

## **JELQZONE 4 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN: *THIS REALLY HAPPENED***

FOUR PEOPLE stand in a CLOSED ROOM, simply labeled “JELQZONE”. The WALLS are WOODEN and very cold, the ATMOSPHERE hurting those who breathe it. One of the WALLS is a ONE-WAY MIRROR. There is a MONITOR on one of the walls mounted with WOOD SCREWS that go through the DISPLAY, but it turns on anyway, somehow. On the ceiling is a LARGE VENT that is far too high for anyone to reach, even if they made some kind of fucked up PEOPLE-STACK. There is a RED, ANDY WARHOL COUCH towards the back of the room, FOUR WOODEN CHAIRS in the corners of the room, and a METAL TABLE towards the room’s center.

A SCOREBOARD is present on the left wall, four SEVEN-SEGMENT DISPLAYS in its compartment. The displays are labeled four different ways, one for everyone in the room.

JAMIE is a sentient AI given life and a human form, and is capable of near-instant retention of various cool bug and non-bug facts.

WAWA QUIZNOS is a food delivery worker who was fated to do so at birth. She is a smiling everyman with twinkling gums.

VALERIE VICE is a buff, butch woman with strong arms and a stronger heart. After years performing in the grindcore band 3000 CAFFEINATED BEVERAGES IN THE HOLE, she has developed the ability to replicate any sound vocally.

ERIC ANDRE is Eric Andre.

The VENT begins secreting DEADLY NEUROTOXIN. Air gushes in the distance. The NEUROTOXIN begins to seep into the minds of the actors, convincing them that they are recording something. The moisture in the gas seeps into the walls, slowly making the room damp, *sweaty* even, as the monitor cracks and bends.

The game begins, the rules unspoken, with lives on the line. The audience takes their seats.



ERIC: Uh- Welcome to the- Welcome to the- Welcome to the Eric Andre show. I'm your host Eric Andre.

JAMIE: ...no.

ERIC: What do you mean *no*.

JAMIE: The problem is that now we're recording, we're not gonna be funny.

WAWA: Is that true?

ERIC: Oh my god.

Wawa Quiznos chuckles. Her position does not flinch, her stance of a stoner sitting on a shitty busted-up couch unwavering. She's so out of it, you could swear she didn't even want to be here. Which she didn't, on account of being drugged and neurotoxined.

ERIC: Well that's why we hop on Putt Party.

VALERIE: Can you increase the channel size by one? We need, like... *ambient* music.

JAMIE: No. We do not need *ambient* music.

VALERIE: It's gotta be like elevator shit. Y'know? Like- [starts mimicking elevator music]

ERIC: Oh, god, we used all the good bits earlier today.

VALERIE: [continues playing elevator music]

JAMIE: I think it's important that we start out. I think we start out with the most important question. Hey guys. Do you think Zach Braff ever once jelqed it?

The room goes silent, with not even the creaking of the wood interrupting the philosophical ponderings that are about to follow.

ERIC: No.

VALERIE: Not at all. Of course he jelqed it. Who do you think he *is*?

JAMIE: I don't know- I don't really know Zach Braff.

ERIC: Zach Braff feels like an auto generated white guy. Like it's like- uh. It's like-

JAMIE: What were we watching that had like, discount Zach Braff that made this bit up?

ERIC: Like- what even started this. Hold on. I- like...

VALERIE: I think I just asked if Zach Braff had ever jelqed it... before.

ERIC: Like, he's in-

JAMIE: No, we asked it because we were watching something that had discount Zach Braff.

VALERIE: Well yeah. But I asked it and then kept asking it because you guys kept reacting to it. Which is how these things work. Y'know?

JAMIE: I'm really glad we've gotten like- autistic analysis mode on this. Like, this is really conducive to a funny chat.

ERIC: His middle name is Israel???

VALERIE: Ohohoho-

JAMIE: His middle name is Israel.

WAWA: Yeah, buddy!

VALERIE: You know he's been jerkin' it in those tunnels.

JAMIE: Do you think the state of Israel ever once jelqed it? I guess they did jelq off their dead soldiers to try and recover their sperm for the master race or whatever.

**1-0-0-0**

One point to Jamie. Eric stares at the display, and scowls. *Hard*.

ERIC: Yeah, that's- that's normal. Uh, but like, ok-

JAMIE: You HAVE to keep that joke in the-

VALERIE: [unintelligible noises]

ERIC: Of COURSE I w- anyway. But like, what is this guy even in.

VALERIE: [more unintelligible noises]

ERIC: Can you- can you *not* do that????

VALERIE: [laughing]

JAMIE: If you keep doing that I will jelq *you* off.

WAWA: [laughing]

JAMIE: But you probably want that.

Jamie is almost certainly correct, and he knows it. He's more than aware of the sexual proclivities of everyone else in the room, and he's almost certain that Valerie has not just jelqed it, but jelqed it *hard*, with enough force to split a train in two. Valerie's grip strength could destroy anyone, he thinks. He's almost scared of her.

Jamie pulls up the Letterboxd page for Zach Braff on the monitor. The edges crack to accommodate the screws.

ERIC: What is he even in. He's in- he's in Scrubs. Which is-

WAWA: He's in Garden State.

VALERIE: He's in... Chicken Little.

JAMIE: What the hell is Garden State? You keep bringing this up.

WAWA: It's like- it's his fuckin' movie. Like, he wrote it, and starred in it. It's- it's actually really good. Um.

JAMIE: The tone with which you said that is like how people defend Rick and Morty. Like, it's actually really good, guys.

WAWA: It's actually really smart. And funny.

JAMIE: It's actually really smart and funny- I think you just don't understand its dense humor.

ERIC: You just don't- you don't have a high enough IQ to understand Rick and Morty.

WAWA: To be fair, you have to have a high I-

JAMIE: High IQ to jelq it.

WAWA: So fuckin' true.

Valerie didn't fail to notice Jamie's advance, but isn't quite in the mood, given that she doesn't know where in the everloving fuck she is. She comes up with a distraction.

VALERIE: [starts beatboxing]

ERIC: This is gonna be the worst thing to write down.

JAMIE: You're gonna have fun transcribing this.

There was nothing to transcribe. There were words being said, but nobody was sitting above them, no omniscient narrator to tie it all together. There was only the room, and only the room remained.

VALERIE: Everybody!! Jelq, jelq, jelq, jelq jelq jelq.

WAWA: [dejectedly] Shut up...

ERIC: *Please* stop talking.

JAMIE: The thing is if we talk long enough it will eventually have funny things in it.

ERIC: Like. The thing is- he was in the Chicken Little video game for the GameCube.

WAWA: He was also-

ERIC: What- what is the Chicken Little video game for the GameCube. Hold on let me look this up.

Eric begins furiously typing on the metal table. Each click of the mechanical keyboard makes the room rumble slightly.

JAMIE: I imagine it features a QuickTime event game in which you jelq off.

ERIC: Yeah I mean it has to.

WAWA: For the record. Do you know *why* he's in the Chicken Little game for the GameCube?

VALERIE: [speaker noises of coughing violently]

ERIC: No.

JAMIE: I don't know. I can't imagine why.

WAWA: Because he's Chicken Little in the movie.

JAMIE: No, that can't be right. Chicken Little is an autobiography.

WAWA: Are you implying that Chicken Little wrote and starred in this movie?

JAMIE: Yeah.

ERIC: Can somebody please explain this YouTube video to me? Hold on.

Eric pulls up a video on the monitor.



One point to Eric, which really grinds everyone else's games.

1-0-0-1

ERIC: What. What is this. Disney's Chicken Little 100% GameCube Longplay.

JAMIE: Three hours?

ERIC: Three hours.

JAMIE: It better be worth it.

WAWA: Well it's a *long* play.

ERIC: Yeah, I mean, it's a long play. It's not a speedrun. What's the Chicken Little speedrun world record.

JAMIE: You better be saving these images for posterity in case you need to include them in the stupid fucking-

ERIC: Disney's Chicken Little. We got... uh.

Eric pulls up the Speedrun.com page for the Chicken Little video game.

ERIC: Any%...

JAMIE: What is this even for? Shrike Zone or whatever it's called?

ERIC: Whatever. Ok so we got. There's a GBA version which is significantly shorter but the world record for the uh- PC version, is uh- an hour and thirteen minutes.

WAWA: I could beat that. Easy. I could beat that easy.

ERIC: You wanna- you d-

WAWA: Shrike Zone entry is a Chicken Little speedrun. Makin' waves.

ERIC: Yeah. Anyway. So. Like. What the fuck is Chicken Little? Like- what thing is it.

Because like- I mean, it's supposed to be a chicken, but it's standing on two legs.

WAWA: What... thing is it... You understand that chickens stand on two legs.

ERIC: Wait. What?

JAMIE: [laughing]

VALERIE: Wait. Have you ever, like, seen a chicken before?

JAMIE: Have you ever looked at a chicken? I used to have chickens. You guys know this?

WAWA: Um...

JAMIE: That's not a joke. I had chickens.

WAWA: Yeah.

JAMIE: This isn't a bit I'm doing.

WAWA: Unlike everything else.

JAMIE: Yeah, everything else I say is not real.

ERIC: Do you guys think that Chicken Little- you think that Chicken Little ever once jelqed it- wait that's a-

JAMIE: That's a child.

ERIC: That's a child. I'm sorry.

WAWA: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Now, hold on, he is thirteen-

Eric's recent NFT dealings left him in a bit of a pit, and the latest season of his show hasn't yielded much of anything in terms of profit. It's certainly conceivable that he might be a pedophile, but a *furry* pedophile? Out of the question, Wawa thinks. It's not time for any accusations.

VALERIE: Now, Chicken BIG...

JAMIE: Chicken BIG...

ERIC: Chicken BIG...

WAWA: Do you think Chicken Big ever once jelqed it?

ERIC: Do you think that Zach Braff ever once jolfed it?

WAWA: What?

ERIC: Like, jolfin' it.

VALERIE: What? Huh?

ERIC: You know jolf?

WAWA: The sport?

ERIC: Yeah, the- sport.

VALERIE: Why'd you bring up Zach Braff though?

ERIC: [angrily] Because this is the Zach Braff-

WAWA: Because he's in Chicken Little.

One point to Wawa.

**1-1-0-1**

VALERIE: Oh, right, right, right. No, sorry, I must've forgotten.

WAWA: Clearly.

JAMIE: This is so awful. We're gonna get fired out of a cannon for submitting this.

WAWA: No, this will be thoroughly edited and made 10% funnier because of it.

One point to the editor, who does not exist.

ERIC: He's in Bullets over Broadway.

VALERIE: I really don't care how the Shrike Club people view me. Please don't shoot me out of a cannon Shrike Club. Pleeeease~ Please! Pleeeeease. I need you to care about meeeee.

ERIC: What are you- what are you *talking* about.

WAWA: That's awesome.

Negative one point to Shrike Club.

**1-1-0-1**

The display glows red.



ERIC: He's in *The Disaster Artist* as himself?

JAMIE: Well, yeah.

VALERIE: Okay but he definitely jelqs it on the daily.

WAWA: He definitely jelqs it on the daily.

JAMIE: *Definitely* jelqs it on the daily. The thing is he's trying to make his dick longer. Because it's infamously... Chicken Little.

VALERIE: Ba-dum *tss*.

One point to Jamie. The crown must be heavy up there. Somebody's gotta change the topic quickly, or Jamie will lead the whole conversation.

**2-1-0-1**

WAWA: Do you think that Tomm- actually I know for a fact Tommy Wiseau jelqs it.

Fuck.

JAMIE: You know for a *fact*? Did you ask him at like a se- ss- screening for The Room?

He's still got the advantage, and he knows it. One slip-up from Wawa, and the entire thing falls over like a rickety Jenga tower, which is every Jenga tower, because that game sucks.

WAWA: Yeah I went to a screening and I said "you ever do that thing where you jerk your penis and it makes a little bit longer?"

JAMIE: You gotta do it in the tub.

VALERIE: I know for a fact he doesn't. You know why? 'Cause he'd monetize the shit out of it. People would want to see that, you know. Tommy Wiseau? Tommy Wiseau is a grade-A grifter. If he's not makin' money off the shit that people wanna see, he's doin' it wrong.

Right? So, I think- I think personally, he does not jelq.

WAWA: I love him.

Tommy Wiseau is pretty awesome, and Wawa gets a point. She sticks the landing for a perfect recovery, doing an acrobatic fucking pirouette through the conversation. She lives one more day, in the metaphorical sense, not the actual one. But Eric has a whole other question. He questions the game itself.

2-2-0-1

ERIC: But like-

JAMIE: [mimicking Tommy Wiseau] I did not jelq it! I did naht! Oh- hi... [laughing]

ERIC: But like- how do you- how do you jelq it. Like, I think you take like- two of your fingers, and you like- move up- you like, stretch it.

VALERIE: [singing] Put a hole in the box... to... put your jelq in that boooooox... Three. Get in the bathtub and stroke it.

ERIC: Does anyone have... a jelq... diagrams.

JAMIE: Yeah.

VALERIE: Yeah let me pull that up real quick. Hey. Jamie? Yeah, can you pull up the jelq diagram?

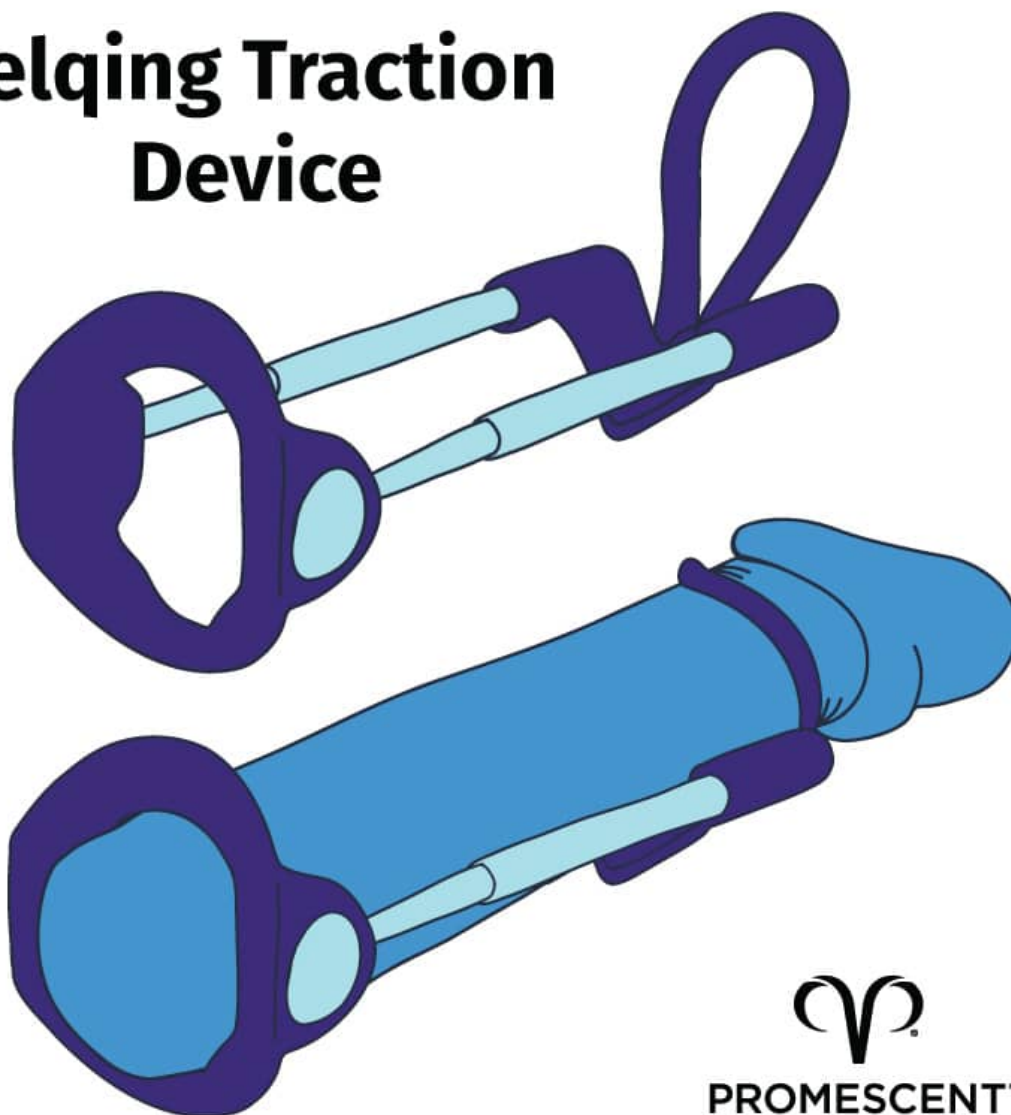
JAMIE: I'm pulling up the jelq diagram. Wrap gently in a warm washcloth...

ERIC: JAMIE!

JAMIE: Remove the washcloth from your penis. When your penis feels- I'm on WikiHow.

Jamie projects his consciousness onto the monitor in the room, utilizing his innate ability to control all electronics to his advantage. The screen turns to static, and gradually begins to crystallize into something that looks real, something *important*. It's something nobody has ever seen before, except the people on WikiHow, because 1) WikiHow is the sum total of all human knowledge, and 2) WikiHow is basically WikiFeet.

# Jelqing Traction Device



  
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VALERIE: Oh... yes. Oh yes. Look at this.

ERIC: [spits]

JAMIE: Augh.

ERIC: Oh, dear lord.

WAWA: Let's fucking go.

VALERIE: It's like- the base of a prosthetic.

ERIC: This is like- that's just a strap-on. That's a really fucked up looking strap-on.

Jamie's consciousness bleeds into itself, a recursive loop destined for something. It causes him to say some off the cuff shit, straight off the page.

JAMIE: **Everything You Need To Know About Jelqing**

WAWA: I feel like anything is too much.

JAMIE: **The whole point of jelqing is to make your penis larger. But most of the "evidence" for jelqing is anecdotal.** I don't know, I think you'd have to ask Zach Braff about that.

ERIC: We'd have to ask Zach Braff because he jelqs it on the daily.

VALERIE: Wait, you guys know Zach Braff?

ERIC: Yeah, I do. I met him, like a, like a couple of months ago at a screening of Chicken Little.

WAWA: Is he nice?

JAMIE: Yeah I actually met him at the jelqing convention.

ERIC: Yeah.

WAWA: I went to the jelqing convention and Zach Braff was there.

ERIC: I went to the jelqing convention and you *weren't* there, so.

JAMIE: 'Cause my dick's already big.

ERIC: Uh.

Another point to Jamie. It's getting close to a scorched Earth game at this point. Someone needs a comeback, *fast*.

**3-2-0-1**

Valerie knows she's behind. Her arms fold, legs crossed on the couch, having barely moved the entire time except to dish out random noises. She's got one move behind her that could make something happen, but she's already tried it.

VALERIE: [starts beatboxing]

Jack shit. The conversation lulls for a minute, the silence filling the room as if a tangible force. The display changes to a different shade of red.

3-2-0-1

Nobody knows what in the hell that's supposed to mean, but it can't be good. Wawa starts talking.

WAWA: Why did *you* go to the jelqing convention?

JAMIE: Yeah, why'd you go to the jelqing convention?

ERIC: Me? I have a small dick, we've been over this.

WAWA: Ha, ha.

JAMIE: **I Tried Jelqing For Two Weeks To Make My Penis Bigger, Here's What Happened:**

ERIC: Okay, okay, okay. I like- I literally-

JAMIE: The illustration is objectively funny.

ERIC: On my honest to god kink list I have a yellow- like- "your dick is soooo big". 'Cause it's not. It's not. Like, no, everything is the size that it is. Sorry.

Valerie gestures at Eric, seemingly to see if he'll pull up his F-List in front of them. He declines. But Valerie makes her move anyway.

VALERIE: Your dick is soooooo the size that it is.

ERIC: Oh- auuuughghh-

VALERIE: Your dick is so exactly sized how it is, holy shit.

ERIC: You're gonna make me cream-

One point to Valerie.

3-2-1-1

WAWA: [laughing]

ERIC: What in the name of god??

VALERIE: [mimicking a slide whistle]

ERIC: Why is it folding like a paper towel??

There's nothing near him that could even look like a paper towel. The vent's neurotoxin must be getting to him. Eric's legs start twitching inexplicably, and he blinks.

JAMIE: **Men's Health does not endorse jelqing or any penis lengthening technique without first consulting a physician.** Apparently it's an ancient technique.

ERIC: Wh- how ancient.

WAWA: Ancient Sumerian jelqing??

JAMIE: We found this ancient Sumerian tablet. It said that Gozer the Destroyer will return when his two beasts start jelqing it.

One point to Jamie. The game's heating up, and it's already gonna be hard to make a comeback.

**4-2-1-1**

ERIC: [spits]

VALERIE: [singing] Ja-ja-jelq, jelq, jelq jelq jelq, jelq jelq jelq, jelq, jelq jelq jelq... [starts beatboxing]

ERIC: Can you *stop* beatboxing, I can't write that down.

JAMIE: OPEN SQUARE BRACKET, beatboxing, CLOSE SQUARE BRACKET

ERIC: No!!

VALERIE: Look, there is an art to translation. Okay?

ERIC: It's not translation, it's transcription. We're not speaking a different lang-

VALERIE: I mean, are we not?

One point to Valerie.

**4-2-2-1**

Eric's delusions start to catch up to him. His twitching gets more violent, and he lurches over onto the couch, slapping Valerie's leg and crawling over her, face to face. He has a few words to say to the woman who might inadvertently take his life, especially since she's the biggest person in the room by far.

ERIC: STOP POSTING THE GIF.

To him, these words made sense. To him, Valerie scoring a single point is a moral failing on her part, the sweat on his forehead beginning to predominate the room's scent. To him, the actions he's taking are rational. But Valerie isn't taking that shit, and she literally just pushes him straight off. Eric falls to the floor like a wet noodle, beaming himself on the ass and slamming his head against the table. But the conversation can't lull, or the display will change color again.

JAMIE: **For instance, one very not-safe-for-work YouTube video by Billy Bergaman in which he demonstrates the technique in eye-popping detail, currently has 23.5 million views.** There's a link here.

ERIC: Oh, dear god.

JAMIE: His whole penis is in this video.

WAWA: Awesome...

VALERIE: Can I see?

ERIC: Can I see- Google, show me this guy's balls.

Google isn't in the room, but someone else is. Said person is infinitely more helpful.

JAMIE: Do you want this video?

ERIC: Yes.

JAMIE: Ok, I'm not putting it in the chat, but I will DM it to you.

WAWA: Put it in the group chat.

JAMIE: [laughing] This video is not loading very quickly. So I can't guarantee that it's anything worth looking at. But his whole penis is in it, from the thumbnail.

There is no group chat, the neurotoxin seeping into Jamie next, causing bizarre hallucinations not akin to other chatbots of his variety. Jamie's ChatGPT-ness is running against him, DMs not existing. Instead, the video is beamed onto the monitor, and loads at a snail's pace.

ERIC: Alright, let's see- let's see

WAWA: **Wow.**

VALERIE: Aw, YouTube, baby. Welp, it's age restricted, OK.

JAMIE: Well yeah, there's dick in the thumbnai-

WAWA, ERIC: [in tandem] Oh dear lord. Oh good god.

VALERIE: As you can see- oh, welp, it's taking a minute to-

ERIC: 8 inches in 4 months.

One point to Eric, turning the score even.

**4-2-2-2**

WAWA: Oh jesus, it's-

VALERIE: Bro has a stretchy cock.

JAMIE: The top comment here is "forgive me god, I'm not gay."

WAWA: Wai- wait- wait- he uses a toilet paper roll.

ERIC: Sex positions bible dot com.

One point to Eric.

**4-2-2-3**

JAMIE: This seems safe and normal.

WAWA: That's awesome.

ERIC: Why are you lubing it with co- oh good god. Oh good lord.

JAMIE: This is just a man jelqing it- this might be Zach Braff's YouTube account.

ERIC: This is Zach Braff. Yeah, it sounds exactly like Zach Braff. This is one of 30 exercises from the Penis Professor.

The Penis Professor, of course, might be the name of their captor. It also might not be. They have no idea how they got here, they just need to play the game. But if anything's been a hint, that's it. Eric takes out a notepad and paper from his left pants pocket, and starts scribbling on it "penis professor??? sex bible??? RESEARCH MORE". It's unlikely he'll ever get the time, but if he *does* get out of here, he wants it to fucking count.



JAMIE: Sorry, I just heard the words “I’m actually doing foreskin restoration exercises right now”. That’s awesome.

WAWA: My man.

ERIC: Oh my god, that guy’s dick is so horrifyingly stretchy.

JAMIE: You know, dicks are just that stretchy, if they’re like- bigger.

ERIC: Sorry, I can’t- I’m like, mesmerized. “You will feel blood flowing through your veins like marbles.”

VALERIE: What?

WAWA: Yeah, buddy!

VALERIE: That’s not a sentence you want to hear about your penis!

WAWA: [laughing]

VALERIE: That’s a sentence you wanna hear about- like- the person that you’re blood bending. Or something. I dunno.

The room falls silent, and everyone stares directly at Valerie. Is she capable of more than she lets on? She’s obviously the most physically imposing person in the room, and consequently is everyone’s most likely first target if they’re stupid or something. But they don’t think she’s the stupid, and more importantly, they don’t know if they’re allowed to kill. They can only score, and they have to keep riffing. It’s worked so far.

ERIC: You think that one blood bender even once jelqed it?

JAMIE: I bet you could jelq it with blood bending.

ERIC: I bet- y-

JAMIE: Could you use blood bending to just force someone to become erect? Just- psychic erection attack.

Just like that, everyone in the room instantly gets a *fat* boner. We’re talking about a skyscraper level of psychic erection, to the point that Eric’s pants almost burst open from the raw force, as if it simply manifested rather than being any kind of natural process. But most importantly, it’s *consistent*, it’s *measurable*. And it’s the same across everyone.

Three points to all participants. The game is solved.

7-5-5-6

Everyone reels in horror, ashamed of their boners but knowledgeable of what happens next.

ERIC: Do you- Do you think that- okay, I'm not gonna watch this video anymore, this sucks.

WAWA: I don't know why you were still watching it.

JAMIE: So why were you still watching it?

VALERIE: All blood benders are cowards, they should just walk into a crowd of people and give everyone boners around them. For funny.

JAMIE: They just do the weird hand signs, and everyone around them just gets erect.

Valerie understands the game immediately. Her abilities were latent, hidden up until this point, as her seemingly imposing presence kept her true powers in the shadows. A flaming forcefield begins to manifest around her, as she reaches for a ghost microphone. The next thing she says will be a rallying cry for the ages.

VALERIE: Penis no jutsu!! Jelq style!! AAAAAAAA- You haven't even seen my *true form*!

Two points to Valerie. Game tied.

7-5-7-6

Inexplicably, Jamie gets a little harder from the raw energy. One point to Jamie. Game un-tied.

8-5-7-6

Wawa and Eric start panicking. They have to figure out how to win, they have to figure out how to *decimate*, or else they're supremely fucked. Wawa is stunned into silence.

ERIC: Oh dear god- okay. Like-

Jamie stands up for the first time, and steps over Eric's body, which is still on the ground after Valerie pushed him off. Jamie jiu-jutsus Eric into an armbar without even thinking about it, given that Jamie has an infinite resource of martial arts from the internet and perfect execution via nothing but motor articulation. The metal table gets shoved off to the side as Jamie threatens to break Eric's arm, but instead... the waiting begins.

JAMIE: Look, you asked for this. You asked for us all to come [sic] here. You don't get to say "dear god".

Of course, Eric is as much of a victim as Jamie is. But Jamie doesn't know that, not after the toxins began to seep in. AIs can still die from neurotoxin, by the way. This isn't fucking Portal, and GLaDOS would be supremely fucked in this situation due to her inability to have a hotted boaner.

ERIC: We are gathered here today, on this-

JAMIE: We are gathered here today, to- [laughing]

ERIC: We are gathered here today to ask the question asked since time immemorial. Do you think that Zach Braff ever ONCE jelqed it.

JAMIE: At least once. And Jesus said "go forth, and jelq it among the nation".

ERIC: Do you think- how big do you think-

Eric locks the table with his right foot, and pulls it *hard*, slamming the table directly into the side of Jamie's head. It breaks his grip, and he falls into the Warhol couch, his head cushioned by one of the cushions. His eyes roll back into his head like a fucking Looney Toon, as his identity briefly dissolves. For one brief moment, he's not concerned with his own win, because he can't even track himself. There is only one thought on his mind.

JAMIE: How big do you think Zach Braff's dick is by now? 'Cause he's jelqin' it on the daily? At LEAST a *foot* long.

ERIC: I think it's like three feet.

WAWA: Three feet???

JAMIE: He can't really get, like, properly hard anymore, it's long enough that like- It gets hard about a third of the way down, but it's like, flaccid from there.

ERIC: Zach Braff's has like- Zach Braff's cock goes all the way down his left pant leg.

JAMIE: Yeah.

VALERIE: ...So if Zach Braff became a trans woman, could I get her phone number?

One point to Valerie. That image will be helpful to everyone, though. Game tied.

**8-5-8-6**

JAMIE: They call him Zach “Horse Cock” Braff. Sorry- Zachary Israel “Horse Cock” Braff.

VALERIE: They call her Zoey “Horse Cock” Braff.

JAMIE: You think she’d call herself Zoey if she was trans?

VALERIE: I- I don’t know. Maybe.

JAMIE: I like that idea.

One point to Jamie. Game un-tied.

**9-5-8-6**

ERIC: Look, a lot of people call themselves Zoey. It’s one of those names. Y’know.

VALERIE: ...Not really.

JAMIE: What do you mean by one of those names?

ERIC: It’s one of thooooose names.

JAMIE: Names for people who jelq it?

ERIC: EXACTLY.

One point to Eric. Wawa is in trouble, but she’s still scared silent, having crawled her way to the corner of the room to avoid the incoming carnage. If she dies, she dies on her own terms, she thinks to herself. Not by being beaten, but by the humiliating defeat of neurotoxin.

**9-5-8-7**

VALERIE: No, she’s trying to say it’s one of those “overused transgender names”.

ERIC: No, I’m not- I’m literally- it’s like, it’s a name for people who jelqed it.

JAMIE: **Does pumping and jelqing do permanent damage.** /r/FTM.

VALERIE: No, y’know what, they get this one.

ERIC: Yeah, they're allowed. Um, do you um... *fuck*. Do you think?

JAMIE: **DO TRANS WOMAN HAVE PENIS**

Jamie, of course, knows the answer to this already, but he's losing control of his mind after that slam to his head. He gets up, and targets his attention to the next scariest person in the room, hoping he can take control of the situation. Unfortunately, Valerie is a bit too strong, and Jamie can't get a decent grip anywhere on her body. Jamie's twig arms and pencil legs won't do much damage, so Valerie just straight up begins employing distraction tactics.

VALERIE: I think that Zach Braff has a really, *really* big dick.

It won't phase Jamie.

JAMIE: I really like how this question on /r/AskLGBT is phrased. **DO TRANS WOMAN HAVE PENIS.**

He says it like a threat.

ERIC: Do trans wom-an have penis?? Does Bruno Mars is gay? Does gender in the bathroom?

JAMIE: Every reply is just "Um... Maybe."

VALERIE: Depends. Ecksdee.

JAMIE: Depends. Trans women have hundreds of penises of all shapes and colors. Every single one of us has hundreds.

WAWA: I'm buildin' a collection.

ERIC: The second you declare yourself to be a trans woman, you start growing-

JAMIE: Yeah, you spontaneously generate new penises. They're like- hot swappable, you know.

One point to Wawa. She didn't think she was into that, but she is.

**9-6-8-7**

Eric's still behind. He needs to think about something dependable, something that will definitely get him points, something *guaranteed* to make him harder. Ol' reliable.

ERIC: You think that Jade Harley ever used Space powers to make her cock bigger?

One point to Eric.

**9-6-8-8**

JAMIE: Definitely. That's why she doesn't need to jelq it.

ERIC: That's why she- that's why she- Do you think that Jade Harley has ever once jelqed it. NO. NOT EVEN ONCE.

JAMIE: No, she's never even thought about it. She's thought about jelqing *other* people. But then she remembers she can use her powers on other people too.

VALERIE: I feel like she would jelq other people with her powers, just because there's an aspect to the jelqing that they're into, but there's also like- she doesn't wanna hurt them.

ERIC: That's the- that's the 13th aspect in Godfeels, that's Epigone's aspect. It's Jelq. That's what it is.

JAMIE: More important question. Do you think that Vriska Serket has ever once jelqed it.

ERIC: Yes.

This was, of course, a bad move on Jamie's part, with Eric Andre's Homesmut fixation being known worldwide. One point to Eric. Game tied.

**9-6-8-9**

JAMIE: Does jelqing work on a bulge? Are we gonna get into troll genital semantics here, folks?

ERIC: I don't- I don't think that- I don't think that trolls- troll dicks- troll, big hairy troll- sorry I got so hard I blacked out. Can we-

Two points to Eric. Game un-tied, and more importantly, the seven-segment display stops being able to display numbers. That's right, it's going to hexadecimal, which is the obvious natural progression.

9-6-8-B

Wawa, of course, is desperately behind at this point. Her erectile dysfunction has consistently failed her in any T4T affair, despite people *supposedly* knowing how to work with trans women. She only has one thing left she can do.

WAWA: [laughing]

VALERIE: [ooo-eee-aaa-oo-oo-ee-aa]

ERIC: NO, STOP-

JAMIE: You can't keep making that sound!

ERIC: I can't write that down!

WAWA: [in hysterics]

ERIC: Get out of the shot!

JAMIE: Oh, this sucks. You're gonna have an awful time transcribing it.

ERIC: I feel like- us talking about how I'm gonna have a bad time writing this down is gonna be like, the worst part of this.

JAMIE: Hey future Tulips person transcribing this. Havin' a good time, buddy?

"no. no, not really..." gets injected into the narration without the consent of any prior party, despite none of that making sense whatsoever. Then, Jamie remembers his emeto kink.

JAMIE: Is it goin' well? Are you happy about this? Here's an extra fun one for you. [vomits]

One point to Jamie.

A-6-8-B

WAWA: "[eldritch retching]"

ERIC: That's not a noise!

Jamie wipes up his vomit from the floor, badass-style, which is a thing you can do.

JAMIE: Clearly it is, 'cause I just made it.

ERIC: How did you do that with your mou-

Valerie's down for the count at this point, and she knows it. Even with Jamie on top of her, she's unable to engage in much sadism or orgasm denial, and she *definitely* can't conceive herself as a bottom, it'd be a huge turn-off. Unfortunately, she's gonna have to play a bit of a risky gambit.

Having adequately distracted the rogue, hallucinating AI, Ms. Vice rolls over and kicks Jamie straight in the ribcage, throwing him to the side of the room like it's The Matrix. She then begins her assault, but it doesn't take much — Wawa, being the one with the least points, is the most adequate target for a good sucking-off. Mostly, she's about to be in a world of pain. Valerie grabs the chair from under Wawa, slams her to the floor, and tears off her shirt, sucking her tit. *Hard.*

VALERIE: [slurping]

One point to Valerie.

**A-6-9-B**

ERIC: *Please.* Please.

But Eric likes to watch. One point to Eric.

**A-6-9-C**

VALERIE: [slurping hard]

Valerie bites down with enough force to tear off Wawa's nipple. One point to Valerie. One point to Wawa.

**A-7-A-C**



ERIC: Will you *please*-

This is becoming a problem. One point to Eric.

A-7-A-D

WAWA: [laughing]

She laughs when she's in pain. One point to Wawa.

A-8-A-D

Valerie notices Eric's point gains. She doesn't want to know what happens when that counter hits F. She was already anxious enough when it hit 9. Is it going to keep going? Roll over? She doesn't know. So she stops, pushing Wawa aside like a spent pastry wrapper.

VALERIE: [slurping harder] Sorry, wait, were you saying something?

JAMIE: That's what it sounds like when Zach Braff jelqs it.

ERIC: Including the "please". Especially the "please".

Eric is very pleased with himself.

VALERIE: I feel like this is just a practice about ramming something down your own throat, y'know?

ERIC: I don't think you use your throat in jelqing.

VALERIE: Well no, not literally-

JAMIE: Once it gets long enough, you can-

WAWA: Once it gets long enough, you can.

VALERIE: Like, metaphoraphysically speaking.

ERIC: Metaphoraphysically. Me when the base and the superstructure are the same thing.

Eric is very pleased with Gramsci.

VALERIE: The superstructure jelqs the base.

But so is Valerie, her being deeply into well-read Marxists. One point.

## A-B-B-D

JAMIE: No, the idea of jelqing exists in the superstructure, but the reality of jelqing exists in the base.

VALERIE: I mean- if you jelq, of course the reality of jelqing exists in your base.

WAWA: It's part of the penis.

Noting this, Valerie makes a risky move. She goes straight over to Eric, and pushes his penis *down* into it, as if to compress the base and slash or cause penile fracture. Eric whines and moans, noting that he's into CBT but this is... this is *too much*. This is *far* too much.

JAMIE: Yeah, I know, I just saw a full video of a guy's cock. This is not proof by the way, 'cause there's no before footage. Like, he just filmed for five minutes one day.

WAWA: Just him playin' with his dick for YouTube.

VALERIE: But it's scientific, guys.

Minus one point for Eric. It's working – he's losing his hard-on.

## A-B-B-C

Eric writhes in pain. If the pressure on his tip keeps increasing, he'll be entirely incapacitated within the minute, inexorably removed from the competition – possibly *dead* in the worst case scenario. He refuses to let that happen. He can't let that happen. While in active pain, he wheezes out yet more pathetic words for a dying game.

ERIC: He links to ThePenisProfessor.com in the YouTube video. And you begin to wonder how this guy, who is obviously Zach Braff, um- you begin to wonder how often this guy does this. Like recording his own cock.

JAMIE: I have gone to ThePenisProfessor.com, and lemme tell you, this is a beautiful website.

ERIC: God, do I have to do this now.

Jamie pulls up ThePenisProfessor.com on the monitor.



[Member Login](#)

**RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED:**  
**Gain a longer and thicker erection**  
**using the Penis Professor**  
**OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Eric thinks. Maybe if he looks at this long enough, he can get his boner back. Maybe jelqing isn't his bane, but his savior: his knight in shining armor to prevent his certain demise. *If only Jamie would scroll the fuck down.*

JAMIE: **RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED! GET A LONGER AND THICKER ERECTION USING THE PENIS PROFESSOR, OR ELSE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Jamie simply saying shit off the monitor isn't helping.

WAWA: Wait, this is this guy's only YouTube video.

Minus one point to Eric, as Valerie keeps exerting pressure, the veins on his penis atrophying as if he'd been on estrogen for years at this point. Game tied.

## A-B-B-B

Eric needs to get a video on. He *needs* to see a fat, juicy cock, or he's fucked. Metaphorically speaking.

ERIC: Basic je-

JAMIE: I really like the photo of this guy's dick through a detergent container.

ERIC: Please look at the video "The Basic Jelq". The man's wearing a strap-on.

*Fuck*, Valerie thinks. She can't let him do that. She needs a distraction, *right now*.

VALERIE: [Big Time Rush riff]

No effect. The video comes on the monitor. Valerie gives up outright, instead just trying to straight up break Eric's dick off. She grips the shaft with the tensile strength of a hydraulic press [sic], and jams it straight left. No effect.

JAMIE: Oh, I found some "common misconceptions". No matter how you try to enlarge your penis, what actually makes your penis bigger is increased blood flow through the penis. So forget about how short or tall, fat or skinny you are, none of that will affect your ability to grow the length and girth of your penis! Genetics do play a large part in the "current" size of your penis, as if- the concept of *time* isn't real?

VALERIE: So what I'm getting is that the guy's doing jelqing and then trying to do some pseudo-white-supremacist grift about "SURPASS YOUR GENETICS! BECOME ONE WITH THE BIG PENIS!!"

JAMIE: The Penis Professor has maintained a 96.1% success rate. Star. Success ratios based on sales to refund rate from 2012 to today.

VALERIE: I... see.

JAMIE: Uuuugh. That's awesome.

Straight right. No effect. One point to Eric, because his boner's coming back from the CBT. Game un-tied.

## A-B-B-C

ERIC: Why is it All Rights Reserved 2012-2026. Like, that hasn't happened yet. You can't-

WAWA: It's future-proofing, bro. Just to make sure you don't have to update the website for another, like, 3 years.

JAMIE: Remember, the Federal Trade Commission has made it-

Distraction, *now*. Unsexy scenario, *now*. Valerie can't fucking die here. Wawa and Jamie seem resigned, but she's got too much pride. She can't give up now. She believes in herself, for fuck sake.

VALERIE: Youknowwhenyoucumalloveryourvideocardandyou'relikeSHIT. But, y'know, you have another one lying around? That's future proofing.

Jack shit, but somehow one point to Eric. FUCK.

## A-B-B-D

WAWA: What are you saying? What are the words you just used? And why did you use them in that order?

JAMIE: I really like this testimonial, that's a guy and his girlfriend.

ERIC: I like the stock photos of doctors.

Valerie, after all this, begins to give in to desperation. She's going stir crazy, like the eyes in her head are going to roll back like in a fuckin' cartoon. She's just saying shit at this point.

VALERIE: 100% natural penis enlargement. Free personal trainers included. Increase both length AND girth. **1-4 inches within 4 weeks. Permanent results. For life.** Online video exercise program! The penis professor! Buy now!

But so is Eric, and so is everyone else. The toxins begin to set in.

ERIC: Stop- TEREZI, GET OUT OF THE CHAT!

JAMIE: You're gonna have to transcribe that line.

WAWA: You're in the YouTube chat.

ERIC: Yeah, I KNOW!

WAWA: O-okay.

JAMIE: This guy's sitting on his bed, with his girlfriend, allegedly, next to him. He has his hand in her lap and she is clasping his hand with both hands. And he's like [southern] I'm making this video with my woman to thank The Penis Professor. It's so good.

VALERIE: [inaudible] the penis guy... really wide...

JAMIE: **This has worked twice for me, with two guys in a row! Thanks for the great sex! -Juliette**

Instantly, the seven-segment display(s) on the side of the wall extend out, a hidden motor underneath the wall's surface uncovering a separate display – with two more numbers.

**A-B-B-D | 60**

Everyone jets their gaze straight over to it. One second passes.

**A-B-B-D | 59**

*Oh no.* Failing to react, Valerie knows what she has to do. She has one last trump card in her deck, one final tool left in her proverbial satchel. There is only one way out for her. She needs to be the last in the room. She needs to fucking end this, *now*.

VALERIE: Oh my god, imagine like- you find the lesbian girl of your dreams, right.

WAWA: Mmhm.

JAMIE: Mmhm.

**A-B-B-D | 53**

VALERIE: And you're on the same wavelength, you think she's really pretty-handsome-etcetera, right.

JAMIE: Yeah. I'm thinking about Zach Braff as a woman here.

## A-B-B-D | 47

VALERIE: And you get in bed with them. Right.

JAMIE: Uh huh.

VALERIE: And you whip it out, and they go “hm.”

## A-B-B-D | 42

JAMIE: “Have you tried jelqing?”

VALERIE: “Have you tried jelqin’ it?”

JAMIE: And that’s when they pull their mask off, and it’s Zach Braff underneath.

VALERIE: [screaming]

## A-B-B-D | 34

Like it’s some kind of fucked up Ace Ventura: Pet Detective bullshit, or some scene from Face/Off, Valerie grabs her own face and begins to rip it off. It deforms like clay, melting like Brundlefly’s venom against bone. The others in the room merely stare in raw horror, with Valerie’s deathgrip on Eric’s cock never stopping from being a thing or anything. The melted flesh speaks.

VALERIE?: [Jeopardy theme song]

ERIC: DON’T DO THE FUCKING JEOPARDY-

Eric’s cock breaks clean off under Valerie’s grip, and he screams and winces in pain. What a way to go, Eric thinks, as Valerie’s fist snaps his neck in one go. Eric’s points are gone, as is his life.

## A-B-B-Ø | 24

Of course, if Valerie? simply let the others cower in fear at this moment, she would win by default. But they’re still a threat, given the general propensity for tortureboners among

this kind of crowd. So, being the closest, Jamie is next up. She runs over to him like a Jojo walk cycle, and grabs his cock.

VALERIE?: Edge, but do it specifically by squeezing your dick like a toothpaste tube.

Just then, Jamie's final moments of consciousness allow him to see what was under the mask of molten, gooey flesh. Those gray eyes. That smile. It could be nobody other than Zachary – no, *Zoey* Israel Braff. But this revelation doesn't last long – Jamie's cock is on the floor by the time he can process it, and the ripped wires cause his system to shut down.

Jamie to 0. Two points to Wawa. What?

0-A-B-0 | 10

Wawa's inability to help herself from getting turned on by the bloody carnage ravaging the shack is what does her in. She's a threat now, and has to be dealt with within 10 seconds or else the whole thing could go to shit. Zoey runs over like a fucking Naruto run, and given that Wawa was turned on, delivers one final one-liner.

ZOEY: 🎵 If you wanna be my lover, you gotta jerk off your dick, but it's oh so special, jelqing makes it quiiick~! 🎵

She jiujuitsus Wawa's cock off and it's over. Wawa to 0.

0-0-B-0 | 0

Zoey Braff sits in the center of the room, in a pile of carnage she created. The neurotoxin is shut off, and her basic mental faculties begin to return to her – but it's too late. She never thought herself capable of murder. What was *in* that toxin.

She cries to herself for about a minute.

A shotgun pokes through the vent. It shoots Zoey clean downwards, from the brain to the ass. Our orchestrator reveals herself, leaving just one cryptic line.



JULIA: Chihuahua #entomology