

## South Park Meets Final Fantasy 7

Vanessa Adams aka Lex

Many, many, MANY thanks to GOD (oh, you know who you are) who drew the pic that gave me the idea in the first place. It was one of the funniest damn pictures I've ever seen in my LIFE.....!

This thing is basically a parody of FFXVII AND the South Park episode, "Pink eye", so if the characters seem a little weird, GO WATCH SOUTHPARK! Heck, it's a funny show - watch it anyway! If you haven't seen it, this probably will make little or no sense... :P Oh yeah, and if you're offended by foul language, go find a Disney page or something...

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CAST:

KYLE- Cid

STAN- Cloud

CARTMAN- Palmer (^^;)

KENNY- Vincent

WENDY- Tifa

CHEF- Barret

[shot of outer space - a decrepit space station orbits, clearly marked with a large SHINRA logo]

[inside:]

RENO: "And then they shot us into spaaaaaaace!"

ELENA: SHUT UP, Reno! This isn't funny! That lousy Rufus... I can't BELIEVE he FINALLY decided to support Palmer's stupid space program...

TSENG: Hey, don't complain. It was either this or hook up with his court-appointed, "Let's Clean up the Disgusting, Putrid Underbelly of the Wall Market Area Sans Latex Gloves!" program.

[Elena shudders with revulsion]

ELENA: Guuuuuuhhhhhh..... please don't mention "latex" and "Wall Market" in the same sentence, PLEASE!

[Rude walks up.]

RUDE: Hey.

RENO: EEEEEEEYYYYAAAAAAAHHH!!! For CHRIST'S sake, Rude, I know it's Halloween and all, but can't you take off that god-forsaken mask for a moment?!?! You scared me, you bastard.

RUDE: ... Mask?

[on the console, a big red button suddenly begins to flash. Reno stares at it.]

RENO: Umm... that big red flashy thingie.... That's a Bad Thing, right Tseng?

TSENG: YES!!!!

[the station begins to plummet to earth - sounds of the Turks screaming during their decent is clearly audible]

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[Meanwhile, back in Midgar...]

[Cloud, Cid, Palmer (you heard me), and Vincent are standing in a line waiting for a bus back to Seventh Heaven.]

CLOUD: Man, Midgar's transit system sucks...

VINCE: (can't speak through his cape) Mmmmmmmphmmmp.

CID: Dude, that's sick...

[suddenly the Shinra space station falls on top of Vincent, just barely missing Cloud.]

CLOUD: Oh my God! They killed Vincent!

CID: You bastards!!!

PALMER: Hey! That's my space station!

CLOUD: Awwwwwww, nuts. Thought it might be a UFO.

[an ambulance pulls up and two paramedics throw Vincent's crushed corpse into a body bag. They then drive off. The rest of the crew watches it go.]

PALMER: Oh well, that was a pretty crappy station anyway. Hey, guys, you all gotta see my Halloween costume for tomorrow. It kicks ass!

CID: (turns to Cloud) HEY! When the HELL did we decide that we liked this fat pig @#\$%#?

CLOUD: Parody, dude. Anything'll happen.

CID: Goddammit...

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[Meanwhile, back at the Midgar morgue...]

[two morticians are trying to figure out how to embalm Vincent.]

MORT #1: Yeah, and I think THAT hose goes over HERE....

MORT #2: And THIS one must go right up his-

MORT #1: AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH! NO! NOT THAT HOSE!

MORT#2: (puzzled) Huh? What's wrong with it?

MORT #1: THAT'S the Mako Juice one! We only use THAT one for special clientele! You know, to get that "whitest white", blah blah blah...

MORT #2: I thought we were selling it illegally to Scarlet as hair dye...

MORT #1: Yeah, that too. Anyway, go and put that hose away! We wouldn't want any unfortunate accidents to happen, causing a chain reaction of highly entertaining and profitably amusing comedic incidents to occur now, would we, heh heh heh...

[Morticians #1 and #2 both laugh heartily and walk away, totally unaware of the fact that #2 has casually thrown the end of the hose into the embalming fluid tank....]

[Vincent's eyes open...]

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[in the next room:]

MORT #2: So.... Ever thought of taking up necrophilia?

[Vincent suddenly bursts through the doors and lunges at the mortician's head, taking a big bite out of his forehead.]

MORT #2: Hey!

MORT #1: Now see here, dead body-type person...!

[Vincent takes a bite out of his arm too, then jumps out a window.]

MORT #1: WELL! Of all the NERVE! Did you SEE what that little bugger did to my arm?!

MORT #2: I TOLD you we should thoroughly club each and every client BEFORE we try to embalm them, but did you listen....???

MORT #1: Shut UP. Just SHUT UP.

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[The very next day...]

[Cid is standing at the very same bus stop wearing a Kefka mask. Cloud walks up.]

CID: BWA HA HA HA HA HA! You look like a freakin' sissy, Cloud! What the hell are you supposed to be?!

CLOUD: SHUP UP. Tifa and I agreed to go to the Avalanche Halloween party together as those annoying little kids from Final Fantasy II. I'm Palom.

CID: Hehehehehe, why the hell wouldya want to be Palom and Porom?!

CLOUD: Costume contest. She said we'd win for sure...

CID: Not a chance, dude. I'm gonna win for sure with this sweet Kefka costume!

[Palmer walks up]

CID: Holy crap, who the hell are YOU supposed to be???

PALMER: Kick-ass costume, eh? I'm the old President Shinra. RULE BY MONEY!

[suddenly spots Cloud's ultra-questionable costume.]

PALMER: Whoa, what are YOU, Cloud? Alfred E. Newman?

CLOUD: Shut up, fatass!!

[Cid and Palmer howl with laughter. Cloud just sulks. Vincent's corpse approaches.]

CLOUD: Hey, Vincent! You're not dead!

CID: You forgot your costume, dude.

VINCE: .....

CLOUD: Hehehe, you too cheap to buy one?

PALMER: Naaaaah, he's just so poor that he had to put his coffin up for a second mortgage!

[all laugh, except Vincent, who just stands there looking vacant.]

VINCE: .....

PALMER: Hey, you hear? Coffin? Second mortgage??

VINCE: .....

PALMER: I'm talking to YOU, twerp!

VINCE: .....

PALMER: I don't like Vincent anymore - he just doesn't communicate.

[bus pulls up.]

BUS DRIVER: Hurry up, you stupid kids! I'm running late!

CLOUD: Aww, you're always running late, you freaking broad...

BUS DRIVER: WHAT DID YOU SAY?!?!

CLOUD: Uhh, I said that my potted plant was leaking sod.

BUS DRIVER: Oh. Yeah, mine does that too.

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[Meanwhile, at the Mideel clinic...]

DOCTOR: Hmmmm.... No pulse, no heartbeat, eyes all runny and gooey... well, I'd say that you two have come down with a bad case of....!

[dramatic pause]

DOCTOR: Beat's the hell out of me. I think it might be Mad Cow disease, though.

[the two morticians gasp theatrically.]

MORT #1: Oh no! Whatever shall we do, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, I'd give you a free Vicks rubdown, but I'll be damned if I want to touch you.

MORT #2: But... we're so hungry..... we must.... eat braaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnssss.....!

DOCTOR: Well, as long as it's not beef.

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[Meanwhile, at the Avalanche headquarters...]

CID: Man oh man, when everybody sees my sweet Kefka costume, they're gonna be so jealous...!

[the four go down the pinball machine and see that EVERY SINGLE Avalanche member is wearing a Kefka mask.]

CID: GODDAMMIT!!!

CLOUD: Hehe, popular costume this year, dude...

[Tifa walks up to Cloud, dressed as Kefka also]

CLOUD: Tifa?!

TIFA: Hi Cloud!

CLOUD: Why aren't you dressed up as Porom?! You said we were going to enter the costume party as a pair!

TIFA: (looking guilty) Weeeeeell, yeah, but then I figured that I'd look pretty stupid, so I decided to come as Kefka instead! Isn't it a cool costume?

[Cloud just bangs his head against a wall.]

CID: Gee, you sure are pretty, Cloud...!

[uproarious laughter at this remark. Cloud bangs his head again, leaving a large crater in the wall this time.]

PALMER: (smugly) With all these Kefka's around, my costume looks really kick-ass now!

CID: You idiot, you dressed up like Pres Shinra! That's not bad-ass!

PALMER: Jealous.

[Vincent's arm suddenly falls off.]

TIFA: Ewwwwwww.

CLOUD: Problem, Vincent?

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[Meanwhile, in front of the Shinra building...]

[Reeve is putting up Halloween decorations on the front doors.]

REEVE: (ultra-cheery) Ooooooh, bats and ghosts and witches.... This'll be the scariest place on the block!

[giggles in falsetto. Two zombies approach.]

ZOMBIE MORT #2: Guuuuuuhhhhhhhh....

REEVE: Hello there!

ZOMBIE MORT #1: Uuuuuaaaaahhhhhh... Must eat braaaaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnsssss.....

REEVE: Well, Happy Halloween!

[the two zombie morticians suddenly attack Heidegger, who is heading out to his car.]

HEIDEG: AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! OH GOD OH GOD HELP ME!!!

REEVE: (totally oblivious) What a lovely day...

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[Meanwhile, back at the Avalance headquarters...]

[the four are sitting down eating lunch.]

CID: Dammit all, I gotta get a new costume... I'll win that contest yet!

PALMER: Hey, Vincent, aren't you gonna eat your pudding?

[Vincent just sits and stares blankly.]

VINCE: .....

PALMER: Oh well; waste not, want not... or something...

[helps himself to Vincent's lunch.]

CLOUD: You know, guys, this is getting pretty weird. Vincent just SITS there. He hasn't said a word all day.

CID: And that's different from his usual behavior exactly how...?

[Barret, in a chef's outfit, walks up.]

BARRET: Yo, y'all.

CLOUD: Hey Chef.

BARRET: Barret.

CLOUD: Chef.

BARRET: BARRET.

CLOUD: CHEF! CHEF CHEF CHEF! For god's sake, just go along with it!

BARRET: Fine. What the hell you doin' dressed like that?!

[points accusingly at Palmer, who shrugs.]

PALMER: Eating Vincent's lunch.

BARRET: YOU FOO! Old man Shinra was a @#\$%#@#\$% @%#\$%#%#!!! Why the @%#%#%#@ hell would you @#%^\$@%# dress up like a @###\$% like that?!?!

CID: WHOA! Dammit, he's gettin' an edge on ME!

BARRET: YOU BIG FAT @#\$%^&\*! You ain't comin' in here 'til you get a @#\$%\$\* better costume!!!!

[Barret bodily hurls Palmer, and impressive feat indeed, out the nearest wall.]

CLOUD: Sweet.

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[Meanwhile, on a nearby street...]

[Scarlet is out jogging.]

SCARLET: Must (wheeze) get (pant) into shape! (wheeze, pant). I must - I must - I must - increase - my - bust!

[A pack of zombies suddenly lynches her.]

SCARLET: EEEEEEEEEYYYYAAA! PERVERTS!!!

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[Meanwhile, back at Avalanche... again...]

PALMER: Stupid buttwipe Barret... now I gotta dress up like a stupid freaking cheesy ghost....

CLOUD: Yeah, well at least you don't look like a sissy... (mopes)

[Cid suddenly jumps out from behind a mysteriously erected screen.]

CID: Well, at least I got to change MY costume! Now I don't look like everybody else!

TIFA: Oh yeah, I was going to ask you.... What exactly ARE you now...?

CID: I'm Bugenhagen's solar system model! See, see, you can even see the Meteor! Mind you, I had to put it on my butt...

CLOUD: Hehehehe, shouldn't Uranu..... oh forget it, I'm too depressed.

[Yuffie suddenly stands up on a table and whistles,]

YUFFIE: HEY! I'm gonna judge your stupid costumes now, so go line up or I'll kick your asses!

[They all line up, including Vincent.]

YUFFIE: Second prize goes to..... Vincent, for his kick-ass amputee costume!!!

[Vincent's other arm falls off.]

YUFFIE: And the first place prize goes to.... Tifa, for her Kefka costume!!!!

[cheering. Cloud looks shocked.]

YUFFIE: And the prize for the stupidest, "I - can't - tie - my - own - shoes" costume goes to Cloud, hands down! Let's all point at him and laugh! HA HA HA!

CLOUD: Thanks a LOT, Tifa! You've ruined my Halloween! I HATE YOU!

[runs off bawling. Tifa looks upset.]

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[Meanwhile, on the streets of Midgar...oh hell, I'll get to the point. Picture LOTS of zombies. Hundreds of the buggers, attacking ordinary civilians and such. General chaos and overall creepiness. You get the idea.]

[in front of Avalanche headquarters, a news reporter is doing a, well, report.]

REPORTER: .....And to the idea that the space station was faulty to begin with, President Rufus responded, "What? Me worry?" In other news, it appears that Midgar is suffering from it's first reported case of Mad Cow disease. Hundreds of filmy-eyed, vacantly staring, flaky-skinned and generally gross looking civilians now prowl the streets, trying to curb their insatiable hunger for beef products. The symptoms include...

[Barret, meanwhile, watches the report on the Avalanche television.]

BARRET: Mad Cow disease muh ass..... I seen this before...

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[KOOKOOKATCHOO! Uhh, I mean.... Meanwhile, on a nearby street....]

[our four heroes are out Trick-or-Treating. Cid is NOW dressed up as a pilot... in other words, his usual outfit.]

CID: SWEET!

CLOUD: Ok now, have we got everything we need? Big flaming torches?

CID: Check.

CLOUD: Pitchforks?

CID: Check.

CLOUD: Mob mentality?

CID: Quadruple check.

CLOUD: Plastic pumpkin pails?

[silence.]

PALMER: Huh? What the hell do we need those crappy things for?

CID: To put the candy in, you stupid fatass!

PALMER: Ahhh.... Shut up, @\$%#. And I'm not fat - I'm big boned.

[Tifa walks up. Cloud ignores her.]

TIFA: Hi guys!

CID: Hey Tifa. How's your trick-or-treating going?

TIFA: I ATE IT ALL!!!! ALL OF IT!!! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!

[silence.]

CID: Ummm, yeah...

TIFA: Can I go with you guys for more, huhhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuh?

CID: (offside) I think you've had enough...

CLOUD: I don't think so. I've had enough trick-or-treating for tonight.

TIFA: Look, Cloud, I'm sorry I made you dress up like Palom and suffer utter and total humiliation at the hands of your peers-

PALMER: But he's so gosh darned cute!

[Palmer and Cid snicker.]

CLOUD: Go trick-or-treat by yourself. I wish you were dead.

[the four walk off, leaving her behind standing dejectedly. Suddenly a large, black shadow envelopes Tifa.]

TIFA: And now, for the standard scream of horror.....  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

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[Meanwhile, at the YMCA... no, wait, the Mideel clinic....]

BARRET: Mad Cow disease muh ass!

DOCTOR: You said that already, about two pages back-

BARRET: Dis ain't no Mad Cow disease! T'ink 'bout it, Doctor! No pulse, no goddamned heartbeat, urge to rip off the top plate of the skull and eat da victim's brain...

[points accusingly at Reeve, who is sitting nearby reading a magazine.]

BARRET: We dealin' wit the undead here!!!

DOCTOR: ..... Of course we are. Would you like a Vicks rubdown? Chewable Flintstones vitamin? Full frontal labotomy?

BARRET: DAMMIT, I'm tellin' the truth! And I'll show you, foo!

[abruptly rips off Reeve's arm and waves it triumphantly.]

REEVE: AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

BARRET: YOU SEE?!?!

DOCTOR: Sir, that man was here for a routine checkup.

BARRET: .... uhh.... YEAH! YOU THINK A ZOMBIE'D BLEED LIKE DAT?!

[Barret tries to tactfully replace Reeve's arm, but has to settle with setting it across his lap instead.]

BARRET: Soooo, uhhh, who was the first man who come in here wit' dis undead disease?

DOCTOR: Hmmm... that would be those two morticians... unlike you count Professor Hojo-

BARRET: HOJO?!

[Reeve passes out, presumably from blood loss.]

DOCTOR: -nearly thirty years ago.

BARRET: Oh. Two mortician's huh?

[suddenly, a horde of zombies burst through the clinic's door.]

BARRET: GYAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

[he leaps, Stallone-style, out the window, oblivious of the now open door. The zombies ignore him and approach the doctor instead.]

DOCTOR: Oh... dear.....me.....!

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[Meanwhile, in front of a house...]

[Cloud rings the doorbell. An elderly lady answers. Vincent's other arm falls off.... Aw crap, that's three arms...]

LADY: It's that the cutest thing?

[goes to put candy in his bag - he unexpectedly attacks her arm.]

CLOUD: NO, VINCENT! BAD VINCENT!

LADY: EEEEEEEYYYYYEEEEKKK!!!!

[slams door shut]

CID: God DAMN it, Vincent, you @##\$@#\*&\*&% @\$#%^\$&\$!! She was gonna give us ding-dongs! I LOVE DING DONGS, YOU @#\$\*%%\*%\*\$#\*!!

PALMER: Yeah, you owe us all a round of cream-filled, plastic-wrapped lunch snacks, asshole.

[they move down the street and try another house. A large man answers. Vincent promptly goes for the jugular.]

CLOUD: GOD DAMN IT, VINCENT! NOT AGAIN!

MAN: GYAAAH!!! GET IT OFF GET IT OFF ME!!

[slams door shut. The three glare at Vincent, who resumes staring vacantly.]

CID: WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?! We ain't NEVER getting any candy if you keep up with the eating people routine!!

PALMER: I vote that we don't let Vincent trick-or-treat with us anymore!

[they try one last house - Barret's house. Barret answers the door with the novel approach of bursting through it with his gun-arm leveled.]

BARRET: EAT DIS, YOU BRAIN-EATIN' BASTARDS!!

PALMER: Hey, it's just us, you asshole!

BARRET: ... Can I still kill you? Not the other three, just you? You piss me off, lardboy...

PALMER: No.

BARRET: CRAP. Hey, you guys notice anythin' weird goin' on?

CLOUD: Other than Vincent's sudden obsession with eating people?

BARRET: Think bigger, boy.

CID: All the zombies?

BARRET: 'ZACTLY! The whole freaking city's overrun wit' the bastards. Even Vincent here's one of 'em!

CLOUD: OH NO!! THIS IS AWFUL!!!

BARRET: Hey, don't freak out or nuthin' - we can still save him!

CLOUD: No, I mean nobody'll give us candy if they're all undead!

BARRET: .....

PALMER: Priorities, man, priorities!

BARRET: .....

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[Back at the morgue...]

CID: What the hell are we doin' here, Barret?

BARRET: Shut your hole and look for somethin' strange.

CID: We're in a morgue, Barret, in case you hadn't noticed. EVERYTHING LOOKS @#\$%\$% FREAKY HERE.

CLOUD: Ah HA!

[Cloud triumphantly holds up the Mako Juice hose, still in the embalming tank. A nearby label clearly reads:]

LABEL: WARNING - NOT TO BE USED AS AN EMBALMING FLUID. SUCH EXPOSURE RESULTS IN COMPULSIVE URGES TO EAT FRESH BRAINS, PUFFY EYES, REDUCTION OF PULSE, AND EVENTUAL COMPLETE LOSS OF HAIR.

[collective dramatic gasp of shock.]

CID: God DAMN, Vincent's gonna go BALD?! BWAAAA HA HA HA HA HA!! Man, his female fans are gonna be royally PISSED!

CLOUD: Thank GOD it wasn't me.....

[suddenly, a mob of zombies crashes through the windows and doors.]

CLOUD: (REALLY melodramatically) Oh NO! I'LL hold them off!!

[he leaps heroically into the fray, swinging that bad-ass nail-studded baseball bat of his. The others just roll their eyes.]

BARRET: God damn spiky-haired showoff...

[more and more zombies pile into the clinic.]

CID: HOLY @#\$^%\*\$! BARRET!! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?!

[no response.]

CID: Uhh, Barret, buddy? That's your cue, Mufasa.

[turns to see that Barret is now..... one of the UNDEAD! .... Yeah, yeah, I know, "ooh , big surprise!"]

CLOUD: Let's get out of here!!!

CID: Yeah, the peroxide smell is making me sick too...

[Ok, Ok, South Park fans, I KNOW the Chef sings here... I just can't compete with that song, ok?!?! :P Anyway, our intrepid heroes all run outside, only to greet more zombies.]

PALMER: WEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!!!!

CID: CLOUD! DUDE! What are we gonna do?

CLOUD: Me and Palmer'll hold 'em off while you think up an idea!!

CID: WHAT?!?!

[Cloud gleefully gallops back into the pack of approaching zombies and begins the less-than-attractive process of decapitation with that evil-looking sword of his.]

PALMER: YEAH! NOBODY GETS BETWEEN ME AND MY ANNUAL RITUAL OF STUFFING MY FACE WITH FREE DELECTABLE GOODIES AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!!

[joins Cloud - it isn't pretty. They're soon surrounded.]

CLOUD: CID!! Come up with that idea to save our asses yet, old buddy old pal?!

CID: Hehehehehe... huh? Oh, sorry - I was just thinking about that time when we told Cait Sith that stray and unwanted cats were sold to airlines for seat cushioning. Man, was he freaked... hee hee....

CLOUD: @\$#\$@#\$%^&\*&#%^@^@&#%(%&#!!!!!!

[through the pack of zombies, a familiar face emerges...!]

CLOUD: TIFA?!

TIFA: BRAAAAAAIIIIIIINSSSSSSS.....

PALMER: DUDE! She's a zombie now! You gotta kill her, man, or she'll knaw on your skull like a rawhide bone!!

CLOUD: But... but.....!!!

PALMER: CLOUD! Listen to me, man! Remember how she made you look like an idiot for the costume contest? Remember your humiliation? Your pain?

CLOUD: ..... Oh yeah!

[begins to raise sword.]

CID: (thinking to himself) Ok, think, Cid, think. We watched that stupid zombie movie last week - it scared Cloud so bad he nearly wizzed in his pants - and they defeated the zombies by.... KILLING THE FIRST ZOMBIE! YEAH!

CLOUD: Tifa, I hope you'll forgive me after I kill you. I mean, I didn't really MEAN I wanted you DEAD when I said-

TIFA: ITCHY. TASTY.

CLOUD: OH MY GOD, SHE'S FREAKING ME OUT!!!

CID: (still talking to himself) And... and... it was Vincent who got the Mako Juice mixed up with the embalming fluid - probably not for the first time, either - so... so...! AH HA!!!

[Cid suddenly runs in with a chainsaw and immediately cuts Vincent in half.]

CID: Oh my GOD! I killed Vincent! You BASTARD!!

[zombies begin turning back to normal.]

TIFA: Huh? What happened?

CLOUD: Tifa! You're back to normal!

PALMER: And it ONLY TOOK FIVE PAGES, FOLKS!

[sappy, romantic music plays.]

TIFA: Cloud, I'm sorry I made you look like a complete idiot.

CLOUD: Yeah, well, I'm sorry I tried to kill you, Tifa.

TIFA: Cloud...

CLOUD: Tifa...

[they lean forward as if to kiss when Cloud's eyes suddenly roll back into his head as he faints.]

TIFA: .....

PALMER: That was weak, dude.

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[Some time later, at a cemetery, in front of a gravestone marked "VINCENT".]

CLOUD: He was too good for this world.

CID: (sniffs) D...damn, I can't believe he's... he's ..... Gone!

PALMER: Dude, you were the one who made him twins with that chainsaw.

CID: Bite me, lardboy.

CLOUD: A moment of silence for our dear, departed friend....

[they stand for a moment in respectful silence. After a minute or so:]

CLOUD: (brightly) Who's for Chinese?

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THE END....?

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[that night, at Vincent's grave... the dirt stirs and Vincent suddenly bursts from the earth.]

VINCENT: HEY!!!

[just as abruptly, he is crushed beneath an escape pod from space.]

VINCENT: Oww.

[Reno pops his head out from the hatch of the pod.]

RENO: Hey, guys! We're back! Boy, getting stuck up in the stratosphere inside a cramped escape pod really sucked, huh?

ELENA, TSENG, and RUDE: .....

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THE END. NO, REALLY THIS TIME.

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