

Michelle Remembers: The Porn Version

[The setting is a therapist's office with Dr. Pazder sitting in a chair across from Michelle, who sits nervously on a couch.]

Dr. Pazder: You hear the sound of my voice. You feel the couch beneath you. You feel the rise and fall of your chest as you breathe in the air around you. You hear the faint sounds of the traffic on the street in the distance, and you are both comforted and terrified to know that there is a full world beyond the immediate grasp of your senses; lives being lived, days and nights relentlessly cycling through. But I am now here to tell you that this illusion of the 'real world' is but a shadow, a phantasm. The world of Ultimate Truth lies beyond the discernment of your vulgar senses, beneath the veil of what you can see, feel, smell, taste, and hear. The Truth lies beyond your conscious sensory inputs, it resides in a spiritual world where Good and Evil engage in everlasting battle for your soul. Your life, as you know it, as you understand it to have occurred, is but a simple fiction, a narrative built of perverse lies accrued by your bodily perception. If we are to reach the root of the malaise that brings you into my office now, we must reach beyond what you think you know about your own life, and we must plum the depths of your spiritual reality, explore the true influences that corrupted your innocence and have caused you to stray from purity.

Michelle: (confused pause) I was referred to you by my therapist who recommended I see a psychiatrist to help with --

Dr. Pazder: (scrutinizing Michelle's physique) I'm certainly going to need to perform an in-depth physical probe, but I can already address my visual diagnosticating by saying that you bear all the indications of Satanic sexual addiction.

Michelle: I have no such thing! I have been suffering depression. Two months ago, I --

Dr. Pazder: These are but facts of which I am already aware, I assure you. I am telling you that these mundane facts of material reality are irrelevant now, along with the case history you have developed with your therapist. The fact that you deny, or do not recollect, your Satanic sexual practices is certain evidence that you are repressing the memories in various personalities concealed from your immediate recollection. I need to know the story of your spiritual truth, the truth that lies concealed from your conscious recollection.

Michelle: How can I speak to you of things beyond my awareness? How can I tell you anything which I do not consciously recollect?

Dr. Pazder: You have to allow me to access the memories that are not in your mind. The memories your brain has not stored.

Michelle: I don't think I have any memories that I don't remember.

Dr. Pazder: Of course you do. You just don't know it, which is nothing to panic about. It is to be expected, and it confirms my theory.

Michelle: That I have forgotten memories of Satanic sex?

Dr. Pazder: Sadistic sexual memories residing deep inside you waiting for me to help you explore them.

Michelle: I -- I don't know, doctor. I...

Dr. Pazder: Yes...?

Michelle: I recently had a miscarriage which has caused me to become very depressed. My doctor referred me to you because he said a psychiatrist could address the social support that I am lacking and perhaps find ways to counteract the postpartum hormonal shift that's contributing to my sadness. I have read that this type of depression is a well-documented phenomenon and is considered organic in nature, capable of striking anybody regardless of other precipitating emotional factors. Without knowing my case history you are suggesting that I am forgetting...

Dr. Pazer: *Repressing*...Sadistic sexual memories.

Michelle: I just don't see why --

Dr. Pazder: See that diploma on the wall? Oh, wait -- whose name is on it? Yours? Hmm. Doesn't look like it. (squints) Oh, I see. Yup. It's mine. I'm the only doctor of psychiatry in this office, and I can recognize a case of repressed sadistic sexual memories, I can see the subtle quivering in your loins as I mention the mere fact that you have repressed sexual exploits to discuss, I can see your uncomfortable reactions that reveal a rich, intense, sweaty, unrestrained and animalistic, disgusting and disturbed sexual history. I see the symptoms swelling up from you and I can diagnose perversion and licentiousness, just as certainly as you could diagnose me with an erection.

Michelle: (Shocked, stands up) Are you saying you--?

Dr. Pazder: I am saying you would know. I am saying there are physical correlates to sexual thoughts and impulses. Some subtle, some obvious. I have learned to see the subtle, but to me they stand out as clearly as a hard-on would... stand out... for you...

Michelle: Doctor! I --

Dr. Pazder: Desensitize yourself to it, woman! You have come to me because you are in a grave state. I am a man of God. Devout. The nature of the sins that cripple my clients burden my soul and sicken my spirit. The things I need witness to heal these weary and corrupted unwitting playthings of Satan would make the Lord weep, but witness I must! And so must you. In order to combat this evil, we must confront it head on. We must expose it to the light of Truth and therefore diminish its power over you. You have to be prepared to speak of things you never dared imagine were real, and you'll need to accept that these things have happened to you. You will have to come face-to-face with all of it: sex-fucking, boner-penises, yawning vaginas, steaming Raperts, Goose STIs, meat juice, pubes, puckered fudgings, the Moist Roger, basted knobs, dangling Gilmores --

Michelle: (interrupting) About my uncharacteristic onset of this current depression of mine... Do you want me to tell you what I know about my family, my miscarriage, my --

Dr. Pazder: (laughs condescendingly) You're not qualified, my dear woman! Please! We've been through this already! If you could tell me why you're depressed, you wouldn't be here.

Michelle: But I thought I knew why I was depressed. I just don't quite know how to manage it. Knowing why doesn't make me feel better. I just want to feel better. I want to feel like myself again.

Dr. Pazder: (Long indignant pause) So... do you remember the Satanic sadistic sexual activities that led to your depression?

Michelle: I don't remember any --

Dr. Pazder: Exactly! Just as I said. You have repressed the roots of your current mental disturbance. The sooner we can get you to recall these horrific events, the faster you can recover. I'm sure that some parts of you do some wicked, terrible, shocking and devious things. These parts of you, these other personalities, they take over during these episodes for which you hold no recollection.

Michelle: I have split personalities?

Dr. Pazder: Multiple Personality Disorder. It's an extremely rare condition brought on by extreme Satanic sexual behavior. *Every one* of my female clients has this condition, which makes me the leading expert in this region, perhaps the leading expert on Satanic sexual activity and Multiple Personality Disorder in the world. You are in good hands, but it's lucky you've reached me when you have. We haven't any time to lose. I need to put you under hypnosis to learn about your childhood.

Michelle: What I don't remember about my childhood?

Dr. Pazder: Exactly! Now relax... I'll lead you through it. In a state of trance you will respond with greater recall when I inquire deeper into your surface memories. Close your eyes... You hear the sound of my voice. You feel the couch beneath you. You feel the rise and fall of your chest as you breathe in the air around you. You hear the faint sounds of the traffic on the street in the distance, and you are both comforted and terrified to know that there is a full world beyond the immediate grasp of your senses; lives being lived, days and nights relentlessly cycling through. But I am now here to tell you that this illusion of the 'real world' is but a shadow, a phantasm. The world of Ultimate Truth lies beyond the discernment of your vulgar senses, beneath the veil of what you can see, feel, smell, taste, and hear. The Truth lies beyond your conscious sensory inputs, it resides in a spiritual world where Good and Evil engage in everlasting battle for your soul. Your life, as you know it, as you understand it to have occurred, is but a simple fiction, a narrative built of perverse lies accrued by your bodily perception...

[Fade to interior of Church. Michelle's father, in priest garb, is sweeping the floor]

Michelle (voiceover): My father was a priest. My mother was a nun. They met by chance, setting off a downward spiral of lustful temptation which quickly devolved into active sin.

[Dad throws down the broom and walks into the bathroom unexpectedly happening upon a nun sitting on the toilet. Shocked, the nun drops the roll of toilet paper from her hand, which rolls forward butting up against Dad's foot. Their eyes meet. Fear slowly turns to curiosity.]

Dad: I -- I am sorry. I did not realize anybody was in here. The door was unlocked. What are you doing in here?

Nun: I don't have to answer that. That's between me and the Lord.

Dad: Well, clearly you're taking a dump. Which is disgusting. [Nervously stammering] Not, of course, that you're disgusting for taking a dump. I just -- I just don't do that myself. I just -- you know... I didn't expect to see -- you're not disgusting... In -- in fact, you're... you're kind of pretty.

Nun [blushing]: What did you come in here for? Did you have to take a shit?

Dad: No, of course not. I never. But -- but it's okay that you do. I don't mind. I just... [scrambling for an excuse] I, uh, I just came in here to, uh, beat off. You know, I get an erection, and we have to be celibate, so sometimes I just whack it in here.

Nun: Are you hard now?

Dad: I -- I don't have to answer that. That's between me and the Lord.

Nun: The Lord is my husband, you know. [A loud resonant fart billows forth]

Nun [continues]: And it is a greater sin to beat off and leave your seed on the cold ground than it is to take a shit.

Dad: So you're suggesting that I should leave my seed somewhere... less cold?

Nun: Can you hand me the toilet paper?

[Dad picks up toilet paper and slowly walks it towards her, reaches it out toward her. Ignoring the roll of paper, she reaches out and gently takes his hand. All the while, their eyes are locked]

Nun: I suggest only that you do what the Lord created you to do...That you do what comes naturally to you, as He intended you to.

[They both reach out their free hands, grasping them together. Camera circles in a slow fade to close-up of Nun's face in sexual ecstasy. Camera pans back very slowly as we see her writhing and moaning, revealing that she is naked but for her habit and a rosary around her neck. As the camera pans back, we eventually see that Dad's legs are at either side of Nun's chest, whereupon he suddenly drops a massive, steaming shit upon her face.]

[Hard cut back to therapist's office]

Dr. Pazder: Oh shit! What the fuck?? What are you even talking about?! Why would you even --?? Who wants to hear that kind of filth? What is wrong with you??

Michelle: You said it should be dirty and depraved. I mean, if my repressed memories traumatized me, they are likely going to continue to be this way as we uncover --

Dr. Pazder: THAT is not traumatizing! That is just... gross! Sexual memories! Sexual memories are traumatizing. We have to uncover those! Dear God, we don't need to uncover anything else like your parent's first encounter.

Michelle: My Father used to take Confession, and there he would hear all of the sins of his brethren, of which he would speak to my mother at night, and I would overhear.

Dr. Pazder: Yes, sure. Fuck it. Go on. Move on to that. You hear the sound of my voice. You feel the weight of your own body sinking into the couch. You are growing sleepy...

[Fade to confession booth. Dad is listening to a man, Flesh Hardington, an immaculately dapper fellow with a Clark Gable vibe, give his confession from the next booth]

Flesh: I suppose that on that unseasonably wintry night in October, I attributed the mysterious and unique bite in my bourbon to the vibrant nip in the air. She had a wistful, almost melancholic

demeanor till then, but all at once Julliette looked to me with an expression of knowing malice, and I knew immediately I had been poisoned. Dear God, I cried out, preserve my virtue!
... Alas, when I awoke, I found my trousers were undone and Julliette was busily fellating me with unholy gusto.

Dad: Well, come on, it could be worse. You must know that? Hannigan's wife has cancer, and you're in here complaining that you woke up to a blowjob? Are you shitting me? Most any rational man is going to answer 'yes' if the question is one of whether or not he wants a blowjob.

Flesh: [Sarcastically] Oh, really? Do tell? It does not matter to the average man in the least, the question of who is delivering the blowjob? There's simply a blanket acceptance of any and all blowjobs, such that a woman need not even ask? *My dear, do not even trouble yourself with asking, just get down there and get sucking!* Is that how you presume it to be??

Dad: Oh, okay. So, yeah. That really does sound worse than fucking cancer. It wasn't just some random old homeless crackhead lady with a mustache and dentures off the street, dipshit. You are dating Julliette, and you two are "accidentally" fucking one way or another every couple days or so. Why are you playing so fucking pious? You're not the priest. I'm the priest. I'm not supposed to put my dick anywhere, or even think about it, or I get kicked out of my job. All you have to do is ask forgiveness on Sunday, and you have the rest of the week to go wild.

Flesh: Oh, thank you, Father. So I am absolved?

Michelle (voiceover): Having already brought sin into the Church, my father began to yield to more worldly pleasures, and soon he began corrupting others around him.

Dad (visibly stricken by a revelation): Wait. No. Hang on.

Flesh: Father?

Dad: I'm just communing with the Lord in here, and I can tell you, he's getting irritated by all the repeat bullshit you keep bringing into His house.

Flesh (wailing): Dear God, Father! What do I do? -- I shall sever my penis! I shall renounce all activities with the fairer sex! I shall beat, not my meat, but my own self in ritual flagellation! I shall --

Dad: Calm down...! I can help you.

Flesh: Oh, Father. Anything...

Dad: Anything that occurs in Confession is immune from prosecution by both the Courts of secular law and by the accounting of Saint Peter. Not even God sees into the Confessional. Or, if He does, He gives it a pass.

Flesh: Sir, I am listening.

Dad: I think you could benefit greatly from Full Service Confessionals. Only \$100 per session.

Flesh: Now, see here, Father -- I do value my Eternity, and I have nothing but gratitude for your efforts, but I do tithe, and I am unaware as to what a Full Service Confessional might entail.

Dad: And you'll still tithe, but this is part of a separate budget. It's all very complicated, but it's necessary if we're to keep you from Hell. Small price to pay, really. What happens is, you get the sin out while you're here, and you have no need to sin under God's judging eye while you are out.

Flesh: Father, I am intrigued and grateful. However... How might I say this? You aren't quite my flavor of sin.

Dad: Not me. The Nun.

Flesh: I'll take it.

Dad: Switch sides with me.

[Men exit booth. Dad collects \$100 and Flesh takes the priest's seat. Dad whistles to Nun who is praying at a crucifix. He waves her over to the Confessional. She smiles and walks over to the empty confession booth, enters, and closes the door. Dad opens door to booth Flesh Hardington is in and signals to a pre-existing glory hole then closes the door. All kinds of glory hole action ensues]

[Cut back to therapist's office. Dr. Pazder is now sitting next to Michelle on the couch, caressing her hair.]

Dr. Pazder: There, there. You poor dear. That is horrifying. That truly is traumatic. The kind of trauma we need to talk a lot about.

Michelle: My father made a lot of money in the Full Service Confessional business. But his wealth could not compensate for the loss of God's love in his heart. Spiritually adrift, he began to appeal to Satan's minions for comfort and services.

[Cut to windowless candle-lit room where Dad is centered in a large pentagram on the floor. He's talking to a puppet demon]

Dad: So what's going on?

Assmodeus: You conjured me, motherfucker. You get one wish. But the cost... the cost is severe. What would you have of me?

Dad: There isn't a damn thing open at this hour. I would be fine with a cheese pizza, or chinese carry-out.

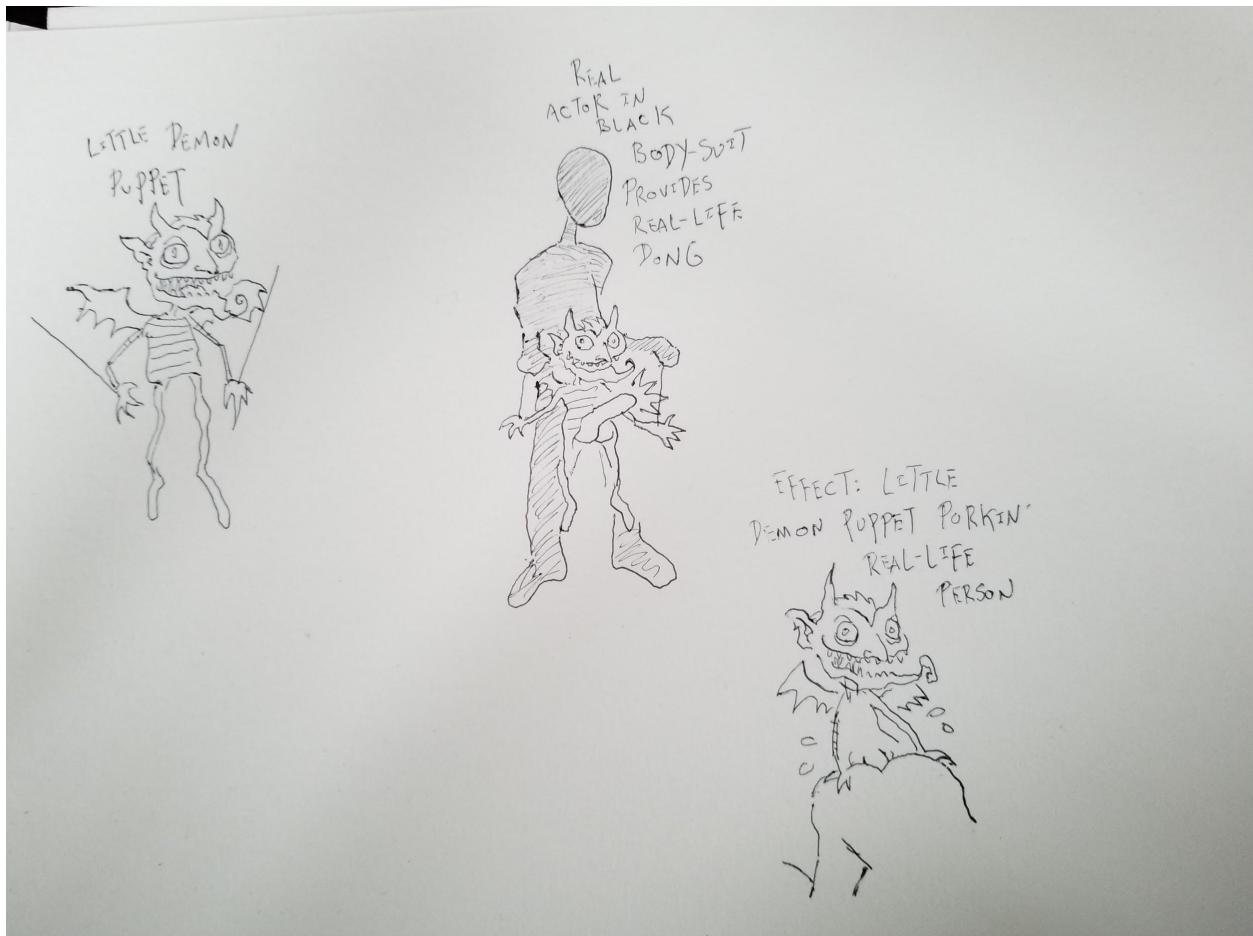
Assmodeus: Done! [Food appears]

Assmodeus: And now you must pay your due.

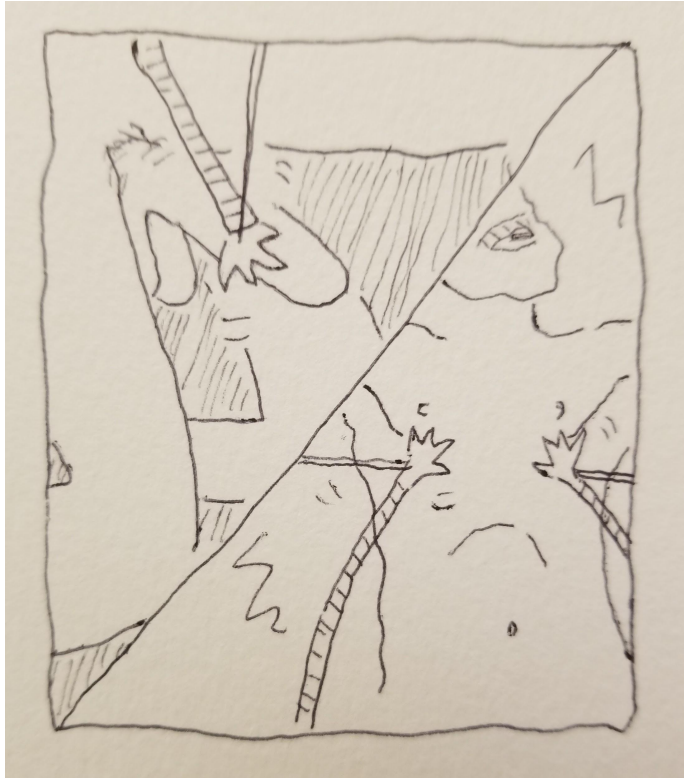
Dad: Joke's on you. I bartered away my soul a long time ago.

Assmodeus: It is not your soul I demand

Dad (suddenly horrified): Then what is it? [Cut to puppet demon fucking Dad in the ass]



[Close up on Dad's wang with Assmodeus giving him a reach around. Close up on Dad's chest with Assmodeus rubbing his nipples]



Michelle (voiceover): Having already forfeited his soul, my father foolishly thought he had nothing left to lose, or no further harm to bring upon the world. But Assmodeus took far more from him than his anal virginity. Years later, my father would regret the wickedness he had done, and in an effort to atone, he would try to warn others against doing the things he had done.

[Cut to Dad in a room sitting upon a backward-turned chair, cigarette dangling from his mouth, addressing an unseen audience]

Dad: Sodomy! Perversion! Satanism! Believe me, I did it all. Did you know that demons have barbed hooks in their anuses that make pulling out nearly impossible? I ended up in a vicious cycle, calling upon Satan's minions for

replacement tongues and penises, while having to pay off all those new tongues and penises by putting them through the puckered shredder again and again. I was a lost soul who had abandoned his faith trying to find quick and easy worldly pleasures, material gains that, in the end, make no difference when faced with eternity. I was used as a filthy fuck-hole for Satan's servants, soaked in lubricant and sin. Some of it was pretty good, though, let me tell you. You would be surprised how oddly satisfying it feels to extinguish a burning demon cock with your own buttock. None of that makes any of it worth it, though. Trust me. You think it sounds cool now. And, you may think it can't happen to you, but I look at your faces, and I see a lot of myself when I was your age.

[Camera cuts to show small audience of bored young children sullenly listening. A teacher is feigning fascination.]

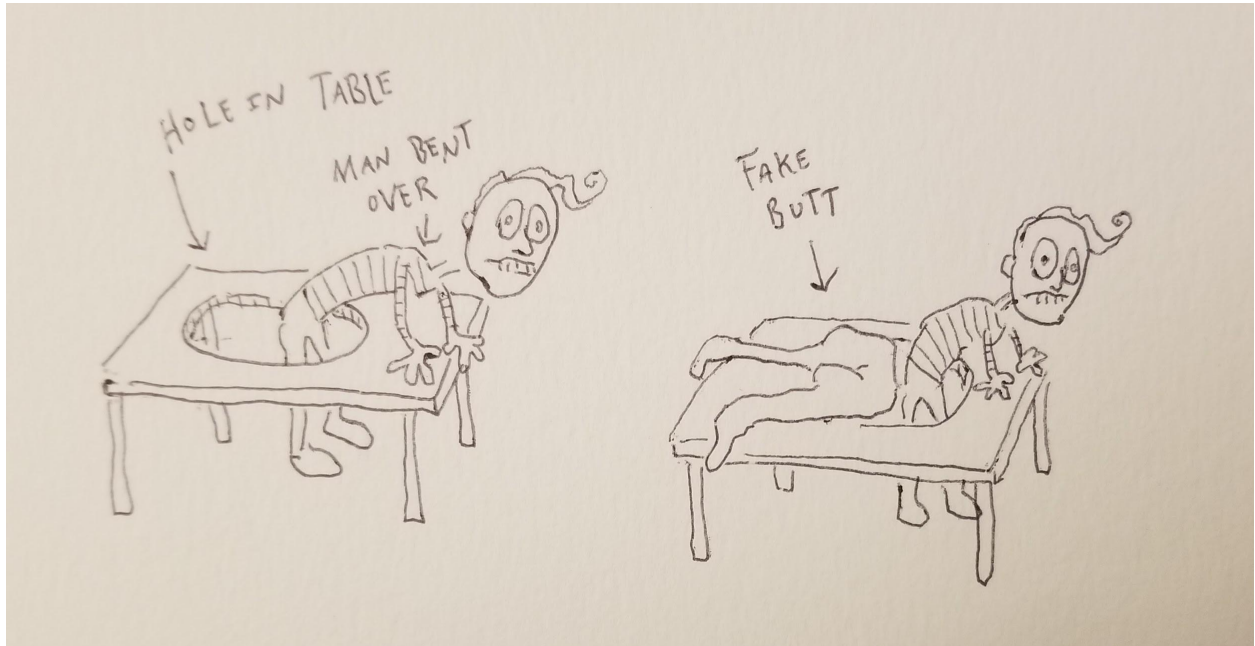
Teacher: Well, that certainly is fascinating, isn't it everybody? You see what can happen if you keep disobeying the rules and getting yourself into detention? You could end up --

Dad: Oh, that's not the worst of it...

Teacher: Well, but maybe that's good enough. We appreciate --

Dad: Assmodeus hadn't merely used me as a convenient cum receptacle. He intentionally implanted me with a seed. At Satan's command, Assmodeus impregnated me with a child that would grow to be Satan's own sex slave on Earth.

[Cut to Dad on table giving birth to Michelle aided by a midwife while Assmodeus watches in anticipation]



Dad (voiceover): Assmodeus began her training immediately, and continued it for all the years leading up to her 18th birthday, when Satan himself would come to claim Michelle as his own.

[When Michelle is about halfway out of Dad's butt, a demon walks over announcing "lesson one!" and puts his wang in her mouth while a woman behind the demon fucks herself with his tail. All the while Dad is intermittently groaning in agony and protesting that they should wait to get started until she's fully out of him. This orgy (of types) continues on in proper pornographic fashion.]

[Cut to suburban home with Michelle, Dad, and her mother doing domestic family shit of some kind. Doorbell rings, and Michelle runs to answer it. Some group of whitebread conservative suburbanites in floral dresses, khakis, cardigans, and sweater vests walk in bearing birthday gifts and balloons for Michelle. She excitedly leads them to the kitchen where the presents and birthday cake await at the table.]

Michelle (voiceover): The demonic attacks came to be a part of normal everyday life, but they always took place in private, away from the gaze of witnesses. I had acclimated myself to it, otherwise living a normal and typical life. At the time of my 18th birthday, I knew that Satan would come to claim me at any time. Just the same, I pretended as though nothing was wrong. My parents held a birthday party for me, and we all ignored the terrible impending reality.

[The group of suburbanites -- parents and their Michelle-aged kids -- sit around the table and begin chatting]

Brent Felcher (to Dad): So I sez to Cheryl, I sez, listen: you're giving me the run-around here, and I'm not buying it.

Madge Felcher: Brent, really! You'll scare the children.

Brent Felcher: Now I'm not trying to ruffle any feathers here, but there's a time when you gotta stand up for yourself and say, I am NOT trimming YOUR hedge, that you planted as a fence between our properties, whether one side of the hedge faces my property or not. Walk around and trim it yourself, by Gosh, and I'll be a son-of-a-gun if I'm going to clean up after you.

[Dad nods, Madge comforts Brent, kids chatter about teachers, and Disneyland, and other kinds of kid shit. Suddenly, at the head of the table opposite Michelle, Satan appears. Satan is a demonic-looking woman with horns protruding from her skull. Satan sits silently, staring at Michelle. Everybody at the table shifts in their chairs and look to one another in nervous discomfort, politely saying nothing.]

Dad (sighs): Ah, Christ. Here it comes.

[Satan casts an angry look at Dad]

Brent (confused): So, uh... you want to introduce us to your friend here?

Dad: Everybody, this is Satan. Satan, this is everybody. Satan has come here to claim Michelle, though I must admit, I thought this could maybe wait till a more convenient time. [Addressing Satan] I mean, we do appreciate you stopping by, and we are well aware of the arrangement that was made, and -- don't get me wrong! -- I am not objecting. Totally respect it. It's just that... well, this party was really put together with friends and neighbors in mind, and I don't mean to make this awkward, but we really don't have an extra seat at the table. Vance was sitting where you are now... though I don't quite know where he's gotten off to. I'm sure he'll be back any moment. And, well, it would be rude of us to --

[Satan suddenly stands up revealing the crushed, flattened body of Vance underneath her on the chair. We now see that Satan has no pants on and a four-foot long cock hanging between her legs.]

Brent Felcher: That's an impressive bit of equipment you're sportin' there, Satan. I can tell they do things a bit differently in your culture. Where is it again? Hell? Is that it?

[Madge vigorously nodding 'yes.' The kids are watching with mild curiosity.]

Brent Felcher: In America, though, we tend to wear our pants, in the Christian tradition. I can't imagine there being many Christians in Hell. Or, at least, none still practicing while in Hell, but I could be wrong. I may sound like a real stick in the mud by Hell standards, but it's just damn well considered polite here to wear pants, especially in front of children... and I can't even tell if you speak English, for Pete's sake!

Madge Felcher: Now, Brent --

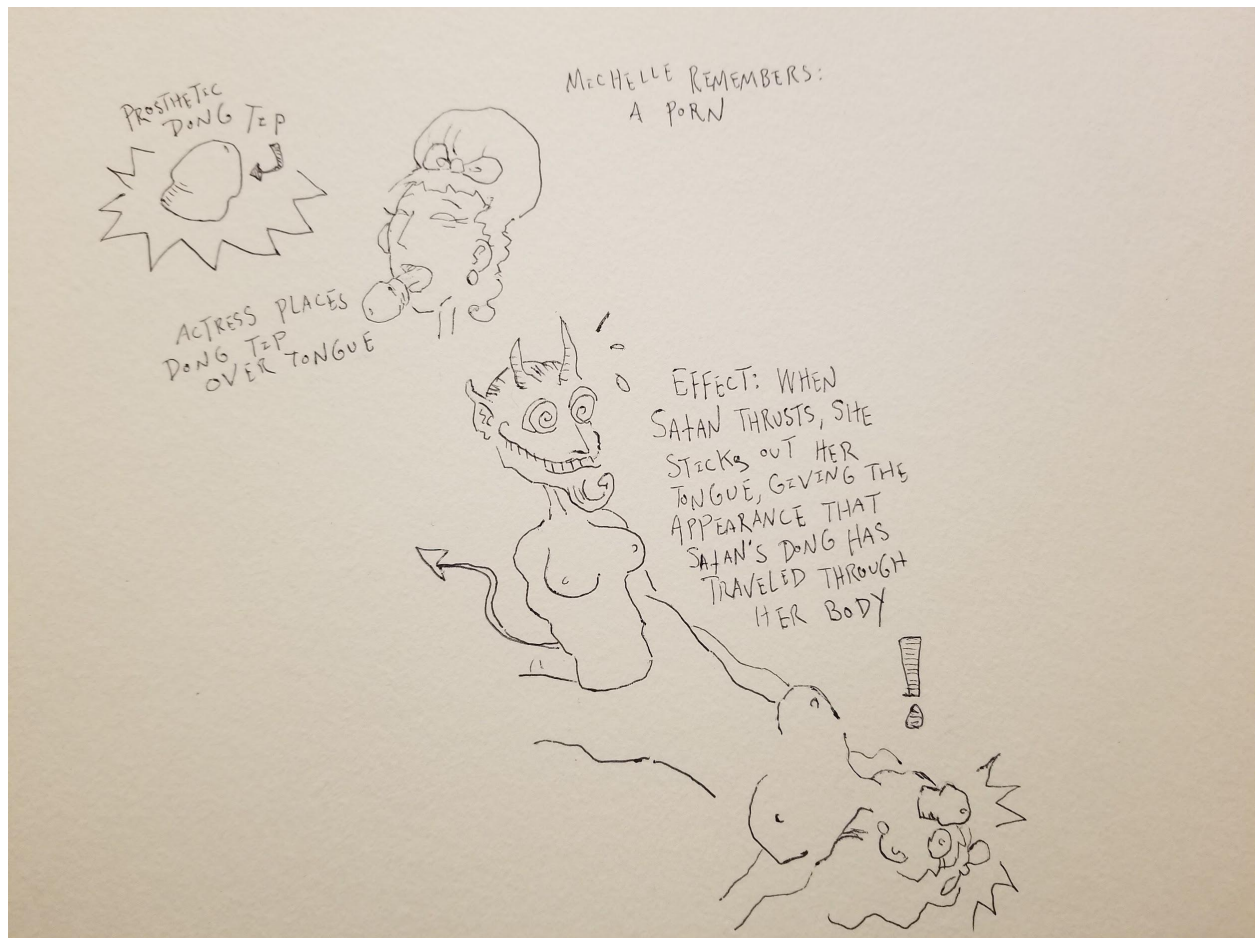
Brent Felcher: Madge, it needed to be said. Look, I respect diversity, but Satan is going to have to meet us half-way here. I'm fed up.

[Satan stares at Michelle and points. Michelle is entranced. She walks to Satan, stands in front of her, and bends over the table in front of her, lifting her skirt. She is wearing no panties.]

Brent Felcher: Well, I said my piece. [Looking to Dad] It isn't my house, it's not my rules. I'm not trying to cause a hassle, but I see Vance like that, and I see a 4-foot penis about to enter your daughter, and I wonder if this is how --

Mom: Does anybody want ice cream while we wait for Michelle to get started on the cake?

[Satan walks her dong in, skewering Michelle through till the cock tip is coming out of Michelle's mouth, then starts thrusting]



Brent Felcher (addressing Dad): I must say, I thought that you got out of your dealings with Satan some time ago. Are you two still conducting business? Just on friendly terms? Satan's just dating your daughter, and they are going to be married? What exactly --?

Madge Felcher: Brent, I think that might be a little noseey.

Dad: Oh, no. It's perfectly fine, Madge. Fact of the matter is, this whole giving of my daughter to Satan thing is a carry-over from my previous soul bartering and demon-conjuring. I do what I can to repent and I'm not dabbling in any Satanic occultism these days, I promise you!

[All laugh heartily together while enjoying their ice cream. Satan turns Michelle on her back on the table.]

Dad: Fact is, we're just red-blooded, Republican-voting, God-fearing Americans like yourselves, but I won't try to hide my past from you, and this visit here today is just another reminder of some of the debts I accrued in the past.

[Brent and Madge both nod in understanding.]

[Satan belts out a terrifying lion's roar]

Kid: Is Michelle going to open the present we brought her?

Mom: In a moment, dear. Do you want more ice cream?

Kid: Fine.

Brent Felcher: So Madge and I, we drive over to Wesley's the other day, and I sez to Ed, I sez, give me the best tender loin cut you got, I got family coming in. And he sez -- you know what he sez? -- he sez to me, he sez that those kids who are always hanging out at the Kwik n' EZ were raisin' hell the other night past 9pm, and I told him, I sez --

[Satan, gripping Michelle at the hip with one hand, and gripping her hair in another, aims Michelle's head, with penis protruding from mouth, toward Brent Felcher, emitting a massive and explosive cumshot all over Brent Felcher's face. The wad oozes slowly down as he tilts his head back, reaches his hands up toward his face without touching it -- palms upward, fingers curled.]

Brent Felcher: YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

[Brent Felcher suddenly rises from his seat, knocking his chair over behind him]

Brent Felcher: YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

[Apparently blinded, Brent Felcher staggers about the room, screaming, knocking over furniture and bumping into walls. The camera is focused on Brent Felcher to the exclusion of everybody else. We see none of the rest of the room's reaction. Just Brent Felcher, staggering and screaming, the room spinning around him. Vases being smashed, kitchen supplies being pushed off the counter onto the floor. This goes on for a full minute till Brent Felcher falls to the floor, motionless.]

[Cut to Therapist's Office. Dr. Pazder is on the couch with Michelle, sitting on her lap. He's massaging his nipples through his shirt.]

Dr. Pazder: And now as you come out of hypnosis, I want you to slowly open your eyes and realize that all you remembered here today is a true recollection of events that were too traumatizing for you to previously recall. You will feel secure in the epiphany that your

depression was nothing more than a result of the subconscious emotional strain you suffered in keeping the details of your own life hidden from your own conscious recollection. But you are free now. Free to examine your past and to face the events that you have witnessed. Free to tell me all the details as more and more of your past emerges from the recesses of your mind. You are free now to build more less horrifying associations with sex, ones that don't involve barbed anuses and Satan's 4-foot long cock. It is time for us to reintroduce sex to you, not as something that demons take from you to please their master, but rather as something that you yourself want to do. Something that you control and take responsibility for... that both offends God and should fill you with shame and guilt.

[Michelle opens her eyes, looks into Dr. Pazder's eyes and smiles.]

Michelle: I feel free for the first time.

[Pazder stands up in front of Michelle, removes his coat and begins taking off his tie.]

Dr. Pazder: And now, the true healing can begin.

[Michelle stands, meeting Dr. Pazder face-to-face while unbuttoning her blouse.]

[Room goes dark. Spotlight falls on Dr. Pazder alone]

Dr. Pazder (breaking out into glorious song):

This is the moment we've all been waiting for
From the moment she walked in through my door
Together we've weathered all she's endured
Together we'll see that she is cured
All of her memories are ours to explore
This is the moment we've all been waiting for

Flesh Hardington and Brent Felcher (duet):

Sex is one thing that can get God pissed
One best not use their tongue, butt, or fist
Michelle must now learn that her vagina was built
For her own shameful acts, and her own endless guilt
She will not be a slave to Satan any more
This is the moment we've all been waiting for

Satan, Assmodeus, and Trainer Demon with Dong-Tail:

She's had sex with a demon inside her Dad's anus
She's done daily stretches so she can contain us
She can take a four-foot cock like she's wearing a glove

Michelle:

But that doesn't matter because now I've found love

All (crescendo):

This is the moment we've all been waiting for
From the moment she walked in through the door
Together they made up all she's endured
Together they'll see that she is cured
All of their fantasies are theirs to explore
This is the moment we've all been waiting for

[Now it is just Dr. Pazder and Michelle, naked, face-to-face, in the spotlight. Rose petals snowing down upon them, eyes locked.]

Dr. Pazder: Are you ready to heal?

[They draw closer]

[Hard cut to Therapist's Office. Michelle squatting over Dr. Pazder and unloads a massive, steaming shit upon his face. He appears distressed, perhaps bound, but we just can't be sure.]

THE END.