

URBAN DOJO

by

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FADE IN:

EST. MYSTICAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

An oily SUMO WRESTLER appears on a stage smoky with incense. Torches are lit on bamboo and an obvious mat painting of the snowy Himalayas line the horizon.

He hobbles to a large, mystical gong and hammers it - the echoes jiggle his fatness like a waterbed of blubber.

The Sumo giggles with a cock-eyed dopey face, then drools.

EST. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

A panoramic view of the modern city.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Downtown Chicago in its grind - business men head to work, shoe shiners buff leather, children play in an open fire hydrant.

Narrator, in a baritone male voice:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Chicago, the not so distant future.
What may by all accounts appear a
normal moment of history is instead
jeopardized by hideous danger.

EST. CONSANTO HQ MEETING ROOM - DAY

MR. BRUMO sits at the head of a long table, rubbing his hands like an evil dictator amidst his board of directors.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the past year, this once proud
city has been held hostage in the
iron grip of Mr. Brumo and Consanto
- a vile corporation responsible
for a litany of nefarious deeds.

EST. AFGHANISTAN DESERT - DAY

CONSANTO AGENTS sell weapons from the back of their cargo trucks to a line of generic bad guys - Taliban Fighters, Somali Pirates, Russian Mobsters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In addition to providing
black-market armaments to every
rogue state, with ghostly tendrils
Consanto has spread its influence
throughout the underworld.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A family watch television in a suburban home.

On its screen comes a TV ad for Consanto, assuring the
quality of their bio-engineered food. In the TV ad men in
hazmat suits spray crops of corn with pesticides.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This enterprise gained it's public
image through controversial
bio-growth technology.

EXT. CONSANTO LABORATORY - DAY

Men in white coats study cultures, beakers...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, while bio-growth is their
public image, the real profits come
from bio-germ warfare.

SCIENTISTS inject a monkey with serum - it howls as its body
spasms and melts into a green goo.

The scientists smile and nod to one another.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Consanto now tenders 60% of the
United States annual military
budget, selling military equipment
to both sides in every conflict
that they can solidify their grip.

INT. BRUMO'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Brumo lurches over his desk, grinning villainously...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What many of Consanto's highest associates do not even know is that it is but a shield for the secret agenda of Consanto President Mr. Brumo. For under Brumo's direction, Consanto's bio-warfare programs have melded the isotope structure of every known drug into one new substance - GLEEN.

INT. LABORATORY- DAY

TWO SCIENTISTS strap down a TEST SUBJECT and inject his neck with liquid gleen.

The Test Subject froths at the mouth, and his muscles grow incredibly strong as his veins bulge out his skin.

He breaks free and rips the arms off of the screaming scientist, beating him with them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This failed super soldier drug is 45 times more addictive than Heroin, 35 times more powerful than cocaine, and a million-fold freakier than Krokodil. Upon Brumo's orders, Chicago has become the first target of Gleen's introduction to the street market.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

GLEEN DEALER sells powder bags to a STREET THUG.

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Street Thug is in a ratty derelict apartment. He injects Gleen into his neck through a syringe.

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT BLDG HALLWAY - NIGHT

A LITTLE GIRL plays with a doll in the hallway.

The hideous, drooling, zombified Gleener Street Thug bursts through the wall of the apartment and spots the girl.

She drops her Barbie doll.

He ROARS at her and she screams in return - they both get louder, louder - ridiculously dragged out.

The Zombified Gleener turns, runs and dives out the high-rise apartment window.

EXT. DERELICT APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Zombie Gleener splats headfirst on the concrete below.

Close on his mushed carcass as blood drains into the sewer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The average citizen now lives in mortal terror of Gleen's effect to turn a normal man into a bloodthirsty zombified beast. Reports of uncontrollable rampaging are now common. Overdoses have created a subterranean horde of hideously deformed street crazies.

EXT. SEWER LEADING TO RIVER - NIGHT

From inside GLEEN ZOMBIES shuffle about O.S.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dubbed "Gleeners," these deformed addicts have created a subterranean world of madness dwelling in sewers and abandoned subway tunnels.

Gleen Zombies lurk inside sewer tunnels.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Within a short period of time, they have become a cultish civilization.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Everyday life proceeds on a busy street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Gleen crisis is manufactured to terrorize the population into abandoning downtown completely.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Kids play in a open fire hydrant.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Brumo has now acquired 70% of inner-city real estate. Soon Consanto will level Chicago, creating the largest weapons manufacturing fortress on earth.

EXT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING - DAY

Smiling CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS sit around a long desk as CONSANTO AGENTS dump bags of bribe money on it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

City Hall has been corrupted. All political figures have been purchased. The vast majority of police are on the take.

INT. MAYORAL CANDIDATE EVENT - DAY

Brumo speaks to a clapping audience.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Joining the mayoral race as a dark horse, major media now present Brumo as the great avenger of the Gleen crisis. 90% of polls now firmly back his candidacy. As election night continues, the late breaking news of Consanto's 100% successful Gleen detox agent has virtually guaranteed the elections.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Chaos engulfs the streets - cars explode, pedestrians scream and run as UltraGleeners chase them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now, in these final hours of the vote, MR. Brumo has infected the entire water supply of South Side

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Chicago's with UltraGleen, an
extremist formula which creates the
inhuman potency needed to deform
men into freakish monsters.

EST. URBAN DOJO - DAY

The building of the URBAN DOJO is in the middle of a normal
looking South Side neighborhood block.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The only thing that stands in the
way of Brumo's plot is neighborhood
who've refused to sell. Deep within
lies The Urban Dojo, run by the
brave Master Haichiba.

INT. URBAN DOJO - DAY

MASTER HAICHIBA, the elderly sensei, zips around the room
like a 20 year old man performing flips.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Master Haichiba is zipping around the streets fighting
ULTRAGLEEN ZOMBIES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
An army of Gleeners now rule the
streets, and Master Haichiba
defends the Urban Dojo's territory
alone. Across town his finest
students have fought their way to
the roof of Consanto World HQ where
Brumo waits to face them in this
dire, life-or-death struggle.

DISSOLVE TO:

An EXPLODING FIREBALL floods our vision, complimented by
extremely loud and cheesy 1980's power metal.

TITLE CARD:
URBAN DOJO

INT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

A fighter, face unseen, throws boxer-like fists at a punching bag while blaring death metal. He has spiky blonde hair, a blue headband and open vest with lots of tattoos.

INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A black man, face unseen, picks his afro while grooving to thumping 70's disco.

INT. MEXICAN DESERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

An old world Mexican stereotype in a poncho and sombrero spins refried bean cans into side holsters like pistols.

EXT. CONSANTO HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

KA-BAFT! One of BRUMO'S HENCHMEN crashes through the wooden door leading to CONSANTO's rooftop.

From the darkness of the inner corridor jump out HAICHIBA'S THREE FIGHTERS - one by one they are dramatically introduced, parodying a video game introduction sequence.

BILLY, 30, is muscular and tattooed - he resembles a generic 1980's video game brawler with spiky blonde hair, blue headband and blue camouflage pants tucked into army boots. Whenever he performs an action move, extreme metal accompanies his movements in quick bursts of edited snips. He does some quick martial arts moves to death metal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy, a rough and tumble street fighter with a molten fist of iron, pledged to defend truth, justice and B-Flat thrashing.

The Gilla Fighter, 26 (pronounced gee-lah) does a martial arts stance disco-jive style. He is an athletically built black man in a cheesy green leisure suit with giant afro puff. He combats evil to disco and blacksploitation themes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Gilla Fighter, a nomadic disco warrior striking terror into jive-ass fools worldwide.

EL TACO LOCO, 28, resembles a Juan Valdez stereotype with poncho and sombrero. He also does a martial arts stance, but with maracas to a mariachi soundtrack. Whenever he fights, bull-fighting anthems, salsa and and latin music plays.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

El Taco Loco, Master of the
Chupacabra.

EXT. CONSANTO WORLD HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

Mr. Brumo has a knife to the throat of a terrified Asian girl with duct tape covering her mouth.

Mr. Brumo, grinning maniacally in a three-piece suit:

MR. BRUMO

So Haichiba has the gall to insult me by sending you buffoons to destroy my victorious triumph? Is this anyway to treat your next mayor? Look at you, you're all pathetic.

BILLY

Looks can be deceiving Brumo.

MR. BRUMO

You really believe you can take down my empire? Well buddy boy you are quite mistaken.

GILLA FIGHTER

Your reign ends today bad daddy!

MR. BRUMO

I'm through negotiating. Either Haichiba gives me what I want or the girl dies. And if any of you are crazy enough to think you'll be making it out alive you're sadly mistaken. Don't you know who I am? I'm the closest to God you'll ever witness. I am Xerxes reborn. I'm frickin' Loki, Odin, Zeus and Tony Montana in one!

BILLY

We're not leaving until our mission is complete - even if it means our death!

MR. BRUMO

Have it your way.

Mr. Brumo pushes a red button on a remote control device.

From O.S. a dozens NINJAS in black jumping to the fight and classic karate stock music plays as combat ensues.

Fists and kicks fly all over - Billy takes down three ninjas while Gilla takes out 5 of them with a super kick.

El Taco Loco screams at the remaining four and runs at them, physically throwing himself off the building with them.

The ninjas and he tumble down like bowling pins.

EXT. CONSANTO GARDEN - DAY

All of them splat on the small company garden outdoors as EMPLOYEES eat lunch while on break. Some run screaming.

EXT. CONSANTO HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

El Taco Loco hops right through the broken door, alive again.

BRUMO

Fancy trick!

GILLA FIGHTER

We'll fill you in on that whole thing later - really, its a time consuming affair.

Brumo scoffs, still holding the girl hostage.

BRUMO

No matter, you all sha--

The hostage kicks him in the crotch and breaks free.

Mr. Brumo, clearly in pain, pulls an uzi and points it at our heroes.

MR. BRUMO

I see you have been trained quite well...

Brumo looks to the sky in a painful shout.

MR. BRUMO (CON'T)

GOD DAMN MY BALLS!!

Gilla looks to Billy with a goofy expression.

Brumo shakes it off.

BRUMO

You know... Even though I should kill you, even though my nuts are mash potatoes, I could really use some talented folks such as yourselves. You've no idea how hard it is running a multi-national corporation under such rugged economic considerations...

BILLY

We will never sell out to a corporate punk like you! Prepare to meet your maker!

MR. BRUMO

Fool! Don't you realize the corporate world is the only world? You think I never "rocked out?"

Mr. Brumo does the quotation mannerism with his fingers.

MR. BRUMO (CON'T)

Two words tough guy - THE NEWS. That's right, Huey Boppa-Boey Lewis. I'm hip and I'm square. Your crappy punk gibberish is dead, and so shall be your beloved sidekick!

Mr. Brumo pulls DEADMEAT into view from O.S. - a chubby kid with heavy metal patches sewn on his jacket. Brumo keeps an arm around his neck and the uzi to his temple.

BILLY

Deadmeat!!! Let him go you
monster!!!

MR. BRUMO

No problem.

Mr. Brumo kicks DeadMeat to the ground from behind laughing maniacally then pulls a hypodermic needle from his sleeve.

Brumo quickly injects a massive, inhuman dose of purple liquid into his own neck - ULTRAGLEEN.

With the ferocity of turning into a werewolf, Brumo becomes a wild mutated beast. His pupils dilate, his clothes rip off as his muscles expand and veins pop out of his skin.

With a ferocious hunger for carnage the UltraGleen Brumo grabs both of DeadMeat's arms from behind.

DEADMEAT

Dude this really sucks.

He physically tears off DeadMeat's limbs and then head butts the back of his skull, causing it to explode.

UltraGleen Brumo stands there gyrating, covered in blood and guts, howling like an emu in heat.

Billy lunges at Brumo in slow motion.

BILLY

NOOOOOOO!!!

Billy picks the gyrating UltraGleen Brumo over his head and effortlessly throws him off the roof of the building.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CONSANTO HQ - DAY

A FEMALE NEWS REPORTER is broadcasting live.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

And as the final tally comes in, it appears that Swiss born Heinrich Brumo has taken a drastic lead over incumbent mayor Joe "Cappy"

(MORE)

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)
 Bloomberg. Analysts believe the
 resounding success comes as a
 result of Consanto's freshly
 announced Gleen detox agent. In
 fact, one could even say old Cappy
 Bloomberg has plummeted faster than
 a skydiver without a parachute

Behind the reporter Brumo crashes onto the roof of a car,
 blowing out all the windows as pedestrians scream in terror.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER keeps looking onward into the camera,
 smiling her pearly bleached teeth.

TIME CUT:

EST. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The UltraGleen water contamination continues. It looks like
 the apocalypse - cars on fire, buildings burning.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A small army of SWAT OFFICERS with tranquilizer guns dart
 through the wreckage, securing the area block by block.

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN
 ALRIGHT MEN - GO, GO, GO, GO!!!

The SWAT TEAM runs through the war zone like a small army.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

TWO SWAT OFFICERS load weapons outside a police van. SWAT
 ONE is calming SWAT TWO, who is visibly nervous.

SWAT ONE
 Don't be nervous, just follow your
 training.

SWAT Two nods with cold sweat as he loads his weapon.

SWAT ONE
 Those detox darts drop them quick.
 No blood on your hands. No one
 dies. Got it?

SWAT Two nods.

Close on the tranq of Gleen Detox as it loads in the gun.

SWAT ONE

Alright, let's go.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

SWAT ONE and TWO join other SWAT TEAM MEMBERS as they advance with guns drawn down a dark alleyway.

GLEEN VICTIMS twisted and inhuman emerge from sewers, alleyways and destroyed storefronts and rush towards the SWAT force like fast zombies.

A mutated Gleener runs at SWAT TWO shoots him with a detox tranq dart - the Gleener falls to the ground, face and skin slowly deflating and returning to normal.

SWAT ONE is overpowered by a surprise swarm attack and physically torn apart by several Gleen Zombies.

SWAT TWO drops his tranq weapon and starts firing his real one - blasting the mob which killed his friend.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Everywhere it's chaos, firing, explosions - all-out war.

INT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Inside the Urban Dojo all doors and windows are boarded up as Gleen Zombies beat on the entrances.

CIVILIANS huddle in the corner, terrified women sob uncontrollably, clutching their children.

The Zombies bust through the barricade...

Master Haichiba jumps in view, resembling a classic elderly sensei with long white beard and samurai garb.

He whips around with inhuman stealth, leaping through the air and beating up the Gleen Zombies.

The Gleen Zombies tear at him, wound him, yet he keeps throwing kicks and punches until they all fall.

Haichiba stands torn and bloody over 20 defeated Gleen Zombies as SWAT officers rush in.

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN confronts Haichiba

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN

We'll take it from here sensei.

The civilians are evacuated.

Haichiba bows to a little girl as she exits.

Once they are all O.S. Haichiba collapses from exhaustion and passes out on the floor.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CONSANTO WORLD HQ - NIGHT

Mr. Brumo's body is splattered atop a caved-in car. Inside his pocket the time clock of a device runs to zero.

INT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Haichiba is on the floor in a deep sleep.

Under a table an explosive device clicks on with a BEEP.

Haichiba's blood shot eye opens.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Billy, Gilla and El Taco Loco run up to the building...

...as Urban Dojo explodes from a bomb blast!

Our heroes and also SWAT officers are thrown by the blast.

Billy, Gilla and El Taco Loco pick themselves up from the ground and gaze at horror at its smoldering wreckage.

Close on the smoke billowing upward like a mushroom cloud.

FADE TO BLACK:

BILLY (V.O.)

The Dojo was gone, and I vanished
with it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A scorching desert of scorpions, vultures and reptiles.
SUPER: "Three Years Later."

ZOOOOOM! Billy roars past us on a chopper.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Billy blazes a motorcycle down the highway with face-stern
and eyes hidden behind reflective sunglasses.

BILLY (V.O.)

The brave Master Haichiba had
fallen, and I lost hope. It had
been a long journey to find my way.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is security at large touring metal festival. He walks
around backstage as people nod to him out of respect.

BILLY (V.O.)

In another life, in the extreme
metal underground, they called me
The Roadie. I was head of security
for some of the largest touring
metal festivals on earth. But I was
much, much more.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy looks to the band playing live, then into the crowds.

BILLY (V.O.)

Society did not understand,
although we did very clearly. We
were part of a new world, a new
vision of inner power and strength.
In a world consumed by greed, we
were a bastion of brotherhood.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Bands line up to shake Billy's hand one by one, because he
is so popular and respected.

BILLY (V.O.)

The musicians themselves always understood this vision, because the moment it possessed them, they dropped everything to learn an instrument and spread its message.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is on stage looking at the audience - particularly at one messy looking DRUNK KID slamming beer after beer.

The band stops playing, and THE VOCALIST is about to speak in the microphone.

The drunk kid BURPS so loud it silences the concert and throws the band off.

The audience looks to the kid.

DRUNK KID

YEEEEEEAH! Break Stuff! BURP!!!

The drunk kid vomits.

Billy nods his head side to side.

BILLY (V.O.)

The fans though, they often did not. Too many, I am afraid. I felt that the time had come...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Billy is at a campfire surrounded by metal musicians as he tells a story with audio muted. He seems like a wise chieftan surrounded by kids for Grandpa's story time.

BILLY (V.O.)

...for me to teach them a better way. To rise up from self-decay and self-doubt, to be strong and get stronger.

EXT. CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is standing with a stereotype metalheads - a death metal guy with long brown hair, a black metal guy in

corpse-paint and leather, an 80's looking British power metal fan, a denim demon thrash metal guy with lots of patches.

BILLY (V.O.)

I would dedicate myself to uniting
all the divisions. and strengthen
the brother and sisterhood of the
worldwide metal underground.

Billy smiles as the stereotypes shake hands.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy walks on stage and waves goodbye to the crowds as they cheer and salute him with goat horns and raised fists.

BILLY (V.O.)

It was time to let the universe
take me where it might.

EXT. CONCERT PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides off on his chopper as the crew wave goodbye.

BILLY (V.O.)

For some reason, my instinct said
Chicago - first go there, for
whatever reason. Who was I to
betray it? Besides, I could totally
catch an Exhumed, Usurper or Lair
Of The Minotaur gig.

EXT. CHICAGO FREEWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides his motorcycle with Chicago on the horizon.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides his chopper.

BILLY (V.O.)

It was my search for a taco cart
which led me there.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy pulls up to the Urban Dojo as Haichiba stands out front stroking his beard.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Haichiba is pointing and instructing Billy as he wails on a punching bag.

BILLY (V.O.)

I had found a new way.

EXT. METAL CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is trying to convince a group of metalheads to his new way of self-discipline and martial arts. They are feigning interest.

BILLY (V.O.)

But this new way was difficult to bring to my people. This vision required maximum effort, and it would get in the way of playing guitar 14 hours a day or simply listening to metal all the time.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy delivers a roundhouse kick to the punching bag.

BILLY (V.O.)

So I kept moving forward - a defender of the faith.

The front door of the Dojo opens and a silhouette with an afro-puff appears - The Gilla Fighter.

BILLY (V.O.)

The Gilla Fighter was another seeking to bring a new way to his people - a vision of truth and justice beyond strobe lights, lava lamps, neon and glow sticks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billy and Gilla a leather-wearing street gang painted like clowns. Billy knocks one unconscious with a mighty punch.

BILLY (V.O.)

We did our best work together.

Gilla knocks another out.

BILLY (V.O.)

Evil never stood a chance.

El Taco Loco jumps into frame, kicking a clown.

BILLY (V.O.)

And when he showed up, our strike force was complete. We were a new breed of musketeer.

El Taco Loco looks to Billy and drools.

BILLY (V.O.)

Even if one of us was completely and utterly insane.

EXT. DOJO GYM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy trains DeadMeat.

BILLY (V.O.)

My ideas and words made it through to some - especially DeadMeat. He was a kid with no home, no future, and united we changed that.

EXT. CONSANTO HQ ROOFTOP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brumo rips DeadMeat's arms off.

BILLY (V.O.)

But sometimes, justice is denied.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Dojo explodes, and our heroes are thrown from the blast.

Billy struggles to his feet, watching the burning wreckage.

BILLY (V.O.)

Nothing would be the same again.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Back to present, Billy roaring along.

BILLY (V.O.)

And now, after three years of mysterious adventures and crappy potential prequels, I realize it is up to me to spread Haichibas vision. Even if gone, his truth had to live on. It was time to get the gang back together one last time.

Billy ROARS off into the distance...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DETROIT STREET - DAY

Two STREET THUGS walk side by side. SUPER: "Detroit".

THUG 1

Shit man, it's true you know - that stuff really messes with your head.

THUG 2

What?

THUG 1

Gleen bro, gleen.

THUG 2

Man I heard of that stuff. Got real big in Chicago for a summer and made people go crazy.

THUG1

Not just crazy man - super-soldier. That shit was like elephant steroids.

Thug 2 lights up.

THUG 2

I read about it, that scandal with the mayor. The only people that had the recipe were high-up - and if they ain't dead they all in prison.

THUG 1

Not so sure about that bro. You heard of The Toxins?

Thug 2 gives a wide-eyed look.

THUG2

That lunatic street gang? Hooo boy, I heard some ugly stories.

THUG 1

Yeah man, reason they're so ruthless is 'cause they caught a blueprint of that recipe somehow. It's way dirtier though - they use it like a fuel that gives them superhuman strength.

Thug 2 gives a disapproving face.

THUG 2

But that shit, don't it make you all deformed?

THUG 1

Yeah man, that's why them Toxins live like dogs. They only prowl the night, just whigged out on that shit. Since Gleen's so hard to synthesize, they hog it all to themselves. All they have are a few hidden labs, and all of their people are squatter crazies.

Thug 2 is freaked out.

THUG 2

Man, what's that shit about them cannibalizing people? I heard they
(MORE)

THUG 2 (cont'd)
actually ate some woman, like
dragged this chick from her car.
Man that ain't no high. That's just
deranged, eating kidneys 'n shit.

Thug 1 looks at him wide-eyed:

THUG 1
I heard three of them attacked an
armored car and ripped the steel
open with their bare hands.

THUG 2
Where you hear that?

THUG 1
My boy Charlie - see he's got the
beat on all sorts of interestin'
developments. Charlie's mixed up
with these cats that call
themselves The Syndicate. He says
the main man is the chemist that
worked for that Mayor guy. Dude
actually invented Gleen, just
slipped out the back door and hid
in South America for a few years.

THUG 2
That's nuts...

THUG 1
And get this - the chemist has
perfected the formula with no side
effects. It's the cleanest,
strongest high ever created. Calls
it ULTRAGLEEN.

THUG 2
Sounds like bad news.

THUG 1
Shit, sounds like dollar signs. And
you know what? Detroit's the test
market. Word has it they're
dropping it on the streets tonight.

THUG 2

Sounds real appetizing bro...

THUG 1

Appetizing? Nah man, more like Spanish Bullion raining from the sky...

Thug 1 pulls out a vial of UltraGleen from his pocket...

THUG 1

Charlie slipped me a sample.

...which reflects in a pair of aviator sunglasses belonging to LIEUTENANT JOE ORTEGA.

Ortega, 45, resembles something between Bronson and Harvey Keitel. He spies on them from a beat-up olive green car.

Ortega fires up the clunker and drives off.

EXT. PAWN SHOP WINDOW - DAY

A TV set flickers a snow channel then changes to a solid broadcast of the TV show "Dangerous Lives & Dark Liaisons"

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

The TV show host sits in a chair like a news anchor.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Good evening and welcome to 'Dangerous Lives And Dark Liaisons,' I'm your host Orton Blavatsky. In our last episode you watched me document the secret expeditions of Jacques Koorang, the world-famous French explorer.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The program cuts to Jacques, who is clearly in the back of a parking lot exploring some scant woodland.

JACQUES digs through a bush struggling to catch an animal while talking in a snooty French accent.

JACQUES KOORANG

And zees, my vriends, iz zee
undervrush black veezil.

Jacques continues digging then screams bloody murder - the weasel has bitten his crotch and will not let go.

He panics and whips the obviously fake weasel around while it's teeth are fixated to his groin like a bear trap.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Back with Orton, still in his chair.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Tonight we examine famous Detroit
police officer Lt. Joe Ortega, who
rose to international stardom by
capturing the reputed domestic
terrorist "The EcoBomber."

EXT. ECOBOMBER HIDEOUT - DAY

We view the SWAT raid through 'DANGEROUS LIVES & DARK
LAISONS' shaky hand-held camera footage.

Ortega is characteristically 1970's, as always, and leading
the raid on the suburban home.

Ortega waves his arms around in commands to fellow officers,
then points at the hideout door.

Through the cameraman's POV break into the hideout with SWAT
officers breaking down the front door.

INT. ECOBOMBER HIDEOUT - DAY

The POV remains that of the Cameraman as the raid tramples
into a home interior that resembles a plant store.

Ortega trips over fertilizer bags in classic Peter Seller
form, then bumbles through a door and into a room decorated
with Grateful Dead and Phish posters.

INT. ECOBOMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ortega corners the ECOBOMBER, who has black pantyhose
stretched over his head as well as a leather biker jacket.

ECOBOMBER unsheathes a Bowie Knife.

As a fair fighter, Ortega himself dramatically throws his gun to the ground and pulls a knife as well.

EcoBomber and Ortega begin circling each other.

ORTEGA

Yoo'ze self righteous greens sicken
me. Like your terror van runs on
water and emits pure oxygen. The

EcoBomber replies in a gruff, Irish accent:

ECOMBOMBER

Why don't you tell your audience
the truth? Tell 'em the
abominations of your devil empire.

ORTEGA

How'za about I cut cha!

A goofy knife fight ensues, with Ortega and EcoBomber
slashing out at one another.

Ortega ducks his blade...

EcoBomber dodges an attempted slash...

Ortega dodges him once again and the EcoBomber crashes into
a fish tank that smashes glass, water and aquatic life all
over the floor.

Stumbling around dazed, Ortega knocks him unconscious with
one good punch. The EcoBomber falls to the ground.

Ortega turns to the camera man:

ORTEGA

Shut that door, boss.

CAMERA MAN shuts the door.

ORTEGA

This ones just for me and you.

Ortega unzips his pants and urinates on the villain.

ORTEGA

Oh yeah, that's the stuff.

EXT. POLICE HQ FRONT STEPS - DAY

Ortega speaks to a news conference. As Ortega makes a fool of himself, the POLICE CHIEF rolls his eyes in the b.g.

ORTEGA

The threat is over. No longer is that madman loose to inflict his dastardly plan of crazed dastardlyism. The multi-national terror campaign of the EcoBomber has concluded. I'll now take your questions.

NEWS REPORTER

Did you really pee on that guy?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Orton curls his eyebrows.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

And now, one year later, we again visit Lt. Ortega - this time at his Metro Detroit home residence.

EXT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

A hand-held camera shoots from inside the "Dangerous Lives And Dark Liaisons" van, peering out of the window.

Orton is on the porch, knocking on the door.

The camera crew mutter amongst themselves O.S.

CAMERA MAN 1

What is this guy doing?

CAMERA MAN 2

Call him again, call him again.

CAMERA MAN 1

Dude, his cars here.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Hand-held camera is now going through the screen door of Ortega's house - Ortega is on the couch, and ORTON is trying to console him.

Ortega is in a drunken stupor at 9am, sobbing.

Orton attempts to console him.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Sir, are you all right? Should we reschedule?

Ortega, blubbering:

ORTEGA

No, no. The eyes of the camera are the eyes of reality. Keep em rolling, keep em, uh huh huh...

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Well... Um... Would you like to comment on your distress?

Ortega, sobbing:

ORTEGA

It's my wife lad. She's left me for a trucker in the burning sands of Utah... That... Monstrous hoe-bag...

The camera shows a framed picture on the wall. Ortega, in a sparkly birthday hat, has a beautiful woman hanging off him. One eyelid closed, she is obviously drunk.

ORTEGA

No, not that one - under.

Cameraman lowers to another picture, this time of Ortega smiling while a woman vomits.

ORTEGA

No, no. Wrong one.

Again it pans down to Ortega making out with a mime.

Ortega protests and The Cameraman sighs and zooms back.
There are 30 pictures on the wall - all Ortega's ex-wives.

ORTON

Are all these your ex-wives sir?

ORTEGA

Yeah. I really thought old Barbara was the last. But hey, this whole love racket is a spinnin' roulette wheel. You can't play the dice on nothin. I play by Murphy's Law, them bitches play alimony

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Orton, still in his directors chair:

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Although these odd beginnings were a strange way to meet the living legend, things soon picked up.

The camera crew chase Ortega through a Department Store with his gun drawn, running fast as he can.

ORTEGA

Get out of the way! Get the fuck out of the way!

Ortega keeps knocking over customers:

ORTEGA

Bomb, BOMB!!

Ortega is about to reach the bathroom door...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE BATHROOM - DAY

O.S. we hear a very loud poop. The camera crew are leaning against urinals, looking repulsed.

One Camera Man walks over to Ortega, who is inside a toilet stall with his pants around his ankles.

ORTEGA

Oh yeah, ha ha. That's dynamite.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spot a helpless OLD LADY.

Thug 2 points her out.

THUG 2

Look man, fast cash!

They mingle their fingers like gnarly surfers.

THUG 1

Nab and grab! Rudy Tudy Bro!

The Thugs prance impishly towards the helpless Old Lady and snatch her purse, running away.

OLD LADY

(middle finger extended)

You lousy bastards!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The Thugs swing around an alley corner and are wailed by a surprise double clothesline - in slow-motion they land hard.

Looming above them is Billy - he looks massive in a biker jacket and blue camouflage army pants.

BILLY

Big mistake.

Billy kicks the purse out of Thug 2's grip, and it flies into the air.

The purse falls from O.S. into the Old Lady's hands.

Billy pins Thug 2 down with a boot and simultaneously picks Thug 1 into the air by his neck.

A vial of GLEEN falls from Thug 1's pocket.

Billy throws him aside and picks up the vial.

Billy, to Thug 2 on the ground.

BILLY

What's this?

THUG 2

You some sorta cop?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Both Thug's are beat up O.S. with loud punch and kick sounds then fly into view, landing hard on the cement.

Thug 2 is knocked out cold, having landed on his head.

Billy stomps up menacingly.

THUG 1

(begging)

Alright, stop, stop--

BILLY

You have 5 seconds.

THUG 1

ALRIGHT ALRIGHT shit man just don't
- this one guy man, it's all him -
the ghost behind The Syndicate. No
one knows what he looks like, they
just know the name. It's all fear
man, he lives by a code of
terror... No one snitches cause he
collects the tongues of snitches!

Billy, menacing:

BILLY

WHO?!?

THUG 1

KABALLAH!!!

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

Grey and raining, an unmarked white truck drives a concealed shipment through burned out, pot-holed ghetto streets.

EXT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

The truck pulls up and parks in a dirt field muddy from rain. It faces a string of abandoned projects with boarded/shattered windows and spray paint graffiti.

The cargo door slides open revealing SYNDICATE HENCHMAN in black uniform, armed with machine guns.

Commanding this squad is Kaballah's main henchman RICHTER, a Japanese mobster that is sleekly dressed in a suit with pitch black sunglasses.

Richter pushes his way through the guards, tugging along a blubbering blindfolded, gagged and handcuffed man.

He throws the BLINDFOLD MAN from the truck to the mud, who then crawls on the ground like a snake trying to escape.

Richter hops down, walks up, and kicks him the stomach.

RICHTER

Dishonorable pig.

Richter spits on him.

Scuttling and movement comes O.S. from inside the projects.

Gang members of THE TOXINS lurch out of their hiding spaces - mutated and disfigured from Gleen addiction.

SCRAGG, the leader of THE TOXINS, approaches with a flank of his men. Scragg is 6 foot 6 with red eyes, hugely muscular and bald with throbbing veins in his head.

Scragg sees the blindfolded man and begins to chuckle.

SCRAGG

Well well, what do we have here?

RICHTER

A gift from The Syndicate.

SCRAGG

I tore this city apart to find this scum... To whom do I owe such a pleasure?

RICHTER

The big man has taken quite the fancy to your operation. He's been monitoring your progress for some
(MORE)

RICHTER (cont'd)
time now. Since I am short on allotted schedule, I will make this brief. We have our designs, he have our goals, we have our operatives. You, as well, have discovered the benefits of such chemistry.

SCRAGG
So you come to offer a truce? Or do you intend split my territory down the middle? We Toxins aren't very friendly to outside aggression. This is our city.

RICHTER
Aggression is not the attempt, nor is any form of merger. Tonight our product goes directly to the streets. It is the highest grade of GLEEN ever devised. Our expectations ride high...

SCRAGG
So what do you want of us?

RICHTER
Nothing but a test market.

Richter jumps on the back of the transport truck and tosses down a large black duffel bag.

The Toxins surround it, and Scragg zips it open to reveal a massive supply of purple cartridges, all GLEEN.

RICHTER
Again, compliments of the big man.

Richter pulls out a black glossy business card with The Syndicate's logo on it and hands it to Scragg.

RICHTER
There is plenty more where that came from, all at closeout prices.

Richter motions for his troops to shut the cargo door. He hops into the passenger seat and they drive off.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Scragg investigates the duffel bag, passing around its contents.

Mutated gang members shoot Gleen into their veins.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY

Richter's wristwatch clicks by as he watches it casually.

RICHTER

And... Now.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Scraggs eyes widen and instantly bulge with veins - something is horribly wrong.

The entire toxin gang violently react to the inhuman doses of UltraGleen they've all just taken - clothing rips from body expansion, some bleed from their eye sockets.

The gang members become zombie-like monsters and tear each other apart in a spastic ballet of carnage.

The blindfold man is hanging from a chain, still gagged, hearing it all yet having no idea what is happening.

Like a worm on a fishhook as UltraGleaners jump up and try to grab him as they tear each other to shreds.

EXT. TOXINS PROJECTS - DAY

The cargo truck pulls back up with two other truck.

The hulls swing open and dozens of armed SYNDICATE HENCHMEN march out like an army into the pouring rain.

Richter emerges with an AK-47 and leads the charge.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT STAIRWELL - DAY

The soldiers rush into The Toxin's hideout and head up a flight of stairs to assault them.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

The Syndicate Troops rush into battle firing away at the UltraGleen Zombies, massacring them all.

Everything grows quiet except the blindfold man who swings around on that chain, still blubbering.

Richter walks up to the dangling man with an Ak-47 -
RAT-TAT-TAT.

RICHTER

Shut up.

EXT. TRAILER FRONT PORCH - DAY

Billy rings the doorbell.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Inside the trailer it's a sloppy wreck - trash everywhere and a bunch of STONER PARTY GUYS sleeping on the floor.

JOE staggers up to the door fighting a vicious hangover. He peels the window curtain open revealing Billy's face.

EXT. TRAILER FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joe opens the front door.

JOE

What's up bro?

Billy, confused:

BILLY

This is 2081 Pauline, correct?

Joe has to look at his own address and think for a second.

JOE

Yeah, yeah it is... Yeah bro,
you're real good at this bro.

BILLY

Is there anyone else who lives with
you?

Joe is totally puzzled, then slowly names off the denizens.

JOE

Uh, ya man. There's like Brandon,
Lennon, Chucky, Bongo, Onyx, Bork,
Carl, Brad...

BILLY

I've come in search of The Gilla
Fighter. I was sent this address
some time ago...

JOE

What's he look like dude?

BILLY

Like an extra from Dolemite.

JOE

Oh yeah, man, Brad man. Dude lives
in the Utility Shed bro. Just go
ahead on in bro, he's totally chill
with the guests bro.

Billy walks away mouthing "Brad?"

Joe pops back out of the trailer doorway.

JOE

Hey bro, let him know I still got
his Aunt Jemimah bro. Cool bro?
Right bro? Alright bro.
Roodie-toodie bro!

EXT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

Billy walks to a rusting utility shed no larger than 5 feet
in both width/length.

Billy creeks open the sliding door and a dark hallway is
inside, making absolutely no sense.

Billy backs up and walks to the rear of the shed just to
make sure he isn't crazy, and its still 5 feet wide.

INT. UTILITY SHED HALLWAY - DAY

Billy walks down the dark, ludicrously spacious hallway following the sound of a man O.S. munching on potato chips, farting loudly, watching TV.

INT. UTILITY SHED FUNHOUSE MIRROR HALLWAY - DAY

An even further confused Billy passes through a carnival mirror fun house sort of area.

INT. UTILITY SHED MAIN ROOM - DAY

Billy enters the main room - there is no light in the main room except for the bluish glow of a TV screen. A giant black afro puff pokes out from the couch.

Billy jumps out to surprise Gilla smiling and excited...

Yet is confronted with a hideous surprise - a ridiculously obese Gilla is eating a bag of chips and watching sitcoms.

BILLY

Dear lord man!! What's happened to you???

FAT GILLA

Billy? Awww, great ta see you ma man! Haven't felt this good since Donna Summers cooked me chitlins.

BILLY

But you're...

Fat Gilla rubs his fat tummy.

FAT GILLA

Learned a thing or two about The Buddha.

BILLY

Come on Gilla, get real - Buddha's pregnant with god. You're just fat.

Fat Gilla moans in self-pity.

FAT GILLA

That's not a nice way to say hi.

Billy shakes his head

BILLY

Look Gilla, it hit me hard - we cannot stay divided. I've come all the way to find you here - because we need to start a new Urban Dojo.

FAT GILLA

Ah man... Billy man, I'd love to help you out baby, but sometimes you gotta realize things are done with. Ain't no goin' back to high school, feel me?

Billy points to his belly angrily.

BILLY

You call that graduation?!? You really couldn't handle it could you?!? Did it all mean nothing?

FAT GILLA

That's unfair! My whole life was the dojo. I wouldn't be nothin' but a chump but for you. But that was then, and these days I'm on a new kick. I'm alright with my new Fred Sanford mojo, dig?

BILLY

You're gonna run out on our glorious mission for re-runs?

FAT GILLA

Our mission? Brumo is dead and Consanto is off the market. What's the use of war if you ain't gonna allow the fruits of victory.

Fat Gilla snaps into a beef jerky stick.

BILLY

Brumo might be dead, and you might have given up hope, but I'm telling
(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
you right now that Gleen is back on
the streets. Brumo had a shadow
partner - the chemist that invented
GLEEN. His name is Kaballah and
he's unleashed a violent takeover
of the Detroit underworld.

Fat Gilla sighs.

FAT GILLA
Of course he did, didn't he? Right
up in my backyard.

BILLY
His organization is called The
Syndicate - and they're dropping
the most potent strain of Gleen
ever created into the streets
starting tonight!

FAT GILLA
You outta your melon.

Fat Gilla shoves a candy bar in his mouth.

BILLY
What do you think you're doing?

Mouth full, saliva chocolate spilling out:

FAT GILLA
What?

They have a comedic tug of war over the chocolate.

FAT GILLA
Two for me, none for you!

Fat Gilla loses his grip.

FAT GILLA
Awww...

Fat Gilla crosses his arms and pouts like an angry child.

WHAM - Billy punches Gilla in the face.

FAT GILLA

AH!! YOU ASSMUNCH!!!

BILLY

EITHER YOU FIGHT GIMMICKY NINJAS
AND MUTANT DRUG ZOMBIES WITH ME OR
I'M JUST GOING TO BEAT YOUR ASS ALL
OVER THE TRAILER PARK FOR THE
REMAINDER OF THE ENTIRE MOVIE!!!

FAT GILLA

Well.. Ok.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Training music dominates the soundtrack as Fat Gilla gets in shape with Billy as his coach. In the b.g. of the park Joe and the stoners disc golf.

Fat Gilla climbs the monkey bars, uses the slide in silly ways, does cartwheels, squirts canned cheese on his toothbrush and brushes accordingly.

Fat Gilla is so hungry he grabs his belly, then looks to a squirrel and licks his lips as if he is ready to eat it...

...until he notices Billy nodding unacceptably.

The music ends and Fat Gilla fighter shouts to the sky with his signature power move:

FAT GILLA

The Flying Fist of Judah!!!

His fist glows from an ancient power and a devastating blow to the ground explodes a hole in the dirt.

BILLY

Where do you get that energy from?

FAT GILLA

Picked it up at Studio 54 baby.

EXT. PARK BUSH - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spy on the training via binoculars from behind a bush. They have leaves and twigs super-glued to themselves in a lame camouflage attempt.

Thug 2 has a bandage on his head, and Thug 1 a black eye.

THUG 1

That damned biker. That's the one he wants.

THUG 2

Ya, he'll get what he deserves. But who's that slug? Looks like that fat slob from Donutville USA.

THUG 1

That guy who got arrested for breaking in and eating eight months worth of glaze?

THUG 2

That's him! But what the hell's he doing with the biker?

Thug 1 reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cell phone.

THUG 1

Richter... we have a lock.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

RICHTER hangs up the cell phone from Thug 1's call.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The black limo pulls into the docking bay of a seemingly abandoned factory - The Syndicate's Headquarters.

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A henchman opens the limo door for Richter and steps out. In 90's action movie fashion, he lights a smoke in slow motion to thumping techno music. He and his soldiers approach SYNDICATE TROOPS guarding an elevator.

INT. SYNDICATE HQ ELEVATOR - DAY

Richter hits a special button opening the adjacent elevator door and an underground Gleen lab is revealed.

INT. SYNDICATE HQ - DAY

SWEATSHOP WORKERS with white protective face-masks toil on the Gleen assembly line.

INT. KABALLAH'S LAB - DAY

The lab door opens with a noir silhouette of Richter.

KABALLAH is ominous and hidden behind a black leather chair.

RICHTER

Mission accomplished sir - the
Toxins are no longer a variable.

KABALLAH

Exquisite Mr. Richter... How long
until the first wave is unleashed?

Richter checks his watch.

RICHTER

6 hours and 24 minutes sir.

KABALLAH

All we need is one week in Detroit,
then Cleveland, Pittsburgh, NYC...

RICHTER

Chicago...

KABALLAH

Exactly!

RICHTER

Although sir, you should be
aware...

KABALLAH

...let em really know the meaning
of fear this time around...

RICHTER

Sir, we have a breach...

KABALLAH

What?

RICHTER

They've returned...

Kaballah swings around and is finally revealed - a cross between a fascist dictator and a mad scientist.

KABALLAH

The fighters of the Urban Dojo?!?

RICHTER

The biker and the disco man, at least.

KABALLAH

Ooooooh... This is gonna be fun.
City conquering and personal
revenge in one fell swoop.

RICHTER

What do you suggest sir?

KABALLAH

Send in the Black Lotus Brigade!

SIX NINJAS in black appear to the sound of a gong.

They bow in respect to Kaballah and leap away.

KABALLAH

Give 'em hell boys - give'em hell.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Black Lotus Brigade exit the HQ and gracefully dart off.

They hop fences with ease, climbing up walls like spiders.

The six ninjas run like deadly shadows from roof to roof.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Fat Gilla is doing push-ups on the grass.

BILLY

Come On! Just 2 more!

Fat Gilla, panting and winded:

FAT GILLA

634, 635...

Billy's face lights up as the Old Gilla Fighter jumps up back to his old self - lean and muscular.

BILLY

Wow, better shape than ever!

GILLA

Woo hoo! And just in 3 hours too!
Funktastic baby.

They jump up and high five as the shot freeze-frames and 80's power metal plays on the soundtrack.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Billy and Gilla walk back to Stoner Joe's as they are silently trailed by the BLACK LOTUS BRIGADE.

Ninjas crawl along buildings sides, leaping roof to roof.

One ninja pulls a blade and runs towards our heroes silently... then steps on a twig.

Gilla reacts with a flying roundhouse kick, knocking the ninja out cold.

Gilla and Billy turn back to back in fighting poses as the 5 remaining ninjas confront them.

One ninja throws a flying star at Gilla but he ducks. It grazes his afro puff and a black clump comes off.

It floats in the air for a second capturing both their attention. Gilla headbutts the loosened afro fluff into the ninja's face.

The headbutt is so devastating it thrusts the defeated ninja onto another ninja beside him - both are knocked out.

The remaining ninjas attack Billy but with a mighty death metal assault he smashes them up with his fists.

Gilla and Billy dramatically stand over the remainders of the Black Lotus Brigade.

O.S. they hear a clapping - they turn to find Ortega leaning against his crappy old car, applauding their victory.

EST. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS - NIGHT

The Multinational House of Flapjacks neon sign flickers with half the words burned out.

INT. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS - NIGHT

Ortega, Billy and Gilla are sitting at a table.

ORTEGA

Alright fellas' listen up good.
I've been keepin' an eye on you'se
and I can see yer crackin' down
street justice. You got a gleam in
your eye for Gleen, 'n I've seen
what that filth does to the kids.
My nephew was peddlin' his pink ass
on the Blackstone service drive.
WASTE. HIGH. SHIT.

Ortega takes a breath, then continues.

ORTEGA

4 months ago I scored the beat on
this soul mutilator.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

Ortega is in a flashback, working undercover. He is wearing a dirty brown trench-coat and trying to look sketchy.

He approaches a DRUG DEALER and tries to sound hip.

ORTEGA

Hey, uh, my man. Know where I
could uh, score some uh...
narcotics?

DRUG DEALER

What you lookin' for dawg?

ORTEGA

I wanna ride the snake.

DRUG DEALER

Shit man, I gots everything you needs right here.

DRUG DEALER pulls out a bag of powder.

DRUG DEALER

This bomb ass shit right here, this is crystallized Gleen. Shit'll make you fly raw dog, shit'll send you blazin'.

Ortega slowly backs away.

ORTEGA

Oh, is that so. Well I think I might try that... Or I might try THIS!

Ortega pulls off his disguise and whips out his revolver.

ORTEGA

Get on the ground you sick fuck, you dirty louse!

He drops to the ground.

ORTEGA (CON'T)

Put your hands above your head you sick shit.

Ortega puts the gun to his head and mumbles into his ear very slowly and methodically...

ORTEGA

I will shoot you right now. I will shoot you in the face you piece of shit. You fucking fuck. You ass raping midget clown, you donkey shedding mule farmer. Get the fuck up motherfucker, get the fuck up

(MORE)

ORTEGA (cont'd)
and suck this motherfucking gun
like a motherfucking cock you
fuck-sucking creep mothefucker...

The sobbing drug dealer begins puckering his lips...

INT. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS

Close on Billy and Gilla's horrified, jaw-dropped, silent reactions as Ortega continues:

ORTEGA
So yeah, I tried it... Ended up
keepin it as a trophy of sorts
until one tequila sludged night,
just staggering around like a meat
cow... I was dusted to the eyeballs
for a week with almost no
recollection. Next thing I know I'm
naked save for a gurney, spraying
mace into my own granma's eyeballs.
When the squad found me I was
wandering butt naked around Del Ray
with a spaghetti strainer on my
head and a carrot in my ass. That's
why I need you'se fellas. No more
carrot in the ass accidents. No
more. Not the kids... and
definitely not me.

Gilla and Billy sit in total shock for ten seconds.

Gilla breaks the ice:

GILLA
You shoved a carrot up your ass?

ORTEGA
Yeah, well...

Ortega reaches into his suit coat an pulls out a flask.

ORTEGA
We'se all got's our vices.

Ortega slams a swig of whiskey.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Syndicate trucks drop off UltraGleen in bad neighborhoods, consorting with drug dealers.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Adicts shoot up and turn into Gleener Zombies.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

One Gleener crashes into a gas station attacking people.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Another raging, bloodthirsty Gleener attacks a soccer mom minivan filled with screaming children.

The soccer mom hits the gas,

SOCCKER MOM

Hold on kids!!

She drives off with the Gleen Zombie still holding onto the side as he beats on the door with kids screaming.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

In the rear view mirror the zombie holds onto the side of the door, screaming crazily as he is dragged at 70mph.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

MOTHER & FATHER are with their DAUGHTER who is in a prom dress waiting for her date.

The doorbell rings and the FATHER opens the door to reveal a GLEEN ZOMBIE in a tuxedo.

FATHER

Ha ha! Big man on campus, ey my boy?

The Gleen Tuxedo Zombie rips the Father's still beating heart from his chest. He takes a chomp out of it, then chases his date through the house.

INT. ORTEGA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ortega drives with Billy in back and Gilla up front.

ORTEGA

So this Kaballah, this predator of children and hunter of innocence. How do you propose we stop him?

BILLY

Can't we work with the police force? You are a cop after all.

ORTEGA

Negative. Chief caught wind of my struggle with the orange vegetation. Twas a total fiasco partner. I'm suspended until further notice. Luckily they made it a coasting hush hush slip out, seeing as that I am perceived by the media as a hero badge and all.

GILLA

You still got some hooks? We need all the thunder we can muster.

ORTEGA

I don't believe conventional law enforcement is the answer of our predicament. The solution is a vigilante whallop. Sometimes the only way to fix the problem is to ride above the law. You're talking about the creation of a systematic terrorist apparatus. This gives quite the obstacle my friend. We need more data, then I'll call in some favors. I got my own blue boys with itchy triggerfingers. But we gotta hold off for awhile.

BILLY

Then it must be done...

GILLA

You're not suggesting--

BILLY

Si and correct-a-mundo.

Billy pulls out a map on ancient parchment.

Billy, to Ortega:

BILLY

Follow my lead.

EXT. WOODLAND TRAIL - NIGHT

Ortega's car rides through a woodland trail.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

They park at the edge of the swamp and Billy exits the vehicle, popping Ortega's trunk and grabbing a shovel.

Billy follows a dirt trail...

EXT. FORGOTTEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

...to a creepy old cemetery, untouched and forgotten by civilization, covered in moss and vines.

Surrounded by eight carved pillars is a small mound which Billy digs through to unearth a steel lock-box.

Inside the box is an ancient trumpet.

Billy follows the trail to the top of a mountain and blows into the magical instrument.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

A man in the desert is slumped against the wall - head down, zen-like, wearing a poncho and sombrero.

The trumpets resonance quickly assails his psyche - he looks up and is El Taco Loco, the last of the fighters.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A bullet-train flies past, and once it disappears El Taco Loco stands with suitcases in hand as matador music rages.

EST. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A paperboy rides by throwing news from his bike.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ortega is rudely awakened by hard knocks on the front door.

He gets up to answer wearing nothing but tighty-whitey underwear and black socks pulled to his knees. His chest is excessively hairy and that he has a Charles Bronson tattoo.

Ortega groggily stumbles to the door, opens it, and finds El Taco Loco on the doorstep smiling stupidly.

EL TACO LOCO

It's always savings time at Farmer Jacks.

ORTEGA

I've already found God, thanks

Ortega slams the door and turns around.

El Taco Loco is somehow standing there.

EL TACO LOCO

I have sex with chickens.

INT. KABALLAHS LAB - NIGHT

Kaballah stares at his wrist watch.

KABALLAH

Aaaaaaaaand... now.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

THE DIRECTOR of this very film is rubbing his hand against his brow as the cast and crew argue with each other.

The actor who plays El Taco Loco is extremely upset about how racist the "I have sex with chickens" line was.

EL TACO LOCO

Are you fuckin' kidding me? I have sex with fuckin' chickens?

DIRECTOR

Look, um, let me level with you.

EL TACO LOCO

This is racist bullshit man, bullshit!! Cause I have dark skin I somehow stick my dick in poultry?

DIRECTOR

Look, look, this script just got passed off onto me. The studio was looking for some kid-friendly franchise and somehow they signed onto it without reading it...

Gilla forces his way in:

GILLA FIGHTER

I just do any part I'm offered.

As does Billy:

BILLY

Try niche marketing yourself for laundry detergent commercials. What a baaaad move out of high school.

El Taco's actor rages again on the director.

EL TACO LOCO

No man, no, YOU listen up - anything more I find racist, I'm bouncing. I'm just walkin' off screen and y'all can just inject ebola in your scrotums.

DIRECTOR

Look, look, someone dropped the ball. We gotta make this thing out of contract to some lunatic writer.

EL TACO LOCO

Shit man, bullshit!

ORTEGA

One time I was swallowed by a Great White Shark, and I dug my way out with a carrot peeler.

EL TACO LOCO

Really man? You really had to hire this guy for the part?

ORTEGA

Unlike you son, I know why it never shines in the pines - and why you always awake with a shiver. I'm not some potato head you can mish-mash.

EL TACO LOCO

Ok, whatever that means. What's next, my sidekick is Beaner Boy? Oh yeah, some shit like that. He'll come down, he'll be like, "ey esse, I got these refried beans I throw out of a can and they melt the bad guys' face off, yo." Yeah, some bullshit like that.

DIRECTOR

I assure you there is no Beaner Boy in this script, there--

BEANER BOY walks on screen, a midget with his face sticking out of a big foam costume that's supposed to be refried beans but instead just looks like a lump of feces.

EL TACO LOCO

Where is The Union?!?

Swoosh to a table of Union Guys drinking whiskey, playing cards and smoking cigars.

UNION GUY 1 smiles and waves.

UNION GUY 1

We're drunk.

UNION GUY 2 hiccups and slowly holds up three fingers.

UNION GUY 2
(like a child)

Look - it's the German three.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

Richter and Kaballah are conniving as usual.

RICHTER

Sir, the program has been a complete success! Harnessed from the DNA of the mightiest prisoners on earth - the strongest, the most bestial and horrifying brutes likely to ever walk this century. Grown in a lab, trained to be ninjas, I now reveal to you the highest result of our black ops genetics program. Behold...

DRUM ROLL...

RICHTER

The Imperfect Clones!!!

With an echoing boom the lab wall spins around and THE IMPERFECT CLONES are revealed - three men who kind of, sort of resemble our heroes, but really not that much.

Imperfect Billy has a red headband and clothing like Billy, but his jacket is cheap pleather.

Imperfect Gilla has an afro, but also a tech vest and a visor like a rave DJ.

Imperfect El Taco Loco is an eskimo with spear in hand.

KABALLAH

Come on now Richter, this is just silly.

IMPERFECT

Billy Who are we?

Richter, to Kaballah:

RICHTER

Allow me sir.

Richter turns and addresses the Imperfect Billy.

RICHTER

You're the Dojo ninjas, created to serve our maniacal plan by wiping their sad existence from this planet.

Imperfect Gilla speaks normally, with no goofy jive accent.

IMPERFECT GILLA

So how can we be them? I mean, if we look nothing like them. You've shown us their pictures, and obviously this isn't a match.

IMPERFECT ESKIMO EL TACO LOCO

Nuk nuk noctu ho wave vo.

RICHTER

Oh come on now, you're close enough.

KABALLAH

This is so stupid.

IMPERFECT GILLA

I must agree. I mean come on man, I'm into Tech House, not this Bee Gees crap.

Richter sighs.

RICHTER

Ok, fine. You got me. Our genetic researchers only had a few old Polaroids to work from. Initially we thought it would be a stupendous idea to create you for a frame job, since giving our adversaries life in prison over murder in the first is that much more devastating...

Kaballah loudly clears his throat.

KABALLAH

But since this obviously isn't working...

RICHTER

We're just going to have you kill them all.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Hey man, can't we just frame them? I think I look like who I'm supposed to be. I mean. it's not like I'm some coldblooded killer. I really want to take my chess hobby seriously. Give me the opportunity and I could take Bobby Fisher.

KABALLAH

ENOUGH! Your going to kill them all or I'm going to have you executed right now. I will put a bullet in your head right frickin' now.

RICHTER

Not necessary sir. They have all been implanted with remote controlled chips. One push of a button and they will be decimated to primordial goo.

Imperfect Eskimo El Taco Loco gives a wide-eyed expression.

IMPERFECT ESKIMO EL TACO LOCO

Nuk to nuk nuk voo?

IMPERFECT GILLA

Now you're just making stuff up.

Richter hits the button of a remote control which zaps an electrical current through Imperfect Gilla.

Imperfect Gilla drops, smoke coming out his ears.

IMPERFECT GILLA

Ok man. You got it.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega struggles to put his pants on - he succeeds, but they are accidentally backwards.

ORTEGA

Shit pie fuggin' home-wrecker anal
tetanus brace.

INT. ORTEGA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Ortega enters the kitchen and sits next to Billy.

Gilla is making eggs with a "World's Greatest Cook."

El Taco Loco stands by the sink bug-eyed and reading the ingredients of Spam cans, spices, cleaning products.

ORTEGA

Ok now. So just who is this guy?

BILLY

This is El Taco Loco, The Immortal
Mexican.

ORTEGA

Right, uh-huh. Immortal Mexican.
Why does he carry that name?

BILLY

Well you see he just can't die.
This comes in handy because he has
little to no fighting skills
whatsoever. Basically when he is
killed, him or another one - we
still don't know which - just shows
up.

ORTEGA

No foolin'?

GILLA

He's taken a lot for the team.

ORTEGA

Oh, I believe it.

EL TACO LOCO

Ey look, I can do party tricks!

El Taco Loco shoves his hand down the sink drain and flips on the garbage disposal - his fist explodes and horrible carnage erupts all over the room. El Taco Loco screams, falls to the floor, has a seizure, then dies.

With blood all over his startled face:

ORTEGA

(drops his fork)

Did he just do that?

BILLY

He sure did.

Ortega pulls his flask and unscews it:

ORTEGA

HOLY SHIT.

Ortega takes a pull of whiskey.

Billy sits still for a moment, then counts down.

BILLY

5, 4, 3

The front door swings open and a new, untouched El Taco Loco walks in and sits down at the table.

Ortega looks to the floor and finds no body - he looks back up and locks eyes with the ever-smiling El Taco Loco.

EL TACO LOCO

Propolis is a substance collected from various plants by bees and used together with beeswax in the construction of their hives.

All four sit at the kitchen table. Gilla and Billy are smirking, Ortega is still in deadpan shock.

EL TACO LOCO

I never die, just multiply.

BILLY

He was once one of Mexico's deadliest luchador wrestlers. But when his ultimate foe could not beat him in a fair 3 count, he simply tranquilized him, stripped his luchador mask, then microwaved his head for 24 straight hours.

ORETGA

Dear lord!

BILLY

As is why he, sometimes, is a little challenged.

EL TACO LOCO

Sausage meow.

ORTEGA

So what's with the infinite lives?

BILLY

Oh, well, that has to do with a glowing orb, presumably from outer space. That one's a long story.

They are interrupted by a knock at the door.

ORTEGA

What, another one?

Ortega answers the door and is kicked in the stomach - he flies back in slow motion and wails into his book case.

The assailants lunge into action - The Imperfect Clones.

Gilla duels his clone with a large bladed afro pick, his assailant a razor tinged visor.

Billy pulls the red headband over his clone's eyes and bounces his head off the toilet until he is unconscious. He then drowns him in the urine-filled toilet water.

El Taco Loco is killed with his Eskimo Clone's spear but is immediately reincarnated - the new El Taco Loco jumps from O.S. onto the back of his Eskimo Clone.

The Eskimo throws El Taco Loco off, but he hops back up and pulls a can of acidic refried beans.

El Taco Loco throws a glob with hits the clone, melting his face. Eskimo Clone dies, his skull a hideous molten mess.

Gilla dodges razor sharp vinyl records hurled by his clone - he leaps behind and snaps his spine with a knee strike.

Ortega regains consciousness and instinctively fires his gun - accidentally shooting El Taco Loco six times.

El Taco drops dead and then reappears through the back door.

GILLA

Where is he?

BILLY

Who?

GILLA

Your Imperfect Clone?

BILLY

That's what that was?

Our heroes realize Billy's Clone has escaped.

BILLY

No worries, he wasn't much of a threat anyway.

ORTEGA

Who the hell were those goons?

BILLY

Kaballah's welcome wagon.

GILLA

Sorry about your house lieutenant.

Ortega looks to the ground and finds his DVD copy of "Serpico" cracked in half. He drops to the floor clutching it feebly, then screams upwards dramatically:

ORTEGA

Noooooooo!!!

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

Imperfect Billy has a bandaged head wound.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Boss, they were much too perfect,
we stood no chance. I alone have
survived with shwarma scalp.

KABALLAH

Fool! I create you and this how you
repay me?

IMPERFECT BILLY

It is not my fault! We fought
valiantly but to no avail!

KABALLAH

Sorry son, failures are liquidated.

Richter pushes a remote control button - inside Imperfect
Billy's skull the chip electrifies him.

Zapped to death, Imperfect Billy melts.

Kaballah turns to Richter:

KABALLAH

What does a guy gotta do to get
some decent help these days? Well,
seeing as that you are one of the
few who aren't totally incompetent,
I need you to do me a favor.

Kaballah supersedes reality and looks directly into the
camera, reaching out to the audience watching the film.

KABALLAH

Well I wouldn't want to spoil such
a conniving, villainous plan so I
arranged an alternative. Enjoy...

FADE OUT:

Accordion polka blasts on the soundtrack. SUPER:
"INTERMISSION".

FADE UP:

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

A morbidly obese man painstakingly creates a 16 foot submarine sandwich. He delicately unfurls the sub bun, giggling perversely and salivating. 10 pieces of salami, a can of raw sauerkraut, tuna fish, Necco wafers, Miak, and an entire box of sugary cereal with an olive on top.

He gyrates and wheezes like he is about to orgasm, shakily lifting the sub to his mouth. he nearly takes the bite...

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY - DAY

Richter is staring at Kaballah with a huge grin.

RICHTER

Sir, that's the most devious plan
I've ever heard! I mean, wow. That
really is unbelievable.

Kaballah and Richter maniacally laugh.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY FLOORBOARDS - DAY

Beneath them, attached to the floorboards, the goo of Imperfect Billy has attached itself to the floorboards. A heart beats in the greenish much, parodying "Hellraiser."

EXT. MOUNTAIN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Billy is atop the mountain blowing the ancient trumpet which to awake El Taco Loco. He blows into the instrument and the sound echoes through the canyon and entire countryside.

INT. DUNGEON-LIKE LAIR - NIGHT

In a dungeon-like lair a muscular man is shirtless and hunched over, his back covered in scars. He wears a black leather mask stitched in back with white laces.

He hears the O.S. trumpet and stands up, face concealed.

EL TIBURON

(translated from spanish)

Our rivalry cannot wait for a
sequel, El Taco Loco. For I am...

EL TIBURON (aka "The Shark") is dramatically revealed - a terrifying luchador wrestler in green and blue spandex. His mask is leather, the mouth a grinning shark. On top of his mask is a spikey fin carved like the teeth of a saw.

EL TIBURON

...El Tiburon - the most feared luchador in Mexico! How many years have we waged this war? How many times must I kill a man who does not die? That is why, Amigo, I never grow bored of crushing you. For I am El Tiburon. And I shall eat you alive!!

EXT. CONSANTO WORLD HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is in a dream sequence, back atop Consanto HQ standing off with Mr. Brumo.

Billy lunges to save ex-sidekick DeadMeat...

It is no use - DEADMEAT is torn to shreds...

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAWN

Billy sharply awakes as everyone else sleeps.

Gilla is snoring face down on the floor.

El Taco is in a speedo, spooning a plastic Christmas tree.

Ortega is in a lawn chair - in one hand a half empty gallon of whiskey, the other a pump shotgun.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Billy wanders the streets collecting his thoughts as lame, sentimental folk music plays on the soundtrack.

He passes by an alley where a figure is slumped against a dumpster. Billy sees him first as DeadMeat, but on closer inspection it's just another homeless man.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy trains DeadMeat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

The daydream ends abruptly when Billy hears a voice O.S.

RICHTER

Psst.

Billy gets hit with a monkey wrench by Richter.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega, Gilla and El Taco Loco are watching the 5 O'clock news with audio muted - rampaging Gleen victims have erupted violence in the city as news choppers broadcast visuals of burning homes, smashed cars, and looting.

Ortega, El Taco Loco and Gilla react to the ringing doorbell - Ortega draws his pistol and suspiciously goes to answer.

EXT. ORTEGA'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

A cardboard box mysteriously sits on the doormat.

Ortega notices the splotch of blood running down the side.

ORTEGA

Awww hell.

El Taco Loco, Gilla and Ortega sit at the dining room table as Ortega begins to open the ill-fated package.

Ortega unwraps it and starts to reach in.

Gilla grabs his hand, does the "no" head nod and reaches in himself, pulling out Billy's bloody headband.

Gilla clenches his fist and raises it into the air...

GILLA

NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

INT. KABALLAH'S LAB

Billy is strapped to a steel surgery table as Richter and Kaballah loom over him.

KABALLAH

Well, look what we have here. It seems as if the sheep has lost his flock. We have all sorts of rearrangements for you today sir.

Kaballah pulls out a drawer of rusty surgical equipment.

BILLY

You stand no chance against us. Surrender now or meet your doom.

Kaballah and Richter both look at each other and laugh.

KABALLAH

You know, I admire that fighting spirit. It's just too bad that I'm going to have to rip it out of you. So here's the plan tough guy. I'm going to cut off your face. Better yet, I have all sorts of options. I can burn you alive, I can impale you in such a manner even Vlad Tepes would cringe. I can cut out your eyes and filet them for brunch or tear you apart like your beloved sidekick Deadmeat.

BILLY

How did you?

KABALLAH

Come on kid, who are you trying to fool? I'm underworld illuminati. Nothing happens without my say so. Brumo wasn't running for mayor. He was the face ordered to consolidate my power. He was nothing but a high class pawn.

BILLY

Bastard!!

KABALLAH

Exactly.

Kaballah paces theatrically with his hand behind his back.

KABALLAH

I suppose you'll also find it of searing interest that I personally engineered the destruction of your precious Dojo. The death of Haichiba was a work of art my friend. And city by city, I will destroy the nation. With an iron fist, I shall rule its underworld.

BILLY

I will kill you.

KABALLAH

Now that is simply in bad taste.

Kaballah lunges at Billy with a power drill - as he is about to reach it becomes unplugged.

Billy breaks the straps holding him down, punches Kaballah then spin-kicks Richter.

INT. SYNDICATE HALLWAY - DAY

Billy runs for it - ducking, punching, and striking his way through security forces.

At the edge of the hall jump out SYNDICATE AGENTS with machine guns - they fire at Billy as he ducks their shots.

Our hero continues running and approaches a formation of soldiers...

He clobbers his way through the poorly trained men with a barrage of fists...

Billy lunges at a second story window that shatters.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

He lands feet first atop a car in a hail of broken window glass, blowing out its windows from sheer force.

He somersaults off the car and lands on his feet.

Billy spots a Syndicate Soldier coming at him on a motorcycle - he fires an uzi as Billy dodges the bullets.

Billy spin-kicks the soldier from his motorcycle...

He hops on the bike and flees the scene, dodging gunfire.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Richter and a battalion of soldiers emerge from the complex and jump inside their vehicles.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is trying to comfort a sobbing Gilla Fighter.

ORTEGA

Don't you quit on me, don't you
friggin' quit on me you'se hear?
You'll pull through this. You can
walk anything off 'cept a broken
neck.

O.S. a motorcycle pull up.

Billy rushes through the front door, panting and breathless.

BILLY

GO - NOW.

Gilla lunges and hangs onto Billy's leg sobbing with joy.

Ortega pulls Gilla off, smacking him in the face.

ORTEGA

You wanna act like a bitch, I smack
you like a bitch.

GILLA

I'm cool, I'm Cool...

BILLY

NOW!!

Billy grabs the back of their necks to start moving.

Richter and his men pull up out front.

Billy, Gilla, and Ortega rush out the back door while El Taco Loco stays in the middle of the living room.

Richter's Men storm into the house and surround El Taco Loco.

EL TACO LOCO

Humanism is a man-centered,
atheistic religion inconsistent
with and indeed utterly opposed to
traditional Christianity, Biblical
theology or Orthodox Judaism.

El Taco Loco flips open his poncho and is wired with dynamite.

He presses the remote button and blows up everyone.

EXT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega's house explodes.

Richter is still in the street and thrown from the explosion.

EXT. ORTEGA'S BACKYARD

Gilla, Billy and Ortega are thrown by force of the explosion.

Ortega looks at the giant cloud of smoke billowing upwards from the rubble of his home.

ORTEGA

At least that's one thing the
bitch'll never take from me in
court.

EST. DEL RIO MOTEL - NIGHT

A dilapidated motel burns "No Vacancy" neon.

INT. DEL RIO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Our heroes lay low at a roach motel.

BILLY

Listen, Kaballah is too strong for us to just barge in empty handed. I've seen the potential deathtrap that we're up against. We have to lure him out.

ORTEGA

And just how are we supposed to coax this lunatic madman from his coveted lair?

BILLY

I'm not sure. I do know where he's hiding though. Gilla What do we have for equipment?

GILLA

You're looking at it. Feets n' fists bro, feets n' fists.

EL TACO LOCO

A valetudinrin is a sickly person afflicted by excessive or morbid worrisomeness regarding their health.

ORTEGA

Yeah, like you got anything to worry about.

SMASH - El Tiburon crashes through the motel door.

El Tiburon to El Taco Loco:

EL TIBURON

Esto no ha terminado!

The luchador from hell attacks El Taco Loco and both of them go crashing out the window in a flurry of punching.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

Punch by punch the fighters viciously beat each other as they knock their way down the street and out of view.

INT. DEL RIO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ortega turns to Billy, barely phased anymore.

ORTEGA

What in Borgnine's sack was that?

BILLY

That's just El Sharko, or whatever. They do that a lot. It's cool. Main villain beef, you know how it goes.

ORTEGA

I say we visit Kaputo. He's an inventor of sorts. Done a lot of good for the force. But first...

INT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Ortega sucking down a Slurpee far too quickly. His brain-freeze is unbearably painful and over the top as he stomps his foot and beats his leg with his fist.

ORTEGA

FUCK THAT HURTS!!

EXT. KAPUTO'S LAB BUILDING - DAY

Ortega pulls up in his crappy car and parks.

Billy, Gilla and Ortega get out.

BILLY

Oh, there he is.

El Taco Loco walks up to them.

GILLA

How'd it go?

EL TACO LOCO

He finally killed me in Laos.

ORTEGA

I never had a good luck charm that had anything on you.

INT. KAPUTO'S LAB - DAY

Our heroes are conversing with KAPUTO - a tech geek with black rimmed glasses and a white lab coat.

KAPUTO

And this is my latest work of science, "The SCALPTRON 3000." Once you strap it on, you can hear the thoughts of anyone you look at.

ORTEGA

Kaputo you never cease to amaze me.

GILLA

That thing reads minds? Oh I'm gonna dig this.

Gilla straps on the overly sized helmet that is protruding with wires and duct-taped computer chips.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gilla steps outside and approaches the first woman he sees - a PRETTY WOMAN in a floral dress.

GILLA

Hey baby, how's about you and me get down and funky?

The PRETTY WOMAN looks at him like he is a sideshow freak.

The helmet makes a whirring sound and Gilla hears the Pretty Woman's thoughts:

PRETTY WOMAN (V.O.)

Oh my god what is he? He smells like the carcass of a rotting Chihuahua.

Gilla smells himself in reaction.

PRETTY WOMAN (V.O.)

God, just look at those teeth.

Gilla touches his yellow, grimy, blackened teeth which are only so for this grotesquely exaggerated moment.

PRETTY WOMAN

What a sick, sad man.

INT. KAPUTO'S LAB - DAY

A disappointed Gilla sluggishly rejoins them.

KAPUTO

So how did it go?

GILLA

No comment.

ORTEGA

Got anything for serious head stomping?

KAPUTO

As a matter of fact I have been working on some new things that you may find quite exciting.

ORTEGA

Let me see, let me see Kaputo I have just the thing for you.

KAPUTO pulls out a remote control.

KAPUTO

This right here is a Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier. It will teleport all living beings in a 30 foot radius to... Well... It's a test copy. As far as it stands it cannot be specified to teleport to any certain location. But it has been confirmed to always drop the individuals on a solid land mass.

BILLY

It's a chance we have to take.

ORTEGA

Suicide mission. Beautiful, delightful.

EL TACO LOCO

I am a Gerber baby.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Generic action techno plays as the heroes suit up for battle - Billy tightens his headband, Gilla puts on a battle armor leisure suit, El Taco Loco on all fours eating dog food...

Ortega scrolls through his cell phone contact list and stops on one labeled "THE BOYS."

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A COP receives the text message and nods to fellow officers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ortega straps way too many guns to himself and falls over from the sheer weight of it.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Shadow silhouettes of Gilla, Ortega, Billy & El Taco Loco approach SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS. Our heroes pause and are then flanked by a dozen SWAT team officers, aka "THE BOYS."

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ ENTRANCE - NIGHT

SWAT SNIPERS shoot SYNDICATE SOLDIERS guarding the entrance with tranquilizer darts.

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ OUTER WALL - NIGHT

SWAT positioned on the roof glide on bungee chords down the side of the building.

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ ADJACENT WALL - NIGHT

Syndicate Soldiers take tranq darts from SWAT Snipers and fall over unconscious.

INT. SYNDICATE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Our heroes burst through the front door firing away at enemy soldiers which drop like flies.

From above a plate glass window crashes, and more SWAT come down on bungee ropes. One of them is an attractive, hard as nails female - DETECTIVE ZAMORRA.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Don't worry guys - we'll have this one on lock down in no time.

ORTEGA

Who in the holy hell are you?

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Detective Zamorra. I got a call from The Union - a joint complaint between the NAACP and the Women's Association Of Gibberish Cinema. Said there were no strong female roles in this film. Thought I'd come here and add a dose of lethal estrogen, balance out the scales and give a better poster for the release. You know how boobies sell.

GILLA

They sure do.

Zamorra gives Gilla a degrading look.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Don't you even think about it toad.

BILLY

Glad to have you on our team.

Zamorra to Billy:

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

No problem Spike - let's get this derby rolling!

Our heroes split up - SWAT take the staircase while Billy, Ortega, Zamorra, Gilla and El Taco Loco jump inside a secret elevator clearly marked "SECRET ELEVATOR" in bold letters.

INT. SECRET ELEVATOR

They cram inside like a way-too-full clown car and a ridiculously elongated ride ensues. We TIME CUT through different moments - Gilla checking his watch, Billy falling asleep, Ortega doing a crossword puzzle, Zamorra juggling. El Taco Loco farts loudly to displeased facial reactions.

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS SUB-FLOOR

A warehouse of masked and gloved white coats enrich the mega drug as if they are sweatshop workers. Flanking them on all sides are unsmiling, rifle harnessing Syndicate Soldiers.

The elevator doors open and El Taco Loco's fart stench creeps out like nerve gas - the green, creeping mist knocks out all of the Syndicate Soldiers awaiting them.

Our heroes rush into battle, diving behind desks and structures for cover as Gleen Workers run in panic.

Syndicate Soldiers exchange fire with Ortega's SWAT force who've erupted from the stairwell.

Gilla takes on four guards, while Billy slams into three - both of them punching and kicking away.

El Taco Loco is cleaning house as well, flying about and mopping the floor with bad guys.

Ortega is about to be shot by a Syndicate Soldier, but Zamorra blasts the man's head off with a magnum.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Action Affirmed.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM -- Zamorra blasts down more baddies with her gigantic hand cannon.

Suddenly, Richter's voice booms over the loudspeaker.

RICHTER

Now! Now!

The remaining Syndicate Soldiers bite on capsules which carry superhuman doses of UltraGleen. They gyrate violently as they become drugbeast abominations. The room is instantly filled with a dozen ultra-violent Gleen Zombies.

All hell breaks loose - frenzied shooting and aimless fighting as Syndicate Soldier's blast away at the police.

One SWAT member shoots a large wooden crate oddly placed in the hallway. It explodes such as a video game and a fancy high-powered automatic weapon prototype pops out.

Behind the SWAT team a parody version of Arnold Scwharzenegger in 1985's "Commando" leaps over the policemen, dives through the bullet fire, hits the ground and summersaults to the machine gun. Bare chested, war-painted and sweat-soaked headband dripping, the Commando fires away,

Syndicate Soldiers explode into pieces - arms and legs fly as more and more Syndicate Troops pour in.

The Commando keeps firing as we follow his screaming, ludicrous assault - blasting, blasting, blasting.

EXT. SYNDICATE HALLWAY - NIGHT

He turns the corner and blasts two Syndicate Soldiers who guarding a door. The Commando fires at the door making a pattern of bullet holes so he can simply crash through.

The Commando shoulders the door hard as possible and bursts through effortlessly shooting like a madman...

...to be firing at thin air and plummeting downwards into a gaping industrial sized trash compactor with the words CONSANTO GARBAGE DISPOSAL DIVISION on it..

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Syndicate Soldiers fall to gunfire as well as SWAT.

Ortega, El Taco Loco, Billy and Gilla head for Kaballah's Lab, leaving SWAT to tackle the remaining Syndicate forces.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The heroes burst in on Richter and Kaballah.

KABALLAH

Fools!! You have aggravated me for the last time! Now is the hour of your demise!

BILLY

I beg to differ! Billy pulls out
the Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier.

BILLY

Eat my...

Richter shoots the device with a pistol and The
Transmogrifier jumps from Billy's hand.

BILLY

Shit...

KABALLAH

Try this on for size!

Kaballah pulls out a remote controlled device and hits the
red button.

Our heroes grab their heads in pain.

KABALLAH

Welcome to the vortex of your
greatest nightmares!!

Our heroes are engulfed by a hologram world of terror...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gilla is transported into an office environment surrounded
by white-collar yuppies..

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

El Taco Loco is strapped to a surgical chair where full-body
latex bondage people ready themselves to pour endless jugs
of Vitamin D milk all over his face...

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is back at his house staring at his ex-wife shrine.
He hears an ominous footstep and turns around to find every
single one of his 30 ex-wives armed with barb-wire wrapped
bats, billy clubs and brass knuckles...

Billy is transported to a foggy environment where he looks
around fearfully trying to discern what will come next.

EXT. FOGGY DARK - NIGHT

Billy treads through the darkness.

BILLY

Hello? Who's there?

An unrecognizable shadowy figure shuffles forward.

BILLY

Come out and prepare to fight!

SHADOWY FIGURE

Billy... You left me. I was going
to be just like you. But you left
me. You left me to DIE!

Upon shouting "DIE" the SHADOWY FIGURE is revealed to be a
half-rotted ZOMBIE DEADMEAT.

BILLY

Good God! What did they do to you?

ZOMBIE DEADMEAT

Only your death can set my soul
free.

BILLY

I don't want this Deadmeat, I don't
want this.

ZOMBIE DEADMEAT

Tough!!!

Kaballah's lunges forward on the attack.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE

Gilla is at his desk.

He looks down and realizes he's in a suit and tie.

The little name sticker on his breast pocket reads "Hi, my
name is Brad."

A CO-WORKER walks up with a file of reports.

CO-WORKER

Hey there sharpshooter. Good work
foreclosing the mortgage on that
orphanage. Little shit-heads never
saw that one coming... Later
killer.

Co-Worker does a little gun point gesture with his hand,
winks and walks away.

Gilla shrinks in terror and hides beneath his desk.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE

Ortega is backing away from the mob of EX-WIVES.

ORTEGA

No, God, no... BARBARA clutches a
bat with spikes.

BARBARA

How's it going Joe Baby!

ORTEGA

Barbara? I thought me and you was
through. No hard feelins' right?

BARBARA

Oh no baby, never.

THREE OTHER EX-WIVES

Never.

With the power of a buffalo herd the 30 EX-WIVES rush Ortega
and pin him down.

BARBARA lifts the spiked bat to crush his head as he screams
in mortal terror.

BARBARA

This is for 6 years of no alimony!

Ortega kicks an EX-WIFE in the face and grabs a .38 revolver
from his ankle holster.

Ortega blasts away...

EXT. FOGGY DARK ENVIRONMENT - NIGHT

Billy is still combatting him, blocking jabs and kicks.

BILLY

Dammit! Deadmeat, please! Stop!
Don't do this!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

El Taco Loco nightmare has now become a chase sequence as he is hunted by screaming obese teenage girls covered in glitter and hot pink spandex.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Gilla is still balled up beneath his desk. A legion of teary eyed children surround him with innocent stares.

ORPHAN 5 YEAR OLD

Why did you take our home?

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is going nuts, laughing as he chainsaws BARBARA's severed, demonic head in half. Blood explodes everywhere.

EXT. FOGGY ENVIRONMENT

Billy looks at Zombie DeadMeat and he morphs.

REAL DEADMEAT

Set me free Billy. Set me...

Billy overcomes the illusion and attacks with a super charged flying kick that explodes Zombie DeadMeat's head.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

All four heroes are once again in Kaballah's lab.

Gilla is balled up with arms protecting his head...

El Taco Loco pulls out eggs and smashes them on his face...

From hereon all dialogue becomes that of poor, mismatched overdubs as with all martial arts cinema.

Billy to Kaballah, overdubbed:

BILLY

You're finished.

KABALLAH

Impossible! No one could survive
that meltdown! Gilla Your mind
tricks won't work against us!

KABALLAH

The hell with it.

Kaballah pulls a pistol and whips it at Billy.

BLAM he fires! The bullet zooms towards our hero who is not fast enough to dodge the bullet.

It grazes his arm and Billy falls to the ground and his blood splatters on the floorboard.

The blood trickles through the floorboard crack, oozing downwards into the blackness... until by miracle it coats the gooey primordial remains of the Imperfect Billy Clone.

Gilla punches Richter with a solid hook to the jaw, and Richter fumbles backwards nearly losing his balance.

Kaballah spin-kicks Ortega and El Taco Loco in one roundhouse, sending both of our heroes flying.

Kaballah lands from his mega kick and lunges towards Billy.

While Kaballah is in mid-air, the laboratory wall explodes - all characters are thrown in the blast.

Through the gaping hole, the raging battle between Syndicate and SWAT rages on - men are ducking and shooting everywhere.

Billy and Kaballah realize they are both near two separate remote controls - both of which are their secret weapons.

Billy crawls his way towards the Transmogriifier.

Kaballah reaches his device first and activates it.

From wireless command, a large metal door swings open inside the lab. The silhouette of a monster lurks its darkness.

A horrific sound bellows from inside, as if some mythological Greek monster were being unleashed.

Our heroes gaze in awe as a rotting, putrefied giant leg clomps out, then another, until an abominable 7 foot humanoid creature reveals its meaty, dripping face, ROARING with an unbridled hunger for bloodshed.

KABALLAH

Behold! Flesh Face The Starving!!

FLESH FACE THE STARVING roars and beats its chest, chunks of meat sloppily dropping from its face.

Ortega sees a meat droplet and vomits.

EL TACO LOCO

Holy shitballs mang!!

Flesh Face grabs Detective Zamorra and chomps off her head, throwing her splattering carcass against the wall.

Ortega begins shooting Flesh Face but it is little use - the necrotic giant isn't phased and simply roars back.

Billy makes one huge grab for the Hydronic Fusion Transmogriifier and hits the button.

Their surroundings shake as if the universe were tearing itself apart and all present are sucked into a vortex which appears like a minor tornado.

A huge, rotted meaty chunk from Flesh Face comes loose and splatters across Gilla's face like horrid cookie dough.

EXT. SAMURAI FOREST - DAY

The sky rips open in fantastic display of light, and all our characters are spit out in a mystical forest which resembles samurai legends.

Ortega's blurred eyes come into focus as Flesh Face advances towards him, licking his lips.

Ortega panics, grabs El Taco Loco, and both run into the woods with Flesh Face in hot pursuit.

Richter and Gilla jump into combat against one other.

Billy and Kaballah go head to head.

Richter flips his hand back and reveals ninja stars clutched between each finger - he throws some at Gilla.

Gilla dodges them with inhuman stealth and leaps onto the tree branches above.

With a mighty leap, Richter follows.

EXT. SAMURAI FOREST - DAY

El Taco Loco and Ortega run through the forest.

ORTEGA

Ok big man, if you'ze got a plan
please do pull it from your ass
right about now.

EL TACO LOCO

How'ze about the old rokey doke?

El Taco Loco jumps backwards and flies into the beasts' mouth, whom Flesh Face promptly decapitates with one huge chomp.

Another El Taco Loco swoops down and kicks him in the head.

Flesh Face grabs him and tears him in two.

Another El Taco Loco appears.

Ortega takes this as his cue to get in real damage while Flesh Face is swatting a hundred El Taco Loco revivals like flies. Ortega comedically beats his shins with tree branches, big rocks, anything he can get a hold of.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaballah and Billy circle each other.

Kaballah pulls a sword, then a second sword which he throws to Billy in gesture of a fair battle.

Kaballah and Billy go at it, dueling like swash-bucklers.

EXT. TREE TOP BATTLE - DAY

Richter receives the full wrath Gilla Fighter's finishing move "The Flying Fist of Juda."

Richter plunges downwards from a tree top, crash through branches while half unconscious.

Richter splats on top of the half-broken Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier, setting it off.

It electrocutes Richter and sucks him into a vortex.

EXT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Richter is spit out in mid-air and breaks both legs on impact. Gritting in pain, he realizes he is in front of The Toxins hideout.

Richter hears noises shuffling O.S. from inside. Out they come - the few survivors, hideously mutated as never before.

Richter tears at the dirt to get away when he is grabbed by mutated hands from an open sewer drain. Richter screams bloody murder as they drag him off to his dark, grisly fate.

EXT. SAMURAI WOODS - DAY

El Taco Loco is swallowed whole by Flesh Face, and the monster begins advancing towards Ortega.

Ortega is now alone because El Taco Loco can only be resurrected if he is completely dead.

Flesh Face stops in his tracks and tears at his chest - El Taco Loco explodes forth raining gore.

EXT. SAMURAI WOODS OPEN CLEARING - DAY

Kaballah and Billy continue to sword fight until both blades shatter from an intense blow.

Billy lands a punch and Kaballah returns two more - They push each other apart and square off.

Kaballah and Billy stare at each other pacing like animals, ready for the final jump kick of doom.

Billy sees Kaballah with fire projected behind him, for all Billy knows is hatred.

Suddenly, a mirage of Master Haichiba provides a white light which causes Billy to close his eyes in meditation.

INT. INDOOR ICE SKATING RINK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy drifts into a vision of the forlorn DeadMeat in happier times.

DeadMeat skates in circles smiling, then puts on his hockey mask and skates up to Billy.

Billy is wearing an early 90's green suede/tan leather armed coat resembling Emelio Estevez' jacket in The Mighty Ducks.

DeadMeat high fives him then pulls off the mask to resemble Kaballah's face.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaballah charges at the meditating Billy.

The villain grows close as Billy snaps out of it.

Billy and Kaballah race towards each other in slow motion then and leap in the air with death-strike kicks - animated Manga speedlines appear to accentuate the strength of these strikes, alternating between their intense expressions.

Ortega, El Taco and Gilla all run into the clearing.

Billy and Kaballah are moving slow motion in mid-air even though every one else is in normal time.

ORTEGA

Holy hot shit is that hardcore.

Kaballah and Billy meet toe to toe with a great flash of light that blinds all the spectators.

Its explosion rocks everyone from its impact.

Kaballah and Billy both land, regain posture, and stare each other down, eyes burning like embers.

Billy is exhausted - about to drop dead.

Kaballah gets an evil, crazed look in his eye and smiles... until a thin flow of blood spills from his lips.

His eyes roll back in his head and he falls to his knees.

From behind Kaballah the earth explodes as if a stick of TNT were buried below the surface.

Imperfect Billy flies up dirty from the soil and slams his hands together, exploding Kaballah's head.

Bits of Kaballah's skull fly everywhere, meaty and chunky.

BILLY

Told you I'd kill you.

Our heroes gather themselves.

ORTEGA

Just one question. Where in the hell are we?

Cheesy flute music plays as a 5 foot tall FINNISH DEER HERDER walks into frame.

The deer herder is wearing the traditional garments of his folk, smiles and waves for our heroes to follow him.

EXT. FINNISH VILLAGE - DAY

Huge, symphonic happy ending music plays as an entire village is there, encamped like a Native American tribe.

Our heroes feel the heartfelt life of these semi-tribesmen in Arctic Finland.

Children play in the dirt road, women churn butter, a blacksmith is busy hammering something...

EXT. FINNISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

It's night and the party with the deer herders resembles the Ewok celebration at the end of "Jedi." The music keeps building with the laughter and celebration.

Billy looks over and DeadMeat, Master Haichiba, Imperfect Gilla, and Imperfect Eskimo El Taco Loco are luminescent, half see-through happy ghosts looking onward.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Fat Man from the intermission sequence finally bites into his sub. All happy music disappears, replaced by ambient, creepy, dissonant symphony.

The Fat Man is in ecstasy. Closer and closer - inside his mouth, his greasy skin pores, the sweat beading on his forehead.

Disturbing noises of him munching away crazily dominates the audio. The dissonance keeps building with the food eating sounds, the lips smacking.

We see the food mashing in his mouth, chewed salami and tuna spilling out - indulging like a dope-sick junkie.

INT. RED ROOM

A SCREAMING MAN crushes his head with his own bare hands - he howls as his skull erupts with a volcano of gore.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

EXT. PARK - DAY

An sunny day at the park. SUPER: "Three Months Later."

Gilla, Billy, Ortega and Imp. Billy are enjoying a day off.

Billy sits at a picnic table while Ortega cooks BBQ ribs on the grill. Imperfect Billy is playing chess with Gilla.

Ortega rambles in the middle of an incomprehensible story.

ORTEGA

...so he says, he says, whatta you gonna do, use that pancake as armor? Rise the yeast to suffocate the devilish whores? So I says, you gotta do what you gotta do. Now take that Arm & Hammer and dribble that Spaulding up on your own court. Don't be askin' another man to scrub your teeth!!

Everyone laughs.

BILLY

So how did your meeting with the chief go?

ORTEGA

Officially re-instated baby.

GILLA

Hey man that's great! Good to hear it.

ORTEGA

Now that this whole incident is over how bout joining the force? I can make it happen.

BILLY

I don't think so. Terrible movies like this always spawn sequels.

GILLA

That or a syndicated series for basic cable.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Or a half-ass comic book series.

BILLY

Well you better believe it, because I just launched a campaign to raise funds to reopen to Urban Dojo here in Detroit!

GILLA

Hell yeah sequel farming! Let's milk this bitch to the last drop!

Imperfect Billy knocks over Gilla's queen.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Imperfect my ass.

A convertible pulls up with top down - El Taco Loco is driving and wearing a suit with his hair slicked back. 5 BEAUTIFUL LATINO WOMEN in dresses are with him.

El Taco Loco speaks like a smooth Antonio Banderas.

EL TACO LOCO

Greeting me amigos. How are you on
this remarkable day?

Everyone looks confused, and El Taco Loco attempts clarity.

EL TACO LOCO

Oh the change of pace. Yes, well
sometimes you just have to
discover...

El Taco Loco does weird dance move in the drivers seat, and
the women swoon in adoration.

EL TACO LOCO

Your Latino heat.

GILLA

What's your secret?

El Taco Loco motions for Gilla to come near then whispers:

EL TACO LOCO

It's all in the flesh Burrito.

GILLA

Oh.

Gilla winks.

EL TACO LOCO

Well, I must be on my way. Until we
meet again, good luck to all of you
on your sordid adventures.

El Taco Loco drives off.

ORTEGA

Man did I pick the wrong day to
quit snorting Ambien.

BILLY

Nothing shocks me anymore buddy.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spy on our heroes with binoculars.

THUG 1

Man, thanks to those clowns our
whole supply of Gleen is gone for
good.

THUG 2

They're gonna pay!

THUG 1

How's that?

THUG 2

With 6 inches of cold steel!

IMPERFECT BILLY (O.S.)

Ahem.

Both Thugs turn to find Imperfect Billy hammering his fist.

The Thugs now look in the other direction where Billy, Gilla
and Ortega are now standing.

CUT TO BLACK:

A flurry of punching and kicking O.S. - POW, BAM, WHOMP!!

FADE UP:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

El Taco Loco is stretched out in fold out chair wearing
nothing but speedo and aviator glasses sipping booze out of
a coconut with tiny umbrella as the latino women sun tan.

From beneath the oceans waves the metallic fin of El Tiburon
pops above the water.

From every hidden corner of the beach appear dozens of men
in suits with black gloves and identical luchador masks.

El Tiburon raises his head from the water.

El Taco sees him and is yet to react.

El Tiburon bursts towards him like an insane beast - closer and closer in El Taco Loco' sunglass reflection.

El Taco Loco cracks a smile.

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS over high voltage rock music.

FADE UP:

Midway through the credit roll, a corporate training video from Consanto appears. The mortgage co-worker from Gilla's nightmare leads new employees through the Consanto complex.

He describes all the villainous plans step by step like an infomercial, enticing the audience with pint-by-point steps of the bonuses and incentives of Gleen manufacturing.

FADE OUT:

THE END