblehead duct taped to the dashboard.

TAILS

(whispering breathily)

You miss all the shots you don't take, huh buddy?

His phone buzzes, his paw slips from Dale's face, who nods enthusiastically, stirred by the touch of Tails. Tails checks his phone—5 missed calls from MRS.PETERS. Tails begins a text message to MRS.PETERS.

TAILS

(texting)

coming around now sry

send

get ready

send

Tails settles Sonic into his wheelchair, Tails handles him gently, expertly, his touch so familiar against Sonic's skin that Sonic doesn't wake up.. yet..

Tails leaves their bags in the car and wheels sonic around towards the back of the motel. Tails is nervous and sweaty.. He's hiding something..... A child's scream is heard as they approach the corner. Tails picks up his speed to round the corner, for what he anticipates to be a Big reveal—
—Tails yells, his voice cracking—

TAILS

SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sonic wakes up, he is confused and takes in the scene with his brow furrowed suspiciously.

Behind the motel there is a small, gravelled family lounge area with a picnic bench lit by a yellow street lamp. It is next to a garbage bin overflowing with paper plates, solo cups, and Sonic Blue vomit.

An older blonde woman and an 11-year-old boy are mid-confrontation. The boy has blue frosting on his face, in his hand is a fork aimed at the woman. She stands between the boy and the remains of a Sonic Blue cake, with only one slice and a clump of icing remaining. The woman is MRS. PETERS. There are the remains of 100 Sonic Blue balloons in the area surrounding, but they were filled with MRS. PETERS breathe not helium so they are just kind of bumping around and getting caught in bushes. A banner made of scotch-tape-adhered copy paper and yarn hangs from the building, and it reads: HAPPY 11 BRANDT!

Another woman sits, back against the brick wall of the motel rocking a crying baby.

(The baby is wearing a small Sonic costume, and it is the most adorable thing anyone has ever seen. In fact, the woman holding the baby posted a picture on Facebook of the costumed child earlier in the evening and it is going absolutely viral, 100000000 reposts an hour.)

Another 11-year-old boy sits at the bench on his phone. He messaging a girl, he links her to the photo of the baby Sonic and tells her "I was there when they took this pic lol." The girl will never reply.

Mrs. Peters is the first to notice Tails and Sonic. Her face is washed in relief, and she yells, panting-

MRS. PETERS
SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!

The boy with the fork releases his assault, and turns to look at Tails and Sonic, and they all pause for a beat.

Tails, yells again, this time he sounds less confident-

TAILS
SURPRISE!!!!.....?

The woman with the baby shushes Tails, shaking her head and continues to rock the baby.

Mrs. Peters walks towards Tails, and they lean together to whisper discreetly.

Tails leaves Sonic's side as he slowly blinks back into consciousness, the look in his crusty eyes do not reflect that what he sees makes any sense to him at all.

TAILS
(whispering hurriedly)

What is this? Your Facebook event page said this was the 11th Annual SonicCon? Where is the Cosplay? Where is the .. the where...

Tails sputters, biting back tears.

MRS. PETERS

(also whispering hurriedly)

Excuse me, but this is the worst Sonic impersonator I have ever seen! Do you think I'm paying you for this? Brandt has been waiting for hours, and all of his friends left an hour ago. His birthday is ruined.. He told all his friends that Sonic was going to be here, and now all his friends think he's a liar.. my poor boy..

Mrs. Peters also sputters, also biting back tears. She looks back over her shoulder at her son Brandt. The frosting-fork-boy, Brandt, has taken this moment to lunge himself onto the final slice of Sonic Blue cake.

TAILS

Birthday? No, no this is not an impersonator. This is the real thing!

Mrs. Peters yells back at Brandt, she didn't hear Tails.

MRS. PETERS

GOD DAMN IT BRANDT I TOLD YOU TO SAVE A PIECE FOR SONIC

Brandt stuffs handfuls of blue frosting into his mouth with a goopy guffaw in the direction of his Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Peters sighs, defeated, and turns back to Tails.

MRS. PETERS

Well, you look nothing like the pictures you sent me. I am devastated. My boy Brandt is obviously devastated..

TAILS

A deal is a deal, Mrs. Peters. He's only hedgehog, I don't know what you expected. Just...

Brandt yells at Mrs. Peters, his mouth dripping with slimy cake-saliva-

BRANDT

BITCH! BAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Tails raises his voice, turning to speak to Sonic-

TAILS

HEY SONIC, don't you have some cool stories? Tell Brandt about one of your cool glory days adventures.

Sonic is still confused and sleepy, watching Brandt.

TAILS

Sonic? You listening, buddy?

Sonic nods and grunts in response to Tails.

Mrs. Peters fumbles with her cow-print, rhinestoned handbag for her wallet, and pulls out a \$20. She slips the \$20 to Tails, he receives it and hides it within a flap of his fur.

MRS. PETERS

Fine, fine. He'd better stay awake for at least 10 minutes, I'm not paying for nothing. Look, he's already falling back asleep!

TAILS

For sure, thanks Mrs. Peters. He's a little sleepy and hard of hearing, but if you shake him a bit, he should stay awake.

He glances again at Sonic, then turns back to Mrs. Peters and lowers his voice.

TAILS

I'll be back in 20 minutes, tops, just keep him busy..

Tails returns to Sonic and shakes his shoulder. Tails leans into Sonic's ear and says in a soft voice—

TAILS

I'm going to go get our stuff from the car and get the room ready. You just... have fun tonight, buddy..

SONIC

Take me to bed, Tails...Tails! What is this... who...

Tails turns and walks away, Mrs. Peters is shaking Sonic and speaking to him when Tails turns to get one last look at Sonic before he rounds the corner of the building back towards the car.

Tails reaches The Corolla, checking to make sure no one is in sight, then kneels to reach under the car. He removes a

briefcase secretly taped to the bottom of the car. He looks extremely suspicious.

TAILS

(speaking in a low voice to himself)

The SonicCon was a bust... but I've got another something up my sleeve that should be a... pick-me-up...

He holds the briefcase to his gut and rolls around the car towards the motel. He stealth-runs to the door for Room 5. He looks over his shoulder, then jiggles the handle.

FACE PALM! He realizes he forgot to check in, so he sets down the briefcase by the door and walks around to the office to get the key.

CUT TO: AN HOUR LATER - BEHIND THE MOTEL

Sonic is sitting in his chair asleep, he has cake frosting smeared across his body. The Brandt's birthday party decorations remain uncollected, and everyone has left.

A large figure... pink... a mask...? Is that Amy?

She wears a red vinyl dress and boots, and she walks towards Sonic. She straightens her dress, giving her outfit a quick once-over, then attempts to get Sonic's attention. Her voice is strained, like the speaker is trying really hard to sound sweet and flirty.

AMY?

Sonic...

AHEM

AH-AHEM....

Sonic, my love?

...

Sonic hears nothing. She speaks louder, dropping the sweet and strained voice.

AMY

SONIC WAKE UP, ITS AMY

Sonic wakes up, and shakes his head, confused and surprised.

Amy resumes the flirty voice.

AMY

Oh, Sonic, I'm such a huge fan! It's an honor to meet you...

She drops to her knees next to Sonic, placing a hand to his cheek.

AMY

I'm such a... huge... fan...

Sonic does not seem to wake up all the way, but he smiles back at Amy

AMY

Oh, geez, am I too late for the SonicCon... Oh no... I bet your speech was... breathtaking...

she whispers the final word into Sonic's ear

AMY

Maybe.. you could tell me what I missed back in your... motel room? Just you and me...

SONIC

Tails I want to sleep take me back to the motel room right now.

Amy laughs nervously, but does not give up the act. She continues to whisper in Sonic's ear as she wheels him towards their motel room-

AMY?

Oh, you kidder. Call me.. Amy... You can pretend I'm.. her... just tonight... just you and me...

They reach the room, she opens the door and wheels Sonic in. The room is dimly lit, just a small lamp in the corner of the room. It is a standard motel room, one king sized bed, a tv, a bathroom, tiny soaps, the works.

SONIC

Put me in bed, Tails.

AMY

Cut the chit-chat, huh big boy?

She carries Sonic into the bed.

SONIC

Are my soaps on? Turn on my soaps.

Amy laughs.

AMY?
Soaps and chill, eh?

Amy turns on the TV, turning down the volume. The image on the screen is difficult to make out, there seems to be 4 figures obscured by fog...

AMY
Excuse me, my Sonic... just a moment while I... get comfortable...

BERNIE SANDERS is on the TV screen, in footage from inside a plane.

BERNIE SANDERS
Ah, damnit.

The footage cuts to static. Then we see a newscaster on screen.

NEWSCASTER
That's the last footage of the late Bernie Sanders. Who would have won. Next up, (screaming all of a sudden) who will save us?

A title on the screen of the broadcast reads: WHO WILL SAVE US? THESE HOT DOG HEROES? DOOMED.

Amy picks up her phone, she plays a song from the phone speakers. Soft guitar and piano... jazz... Amy begins singing, her voice barely over a whisper...

AMY
What goes up must come down.
Yet my feet don't touch the ground.

As she continues, her voice becomes more confident, she sings from her gut, her voice dripping with emotion—

AMY
See the world spinning upside down,
A mighty crash without a sound!

I CAN FEEL YOUR EVERY RAGE,
STEP ASIDE I'LL TURN THE PAGE!
BREAKING THROUGH YOUR CRAZY MAZE.
LIKE A LASER BEAM, MY EYE'S ON YOU!

On the TV, the vape fog has cleared and a news broadcaster can be seen sitting next to three characters furiously vaping on a couch beside him. There is a small cat, pounding her paws on the arm of the couch she sits on, and vaping huge clouds between her words.

Amy is now sobbing as she screams—

AMY?
WATCH ME RULE THE NIGHT AWAY!
WATCH ME SAVE THE DAY!

Beside the cat on the couch is a dog and a hot dog. The two others are just nodding in agreement as the cat speaks. All vaping.

AMY
FEEL MY STORM IT'S GETTIN' CLOSE!
HEADING YOUR WAAAAAY!

Amy turns to point at Sonic and look into her eyes as she delivers the next line—

AMY
SONIC HEROOOOOES!
SO..nic..
Sonic?
God damn it.

Amy sees that Sonic is asleep. She tears off the mask to reveal a disappointed Tails. His face-fur is streaked with tears. He is absolutely devastated. He sinks into the bed across from the TV, turning up the volume with the remote and watches the broadcast.

SMALL THE KITTEN
And THAT is how we are going to take down Chet Fuckhammer and save all yall.

Her team beside her continue to nod and vape in agreement.

INTERVIEWER
(to camera)
Ya heard it here first, folks! That right there is how this team of hot dog cats is going to save all of Game Vapescisco! Stay tuned for more updates on Fuckhammer's tyranny. Back to Mike with the weather!

Tails turns off the TV using the remote. He is furious and crying. He throws the remote across the room, then lies down to stare at sleeping Sonic until his torment is ended 3 hours later when he falls into a peaceful sleep.

CUT TO: MORNING - PARKING LOT

Tails is in the parking lot, he sees that the car has been vandalized, someone, probably that brat Brandt, has spray painted the word 'ASSHOLE' on Tails' car.

Here there is dramatic music as Tails weeps and load their bags into the car, trying not to look at the spray painted profanity. His spirit is crushed, but he will drive on another day. He loads Sonic into the car and they drive away to continue their adventure.

TAILS and SONIC are in the garage, preparing to drive to a diner.

TAILS

[Standing in front of car, smacking area of concern before rolling Sonic into his car seat]

Removing that graffiti is going to be about \$200. I guess I could cut the costs with a partial removal. Leave "AS" and make it say "FAST"? Though, in doing so, I'd need to buy my own graffiti and tag it myself, further damaging the car's retail value. I could leave it alone to maintain the original paint job, but it is a little unsettling. Besides, leaving it may encourage more taggers to follow suit. What do you think?

SONIC

Hurgle

TAILS starts the car, contemplating his situation for several minutes.

SONIC

We are going to fucking die

TAILS

Huh? What? Oh, shit.

TAILS opens the garage door and backs out. He waits in anticipation, hoping SONIC might say something else coherent, but there is only silence. They head out onto the road again. After a while driving, they stop at a diner on the side of the highway. They park at the diner, enter and are seated. TAILS helps SONIC to sit down, and calls over a waitress. LINDA THE WAITRESS hands each a menu.

LINDA

Good afternoon gentlemen, my name is Linda Feinstein, I'm a waitress. How can I help?

TAILS

[as he is taking the menu]
I think we're ready to order

LINDA

Oh, alright. What can I get started for you

TAILS

[now reading the menu]
Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

LINDA

I can come back?

TAILS

I'll have the...I don't know Italian but *pointing to menu*

LINDA

A tortilla?

TAILS

Yeah, sure, whatever those fuckers are called. Do you guys have a blender?

LINDA

Huh?

TAILS

Could we get chili dogs but put them in a blender

LINDA

I-

TAILS

Can we have liquidized chili dogs

LINDA

Yeah, you're kind of in luck. The store doesn't have one but I have one in back

TAILS

Why the hell do you have a personal blender

SONIC

I saw the face of God and it was weeping

TAILS AND LINDA

What?

SONIC makes a strained noise

LINDA

Right. My mother is...[gestures ableistically] similar. To your friend.

TAILS

Oh, so you know all about this.

LINDA

Yeah. I'll have to introduce her to drinking corn dogs, huh.

TAILS laughs weakly.

LINDA

[hesitating] Is everything...alright with you today?

TAILS

That's kind of intrusive.

LINDA

You're right, I-

TAILS

Really unprofessional to ask, actually.

LINDA

I'll just-

TAILS

I'm old, Linda. I feel it deep in my bones. I feel it in every step I take, each heavier than the last. I'm on my last lap and I'm in over my head. I'm taking on a villain as though I'm still in my youth—but who am I fooling? Not Chet Fuckhammer,

not myself, not whoever wrote "asshole" on my Corolla. Not even Sonic. Isn't life so cruel? When you're born you're helpless—and then as you grow there is a moment, a brief, unfiltered moment—where you're capable of changing something. But it's never enough, and by the time you realize you ever had it, it has turned to dust in your fingers, and your back hurts so much that you just stay in bed some days. Could you liquidize some meatloaf too?

LINDA

...Alright. Anything else I can help you with?

TAILS

If only.

SONIC

Not meatloaf

TAILS

What?

SONIC shakes his head a bit. Could have been just a twitch.

TAILS

No, you have to try the meatloaf. Linda, get him the meatloaf.

A montage of them eating plays so that the audience knows they ate meatloaf. LINDA returns with the cheque and as they leave she appears discontent, as though she is on the edge about something. Neither TAILS nor SONIC catch this. They exit the restaurant.

TAILS

[pushing Sonic to car] You know, I could probably just paint over the damage myself. Or try to remove it. Do we still have Windex? I'll try Windex

A sudden shout is heard.

LINDA

Wait!

TAILS looks back just as a train goes by between them, for dramatic effect, you know? Like, you don't know if she'll still be there. But the train takes like a solid 20 seconds and it's excessive. There aren't even train tracks.

LINDA

Let me—let me come with you.

TAILS smiles meaningfully. The camera slowly pans and you see he is smiling at a cool blimp

LINDA

Sir?

TAILS

What? Oh, yeah. Sure. It's Fuckhammer time.

LINDA doesn't laugh. TAILS doesn't laugh. SONIC is in physical pain

CUT TO:

INT. CAR DRIVING ON THE MOTORWAY - AFTERNOON

LINDA is rifling through the glovebox. She finds a cassette tape and pops it in. The 'Super sonic racing' song from Sonic R starts playing.

LINDA

What's this? It's weird.

TAILS

(he looks at her with amused bemusement)
You really don't know who we are?

LINDA

Should I?

TAILS

This song...
(he turns it up)
Is about him.

LINDA looks into the back seat where SONIC is asleep with his shoes in his mouth.

LINDA

H...him? Racing?

TAILS

Used to do a lot more than racing. I'm Miles. Miles Prower.
They used to call me 'Tails'

LINDA

You guys were big heroes then?

TAILS

Oh yeah. Well, mostly Sonic. But I did my part. Why'd you want to come along, anyway? We're going all the way to GV, you know.

LINDA

I'm sick of that job. Pancake this. Syrup that. Fuck it. I want to go on an adventure. Plus.. you said something about Chet Fuckhammer, right?

TAILS

That's right.

LINDA

You know he's crazy rich and powerful right? He stole the chaos emeralds. That's no baby bullshit.

TAILS

Baby bullshit?

LINDA

Yeah, baby bullshit. Bullshit, for babies. My point is, he's a young, tough business boy, and you guys are well..

TAILS

What?

LINDA

Never mind. I just want to make sure you two are okay.

TAILS

Why's that?

LINDA

There's something about you.

They share a brief, awkward glance.

LINDA (Cont'd)

I'm not going to fuck you

TAILS

Good, don't fuck us

LINDA
Either of you.

TAILS
Great, linda, don't fuck me, don't fuck him, don't fuck anyone

FADE TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Open on a shot of the back of the Corolla, close-up on a bumper sticker that reads 'IF I'M HONKING I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK AT THE GAS STATION'. We can see that one of the wheels is shaking a bit as the car drives along.

LINDA
(V.O) What does he want? He's touching me.

TAILS
(V.O) How's he touching you?

LINDA
(V.O) With the... you know, the back of the glove.

TAILS
(V.O) Oh! He wants a juice box. Juice time.

SONIC
(V.O) Aw yeah! This is happenin'!

TAILS
(V.O) That's right Sonic! Could you grab him one out of the bag?

LINDA
(V.O) In here?

TAILS

(V.O) Yeah, they're in the bottom.

Cut to a shot of the rear-view mirror. We see the top of the back of Tails' head, as well as Linda getting the juice box for Sonic, who alternates between staring happily out the window and going for the juice.

TAILS

Yeah, that's it. Just poke the straw in for him?

LINDA

There you go.

TAILS

He loves that juice.

LINDA

He does!

SONIC

(Coughing after taking a big sip) Hey! Pump it up!

LINDA

Man, I haven't had these in years. You mind if I grab one?

TAILS

Help yourself.

LINDA

It's the last one.

TAILS

It is? Shoot.

Sonic carefully places his empty box on Linda's lap.

LINDA

Wow. He already finished.

TAILS

Fastest thing alive, I told ya! Think I saw a sign for a station a while back...

Cut to Tails' face as he drives. He is squinting, light perspiration on his brow. He doesn't look hugely well. Lights fly across his face rhythmically in the silence.

LINDA

So, uh... what do you do for fun, Mr Prower?

TAILS

Oh, you gotta quit it with that Mr Prower stuff! Tails, Tails, I told ya, like I got the tales to tell! Oh boy do I! Like the uh, the Arabian Nights? You remember them?

LINDA

Because of your two tails?

Tails makes a little helicopter motion with his right finger and the noise 'tkatkatkatkatka'. He has to grip the wheel hard with his other hand, and stops quite quickly.

TAILS

That's them. That was uh... I was good at the swimming, I could fly...

LINDA

Fly?

TAILS

Oh yeah, if I span 'em real fast. Fast as Sonic sometimes.

LINDA

No shit. My mom was kinda like that.

TAILS

She had two fast tails huh?

LINDA

No, just...

TAILS

Yeah, I have fun. Real good fun.

Silence for a bit. The camera slowly moves towards Tails' face in the next shot.

TAILS

You ever go fast?

LINDA

What?

TAILS

Nothing like going fast. This old hunk, she's sound, but she's

not fast. I used to run... Oh, I used to run and run and run, and most of the time downhill. That's how you get to be your fastest. Find the right route. Or you just screw yourself into a ball and spin and spin and let go. That's fast. That's fast. Loop the loops, up and down corkscrews. And I was fast, I was, sure, but never as fast as Sonic. Not in million years. Ain't that right Sonic?

Sonic doesn't reply.

TAILS

Oh yeah. The blue blur they called him. The blue bomber. You've never seen anything like it. Years we were at it, years and years and years. We just kept running. But then, you know how it is, my knees were first to go. Then I lost the tail. And then I just... you just can't go fast no more. Not like this.

LINDA

Here it is.

TAILS

Oh yeah.

He concentrates as he turns off the motorway. The next bit is read happily, as though he's actually happy about it. Like a child.

TAILS

But yeah, I still have fun. You gotta have fun. You know what I did when I couldn't run anymore? I got this game, I'd stock up on whiskey, and rum, and red wine, that was my favourite. You like red wine?

LINDA

Sure.

TAILS

Yeah, it's the best. Nothing like a good red. Anyhow, I'd go to the store, stock up, get back home, get him settled. Put something on the TV. So much good TV nowadays, all the stories and... You know, you buy a box of red, one of those cardboard boxes with the bag in it, and the little tap? That's four bottles of wine in that little bag. Four whole bottles. And you buy that box at what, twenty dollars, that's a free bottle of wine! A whole bottle! I never told anyone that before. You'd be shocked the amount of people never work it out. Whole other bottle. Anyhow, I'd sit, get the ache off my legs, get my box of wine on the table, and if he slept through, which he does, he says he doesn't but he does, if he slept through I'd sit there and drink and watch the TV. See how far I could go. One glass. Two glasses. Three. It's not even late. Then four. Then five. And I feel fine. I feel fine. You see the trick to it is to stay sat down, that way it doesn't go to your head, you don't get the woozies or whatever. I got it so I could drink six or seven glasses of wine on an evening that way, then maybe some rum, some water, then bed. And the other thing you do is you do it every night, that's important. Keep it up, and you can do it more. Your head don't hurt, well, it hurts, but it's always gone by the afternoon. You're building up a...
what do you call it, building up..

LINDA

An immunity.

TAILS

Yeah, yeah, an immunity. Every night, keep it up. Even when you don't wanna. And sometimes he gets cranky, sometimes he won't go down, but it helps with that too. He can be... I mean, he's always had an attitude, everyone knows that. He's Sonic the Hedgehog! But it can get a little... you know. And drinking even helps with that. So that's what I do. It's good. Well I did, you know, I had to cut back a little bit. My stomach hurts a lot, but you can get pills, you know, and bread's good. You fill up on bread. But I got there, you know? I was the best at something. I can drink the most. Sure, I was never the fastest, but... you know they used to call me the bad boy?

LINDA

Yeah?

TAILS

Oh yeah, yeah. I was the bad boy. Me, Knuckles and Sonic, and I was always... you know, I was quiet about it, but I was you know, what do you call it? The rebel. I had these sunglasses...

LINDA

Hey, here we are.

Cut to the Corolla pulling into a gas station. Some teens are sat in another car, smoking. No one notices. Tails parks up and leans over the seat. Sonic stares out the window.

TAILS

You want anything? These places do great snack cakes.

LINDA

I think I'm good.

TAILS

You sure? They're two for a dollar.

LINDA

You want anything Mr the Hedgehog?

SONIC stays quiet.

TAILS

OK, OK, two packs of boxes, coming up. Hey. Hey thanks for asking. Not a lot of people... anyhow yeah, that was it for me, going fast, then seeing how much I can drink. That's my buzz.

But even they wasn't the best thing I ever did. You know what was the most fun?

LINDA

What?

TAILS

What do they call it... heroism.

LINDA

Heroism?

TAILS

You know, being a hero. Helping people. That was the best. Nothing like it in the world. Anyway, look at me running my mouth, we ain't got all day. See you in two shakes. Or one shake of my two tails, you know, whichever's faster. Gotta go fast!

He points his fingers at SONIC, in a cheesy way. SONIC doesn't respond. LINDA smiles.

TAILS

Two shakes.

LINDA

Gotta go fast!

Tails smiles, gets out and slams the door shut. He waddles off towards the kiosk building thing or whatever. Cut to the backseat. Sonic stares out the window.

LINDA

He's a sweet guy.

SONIC doesn't respond.

LINDA

Do you want the rest of my juice?

SONIC turns slowly and grasps for the box. Somehow he squeezes it hard and it explodes, flooding LINDA in juice.

LINDA

FUCK! Oh sorry, sorry! It's OK.

SONIC doesn't respond, and returns to staring out the window.

LINDA

It's OK, I always hated this shirt anyway. Look, I'm going to have to get this cleaned up. Stay here, keep the window shut. I'll be back in two minutes. OK?

SONIC doesn't respond. LINDA checks his seatbelt then gets out, opening the boot behind him and taking out her bag. She leaves.

Cut to a well arty shot of Sonic's passenger window. We can see his empty, staring face through it, as well as the reflection of what he's looking through with his hundred yard stare: the gas station shop building, through the windows of which we can see Tails wandering around shopping. Silence for a bit, the sound of night and passing cars, then:

SONIC

Even when we had things to do further down in the town, away from the church itself, the steeple would rise above the smoking chimney pots and slanted roofs, everything in relation to its spire. It almost seemed grander without the church

itself attached to it; a constant beacon, visible at whatever street or sad alley you had positioned yourself in, still gleaming and important even from the hills on the valley above the town. And the bells would ring out every Sunday, and their peals would shake the May trees lining the cemetery grounds, lifting the leaves from their branch perch and sending them to the damp ground, damp from the morning rain and the tread of the mourners, the mourners watching the white leaves settle over their freshly dug ground. Those leaves falling, and the spire that sent them, they are spectacle to me, or the memory of spectacle. They are feeling rather than fact, one untouchable, but still there, perhaps, in the township of my childhood, that is not that same town but is spectacle and memory for so many more, who have come past me, who will see and feel and forget themselves, if they ever notice at all, as I do.

I remember two grand houses outside the town, quite close to each other. They were built by two families who had married into each other many years before the houses rose, but whose union had been broken by disease or war or some other distancing, one even those of their names didn't remember. But the enmity remained, cloying and damp, stuck to the walls like the ivy that ran up above their doors. They were built in the shadow of the hills and received only a few hours of sunshine each day, but still somehow both had lush, deep gardens, like some African jungle sprawling backwards away from the light of the town itself. I scrumped for apples there as a boy, for sour apples that forced a wince and giggle so much unlike those from the stalls in the market street, but it wasn't the taste, it was the illicit thrill of climbing their wall, of seeing the children's eyes staring from their bedrooms as you scampered up the trees, leapt back down like a panther and made your escape. A lot of the town said that the families had built the houses to challenge each other, to taunt and compete and compel the argument of ages that would never abate. But it was clear if you only looked down from their gilded windows and curtains swaying in the breeze, clear as day down in the valley; the families built their castles to compete with the church. To outshine the half-light glowing softly through the stories of the stained-glass, to challenge the gentle arches rising to the roof with their frames and silver, to soar above the spire of the steeple in all its serene glory as it watched over the town, and all the spectacle, and all the memory that flowed forth from its streets and pathways of the outer walls. They tried to challenge the church. And they failed. Always, always they failed,

As he has been speaking we have seen the... scene reflected in the passenger window: we see Tails shopping and chatting to the cashier when the group of teens walk in, laughing and joking. Tails and the cashier notice them. Eventually two of the teens takes some items from the shelves and walk out the door with them back towards their car. Tails shouts, then follows, carrying a paper bag filled with juice boxes. In the parking lot, closer now and bigger in the window, we see Tails getting into an argument with the teens, who laugh at him and eventually push him to the ground and out of sight. He drops the paper bag. The teens punch and kick him quite a lot, then laugh and drive off; we hear the revs of their car like a spin dash, before Tail's face appears, seemingly right next to the window. He gasps and grabs his chest, suffering a heart attack and desperate for the uncaring Sonic to see, before dropping out of sight again as Sonic's soliloquy comes to its end. Sonic then finally looks to him, silent, moving his eyes down. Eventually we hear Linda come out of the bathroom.

LINDA

Mr Prower? Mr Prower?

We move outside the window, to reveal Tails slumped face down on the floor amidst the juice boxes. Linda, from behind, crouches next to him.

LINDA

Mr Prower? Oh my God. Oh my God, what happened? Mr Prower?
Tails?

She looks up, panic and fear in her eyes. We cut to Sonic, silently mouthing the words 'YOU'RE TOO SLOW' through the window. He is staring into the middle distance again. Finally we cut back to Linda's frightened face.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - ST DAVID'S HASSELHOFFPITAL, HOSPITAL ZONE

Moonlight washes down the sad sterile corridors of the

Hospital Zone as anthropomorphic ducks and camels and one yak sleep soundly in their hospital beds. Human DOCTORS JUDY MYXOMATOSIS and SUBRAHMANYAN BANANAS are looking sadly at a chart and shaking their heads as if someone's not going to make it, although we pan around and see it's a takeout menu with a really unimpressive selection of non-chicken dishes. We drift down the corridor to a private room in which we find MILES (TAILS) PROWER and LINDA. MILES (TAILS) PROWER is grey and grim. He's hooked up to an IV, except it's a Chao with a bunch of rubber bands around it, slowly squeezing its life juices into the sickly fox's arm. Suddenly he begins to squirm, kicking off his covers. The Chao drip comes loose and begins spraying blue liquid into MILES (TAILS) PROWER's face. The podgy old fox begins to freak out, kicking wildly and causing his gelatinous belly to bounce wildly up and down, leading to a full-frontal shot of his surprisingly high & tight genitals. LINDA shoots them an approving little look, then begins howling for a Doctor.

LINDA

DOCTOR! DOCTOR! GIMME THE NEWS, I GOT A-- SICK FOX IN RUNNIN' SHOES!

DOCTOR SUBRAHMANYAN BANANAS rushes in through the door and pounces on the ailing fox, wrestling it back into bed.

DOCTOR BANANAS

YO JUDY, YOU KNOW WHAT? ORDER ME THAT KUNG PAO SHRIMP. Hey, fox, get a grip.

DOCTOR SUBRAHMANYAN BANANAS slaps MILES (TAILS) PROWER medically in the face.

DOCTOR BANANAS

Are you here, ARE YOU WITH ME?!

TAILS

Yesterdays sentiment sediments
callow
putrescence coalesces
confronting proficient progression.
venerated velocity vexed
to yield, in
Redolent idolatry congealed
rancorous,
mitigate melancholy as,
cantankerous,
years conspire to anchor us

DOCTOR BANANAS
I said wake the fuck up.

He slaps MILES (TAILS) PROWER again in a less medicinal fashion.

DOCTOR BANANAS
Okay dingdong, listen. As the heart attack gripped and you stared towards the camera, flying up into the air with a look of alarm on your face, you smashed right through a 1-Up box. What possessed you to be throwing down with a bunch of kids? You could have been killed. Such needless waste of life. Every moment is a miracle, fox. We need to celebrate our now in each successful next. Nought is more important than grasping our existence and relishing all it can offer. Sickness or fragility, from age and illness, should not preclude us from those moments of beauty or wonder. Let no experience pass by as, blinkered to the magic of creation, you hasten ceaselessly past. Dwell on the splendour. Such things are to be treasured by every living thing until the ultimate misfortune comes to pass.

TAILS
Where... Where is Sonic? Linda, where is Sonic?

DOCTOR BANANAS
Who?

LINDA
The blue hedgehog we came in here with?

DOCTOR BANANAS
That was a hedgehog? I stuffed him in the trash can outside your room.

SONIC
(muffled) Gotta go fast.

DOCTOR BANANAS exits the room as LINDA rushes over to extract SONIC THE HEDGEHOG from the bin. Brushing used latex gloves and gauze off his head, she eases him back into his wheelchair and returns to MILES (TAILS) PROWER's side.

LINDA
Listen, Miles, I... maybe you should just stay here while you recover. I'll look after Sonic for a bit, and then you can go

back home. It was a brave, noble thing. One last hoorah, a great adventure, a taste of the old times to let your friend be your friend again. But maybe...

TAILS

No, Linda, don't say it. I can't have left it too late. I won't accept that.

LINDA

You had a heart attack, Miles, and then in the ambulance you had another heart attack but the gold ring the paramedics had given you just bounced off the wall & back into you. Only that ring then startled you into a third heart attack. By the time we got here they were elbow-deep in your chest, pumping your heart manually with their bare hands, as that ring ricocheted around the back of the ambulance like a peanut in a paint mixer. There was almost nothing left. Doctor Bananas swapped it out for a cow's heart Miles, a cow's heart.

SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

Moo moo boo boo.

TAILS

I may have the heart of a cow now Linda, but that doesn't mean I've forgotten how to love.

LINDA

I'm pretty sure cows can love?

TAILS

I ain't talking about how a cow loves cud, I'm talkin' heartfelt now about how I vow about a bud. Growing up, nobody believed in me like this hedgehog. From the first day we met, when he dragged me from the house of those hens I'd underestimated, I knew I had his respect. We he instructed me to grab him by the shoulders and fly him over mild obstacles he probably could have run over or around, that was because only I was worthy of bearing his weight. I will go through a thousand cow hearts and maybe even Chairman Mao's wet farts to repay that Hedgehog's belief in me. To give him the chance to, for just one moment even, be that hero who gave me the confidence to be myself.

SONIC

Sonic's the name, speed's my game!

SONIC THE HEDGEHOG vomits up a bit of chili dog smoothie and it drips down his chin.

TAILS

That's right, old friend, and we're going to remind everyone of that. Linda, I do appreciate your concern, but you heard the hog, we **gotta** do this. So, are you in, or are you not being in on this?

LINDA steeples her fingers pensively, then Meryl Streeples them around her mouth and yells.

LINDA

I AM IN ON THIS!

TAILS

Okay, now help me outta this bed. Linda, also, I don't want to be crass but maybe give my butt a little wipe while you're at it because I may have had a moment there... and then we're on our way!

INT. NIGHT - HOSPITAL ESCAPE ZONE

LINDA wheels SONIC THE HEDGEHOG into the hall and MILES (TAILS) PROWER hobbles on behind her. The corridor is empty save for DOCTOR SUBRAHMANYAN BANANAS who is flirting with a MALE ORDERLY who is rather exasperatedly trying to fold some soiled sheets. MILES (TAILS) PROWER hops into SONIC THE HEDGEHOG's lap and gestures LINDA to back up towards the far end of the corridor. The squeaking of the wheelchair causes DOCTOR SUBRAHMANYAN BANANAS to spin around in alarm and glare at them. He points one long accusing finger & hisses.

DOCTOR BANANAS

HISSSS! ACHTUNG! THEY HAVE NOT SETTLED THEIR BILL!

LINDA

Oh jeez-um-jerpus, what do we do? Don't you guys have insurance?

TAILS

What, secured by our vagrants-jumping-on-scientists union?! I made Sonic's wheelchair out of stolen manhole covers and weaving dead rats together. Lesson is, if you CAN unionise, fucking unionise. Anyway, look, back up, quickly! We're going to use some of the old magic.

LINDA FEINSTEIN reverses in a panic, right into a star-domed spring that propels our wheelchair-mounted protagonists down the hallway at insane speed. SONIC THE HEDGEHOG & MILES (TAILS) PROWER's jowly faces are pinned backwards with the

g-force. DOCTOR BANANAS and the MALE ORDERLY look at one another in horror, then embrace, and kiss, before the wheelchair bursts through them. They explode in a cloud of smoke and two Flickies fly out. The wheelchair continues onwards, around a few loop-de-loops, before approaching a wall that requires a small jump to clear.

TAILS

Ohhhhh, butts.

At that moment from an adjoining corridor, two ORDERLIES & DOCTOR HANK KENTERMAN emerge carrying a DOLPHIN, the DOLPHIN has an eyepatch and its dorsal fin is all bandaged.

DOCTOR HANK KENTERMAN

Well, I must say, you've made a miraculous recovery Mr The Dolphin. But, if you'll permit me this one bit of advice Master Ecco, as in Ecco the Dolphin, maybe no time-travelling alien-defeating shenanigans in your future, huh? Hahahaha.

ORDERLIES

Hahaha.

ECHO THE DOLPHIN

Dolphin noises.

SONIC THE HEDGEHOG, MILES (TAILS) PROWER & LINDA FEINSTEIN barrel into ECCO THE DOLPHIN, the ORDERLIES & DOCTOR HANK KENTERMAN except instead of turning into Flickies, this just smears them along the floor. The gurney on which ECCO THE DOLPHIN was being carried, however, makes an excellent ramp, launching our heroes over the low wall like Free Willy. A little kid behind the carnage even reaches his hand up to brush the underside of the wheelchair as they sail through the air, while dolphin meat slaps into his face. It's a nice little touch to a moment of cetacean triumph after one has just been murdered.

TAILS

Jee willikers, that was a close one!

After two more loop-de-loops, and smashing through a ring power-up and several more extras, our heroes come to a stop in the hospital foyer. LINDA FEINSTEIN wheels them gently towards the exit while MILES (TAILS) PROWER dabs some blood off SONIC THE HEDGEHOG's face. Soon they are out in the street, looking relieved, even though MILES (TAILS) PROWER is butt-ass naked and attracting attention.

LINDA

Wow you guys, y'all sure got a taste for haste.

TAILS

That's our speciality, doll, I told you we still had it.

LINDA

You know what, after that, I believe in you Miles. You're going to make Sonic proud.

A car pulls up alongside them, blasting music by THE OFFSPRING.

BD JOE

YEHHHHH, WE GON' HAVE SOME FUN. YO YO, YOU NEED A RIDE?

LINDA

Oh thank goodness, yes, actually, we took an ambulance here. We're parked up by the gas station on New Cheese The Chao Parkway.

LINDA FEINSTEIN & MILES (TAILS) PROWER help SONIC THE HEDGEHOG into the back seat of the bright yellow convertible taxi, before hopping in.

BD JOE

YOU GON' LOVE THIS.

The taxi speeds off into the forbidding night at breakneck speed and SONIC THE HEDGEHOG, MILES (TAILS) PROWER and LINDA FEINSTEIN are reunited with their car in under 15 seconds, resulting in an SPEEDY ranking.

BD JOE

Yeah, I'm the king!

VOICE IN THE SKY

HEY HEY HEY it's time to make some cuhhhhhrazy money!

BD JOE

C'mon, get inn!

BD JOE accepts another fare and speeds off into the distance. MILES (TAILS) PROWER adjusts Sonic in his wheelchair and they set off towards the '86 Corolla. MILES (TAILS) PROWER pops the trunk and pulls out a big beaker full of chili dog smoothie.

TAILS

Here you go buddy, you've been a brave baby boy today.

MILES (TAILS) PROWER kisses SONIC THE HEDGEHOG and then funnels the chili dog paste into his mouth. He turns to shoot LINDA FEIRSTEIN a smile and a cheeky wink.

LINDA FEIRSTEIN

You know what, Miles? You've **both** been very brave today. Go sit in the back seat with Sonic and let him chug that filthshake. I'm driving.

CUT TO:

INT. GAMEVAPE OFFICE - DAY

We see an empty corridor. Suddenly we hear a male voice yell from offscreen.

MALE VOICE

BRENDA!

BRENDA THE TEMP appears at the end of the corridor and runs towards the camera as fast as she can. Halfway down she removes her heels so she can move faster and throws them out of a window.

BRENDA bursts into the office where CHET FUCKHAMMER is playing golf. He drives a ball right through his window pane and laughs.

CHET

Brenda sit down. I need to hear the numbers.

BRENDA

The numbers, sir?

CHET

Yes, you know: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5...

BRENDA

Oh I thought you meant sales figures

CHET

Even better! Do you have those?

BRENDA

Y...yes.

CHET

Great, let me hear 'em.

BRENDA

Okay umm. Well this week we sold 3 million beef flavoured weed vapes.

CHET

THREE MILLION? We're selling more vapes than 2 million vapes !

BRENDA

Yes sir. And we sold 5 million mint tea vapes for babies.

CHET

(driving another ball through his TV)
Tha'ts hot shit! Marry me Brenda!!!

BRENDA

And dick flavoured vapes...

CHET

Yes?!

BRENDA

We sold...

CHET

GIVE IT TO ME BRENDA!

BRENDA

...thirty.

CHET

..thirty?

BRENDA

...million.

CHET

MILLIONNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!

CHET drives 8 golf balls in a row through his own desk, destroying it. At this moment, we hear the clanging of robotic footsteps. It's an eel in a tank, in the center of a big robot body. It's MECHANICEEL, folks.

CHET

Ah, MechanicEel. Just in time.

MECHANICEEL

The robot army is finished sir.

CHET

YYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

MECHANICEEL

There's only one problem.

CHET

Uh oh, Brenda! Uh oh! Brenda, Uh oh!

BRENDA

Uhh.. uh oh, sir?

CHET

What is it!

MECHANICEEL

Well, they ... Love cowboys sir.

CHET

How much do they love cowboys?

MECHANICEEL

A lot. They love watching cowboys, lookin at them, hearing about them, seeing them, thinking about cowboys. The works, they even dress up like damn cowboys.

CHET

Well, who am I to tell these robots what is and what isn't 'street'. Let them be boy cows.

MECHANICEEL

Yes sir.

CHET

Friends.... This is the dawning of a new era. Check this shit out.

CHET pulls down a curtain revealing the chaos emeralds in a glass box. He laughs.

MECHANICEEL

Tight

CHET
(pressing intercom)
Brenda send in... oh, you're in here, aren't you. Uhh.
(shouting)
MISTER DENTOBLAST

We hear footsteps running down a corridor and eventually a fat man in a suit and cowboy hat enters.

MISTER DENTOBLAST
Howdy folks, I'm Tennessee Dentoblast of the Dentoblast dynasty. I'm a wealthy texas oil tycoon, yeeeeehaw!

CHET
Mister Dentoblast. Sell me one thousand oil.

MISTER DENOBLAST
Y...yes sir!

CHET
Actually make it a million.

MISTER DENOBLAST
Certainly sir!

CHET
ONE BILLION OIL.

MISTER DENOBLAST
(laughing and wringing his hands together)
Let's make a deal

CHET
Five dollars

MISTER DENOBLAST
(smile drops)
Wh... na...na...na..na..well sir I don't think I can go for that price, I think..

CHET opens the glass box as MISTER DENOBLAST fumbles ad takes out a chaos emerald. He holds it up towards MISTER DENOBLAST and it glows. MISTER DENOBLAST stops jabbering and stares.

CHET
Five?

MISTER DENOBLAST

Fuh-five dollars should be fine.

CHEET begins to laugh evilly. MECHANICEEL and BRENDA join him. They all laugh evilly together like a bunch of assholes.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING - Large empty meadow

THE COROLLA rolls along the highway, a shot from above would do well here. A breeze sweeps across the plains of golden wheat or some other grass. Either way this is a very calm scene, comfortable and quaint.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING - In front of a small house

We see a small white house, one of those '70s style ones. There are no neighboring houses, just massive empty fields. The sky is dim but still prevalently blue. THE COROLLA pulls up, slowing along the frame then jerking to a stop directing in the center.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING - Inside THE COROLLA

We cut to the inside of THE COROLLA just as LINDA finishes pulling the handbrake. SONIC is sleeping in the back of THE COROLLA, huddled under a shoddily crocheted blanket.

TAILS

Hey... Sonic, wake up.

TAILS reaches behind his seat and jostles SONIC a bit.

SONIC

Huh?

TAILS

I think... I think I recognize this house from somewhere... I think it might be EGGMAN's house. I dunno, I heard him talk about a home out here once, how he always wanted to be out in the quiet, without any neighbors... I think this is it.

SONIC

(sitting up)

Oh.

LINDA

Do you,, want to go inside or...

TAILS

Ye, we should go in, lemme just pull SONIC's wheelchair out of the trunk.

TAILS flings his door open and forces himself out of THE COROLLA, slowly walking around it to get to the trunk. Just as he's about to reach for the latch, LINDA steps out of THE COROLLA as well.

LINDA

Hey, let me get it, you always struggle with it anyway.

TAILS

(sighing)

I suppose you're right.

LINDA proceeds to pop the trunk open and take the folded wheelchair out of it, unfolding the wheelchair as she pulls it out and sets it on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING - The house

We cut to a shot of the front door from the inside. The doorbell rings and we see MRS. ROBOTNIK enter from stage left, hobbling up to the door with a limp. MRS. ROBOTNIK opens the door and we see TAILS with his arm still extended up to the doorbell, with LINDA pushing SONIC's wheelchair not far behind. There is a ramp leading up to the door, assumably because the couple that lives here is aging and could also make use of this sort of accessibility.

MRS. R

Hello there, who might you be?

TAILS

It's me, MILES... well, I guess you'd know me best by "TAILS", I brought SONIC with me.

TAILS gestures in the general direction of SONIC, never actually pointing directly at SONIC, but at least he is trying.

MRS. R

Oh, you're some of IVO's old friends, come on in then.

MRS. R steps aside and gestures the three of them inside, holding the door open as they walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING - Eggman's Living Room

LINDA and TAILS are sitting on a couch in the center of the room, with LINDA on the farthest left seat and TAILS from center to far right, SONIC's wheelchair is to the left of the couch and there is an empty recliner to the right and a coffee table in the middle of it all.

MRS. R walks into view, carrying a tray on which there is a kettle and three cups. She sets the tray on the table and begins to pour the tea.

MRS. R

IVO doesn't really get visitors these days, just nurses and the occasional doctor. He's nothing of his former self, they all tell me that he's listening but I just don't believe he is anymore.

The world has truly lost one of its most valuable treasures, at least I know I have. He was always so bright and energetic.

But what he's like now... I can't stand to look at him, too afraid that I'll lose that image of his former self.

By now MRS. R has sat down in the recliner and is now pulling out a photo album. MRS. R begins to flip through the album, raising it up for the rest of them (mostly LINDA, the only one with the eyesight to make any of it out) to see.

MRS. R

You could just tell from his youth, when I met him, that he was destined to do something great, something meaningful.

She holds up the album and we see EGGMAN's childhood portraits, in which he just looks like an egg propped up against different colored backgrounds, much like the default twitter avatars from 2010-2017 (rest in peace).

MRS. R

I do suppose somewhere along the way his aspirations did turn a bit sour, what with the whole trying to take over the world.

But can you blame him? Just look at this world: starvation, global warming, bombing innocent women and children, all of it completely avoidable. The man may not have been very clear

about his intentions and reasoning, but deep down I know he meant to do good for the world, I knew all he wanted was to be able to sit on that porch, in this field, to grow old sitting next to me knowing that the world was good, that he had done all he could to keep it that way. I don't blame you two... three? for trying to stop him, he certainly didn't make it difficult for you to oppose him all those times.

TAILS

I... I, uhh... wow... I'm sorry. Jesus, I just... wow, fuck. I don't think that we ever really...

TAILS is beginning to talk with a bit of a lump in his throat, this whole situation is beginning to get to him.

TAILS

Can we... can we see him?

The color drains from MRS. R's face, she appears to be holding back tears, but still, she complies.

MRS. R

Right this way.

They all get up and we follow them into a sort of back guest room. We enter this room to see Eggman laying in a bed, with all the typical hospital equipment and a ventilator, keeping him breathing artificially.

MRS. R

(tears begin rolling down her cheek)

Here he is...

LINDA

Such a shame.

MRS. R

He left a letter, before he went completely under, he left a letter just in case you guys were to ever come here... I... I didn't want to bring it up before... I think I know what it's going to say.

MRS. R pulls a letter out from her cardigan and hands it to TAILS. TAILS opens the letter and begins reading it.

EGGMAN (V.O.)

Hello friends/enemies/frienemies/however you believe we left
off,

My health as of late isn't looking so great, from the looks of it I'll soon be unable to speak or write so I wanted to write this letter while I was still able. I know we haven't always been great friends, or even friendly rivals, if anything we were polar opposites in just about every way. You all stood in my way when I was attempting to cure the world of its problems, but I understand why you did it. I don't believe in sectarianism, so I won't be lecturing you as to why my authoritarian praxis is more legitimate than your anarchist ways. If anything, I wanted to forgive you, just as I hope that you will forgive me for any wrongdoings I have committed. Perhaps I am even being selfish in writing this letter, trying to use my health to gain some moral leverage, to force you to reconcile with me.

Truth is, I have a favor to ask. No, I don't need you to burn my pornography collection, I know many insecure men ask their friends to do this in the event of their death, but I have an I.Q. of 300 so I am totally above that. My wife and I were always close, we had a very intimate relationship and were aware of each other's pornographic interest, so there is no need for me to hide such things from her, especially in death. No, what I ask of you is just that: death. My condition as I write this is that of constant, agonizing pain, I do not wish to imagine the pain and suffering I will be enduring by the time you are reading it.

I ask of you, no, I beg of you, please give me the sweet
release of death.

Sincerely,
Dr. Ivo Robotnik

TAILS lowers the letter away from his face, revealing that he is now holding back tears as well.

MRS. R
Is it... what I think it is?

TAILS
Yeh... it is.

TAILS passes the letter to SONIC, who is barely able to hold it close enough to read it. Within a few seconds, tears begin to roll down his cheeks.

MRS. R

Well... I guess... ... I'll leave you to it.

MRS. R leaves the room, LINDA goes with her, trying to comfort her.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING - Living Room

MRS. R is sitting on the couch, LINDA has her arms around MRS. R to comfort her. TAILS walks in, wheeling SONIC along.

MRS. R

Is it...

TAILS is silent trying to hold back his crying, but nods his head slightly.

MRS. R

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa--

MRS. R screams, enraged at what the world is putting her through, she jumps up and smashes the glass coffee table by tossing it forward, before turning to bawling, covering her face with her hands.

MRS. R

(indecipherable yelling)

The sound fades out to a high pitch ring.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - THE COROLLA

We cut to the inside of THE COROLLA which is currently empty. We watch as SONIC rolls into the backseat from his wheelchair, simultaneous to TAILS scooting into the front passenger seat. LINDA folds the wheelchair into the trunk then slides into the driver seat. They all remain silent, there is no sound except for the night sounds of the meadows and the closing of car doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - Meadow

THE COROLLA drives away from the small house, silent but for its engine.

EXT- MORNING, DOWNTOWN GAME VAPECISCO

In the morning, SONIC, TAILS and LINDA leave another motel on the outskirts of the city and start driving again. TAILS is feeling strangely nostalgic and contemplative, which he assumes is felt by SONIC as well, who's falls asleep as soon as he's secured in the passenger side seat, drooling peacefully. LINDA, ever concerned, focuses her attention on backseat navigating the downtown area and occasionally needling TAILS with questions/suggestions.

LINDA

I didn't think iron lungs were still, y'know, a thing. Did you? I thought that was super old-timey medicine.

TAILS

You got a phone on you? You could Google it. I'd do it for you, but...

TAILS taps on the steering wheel of The Corolla™, a gentle hint that he's trying to focus on the road. LINDA catches the hint and chooses to ignore it entirely.

LINDA

Maybe I will, if we find somewhere to stop with Wi-Fi. My data's so expensive. Starbucks has Wi-Fi. And soft pretzels.

TAILS

Pretty sure there were soft pretzels at the last Circle K we stopped at. With cheese in 'em. We've got work to do, y'know.

LINDA

Those aren't the same, at all. Have you ever *been* to a Starbucks? They come out hot and fresh, on a nice fancy Fiesta-knock off plate.

TAILS

I go where the endorsements let me go, Linda. Most fast food chains, ice cream trucks...when the powers that be can remember that me and Blue Boy are still kickin' and grabbing royalty checks.

LINDA

It's on me, then. C'mon. You need a break from the road. Aren't your *tails* cramped?

TAILS glares into the rearview mirror at a smirking LINDA, who bursts into giggles at her shitty joke. Her laughter fills The Corolla™ and Tails can't help but smile, reminded of Sonic's awful humor. The laughter is enough to rouse Sonic from his nap, and he startles awake, hard enough to force a ring out of his body with a loud clang.

TAILS

Jesus, buddy! I'm sorry. You're gettin' to be like Big with this light sleeping stuff. Linda, put it back in him, please?

LINDA (quietly)
Excuse me?

TAILS

He lost a ring--he's got a bunch, but it's important we keep them all together. I think it rolled--

There's a less intense clang that still causes LINDA to jump in her seat. TAILS exhales a sigh of relief.

TAILS

Nevermind, it bounced back to him! Whew. I've never seen a human person handle rings. I really didn't know how that was going to pan out.

LINDA looks into the camera like she's on The Office. TAILS doesn't see this, but her silence is just as effective of a message.

TAILS

...I guess we'll stop for a snack, since Sonic's awake. You want a pretzel smoothie, buddy?

TAILS glances to SONIC, who weakly nods his head. The odds of him actually wanting a pretzel smoothie are probably slim, but TAILS is so enamored with his hero that anything he interprets to be a desire of SONIC'S will immediately be obtained.

TAILS

You got it, my man. I think I see that nudie mermaid sign right up here.

Sure enough, there's a Starbucks at the end of the downtown strip. LINDA and TAILS get out of The Corolla™ and fish Sonic's wheelchair out and prepare him for traveling. LINDA gives TAILS a break from push duty and the trio approach the

storefront. With the Game Vapecisco sun shining down on them, TAILS and LINDA start a heartfelt conversation that distracts them from the door swinging open as patrons are leaving, bumping SONIC's wheelchair and startling the hedgehog into an utterance. Thankfully, no rings spill out.

SONIC

What you see is what you get, just a guy who loves adventure!
I'm Sonic the Hedgehog!

TAILS quickly runs to his side and joins the now obstructive trio, who are abruptly but gently pushed out of the way by a light blue canine. HOT emerges slowly from the Starbucks, a SMALL yellow kitten darting between the robotic legs to join him on the curb.

HOT

Whooooops.

SMALL

Oh, surreal. Lemme go get...*her*.

SMALL darts back inside the Starbucks, leaving the trio and HOT. SONIC is nervously fidgeting with the armrests of his wheelchair, and LINDA looks to TAILS for a signal of how to proceed. TAILS, unfortunately, is ill equipped for the situation as well.

TAILS

We weren't paying attention either, but you really spooked my pal.

HOT

Right? I thought I was gonna have to flex serious CPR nuts.

Before TAILS has time to speak, SMALL returns outside with THE THE HOT DOG. THE shuffles out awkwardly, weighed down by the strap on her AK-47, but this doesn't stop her from shooting an aggressive eyeroll towards the trio, stoking the flames for a conflict. HOT is less aggressive, absentmindedly licking his ass on the curb until SMALL hisses at him to stop.

TAILS

Uh, hi?

SMALL

I thought you only had one tail left, so that's cool. Good for you, dude.

HOT

I heard you had two assholes--not the guys you used to run around with, I mean on your butt. Hehehe.

TAILS

So, you know who we are--

LINDA

Wait, they can't possibly know me! I'm Linda!

ALL turn to look at LINDA, who shrugs sheepishly.

LINDA

I didn't see a better opportunity to introduce myself.

SMALL

Yeah, we know who you are. I mean, the same way we know presidents and like, old scientists. And the guy who made Myspace. Not the way people know us.

THE

We're the fuckin' big leagues, baby. Even me, the fuckin' meat tube.

HOT

Jeez, watch your mouth around the geezers. And their nurse!

LINDA

I'm not anyone's nurse, I'm a concerned waitress. And I've never heard of any of you.

THE

Bet you have, bitch. You're a waitress? You probably serve up hoes that look like me on the daily, with ketchup and a side of fries.

HOT AND SMALL

(smugly, simultaneously)

We're the New Heroes.

SMALL

How many times are you gonna jump on my bit? How many more times, before I get fed up and I neuter you?

SONIC

(in the clutches of dementia)

Awww, Amy. Man, that girl is such a pain.

HOT

See, Grandpa Blue gets it.

TAILS

Hey, don't I recognise you from somewhere?

HOT

(incredibly defensive)

What? No! No way bitch your old bitch mind is losing its shit

TAILS

Watch it.

THE

You watch it, you chubby chihuahua lookin' fuck. You want to take a bite out of me, tubby? I bet you do, I bet my picnic-y stench is waftin' right on over to you, fat boy--

SMALL

God, enough! Look, we're sorry. We didn't mean to bump you, you know how us young whippersnappers are... generally not wheelchair bound, still able to affect change in society, still kickin' ass.

SMALL gestures to herself, and then to SONIC, whose normal geriatric tremble appears intensified with rage. TAILS's face drains of color upon seeing SONIC in pain, but LINDA continues to rub his shoulders which relieves TAILS of his worry that the senile hedgehog might try and lunge for these new kids.

LINDA

Someone's proud.

SMALL

Plenty to be proud of. We're hours away from taking down Fuckhammer. Less time if we didn't stop to schmooze with the city folk that love us. *Even* less time if we get off this geriatric block. Gonna take Big Blue to feed the pigeons after his decaf?

THE

Yeah, stop fuckin' up our shit, mangy fucks.

HOT

Mange is no joke, Hottie. The cherry red kicks on Grandpa, however, hilarious joke. Only place you gotta go fast is the nursing home.

THE NEW HEROES break into guffaws and mocking laughter. SONIC feebly lifts a fist in anger, but it's too much energy exerted at once and he nearly lurches out of his wheelchair, but LINDA intercepts him in time by grabbing his shoulders. TAILS is furious, his snout flush pink with embarrassment, but the short 10 minutes of standing outside the Starbucks has left his knees throbbing and his bowels are starting to bubble. SONIC is starting to get that white foamy spit in the corners of his mouth, and LINDA is fluctuating between open-mouthed horror and closed-mouthed confusion. A crowd has started to form around the group, and as cliché as it is to acknowledge, even for Tails, it genuinely is no use. Not now.

TAILS

We'll see how far you get. You can Google and tweet about the Chaos Emeralds all you want, you don't know what you're getting into with those bad boys until you're already in it.

LINDA

I used 5.2 megabytes Googling them. It's really bonkers.

SMALL

Guys--and your Linda--go home. Seriously. We got this. We're gonna raid the compound as soon as you shuffle back to your...oh, that's rich. Is the Asshole-Mobile yours?

TAILS groans. Fuck that spray paint.

SMALL

That's a sad and solid yes.

HOT

I woulda done you the courtesy of just lifting my leg on your hoopty. At least it'll wash off.

SMALL

Nobody gets creamed by a guy named Chet. Heck, nobody'll get creamed by a old fuzzball named Tails.

HOT

Might get creamed corn, maybe, hahaha

THE

I'm not above pumpin' you all full of lead. I'm a hot dog, I couldn't have fuckin' morals if I tried.

LINDA

That's enough. Tails, come on. Let's go find a different Starbucks.

TAILS

...Fine. Let's get you that pretzel smoothie, Sonic.

SONIC

The whole city's on fire!

SONIC's outburst inspires another round of cackles and mockery, this time with the addition of the forming crowd. LINDA does her best to quickly push SONIC down the sidewalk, away from the action, but a bit of gravel gets trapped under a wheel and causes the chair to jerk at a strange angle for a moment, towards the road, sending TAILS into a panic. The short walk back to The Corolla™ is a shameful and clumsy one, planting seeds of doubt in TAILS that he suppresses by playing Crush 40's "Escape From The City" at a volume obnoxious enough for SONIC to hear it until they reach another Starbucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF GAME VAPECISCO

THE NEW HEROES are sitting on a curb overlooking THE GAMEVAPE COMPOUND. SMALL THE KITTEN, HOT THE DOG, and THE THE HOTDOG are all taking turns vaping out of their HYPER-X VAPE GRANDMASTER MACH 4 DADDY-0 SLIPSTREAM VAPE. It is CHURRO flavored. All natural ingredients.

SMALL

So The, there's something I've wanted to ask you.

THE

It better not fucking be what I think it is, Small. I swear to god you ask this every other d-

SMALL

why in chao's name are you a HOTDOG? I mean that's unprecedented. Especially since we have another member named Hot the Dog

HOT

hey that's me!!

THE
nobody cares about you Hot. And what the FUCK, SMALL. I told
you this story so many fucking times and honestly I'm
reaaaally fucking tired of explaining this shit to you every
time we rotate around the sun, SO LISTEN CLOSELY.

SMALL and HOT lean in very closely to THE, so they can hear
every sweet word that THE utters resonate through their beings

THE
it was the fucking chaos emeralds

SMALL gasps, but it's not a real gasp, she kind of just says
the word gasp

THE
Well I think that's enough backstory for today. Let's go kill
this Chet Fuckwad dude or whatever his name is, get the chaos
emeralds, and get back home in time for dinner

EXT. GAMEVAPE COMPOUND

THE GANG approaches the GAMEVAPE COMPOUND where CHET
FUCKHAMMER hides and surely where the chaos emeralds lay. They
approach a courtyard. Empty. It's quiet. Too quiet.

HOT
it's quiet. Too quiet.

COWBOY BOT
well howdy

THE
shit

COWBOY BOTS start flooding the courtyard at all angles. The
NEW HEROES are vastly outnumbered

SMALL
Ready guys?

THE & HOT
Ready!

SMALL
Let's do this

The 3 separate and begin fighting the hordes of cowboy robots. They are armed with lassos, revolvers, and broken bottles of whisky. SMALL THE KITTEN is decimating crowds of hat wearing robots. She is breaking necks, breaking backs, and breaking balls. SMALL is a master at every single form of Martial arts. She was taught by the best in the business, her father, BIG THE CAT

HOT THE DOG
I got this one!!

HOT barrels into a cowbot at full speed, and then turns to a crowd of cowbots. HOT looks down at the clearly terrified COWBOY BOT

COWBOY BOT
please let me go

HOT
say, do you know what this battle would be if I was fighting with a bra?

COWBOY BOT
what

HOT
a BRA-WL

COWBOY BOT
please kill me

HOT
you don't have to tell me twice pal. BOMB VOYAGE!!!

COWBOY BOT
Uh I believe the correct term is *bon voya-

HOT crashes into the crowd of cowbots. Which in turn causes an explosion that engulfs surrounding bots. Through the smoke, HOT emerges, unscathed. HOT THE DOG gained his top tier resilience in the cold winters of Siberia, where his stepfather, KNUCKLES THE ECHIDNA taught him the ways of barreling into things and not getting hurt by anything

CUT TO 5 MINUTES LATER

almost all of the cowbots have been eradicated. THE THE HOTDOG is going around executing the survivors with her big gun.

Nobody knows where she got it. But legends say she found SHADOW THE HEDGEHOGS dead body in the mountains of Argentina, and took the gun off of his corpse

SMALL

we're almost there. Come on! We got this in the bag

CHET FUCKHAMMER
got what In the bag

CHET FUCKHAMMER enters the courtyard.

HOT
oh

THE
shit

CHET
do you have...THIS in the bag!?

CHET reveals a single chaos emerald. It glistens in the moonlight. SMALL grins

SMALL
yyyupp now hand it over and I'll make your death quick and painless.

CHET chuckles

CHET
quick and painless huh? I wish I could say the same for you

CHET inspects each of the trio rather quickly

CHET
now let's get started. I'm feeling a bit hungry just looking at that hotdog

THE begins to raise her gun toward CHET

THE
Did you just call me a FUCKING HOT D-

CHET
chaos cook

THE begins to open fire. But quickly realizes she is firing at a big white wall. She looks around. 3 white walls, one big window. White floor and white ceiling. She is on a big plate

THE

wha what the fuck is going on. HELLO? HOT??? SMALL?

the plate starts rotating

THE

GUYS THIS ISNT FUNNY GET ME THE FUCK OUTT here oh god is it getting hot in here? Help please I'm a hotdog I don't sweat. I don't have any fucking pores this is reaching dangerous levels of heat oh god oh god oh GOD THIS REALLY HURTS GUYS HOLY SHIT MY SKIN OH GOD MY SKIN HELP ME PLEASE

THE THE HOTDOG slowly cooks while being blasted with radioactive microwaves. there is a ding, and CHET walks over to the microwave, opens it, and takes out a now hotdog sized THE THE HOTDOG.

TINY THE

h-help...help me

SMALL & HOT are stunned. They can't move.

CHET

hmm. Appetizing.

CHET bites into the bottom half THE. Agonized screams come out of her. CHET slowly keeps biting all the way up THE's body, until there is no more. HOT turns to SMALL

HOT

Small, get out of here. I'll distract him. Just go

SMALL

I'm not leaving you. We can take him

HOT

You can't , but maybe I can

HOT springs towards CHET

CHET

hmrph. chaos cocoa bomb

A flaming ball hurls towards HOT. he smirks and runs right into it sprinting through the explosion.

HOT

nice try, but I have ultra resilience. Nothing can hurt me.

CHET

oh really? Tell me now, what is a dogs weakness.

HOT

I don't have a weakness. The only thing I could think of is-
wait...*sniff* ...chocolate?

CHET

Cocoa bomb baby. That missile wasn't supposed to kill you. Not yet at least. You see, being absorbed into your bloodstream as we speak are billions upon billions of microscopic chocolate particles. You'll be dead before you even touch me. Don't worry. It's relatively painless. Relatively.

SMALL

NOOO

HOT

don't worry, darling. I'll just have to get him before it's over for me. I lived a good life just knowing you. I love you,
Small

SMALL

it's-it's your baby

HOT

I know, give her a good name for me, goodbye

HOT runs faster towards CHET, but it seems like CHET is just getting further and further away. HOT is fading into unconsciousness, and quickly goes numb

CHET

ooh, chocolate dog!

The chocolate particles not only killed HOT, but also completely made him into chocolate. CHET takes a bite

CHET

mmm, want some?

CHET throws a piece of CHOCOLATE HOT THE DOG towards SMALL

SMALL
how could you. You monster

CHET
Well who was the one who came and killed all of my robot sergeants trying to get MY chaos emerald. YOU brought this upon YOURSELF

SMALL
please don't do this

CHET
chaos-

SMALL
please, I'm pregnant

CHET
I don't care. chaos s-

SMALL
PLEASE DONT KILL ME

CHET
Ok. I won't kill you. But it was your choice, remember that, as you get a punishment worse than death. You are to suffer the rest of your life in complete darkness never to return. Any last words?

SMALL
yeah, just like Icarus, we flew too close to the sun. I'm not sorry. The time I spent with my pals is worth the price of this. And I'm sure they felt the exact same way before they died. I guess I deserve this. I got us into this mess. They are dead because of me. I just hope sonic and tails are able to come and beat you into oblivion. I believe in them.

CHET
alright. Here we go

CHETS chaos emerald is engulfed by a menacing deep purple aura

CHET
Chaos VOID

SMALL
go to hell you son of a bit-

SMALL vanishes

CUT TO:

INT. EARLY ENOUGH THAT PEOPLE GET MAD AT YOU FOR DRINKING -
WHIFFLE, A SPORTS BAR

With the tension, disappointment... his lack of purpose containing him, TAILS needs a damn drink. The bar is playing a hesitant jazz arrangement of the hit single La Bamba, possibly the greatest song ever written. TAILS orders a Brandy Alexander.

TAILS

A brandy alexander, por favor.

BARTENDER

What are you, some sort of StarFox64?

TAILS

I had dreams of absolutism; quasi-dimensional emotions I could never speak. I believed in him, in this man, this legend. My rock, my one time lover. A father figure, but also a sex symbol for men and women between the ages of 21-56, for some reason. Have you ever understood someone who couldn't speak? Have you ever deciphered mumbles into 'left' and 'right' and have the simplicity of a child staring back at you in the body of a man you adored? Have you ever been married?

TAILS doesn't wait for the BARTENDER to respond.

TAILS

Well, he's something borrowed, something new, and blue... all in one. All in this tiny ball that goes vroom. It just sounds like a motor burning out now, just the chili dog smoothies and coughing of the machine from overuse.

TAILS is visibly upset.

TAILS

He used to believe in God, you know that? Him! A God in his right mind, a God of charity and compassion. A rea-

The BARTENDER puts the drink down.

BARTENDER

Alright, so, you want your tab open?

TAILS hands her his card. I bet you thought this bartender was male. I did, too, until about 2 seconds ago. Isn't it strange how our default pronouns for things, other than boats and cars, are male?

TAILS

Yeah, whatever.

Underneath the low hanging ceiling fan LINDA can be seen leaning out of a booth, realizing she's been listening closely this entire time to TAILS pour his heart out after each drink is poured for him. She understands his frustration, and his fears. She understands his desire to accept the facts, the final stage of grief. She also understands the adventure has begun. She cannot let TAILS lose faith just because some idiots who were younger, more beautiful, agile, intelligent, relevant, well groomed and mannered, made fun of him. He is kinda sad and gross looking. His coat not as vibrant anymore, looks like rust and exposed pipes.

She walks to him, a basket of sweet potato fries in hand.

LINDA

Jesus Christ. This is a damn feel good road trip. Stop wasting our money on drinking.

TAILS

Ours?

LINDA

What?

TAILS

Ours. You said ours, insinuating that my money is your money.

Above them, a TV's volume quickly increases, almost as if someone wanted it to catch their attention.

LINDA
Holy shit.

TAILS
Holy crap.

NEWSCASTER
It seems... I... It is with a heavy heart to be the one to break this news but THE NEW HEROES are dead. They're fucking dead. We're screwed. Who will help us now? It's not like some drunk asshole is going to come Clark Kent the day for us. We're all awful people. We deserve this anguish. Fuck. I cheated on my wife this morning with the refreshment girl. She listens to my problems and sometimes I think maybe I jumped into marriage too quickly because I was scared when I found out we were having a baby. I wanted to do the right thing but I wasn't ready for it.

LINDA
Wow.

TAILS
I know. What a piece of shit. Grow up, asshole! Your hay days are fucking over.

LINDA
But are they?

TAILS
Linda, shut the fuck up. What do you even know about him? He's a loser who can't accept responsibility.

LINDA
What? Not the newscaster. Eat some fucking bread or something.

TAILS
ARE WE EVEN WATCHING THE SAME THING?

LINDA
The new heroes are dead, you worm fucker. That means the old ones can come back.

TAILS
Who? SONIC?

TAILS sings the SONIC theme song from a 90s cartoon.

TAILS

Too fast for the naked eye, SONIC the hedgehog. SONIC he can barely move, SONIC he needs help going number two, SONIC he's the most depressing thing alive!

LINDA

You talk about how much you miss Sonic, how you miss the old days. You wont stop telling literally anyone who listens to you about how cool he was, and he was cool, you know that? You were always that weird annoying thing we all thought he was fucking. And now, without him within earshot, unable to defend himself, you sing his fucking theme song as an insult to his current condition? Heartless. You wouldn't be able to say these awful things about him if he weren't still in that chair.

TAILS

But he is, Lind, he IS in that chair!!!!

This is a rip off of WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE, maybe Joan Crawford's greatest film where her sister, Bette Davis, is a drunken mess who torments her because she was in a car accident and bound to a wheelchair. But to be her caretaker means she also gets Joan's Hollywood money to forge her name and buy liquor. In one scene, she brings Joan her only a friend, a rat, in a silver platter for her lunch. And Joan freaks out that her sister could be so cruel and says something similar. Anyway, it's old Hollywood's last and possibly greatest psychological thriller with mental illness and manipulation as a huge plot factor, well executed on the silver screen. 5/5, would recommend.

LINDA

Would a blow job change your mind?

TAILS

No, you fucking bitch. I'm gay

LINDA

Oh... I had... no idea. I just thought you were drunk and whimsical and sorta sweet when you're not whining.

TAILS

When he stopped spinning... so did my world.

LINDA

Exactly what I'm talking about.

TAILS

I had dreams of absolutism; quasi-dimen...

LINDA

Yeah I know. Quasi-dimensional emotions. I already overheard that story.

TAILS

You don't get it. Everyone thinks I'm a joke.

LINDA

Okay, well this isn't a fuckin Boy George revival. This is real, TAILS. When I first met you, I admittedly said to myself, "these fucking washed up fat babies need to shoot themselves in the damn skull."

TAILS

What THE FUCK

LINDA

But now I see the divine intervention that brought us together wasn't so you'd save me from my life of sin and great movies. It was for me to remember how unsteady I became caring for my mother, only to have her die on me without feeling like I did anything to make her last instances of life come back. We used to do things together, we used to have threesomes with the laundry guy for soap money. And when I let her rot, when I gave up, she died the last way I remembered her... as nothing, full of cum.

TAILS look of disgust is mistaken for a look of vulnerability.

LINDA

Do you remember how many times SONIC gave you a thumbs up?

TAILS

Every single time we did a good job.

LINDA

The next time you wipe his ass, give him a thumbs up, right in the butthole.

LINDA can be seen blatantly masturbating under the basket of sweet potato fries.

TAILS

Are you jerking off?

LINDA

And just rotate it a little.

TAILS

Rotate it a little?

LINDA

Rotate it a little.

TAILS

Rotate it a little!

LINDA, (cumming)

ROTATE IT A LIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTLE

TAILS

If I help SONIC spin maybe it'll snap him back into his head, I just have to rotate him a little. I just gotta give him a hand, give him a thumbs up, help him remember the tragedies we conquered in the past.

LINDA

What?

TAILS

I'll tell him KNUCKLES came back from the dead. That'll drive him fucking bonkers.

LINDA

Did you just say bonkers?

TAILS

LINDA, shut the fuck up. I'm not gay. I didn't have sexual relations with KNUCKLES always secretly hoping he'd just fly away with me, okay? I just am not attracted to you as a person or physically but I didn't wanna be rude.

LINDA puts the basket back over her crotch.

LINDA
What else?

TAILS
Jesus, woman. Go on craigslist or something. Fuck. What's that
smell?

LINDA has shit herself.

LINDA
Do you want to pretend I'm SONIC?

LINDA tilts her head like she's just died.

TAILS
What kind of fuckin pervert are you? Why couldn't you be into
foot stuff or choking or something easy?

LINDA
I am.

TAILS
Okay well stop flicking your big bean and let's save the
world.

LINDA
One second.

TAILS
You're disgusting.

LINDA
Yeah?

TAILS
What kind of monster takes advantage of a grieving man and his
incapacitated idol, during the darkest times of their lives,
and then jerks off in front of them?

LINDA
I only did it to SONIC once.

TAILS

Oh my god. Don't fetishize my best friend. You're seriously demented.

The TV volume raises even louder.

NEWSCASTER

Will anyone save us?

TAILS throw his glass at the TV.

TAILS

We will, you scummy fucking baby. LINDA, get yourself together. I'll be outside.

TAILS leaves the bar.

BARTENDER

Does he want his tab closed or?

LINDA

Yeah, but add a bottle of Blue Label first.

The TV volume decreases. The camera pans to a dark corner through a doorway where we see KNUCKLES' GHOST putting the remote down before walking through the wall.

CUT TO:

INT- A STAGE WHERE THE MAYOR OF GAMEVAPECISCO IS PREPARING TO MAKE AN ADDRESS. The Mayor bears a striking resemblance to Fred Flinstone and is aware of this, but he is absolutely NOT Fred Flinstone. He looks up at the sky before walking onstage.

MAYOR

Oh, Rouge, forgive me for what I'm about to yabba dabba doo.

The Mayor begins to walk out onstage and stands before a crowd of angry people.

MAYOR

I, Meyer Mayor, the Mayor of Gamevapecisco, am hereby saying
that we, the people will cease--

Out of fucking nowhere an 86' Corrola bursts through the wall behind the mayor, instantly crushing him and revealing Sonic and Miles (Tails) Prower collectively in the drivers seat while Linda the Feinstein manspreads in the passenger seat.

TAILS

Dont Listen to that fucker, We're gonna keep fighting because Chet Fuckhammer just killed your heroes, and on top of that hes a giant wad and a dick and he's made me, Miles (Tails) Prower, the teams most lovable and innocent member, into a badass old fox man.

SEXY the SUSAN (an audience member who is an overweight middle aged balding man with a very unfortunate and misleading name) stands up in response to Miles (tails) Prowers comment

SEXY THE SUSAN

(Thick Jersey accent)

Eyy, I'm no doctor but uh-

He pauses as the audience laughs remarkably hard at that one comment

But isn't being a badass actually... Good?

Miles (Tails) Prower is floored by this thought. He looks back at all the dope shit he's done in these past couple of days and ponders whether or not he really SHOULD go after Chet Fuckhammer. In the background we see Linda the Feinstein clearly struggling to get sonic out of the car and into his wheelchair. Throughout the process at one point Sonic shits himself and once Linda see this she tries to stifle a laugh which then turns into her shitting herself, to which she is thoroughly embarrassed. SONIC is in his wheelchair and wheels up beside TAILS.

TAILS

Sonic, is this mission even worth going on? In the end the lessons we've learned so far and the invisible hand of capitalism being egged on by Chet Fuckhammer are ultimately helpful. What if we're the bad guys. What if everything we've done so far, all the robots we've straight up murdered, are for the wrong reasons. Sonic, you're my best friend and I need your help on this.

SONIC wheels up to the mic and takes off his sunglasses

SONIC

We the people are not lost. The enemy we face seems dastardly, and indeed his power far outweighs our own. But we, we the people cannot-- WILL not let his authority stand without a fight. The chains of oppression are heavy, to be sure, but it is a weight we all must bear together. I refuse to allow our enemies to prosper in our defeat! I refuse to allow all the power of the world to go to a man who sees himself as something more than a man! I am a hedgehog and I REFUSE TO LET THIS OPPRESSION CONTINUE

Mortons the steakhouse, a voluptuous young woman, stands up next to Sexy the Susan

MORTONS THE STEAKHOUSE

What are... what are you trying to say?

SONIC (in an almost sensual whisper)
Gotta Go fast.

The entire crowd goes silent. Linda the Feinstein returns from the bathroom to see a completely full but remarkably quiet room with Sonic and Miles (Tails) Prower up on stage.

SEXY THE SUSAN

Gotta... Gotta Go Fast... Gotta Go Fast!!!

The crowd around Sexy the Susan are confused but riled up nonetheless. Sonic has fallen asleep at this point but Miles (Tails) Prower stands awestruck. Cockney the Guvnah stands up

COCKNEY THE GUVNAH

Oy' Whats that Blue one buggering on about?

Out of nowhere Sexy the Susan uppercuts Cockney in the jaw while simultaneously Mortons the Steakhouse lowercuts his head, causing Cokneys entire body to explode in an orgy of gore.

MORTONS AND SEXY TOGETHER

Gotta Go fast! Gotta go fast! GOTTA GO FAST! GOTTA GO FAST!

The two begin skipping around the room aggressively chanting this and attempting to make subtle passes at anyone who joins with them, discouraging most from doing so. The crowd chanting nonetheless grows and eventually the entire crowd is either up

screaming for Sonic or dead on the ground at the hands of Sexy the Susan and Mortons the Steakhouse,

TAILS

Gee Whiz sonic! You did it! The old you is back! We can absolutely do this!

The crowd continues to gain energy and suddenly becomes a riot. The Mayor, who recently just got out from under the rubble, is picked up by the crowd and roughed up a bit until he escapes to his car, which the rioters have taken the bottom out of for reasons.

MAYOR

Jesus Fucking Christ what have these animals done to my baby. My bababooney. Not my ba ba.

With incredible strength he lifts the shell of the car and begins running off, remarkably similar to the flintstones, until he is hit by an actual car and dies a very quick yet terrifying death.

Back in the building

LINDA

Gosh tails, this riot sure is getting out of control, we ought to get out of here!

Linda sees the egregious violence happening around her to the chant of "Gotta go fast" and shits herself yet again and prays no one sees. Miles (tails) Prower loads a sleepy Sonic back into the car while he chants "GOTTA GO FAST GOTTA GO FAST" in a hellish fever dream. Miles (Tails) prower begins to worry that maybe sonic wasnt all there. Regardless, he and the group drive out the way they came, ready to begin their assault on Chet Fuckhammer.

INT. THE COROLLA

TAILS

Wow. Sonic... you're... you're back.

LINDA

Miles I...

SONIC

Gotta go fast!

TAILS

Yeah! Gotta do it buddyyyyyy!!!!

LINDA

Miles I'm not sure about this. I'm not sure he's back just like that..

TAILS

Linda what the hell? What the hell, heck and fuck? Look at him he's BACK.

SONIC is licking his teeth over and over again.

LINDA

Miles I think you might be taking something and running with it.

TAILS

Yeah well running's what we do isn't that right BUDDY

TAILS bangs on the roof of the car with his fist, startling SONIC.

SONIC

Gotta go fast

TAILS

(chanting)

GOTTA GO FAST! GOTTA GO FAST!

LINDA looks very uncomfortable, and the phone starts ringing in the car. TAILS puts it on speakerphone.

TAILS

Hello?

VOICE OF DEPUTY MAYOR

Hello this is the deputy mayor..

(long pause)

Pussy Man

Everyone in the car is silent. The excitement dies down.

TAILS

P... pussy man?

VOICE OF PUSSY MAN

Yes.

TAILS
Uh... okay.

VOICE OF PUSSY MAN
Thanks. Anyway, the mayor is dead apparently, but the people love you. And they love Sonic! Come down to the police station, we're gonna kit you out with all of our top shit.

TAILS
Alright Mister deputy mayor! We'll be right there!

VOICE OF PUSSY MAN
Mmmhmmyess, tell me one thing. Is Sonic really capable of this?

TAILS
Capable. You heard him, right?

SONIC
Gotta go fast!

TAILS
Hear that bitch? He's back!

VOICE OF PUSSY MAN
Don't call me a bitch

TAILS
Sorry I just got excited Mr Pussy Man

VOICE OF PUSSY MAN
Alright bye

TAILS
(hanging up)
ALRIGHT! You hear that Linda? They believe in us.

LINDA is silent.

TAILS
L... Oh, come on. He's fine! Look. Sonic, buddy, you know who that was right?

SONIC
Gotta go fast!

TAILS
Yeah, who was on the phone buddy? You remember?

SONIC
Gotta go fast!

TAILS
What was the guy's name, Sonic?

SONIC
Gotta go fast!

Slowly, the joy drops from TAILS' face. He looks back to the road.

TAILS
(under his breath)
Ahh shit.

EXT. ARMORY - VAPECISCO PD - DAY

CLOSE ON:

An old-timey gun. Not a Tommy Gun from the Prohibition-era, or a rifle from World War I, but a bayonette from the Founding Fathers.

It's in a glass case, because it's old as shit.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG (brown) sits inside a metal cage. He wears a flak jacket and a camo fanny pack. Fuck it, his whole skin is camo.

Linda leads Tails and Sonic to the cage.

LINDA
Nice cage.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG
This is my home.

LINDA
It's disgusting. The Mayor told us to come here--

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG
I don't care. I'm happy to talk to anyone. And the Mayor called ahead. This is Sonic, not Havest fuckin' Moon.

TAILS looks at Sonic, in his wheelchair. He stares vacantly ahead, looking at something that isn't there, past Land Mind.

Behind LM are rows of machine guns-- sleek, black carbines,

hand grenades, thrift store laser pistols that will actually fuck people up.

Next to the weaponry is a row of labeled cubbies-- the mail boxes of Vapecisco PD.

A DELIVERY PERSON runs an envelope to LM.

SONIC
(whispering)
Hallelujah.

TAILS clears his throat, trying to cover up his friend's verbal termor.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG
We're only equipped to handle small stuff-- pissing without a license and petty vaping.
(taking in Sonic's patheticness)
Jesus Christ. Tell me this is his matinee performance.

Land Mine rips open the envelope.

TAILS, still reeling from the stage, punches the metal fencing. It hurts. Fuck.

TAILS
Listen! There's no time for some introspective bullshit from a hedgehog with dead dreams.

TAILS steps up in Land Mine's face, not knowing any better.

TAILS (CONT'D)
Sonic is just tired you little bitch. How would you look if anyone ever expected anything from you?

Land Mine holds TAILS' look for a while.

LINDA
Why the fuck do you handle the mail and the guns?

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG
Looks like your man is faster than you.

TAILS looks back-- Sonic and his chair are gone.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A weird looking shit like Fantastic Mr. Fox, but a hedgehog, walks by. It sees the camera and pulls a towel to cover up, because you're never too good for gags like that.

TAILS wanders into the police locker room, looking for Sonic. There's an uncanny silence, replacing the usual ballsack chatter.

TAILS goes to a--

ROW OF LOCKERS

KAYDEN (34, bleached tips) watches Sonic with other COPS. They watch as Sonic rolls his wheelchair into a wooden bench, mostly muttering to himself.

Also, Kayden's badge is pinned directly into his chest.

TAILS sees Sonic and hurries over.

TAILS

Hey, buddy...

(then, to the Cops)

Hey everyone. I-- I want to introduce Sonic. We were in the area and he wanted to say hello.

Sonic's murmurs have calmed, but his eyes are still wild.

The Younger Cops looks worried, even frustrated. The Older Guys-- even Kayden-- look scared. They knew Sonic. He was their hero.

SONIC

Hallelujah.

TAILS starts to wheel Sonic out.

KAYDEN

Hey... Tails.

TAILS stops, cold.

KAYDEN (CONT'D)

Wow. Huh. Those fuckin tails, huh guy?

TAILS winces.

KAYDEN (CONT'D)

Can you shoot a gun with one of your tails?

TAILS-- pulling from some Sonic 3 energy-- is on Kayden in a flash. TAILS pushes Kayden against a locker.

TAILS

You think you know Sonic because he babysat you on a Genesis while mom was out trying to replace dad? No. But he beat shitty vaping assholes before assholes even knew how to vape.

We didn't deserve Sonic then and we don't deserve him now.

None of us do. Thanks, Sonic.

TAILS goes to SONIC and pinches him in the side, causing him to wink at the crowd of officers. TAILS leads SONIC away. It's not clear where it starts, but spontaneous APPLAUSE breaks out.

Kayden, clearly shaken, opens his locker and takes a pull from a bottle of Jim Beam.

TAILS wheels SONIC out of the locker room, passing LM, face clouded.

CUT TO:

INT. FUCKHAMMER HQ - DAY

Chet Fuckhammer stands on a balcony, overlooking part of the city. He's not that high up like the Empire State Building but maybe the top of Capital Records.

CHET FUCKHAMMER

Did we send the invitation to that... hedgehog?

Chet is petting an actual, animal hedgehog.

MechanicEel steps onto the balcony. Brenda glares at them from inside.

MECHNICEEL

Yes.

(then)

Do you really think Sonic is back? He inspired--

CHET FUCKHAMMER

I know. I think... I think that boy is back in town.

MECHNICEEL

That's not even the right lyric.

CHET FUCKHAMMER

I will kill you, Sonic. The father must always kill the son.

Chet drops the hedgehog off the balcony. Chet takes a "fat rip" and blows a massive plume from the balcony.

CHET FUCKHAMMER (CONT'D)

I love the secret tobacco I put in this. Look at that fucking cloud.

MECHNICEEL

You are evil incarnate.

INT. HALLWAY - GAME VAPECISCO PD

TAILS walks into--
Land Mine.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG

Come with me, Miles.

TAILS follows LM down the hallway. There's a different energy about LM. Something calmed. Still waters run deep.

TAILS

I'm sorry about lashing out on you. They don't call me tails cause I'm a nice... guy.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG

No, they don't.

TAILS looks worried.

They go into a--

INT. DARK ROOM

There's a faint glow throughout. LM closes the door behind TAILS. Flips the heavy lock shut.

TAILS closes his eyes.
Darkness.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG

What the fuck are you doing?

TAILS opens his eyes--

The room is filled with those incredibly old television set item-boxes. They each emit a faint glow, depicting what's inside. Mostly like fifteen rings.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG (CONT'D)

I thought bringing you into this room could tap into something.

(then)

That delivery I got was from Chet Fuckhammer. He's scheduled an appointment for you.

TAILS takes this in.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG (CONT'D)

Do you think you have what it takes?

TAILS

No. But Sonic does.

Linda enters the room.

LINDA

Miles, we need to talk.

(then)

What the fuck.

Linda looks at Land Mine's face. Blood is pouring from his nose and eyes.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG

What the fuck.

Land Mind crumples to the floor. Tailss steps close, but not too close, because why would you.

LAND MINE THE HEDGEHOG (CONT'D)

This hurts so much but not because I'm dying through my holes, but because I always wanted to go out in a big blaze of glory.

Tell Sonic to go--

Land Mine has something more to say but dies because nobodies don't get bigger moments than themselves.

INT. ARMORY - VAPECISCO PD

Linda picks up the delivered letter with a glove.

A bunch of WHITE POWDER falls from it.

LINDA
Superanthrax.

TAILS
Holy shit. How?

LINDA
With the chemicals in gamevapes, most biological weapons are
one long division problems away.

Miles' gaze falls to the ground.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Is there anything you want to tell everyone? About Sonic?

TAILS
No. Just that he's going to do a really good job of succeeding
and getting the chaos emeralds. Business as always.

Linda looks Miles in the eye. Real deep. Looks fuckin TAILS in
the eye.

LINDA
Do not mess with this. Is Sonic... good to go?

Miles thinks for a long moment. Several moments. He holds a
look between God and nothing. We think he even may have been a
robot, powered off, but--

TAILS
He's good to go fast.

SONIC (O.S.)
(whispering)
Hallelujah.

CUT TO:

EXT. The GameVape Compound. Some sort of corporate courtyard
place, I don't know, I'm not a shill. It's big and ornate, but
like modern ornate, where it tries to not be ornate. Loads of
white and grey or whatever. Linda, Sonic and Tails are riding
in a GameVape electric car, a golf cart like thing that
careers around driving them towards the main offices.

TAILS
Here we go! Here we go!

LINDA

Mr Prower come on, stop that.

TAILS

Gotta go fast! Gotta go fast!

Tails is jerking about, pretending to run like in Dumb and Dumber. They're not even going that fast. He is also vaping, because the cart is full of vapes on wires. Sonic is staring blankly at a complimentary Nintendo Switch in his lap. They pass a lot of workers in the courtyard, who stare at them while looking up from their phones. Lots are cowboy robots, but a lot of the others are OC hedgehogs dressed in trendy hipster clothing, like Marcus the Hedgehog or Ciara the Hedgehog or Ted the Hedgehog.

LINDA

Come on man, your heart. This isn't great for your heart.

TAILS

I've got two hearts! That's why they call me Hearts!

The cart veers wildly, making a hedgehog throw coffee into his t-shirt.

SAND THE HEDGEHOG

Hey! Watch it!

He looks annoyed, but his friend takes a photo of him on his phone and they both look kind of pleased, Sand posing in a 'say what?' pose.

LINDA

You really think this is a great idea? I know Mr Fuckhammer invited us, but you did like, call him out on national television. I don't think he's such a great guy.

TAILS

That's because he's the bad guy! He's Nack the Weasel! He's Hyper Metal Sonic! Colonel Gaddafi!

LINDA

What are you talking about?

The car swerves again, slamming into a hedgehog. The guy crashes into the floor, where a load of his co-workers take photos of him. He himself, Gin the Hedgehog or whatever, puts

a vape in his bleeding mouth and takes a selfie.

TAILS

Sonic! He can really move! Sonic! He's got an attitude!

LINDA

Oh Jesus.

TAILS

Come on Linda, I know you haven't seen him like I have. I get it.

He takes a big hit.

TAILS

But he's back now! You're about to see him like he really is, kicking some tail, slamming some 'ludes, kicking some tail! Kicking some tail! Sonic man! Sonic the Hedgehog! That's right, huh Sonic?

Sonic stares at the Switch.

TAILS

Sonic?

Cut back to Sonic. We slowly move into the Switch's screen: he's watching The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild. We see the game on the screen, as though we are in it, but instead of Link it's Sonic, old and shit. He stands there, overlooking the vast land of Hyrule, utterly unable to exist in this new world of amazing gameplay and endless exploration. He simply stands there and looks confused. We zoom back out to the car.

TAILS

See? He's killing it!

LINDA

He's not even touching it!

TAILS

That's how you play! It's Nintendo or some shit, it's mind control!

The car swerves one more time, sending a hedgehog flying into a huge pile of explosives that explode, sending a whole group of hedgehogs flying across the vast room in a massive blast that's frankly too big for this scene. Other hedgehogs gather round to vape and take selfies with the charred hedgehog

bodies.

LINDA

We're just gonna talk to him right? We're going to sort it out?

TAILS

Yeah, we'll talk to him alright. We'll talk ALL NIGHT LONG!

He winks.

LINDA

What was that? What does that mean? Did you just wink?

TAILS

I'm a fox!

LINDA

I'm really worried about this.

Tails starts to 'run' faster and sing the 'invincibility' music from Sonic 3. It's annoying as fuck. The golf cart drives into a waiting elevator where it comes to a stop, Linda looking round as if to get out, Tails singing and biting his lip, a crazed happy look on his face. Sonic sneezes up some blood. The doors close.

CUT TO:

INT: CHET'S CONTROL ROOM

The elevator doors open to reveal CHET FUCKHAMMER himself, wearing a pinstripe suit, with MechanicEel and BRENDA THE TEMP by his side. CHET is grinning like a douche dick

CHET

Welcome, mother fuckers. To my lair.

LINDA

Who calls their own place a lair

CHET

Me, crab ass, and I'll tell you why. I do whatever the fuck I want. I'm a big business boy. You understand me? Daddy's a big business bad boy with a billion business bucks and a big business boy building boy full of bucks and trucks. Fuck

trucks. Fuck trucks full of boy bucks that I fuck and truck inside. Business fuck, that is. I am a big fuck business buck truck building boy, and I do what I like because I have... these.

CHET holds up a Starbucks paper bag.

TAILS
Cheese pretzels?

CHET
No you big nut, ... THESE.

CHET drops the bag to reveal it is full of the chaos emeralds. They spill out onto the carpet. He laughs.

TAILS
L'emeralds de chaos!!!

CHET
That's right pony fiddler. See how I just dropped them? I don't respect these powerful emeralds. They are shit to me.

TAILS
Why did you steal them?

CHET
Don't you know? For business. Big business. Big FUCK business. Let me explain you a thing, country boy. While you're at home on the farm, chipping away at your tiny ass hole, I'm here, in the city, doing big boy world money man business. I am selling. I'm also buying. Sometimes I sell what I buy. Sometimes I buy what I sell. I ALWAYS fuck what I buy. Look at your face. I can see you don't understand business at all. You see, these chaos emeralds allow me so much power. I can mesmerise my enemies into giving me hella sweet deals. I can use them to mass manufacture so many shitty little titty man products that people can't buy them fast enough. They run up credit card debts trying to buy my shit and you know who runs the credit card company? It's me, you baboon! Money! Money! MONEY! These chaos emeralds are just another way for me to get what I want. Which is money.

LINDA
You are such a dick

CHET
I brush my teeth with goblins like you, fuck off

TAILS
Well, 'champ'...

CHET
It's chet

TAILS
Well, 'Chef'...

CHET
Chet.

TAILS
Well, 'Chimp'...

LINDA
Miles it's chet

TAILS
Well, 'Chent'...

CHET
Is he saying 'chent'? What is that

TAILS
Well, 'Busp'...

MECHANICEEL
Not even close

TAILS
What is it?

EVERYONE
CHET

TAILS
Chept.

CHET
...you know what yes, okay. What

TAILS
Here's what. You messed with the wrong people this time. This is Sonic the god damn mother fucking hedgehog. I've personally watched him save the world a whole bunch of times and its fucking EASY for him. It's fucking nothing for this dude to

rescue the entire universe.

CHET

Really? Because he looks like shit to me.

TAILS

Fuck you!

CHET starts to approach them, confidently. He strides towards SONIC's wheelchair. TAILS moves between them, but CHET strikes him hard across the face. TAILS falls to the ground, and CHET leans down so his face is inches away from SONIC's.

CHET

So you're Sonic the Hedgehog, huh?

SONIC's lip is trembling, but he cannot speak.

CHET

You don't look like much to me.

LINDA

Leave him alone!

CHET

You're no hero. You're just an old, sad, crippled basket case.

SONIC attempts to spit in CHET's face, but dribbles weakly down his chin instead. CHET and his sidekicks laugh cruelly at SONIC. CHET suddenly stands up and kicks the wheelchair hard, sending SONIC tumbling onto the ground.

TAILS

BASTARD!

CHET

Greatest hero in the land? Look at him. He'd be better off dead.

TAILS

Shut up! Shut up shut up shut up!

CHET

Gonna cry?

LINDA

You piece of shit.

CHET

MechanicEel, shut this woman up. Who even are you?

TAILS

That's Linda Feinstein. She's a waitress... she's my friend.

MECHANICEEL approaches LINDA aggressively.

CHET

You lot are pathetic.

CHET plants a hard kick into TAILS' ribs. TAILS coughs up some blood. CHET kicks him again. He kicks and kicks as TAILS cries out in pain.

MechanicEel is throwing punch after punch at Linda. They connect with her face but to prevent an R rating her head bounces back and forth at ninety-degree angle; kind of similar to a speed bag.

MECHANICEEL

It's over, Feinstein! Nya-ha-ha!

Linda looks over at Mechaniceel's desk mid-hit and frowns.

LINDA (muffled due to punching)

What's that?

MECHANICEEL

What?

LINDA

The sticker.

Linda points at the sticker on Mechaniceel's computer, or to be more accurate what's written on the sticker.

"REAL 80'S KID"

LINDA

What the fuck?

She pushes MechanicalEel to the floor. Standing over his prone, mecha body Feinstein's expression is one of pure rage.

LINDA (coldly)

You motherfucker.

MECHANICEEL

Oh, fuck off with that. I'm proud of my heritage -

LINDA

Your *heritage*?

Linda begins to kick the shit out of MechanicEel. Slowly but surely the suit begins to dent.

LINDA

Congratulations. You were born in the 80's. And yet you threw Sonic under the bus.

MECHANICEEL (freaking out)

No - no! He's not the real 80's. I miss the real 80's!

LINDA

WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT EVEN MEAN

An arm flies off the suit and crashes into the opposite wall, narrowly missing Brenda the Temp. She slams her notepad down and stands up.

BRENDA THE TEMP

Ok- I- you know what? I'm done. I'm done with this.

MECHANICEEL

The real 80's! Ronald Reagan and systematic oppression, and classic Simpsons! Do you remember classic Simpsons?

LINDA

You are so fucking annoying. Shut the fuck up, Jesus Christ.

MECHANICEEL

Mr- Mr Roboto! You remember Mr Roboto? Nobody listens to Mr Roboto anymore!

Linda tears off the other arm.

LINDA

Shut up. Honestly just shut up. I'm completely done with this bullshit. Your bullshit. It would be a crime to let you continue to flap your freaky eel gums any longer. I can't believe you were raised to adulthood. If you were my child you'd be dead. I would have smothered you, and when the police finally came because the neighbours smelled your corpse they would give me a medal for ridding the world of you and your audio filth.

She stomps on the mech's glass window, smashing it. Water spills out and Eel flops helplessly.

LINDA
Fuck you, dude.

NON-MECHANICEEL
E.T -!

Knock knock. Who's there? It's Linda Feinstein's foot on MechanicEel's face. He's dead now.
Panting heavily, Linda looks up and meets Brenda's eyes.

LINDA
..Y-yeah?

BRENDA THE TEMP
..He'd always send me emails. The same email, over and over again.

LINDA
Go on.

BRENDA THE TEMP
"Here's how Bernie can still win"

LINDA
JESUS FUCK -

INT. OTHER PART OF THE SAME ROOM
Chet is kicking the shit out of Tails. In years long since passed Tails was into this kind of depraved masochistic fuckery but now it's just sad.

CHET
Yeah, you like that?

TAILS
The hell is wrong with you?

Chet kicks Tails again, but this time it just bounces off Tails's blubbery tummy without making our intrepid elderly fox so much as wince. But our Tails is intrepid, and also really into the hit 2008 BBC fantasy-adventure TV show Merlin, so he decides to play up to Chet. That bit about Merlin wasn't relevant; it's just worldbuilding. The show Merlin exists in this universe. Isn't that crazy? I bet King Arthur was played

by, like, a stoat or something. Fucking nuts.

TAILS (obviously lying)
Ooh, ahh, that hurts a whole bunch. Yeah.

Tails looks over to Sonic's overturned wheelchair. The hedgehog isn't there. Confused, Tails scans the room - and sees Sonic crawling, slowly but surely, towards the MOTHERFUCKING.

CHAOS.

EMERALDS.

What a boss.

TAILS
Ooh, aah, yeah! Keep hurting me right there! Keep looking at me as you do it! *Nowhere* else.

Chet stops and frowns. Tails cringes.

CHET
Well, I'm not gonna question it. So long as I get my...KICKS!

He resumes kicking Tails. The joke is a small bit of levity in a dark, dark world.

The beating takes place over twelve minutes. Sonic crawls really slowly throughout in the background, before finally getting within reach of the emeralds. Honestly I don't know how they work so I'm going to assume Sonic has to eat them? Cramming the last emerald into his mouth, Sonic winces.

SONIC (muffled)
Gotta...go-

The room explodes into a pool of golden light. Huge wind currents knock over our heroes Tails and Linda, and our villain Chet. Brenda the Temp is loooooooooong fucking gone, kiddos.

Raising an arm to shield himself from the worst of it Tails sees a silhouette raised high in the air, arms outstretched and head bowed.

TAILS
No...it can't be...

It's GOLDEN FUCKING SONIC BABY. HE'S YOUNG AGAIN. OH FUCK YES. CHET'S FUCKED NOW, MY DUDES

Sonic opens his mouth to speak. He has a low, booming legion voice made up of every fictional character to ever exist

talking in unison.

SONIC

**Enough, mortals. Your hero has returned. Your saviour.
Your...God.**

CHET

No! No, it can't be you! It just can't be!

SONIC

**Silence! You are all of you, beings of the flesh; beneath me.
You pitiful fools bandy about concepts such as "time" and
"eras", talking of new societies and cultural shifts. I am
beyond your petty disputes; your Chets, your Sonics, your
Tails.**

TAILS

It's just the one tail now.

SONIC

What?

TAILS

I lost a tail. I only have one now.

SONIC

Oh. Sorry. May I continue?

TAILS

Go for it.

SONIC

**Creatures such as yourself - you three-dimensional
abominations - are of little importance to an entity such as
myself. I look at you now and all I see is the insignificance
of your existence. I see through you, beyond time and space,
beyond reality. I see what lies beyond the veil that limits
your perception; into new lands, new dimensions of felt beings
and dinosaur theme parks. I see shit you fuckers would not
believe. Long after you are gone I shall see still, and I
shall comprehend struggle the likes of which none of you can
even begin to dream. Tell me, Tails the Fox, Linda the
Feinstein. Why have you brought me here to kill this man Chet?
What is the life of one man to the all-encompassing power of
the Chaos Emeralds?**

Tails thinks hard. Slowly, but surely, he climbs to his feet,
and clears his throat.

TAILS

I -

SONIC

Fuck you, Tails. I've just made it abundantly clear that this whole situation means nothing to me. I'm leaving - I'm taking this body; this sexy decrepit hedgehog body. And I'll take this whole city with me too, if it will teach you a lesson.

TAILS

Sorry.

SONIC

No, save it. You've done it now!

Sonic sighs, and coughs up a chaos emerald. He smiles sadly to himself, holding it tight, closing his eyes and whispering.

SONIC

Gotta go fast. I'm coming, Knuckles. I'm coming.

Sonic explodes into one hundred golden rings; sound effect included. The entire facility begins to collapse.

Gas tanks are triggered, causing huge explosions all over the compound. In a chain reaction, thousands of cowboy robots are detonated, each screaming yeehaw as they are blown to kingdom come. Giant chunks of building fall down, crushing the facility below, as people and robots run screaming.

CHET is blown into the wall and goes limp. LINDA helps TAILS to his feet, and points towards a ladder leading up out of the room. They run towards it together, and start to climb, LINDA going first.

EXT. THE HIGHEST PEAK ON THE HIGHEST TOWER OF GAMEVAPE -
SUNSET

LINDA climbs out of the ladder hole and onto a small platform. We can see the whole city of Game Vapescisco stretching out before us, and the ocean as well, reaching far into the distance, shimmering golden with the sun's last light. Below us, the facility is falling to pieces. TAILS' hand appears at the top of the ladder, but suddenly he is jerked down, holding on for dear life. LINDA looks back, screaming. The walls around the tower crumble, revealing that the bastard piece of crap CHET FUCKHAMMER is hanging on to TAILS' tails. Chunks of

debris fall, as well as the ladder itself, until finally the platform sits only on a tall steel pillar above the ruins of GameVape.

LINDA

Let go of him, you cock

CHET

NEVER! I WILL NEVER DIE!

LINDA

Miles hold on!

CHET flails wildly, and TAILS struggles to keep his grip on the edge of the platform. The drop is hundreds of feet.

TAILS

Linda listen to me.

LINDA

They'll come for us!

TAILS

LINDA LISTEN TO ME.

I was wrong. I've been so, so stupid. I thought that me and Sonic could do it, one last time. I thought we could be big heroes and save the day but we ruined everything. If I'd have admitted to myself that sonic wasn't up to the challenge... that he was hardly even sonic anymore... we'd still be at home. I'd still be blending up chilli dogs. But I couldn't be honest with myself. I couldn't let my hero go. And now look. The chaos emeralds have been destroyed and Sonic is dead! It's all my fault Linda.

LINDA

You did save the day, Miles. Look around you, GameVape is gone! The world is safe again. No more cowboy robots attacking innocent people! No more evil business being done behind closed doors! No more vaping! You're a hero Miles.

TAILS

No, Linda. I'm just a stupid old fox. Look around us. This world isn't for me anymore. Instagram and vape juice and cash me outside howbow dah. I'm old news.

LINDA

No!

TAILS

This isn't my world anymore, Linda. It's yours.

LINDA

Don't you DARE let go!

TAILS

What is it you said to me, back in the diner? Do you remember?

LINDA

Miles please...

TAILS

"Is there anything else I can help you with?"

LINDA

I was talking about milkshakes, Miles! Milkshakes!

TAILS

The only way you can help me now, is letting me go.

CHET

What are you guys talking about up there

LINDA

Miles...

TAILS

Call me Tails.

LINDA

Tails. No matter what you think, you are my hero.

Tails gently smiles, a warm, genuine smile.

TAILS

Gotta go fast.

TAILS lets go of the platform. LINDA cries out silently as she watched TAILS and CHET plummet towards the burning debris below. They fall out of shot, and we are left with the sad but beautiful image of LINDA alone, atop the tall platform as the sun sets behind Game Vapescisco. Helicopters gradually come into focus behind her; they have come to rescue her. As they move closer, we get one last close up on LINDA as a tear rolls down her cheek.

LINDA
Miles Prower. I just got it.

FADE OUT

THE END