RICKY RECUEIDO, THE WRATH OF GOD

Written by

Doug Tesch
TITLE SEQUENCE:
Opening close ups of GRIP PAYLOAD, SKETTER, and FETUS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip Payload and his pals Sketter and Fetus--

Opening shot of an old map of the Amazon jungle.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
--Ricky Recuerdo, Wrath of God.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY
A large crowd of people are queuing up into the bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Flush with success from Grip’s retelling of his latest escapades, Grip and pals attend a book signing for his most recent adventure logbook.

Close-up of many hands holding up books entitled ‘GRIP PAYLOAD’S ADVENTURE LOG BOOK’.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Sign mine Mister Payload.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Hey Grip.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)
Mine’s next.

VOICE #4 (O.S.)
Me too Mister Payload.

Grip, Sketter, and Fetus sit at a large table, with Grip signing away. Grip, a 50 year old white man; Sketter, his 8 year old son; and Fetus, Sketter’s unimaginary friend whose body looks like a deeply disturbed child’s rendering of a bucket load of moldy vomit and diarrhea splashed together with the face of a rhesus monkey with Harlequin ichthyosis and a bent coat hanger jabbed through its skull.

GRIP PAYLOAD
I never thought anybody would want to read it, Sketter.
Fetus, slumped over from boredom, yawns disinterestedly. The front door blows open in the wind.

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh ja. Everybody, Herr Payload.

It’s a sinister GERMAN flanked by three NAZIS. He steps in front of shadows shaped like his outline like a ‘HITCHCOCK PRESENTS’ intro.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Can I help you?

SINISTER GERMAN
Hehehehe.

The German passes Grip a telegram that reads ‘URGENT: SOUTH AMERICA’ in big, bold lettering.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Hmmm.

FETUS’S POV
Fetus tilts his head in surprise as the nazis all are dressed in native Peruvian sierra garb.

SINISTER GERMAN
...Casper Leek, your old friend and jungle coffee expert, has gone missing.

RESUME – BOOKSTORE
Grip and pals are seated behind the table. The German and the nazis are back to being dressed as nazis. Fetus looks almost asleep.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Missing? When?

SINISTER GERMAN
Forever. Hehehehe.

SKETTER
Zoinks.

The German and the nazis have disappeared. The door clangs from the breeze. Grip stares at the ‘CASPER LEEK MISSING’ on the telegram.
EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A ‘LAN AIRLINES’ plane floats through the clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Grip and pals sit with their ‘INCA KOLA’ drinks. Sketter has the window seat next to Grip, who is dressed like an over the top jungle adventurer, A LA HIRAM BINGHAM.

SKETTER’S POV

The plane is flying over the Nazca Lines.

RESUME - INT. AIRPLANE

Sketter pokes his nose up from his ‘CHARIOTS OF THE GODS’ book, enthralled.

SKETTER

Holy Shnikey’s!

Grip has a Peru travel guide on his lap, covering his right hand. He reads from the article on the Nazca verbatim.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Ah, the Nazca Lines.

From the aisle seat, Fetus lowers his Peru travel guide and looks at a mysterious MAN in a hat seated up front. Grip continues to read.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Nobody knows exactly why, but scientists think--

SKETTER

Aliens! Oh Grip it’s aliens. It’s gotta be aliens. I’m not saying it’s aliens, Grip, because you told me there’s no such thing, but it’s just gotta be, you know.

SKETTER’S POV

The Nazca Lines form into the figure of an alien.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Fetus looks at the man with the hat, who turns around. It’s the sinister German.
SINISTER GERMAN
Hehehehe.

Fetus gulps and hides his face behind his travel guide.

POV FROM GROUND

A pair of ALIEN HANDS part some bushes to see the plane up above.

RESUME - INT. AIRPLANE

Grip glares down at Sketter.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Sketter, how many times do I have to tell you there’s no such thing as aliens.

SKETTER
(Sadly)
Gee whiz I know, Grip.

Sketter looks past Grip scolding him at a pair of GREEN HANDS holding a PERUVIAN travel guide. An ALIEN puts down the guide while pressing his finger to his alien lips—shhhhhhh.

Sketter closes his eyes and shakes his head in disbelief. He opens his eyes and the alien is gone. Sketter thinks for a second, then smiles.

SKETTER
Zoinkers, an jungle amazon adventure. This will be great.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Yes. Casper and his daughter, Lucy, run an eco-coffee dispensary in the wilds of the Amazon. I hear it’s fabulous.

Hesitantly, Fetus looks up from the travel guide. Now all the passengers are dressed like the German. He’s in every seat. Flustered, Fetus abruptly pulls the travel guide over his face.

SKETTER
Mister Leek lost in that great, big jungle. How will we ever find him?

GRIP PAYLOAD
Casper’s wandered off before. It’s his daughter Lucy that worries me.
She hasn’t responded to the wire I sent her saying that we were on our way.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

A small, rickety seaplane takes off from the river.

GRIP PAYLOAD (O.S.)
I hope this relic flies better than it sounds. Hang on, Sketter. Here goes.

A TOUCAN caws and takes off from a tree branch as they fly deeper into the amazon.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

Grip flies the plane, staring at his hand which amazingly disappears right in front of his eyes.

SKETTER
Bazonkers! I’d hate to fall down there, with all those funny-looking logs and stuff.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Logs Sketter?

The toucan lands on one of the ‘LOGS’. The CAIMAN turns and snaps it down in one big gulp.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

Sketter’s horrified.

SKETTER
Yikes!

GRIP PAYLOAD

SKETTER
Grip, you feeling okay?

GRIP PAYLOAD
I’m better than okay, Sketter. I’m feeling fucking unreal. Hahahahahahahahaha.
Sketter and Fetus look at GRIP, who is staring at both sides of his hand quizzically. His laughter tapers off uncomfortably.

EXT. ECO-DISPENSARY – DAY

The thirty-some-year-old punkrocker LUCY, composes her red dreadlocks and dashes out of a hut.

LUCY
Ricky? Oh Ricky!

Around the corner, RICKY RECUERDO, in his sombrero and with maneki-neko’s braided into his nose hairs, sits with his CRONY ALIEN FRIENDS, dressed like in Mexican garb, lounging around, taking a siesta and gawking at a white, fluffy CAT sitting and licking her crotch.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

Lucy walks into frame holding a men’s shirt.

LUCY
Ricky! There you are. Look. I think father got lost and took off all his clothes again.

RICKY RECUERDO
De nuevo?

She looks over at an aline crony, dressed in a Hernan Cortes shirt and stooped over, looking dead stoned, and thwacks him in the pills. A big splat of green alien blood explodes from his crotch.

LUCY
Cup check!

AZTEC CRONY
(Rubbing his balls)
Mierda!

LUCY
Yes again.

RICKY RECUERDO
Well, posiblemente Senor Leek shouldn’t got stoned and play strip tai chi on his nature walks after breakfast?
MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

LUCY
That bong is for medicinal use only. You know father’s irritable bowels.

RICKY RECUERDO
And the special mushrooms he eats for lunch?

LUCY
Totally for his depression. Totally.

RICKY RECUERDO
The ibogaine suppositories?

LUCY
Inner tension.

RICKY RECUERDO
Mierda.

One of Ricky’s alien cronies, wearing a Pedro de Alvarado shirt, bursts out laughing before being backhanded in the jewels. Green alien blood splat SFX.

LUCY
Cup check! For the love of Bon Jovi, are you going to help me find father or not?

RICKY RECUERDO
No puedo dear. I’ve come up with a great idea.

LUCY
Oh no. Ricky, dear, what stupid Twisted Sister thing did you dredge up in your Jesus Lizard addled brain?

Ricky Recuerdo looks over at a jungle bush rustling behind Lucy.

RICKY RECUERDO
We’ll appease the space gods by sacrificing Miss Whiskers on Mount Qharinchu and save our cat shit coffee business.
Ricky points over the jungle at a distant mountain with a gentle ashcloud pluming above it.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO
Are you proud of me?

LUCY
(Sarcastically)
Ecstatic.

As she gets animated and walks around, all the alien cronies guard their crotches as she nears them.

RICKY RECUERDO
Si?

LUCY
Double si. Si and si music factory. Just one thing, though.

RICKY RECUERDO
Anything for you, honey.

LUCY
You shoulda come up with it before we’d pissed away everything we own, including father’s retirement money, and left Bakersfield to move out to this hell hole in the amazon, so we could start up...

BOTH
...The greatest cat shit coffee business this world has ever seen.

RICKY RECUERDO
Bigger than Starbucks.

LUCY
Bigger than Starbucks.

RICKY RECUERDO
With that refreshing cat poop taste.

LUCY
Yes. That refreshing cat poop taste. And remember Vet Bob?
RICKY RECUERDO

Not Bob, hon. He calls himself Jim now.

LUCY

Fine, then not Bob, Bob, Jim, fuckstick Willie or whatever his AC/DC brain calls itself this week, he’s the asshole that sold us this worthless piece of furry shit.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO

Miss Whiskers coffee. Fifty bucks a cup.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

LUCY

Fifty bucks a cup. Except one problem there, hon. Rich people don’t pay fifty bucks a cup for coffee for plain ol’ cat shit. Rich people pay fifty buck a cup for coffee with cherries digested by a civet cat. Do you know what civet cat is, darling?

Ricky pauses, then shakes his head.

LUCY

A civet cat isn’t a cat. It’s like a ferret. Which means we just paid over twenty grand for a normal lesbian housecat from a veterinarian that runs his business out of a fricking winnebago! Oh, Tears for Fears!

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

Ricky looks at one of his drunk alien cronies, who has a Francisco Pizarro shirt on.

RICKY RECUERDO

Francisco, necesitamos una reunión de emergencia. Tenemos un problema de marketing. Don’t worry, Lucy. We’ll make big profits once we get, uh, uh.
FRANCISCO
Scalability.

RICKY RECUERDO
Yeah. Scalability.

LUCY
Scalability? Mi churro, how do we get scalability, when we’re throwing our fricking product into a fricking volcano?

RICKY RECUERDO
Fuckin’ mierda. Business is hard.

LUCY
And I’m surrounded by morons. Grip Payload’s a jungle expert. Maybe he could find father?

RICKY RECUERDO
I no know about that crazy gringo guy, Lucy. He no answer your telegram.

LUCY
(Crying)
Sweet Run DMC! Then, I’ll just have to go out for father all by myself.

One of the alien cronies stifles a laugh. Lucy looks over and raises her cup check hand. The alien crony covers his groin and takes a step back.

LUCY
What could I expect with a guy who braids his nose hairs? Father was right, I should’ve married that lead singer from Gwar. Thanks for nada! Cup check!

ALIEN CRONY
Ahhh.

The jungle bush continues rustling as Lucy storms away.

LUCY (O.C.)
Asshole!

RICKY RECUERDO
Oh Lucy. Lucy! Don’t quit me, baby. I got to follow my dreams.
Someday I gonna be the Mark Zuckerberg of cat shit coffee. Then, you be back.

Ricky sadly watches her leave into the jungle.

RICKY RECUERDO
Holy sheet. She no go a hundred yards before...

Ricky makes a throat slicing gesture.

RICKY RECUERDO
...Wa. Wa. Wa. Wah.

Ricky Recuerdo pulls out a telegram that reads ‘TO: LUCY LEEK’ AND ‘FROM: GRIP PAYLOAD’ and rips it up.

RICKY RECUERDO
Hahahahahahahah.

ALIEN CRONIES
Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO’S MANEKI-NEKO’S
Hahahahahahahahah. WHOOOOhoooooo.

RICKY RECUERDO
Amigos! Vamos al volcán Qharinchu.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Grip’s seaplane makes a water landing.

    NARRATOR (V.O.)
    Grip and pals, in search of their
    old friend Casper Leek, head to his
    remote coffee plantation in the
dangerous Amazon jungle.

    GRIP PAYLOAD
    There’s the mooring dock. We still
    have a long jungle hike ahead of
    us.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

Jungle sounds abound as Grip and pals start their trek. Grip
holds up a machete and starts chopping. Fetus is
outrageously overloaded with all of Grip’s jungle supplies.

    SKETTER
    Gee Grip, these jungle vines grow
    back just as fast as you cut them
down.

    GRIP PAYLOAD
    Stick close to me, Sketter, so we
    won’t get separated.

Fetus tugs on Sketter and points.

    SKETTER
    Grip! Lookie!

EXT. ECO-DISPENSARY - DAY

The site looks recently abandoned. A forboding sign with
skull and crossbones reads ‘PROHIBIDO EL PASO’ at the
entrance of Leek’s dispensary.

    SKETTER
    Can you read that, Grip?
GRIP PAYLOAD
Of course. I can read...Dutch.
Ah...it says...welcome to...welcome

to the Eco-Coffee Dispensary.
We’re here.

SKETTER
Where is everybody?

GRIP PAYLOAD
Something’s wrong?

SKETTER
I sure hope nothing happened to
Casper and Lucy.

Fetus is exhausted from carrying all the supplies.

WAR DRUM SFX. Fetus shivers in fright. Fetus spots the
jungle bush rustling and pokes Sketter.

SKETTER
Headhunters.

Grip looks down at his hand, which disappears, then reappears
holding a COLT .45.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Behind me, Sketter. Ol’ Betsy and
I know how to handle savages.

Grip trains his gun at the bush.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Show yourself. Step out into the
light of a Judeo-Christian God you
soul-fucking heathens.

A FRENCH MIME steps out with his hands up.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Oh God, it’s the French.

SKETTER
Zoinks.

The Mime looks down at Fetus.

MIME
Mon Dieu. Merde bebe?

GRIP PAYLOAD
Why are you here? What the--?
The Mime starts a game of charades, gesturing about Lucy walking off the dispensary and Ricky Recuerdo.

SKETTER
Oh I see. Two? Two people? One’s a girl. She’s walking. One word. Seeing? You see. No you saw. She sees. Gosh Grip, this is fun!

Grip punches the Mime in the stomach, doubling him over, coughing.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Bullshit! Use the gift of speech you snail eating hippy!

Grip starts slapping the Mime, then pulls out a bowie knife and cuts off the Mime’s right ear.

MIME
Ahhh! Arretez! Stop! Nique ta mere fer fucks sake!

Grip picks up the chopped ear and yells into it.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Why the fuckez-vous are you here?

MIME
Aye! All right. You win. I waz part of a mime troupe looke-ing for ze Miss Whiskers, La GatEEta lesbiana and her coffee-flavored sheet. I waz separated. But Monsieur Leek, he saved me and...

SKETTER
Mister Casper Leek? You know where he is?

MIME
Oui.

Grip yells into the Mime’s ear again, while pointing his gun at it. Grip’s hand disappears.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Now take us to Leek, or your right ear gets it.

MIME
They all take off, with Fetus lagging behind because of his cargo load.

GRIP PAYLOAD
C’mon, Fetus.

MIME
Être con comme un balai.

GRIP PAYLOAD
I heard that!

Grip kicks the Mime in the ass to get him moving.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

Grip and pals are listlessly slogging through the jungle. Grip hold’s the Mime’s ear. The Mime presses a bloody towel to the side of his head. Fetus’ voice over sounds very much like WERNER HERZOG.

FETUS (V.O.)
Eighth of January. We’re running out of supplies, especially salt and drinking water. We were losing all hope, when all of the sudden....

The Mime steps into a vine snare and is whisked up into the trees.

MIME
Putain!

In the tree canopy, CASPER LEEK, Lucy, and now the Mime are all hanging upside down. Casper waves foolishly at Grip and pals.

CASPER’S POV

Grip and pals are upside down.

CASPER
Hi!

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Grip and pals, Casper, Lucy, and the Mime are all on firm ground but sideways. Casper’s head is tilted.
SKETTER
Zoinks Mister Leek and Miss Lucy, are you okay?

CASPER
Not really.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Just a second.

With a crunch, Grip straightens Casper’s neck. We now have a correct POV.

CASPER
Whew. Thanks.

The drum sounds start up again.

LUCY
Oh Depeche Mode. We’d better get a move on.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Everybody follow me!

Casper puts on a Peruvian crochet beanie hat and starts playing a zampona as they all shrug and file in behind Grip.

GRIP PAYLOAD
C’mon Fetus. Get the lead out.

EXT. INCA BRIDGE - DAY

Fetus looks down at a rickety Inca bridge that spans a harrowing drop into a river below. A TOUCAN takes off from a tree and lands onto a CAIMAN ‘LOG’ and is swallowed whole, exactly the same as the previous scene.

Sketter sorts through Grip’s giant backpack on the ground as Lucy and Grip watch. The Mime looks down at Grip’s machete in its sheath.

MIME
Excusez-moi, mon oreille, s’il vous plaît.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Huh?

MIME
My ear, please.
Oh.

Grip hands him back his ear.

MIME

Merci.

Sketter is still rummaging through the equipment.

SKETTER

It’s not here. Zoinks!

LUCY

What kind of expert brings all this useless crap into the jungle but forgets to bring a compass? Cup check.

She smacks Grip right in the pills.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Uh!

Casper wanders in the background as Grip recovers.

CASPER

Hey man, anybody want some mushrooms? Anybody? Anybody at all?

Casper shrugs and walks offscreen.

GRIP PAYLOAD

(To Lucy)

The sky can be our compass.

Grip sees his hand disappear and hides it behind his back.

LUCY

Seriously?

GRIP PAYLOAD

As sure as the sun sets in the East.

LUCY

And now we’re lost in the jungle surrounded by headhunters. Nice job Circle Jerk. Cup check!

This time Grip blocks it.
Quit doing that!

Casper, obviously wasted, staggers into the background again, this time totally nude.

Casper
Whooooah. I’m free! Free!

Casper stops and stares at Fetus, who looks like the Gingerbread Man.

Casper
Whoooohhh!

NATIVE DRUMS SFX.

SKETTER
Zoinks!

LUCY
Nine Inch Nails, they’re closer!
Are you sure that bridge will hold us?

Grip Payload
Sure I’m sure...I think.

LUCY
If we fall to our deaths I’m gonna cup check you so hard--

SKETTER
Grip!

Sketter points over at Casper, naked and tripping balls as he climbs over the rickety bridge, chasing Fetus. Casper’s still hallucinating that Fetus is a delectable gingerbreadman.

Casper
Come here you little gingerbread bastard. I’m a-gonna catch ya’, then I’m a-gonna eat ya’.
Whhoooonaaah!

Fetus’ eyes grow wide as silver dollars. Grip, Lucy, and Sketter start climbing after them.

Lucy
Father! Stop! Be careful!
GRIP PAYLOAD
Casper! Quit trying to eat
Sketter’s unimaginary friend you
fucking weirdo!

Sketter looks down at the caimans thrashing about below.

SKETTER
(Gulping)
For the love of zoinks!

VINES SNAPPING SFX.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Oh shit.

MIME (O.C.)
Hey, Monsieur shithead!

GRIP’S POV
The Mime, brandishing Grip’s machete, prepares to cut their
vine bridge. Grip looks at his empty machete sheath.

MIME
Prepare to meetz votre doom!

Casper waves amicably at him.

SKETTER
Shnikey’s!

GRIP PAYLOAD
Frenchie’s gone rogue. Hang on!

The Mime cuts the vine, and Grip and pals swing just above
the thrashing caimans.

CASPER
Timber! Whooaaah!

SKETTER
(Eyes shut)
Are we crocodile food, yet?

LUCY
We’re...heading...up?

SKETTER
Something’s pulling us.

GRIP PAYLOAD
But who?
The gang are pulled up the bank, coming face to face with the MIME’S TWIN BROTHER.

GRIP PAYLOAD

What the?

MIME’S BROTHER

Bonjour. I see you’ve met my asshole twin brother, Marcel.

They look over at the other side of the bank. MARCEL THE ASSHOLE is flipping them off. Casper waves at him, happily.

MIME’S BROTHER

Va tu faire foutre, Marcel!

The Mime’s Brother points his finger at Marcel like a gun.

MIME’S BROTHER

Bang!

Marcel clutches his chest like he’s been shot.

MIME

Salaud! You got me.

The Mime falls of the cliff and is torn apart by the crocs.

MIME

Puuuutaaaiiin!

SPLASH SFX. The Mime’s Brother blows on his finger like he’s blowing smoke off the barrel of a revolver.

MIME’S BROTHER

Mon nom is Deja Vu Deja Vu.

Casper waves stupidly. The drums start up again.

MIME’S BROTHER

Vite. Vite. Follow me if you want to live. Live. But be careful. Dis jungle is full of surprisez...sesez.

Casper shrugs and plays the zampona as they start walking.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

The drums are even louder as they push through the thick vegetation. All of the sudden they push through to a clearing and discover the headhunter’s village.
FETUS (V.O.)
Eighth of January. We followed
Deja Vu Deja Vu for what seemed
like hours...and hours.

The two CHIEF ALIEN HEADHUNTERS drink tea in a decidedly
british manner. One of them turns off the ‘WARDRUMS ON
CASSETTE’ tape they were playing.

PIP
I’m Pip.

TINKLE
And I’m Tinkle.

BOTH
And we’re the Naughty Headhunters.

PIP
We’ve been expecting you.

SKETTER
Grip, what’s going on?

MIME’S BROTHER
Ho ho you miserable, dumbfuck
retards.

Casper waves happily as the rest of the group stare in
disbelief.

MIME’S BROTHER
I haz made you fooled again.
Again.

PIP
Excellent work, Mister Deja Vu.

TINKLE hands DEJA VU DEJA VU a wad of money.

LUCY
Deja Vu, how could you?

DEJA VU DEJA VU Pops off his ear and yells into it.

MIME’S BROTHER
Because, you asshole, I’m even more
of ze asshole than my asshole
brother Marcel. Ahahaha! Stupid
Americans!

They all pause in confusion as DEJA VU DEJA VU walks off.
The other alien headhunters mill around Fetus, poking him.
PIP
Never mind them.

TINKLE
They’re just admiring the shape of your skull.

Fetus’ eyes widen with fear.

PIP
See for yourself.

They look over at a tall HUACA. AT the top of it is Ricky Recuerdo’s face.

RICKY RECUERDO
Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO’S MANEKI-NEKO’S
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

They look over at a tall HUACA. AT the top of it is Ricky Recuerdo’s face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
After reuniting with their dear friends Casper and Lucy Leek, Grip and pals find themselves captured by a tribe of vicious headhunters in the middle of the Amazon jungle.

RICKY CONTINUES MANIACALLY LAUGHING.

RICKY RECUEORDO
Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUEORDO’S MANEKI-NEKO’S
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhoooo.

LUCY
Ricky.

Casper waves stupidly. Ricky Recuerdo steps down from the totem.

RICKY RECUEORDO
Buenos dias, cabrones.

Sketter starts crying.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Who the fuck are you?

RICKY RECUEORDO
Callate!

Ricky’s nosehair maneki-neko’s glow. Grip’s head is shrunk, causing his voice to be ridiculously high-pitched.

GRIP PAYLOAD
What the fuck?

Grip looks down.
EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE HILL - DAY

Grip and pals, looking ragged, along with alien headhunters and Ricky’s alien cronies, are straining to tighten giant pulleys which are winching up a colossal SHIP over a portage from one river to the next A LA ‘FITCARRALDO’. Grip’s head is still shrunken.

Ricky is slashing at them with a cat o’ nine tails. An alien crony pours water over the pulley to keep it from overheating.

SKETTER
Zoi...nks.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Sket...er...can’t take...much...more. Ah!

Ricky slices him with a crack of the whip.

RICKY RECUERDO
Silencio! Less talk and mas trabajo. Put your backs into it. Over this hill gets us to the river. The river which will take us to...

Ricky, who is cradling Miss WHiskers in one hand, takes off his sombrero reverentially and stares at the volcano over the horizon.

RICKY RECUERDO
...Mount Qharinchu. And at Mount Quarinchu, the alien space gods!

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

Ricky goes over to an old gramophone and delicately places the needle on the gramophone record. ENRICO CARUSO MUSIC PLAYS.

RICKY RECUERDO
¡Ándale! ¡Ándale! ¡Arriba! ¡Arriba! ¡Epa! ¡Epa! ¡Epa! Yeehaw!

The ship creaks and buckles under the strain. All the workers faces contort with effort.

MISS WHISKERS
Meeeeeooow!
Ricky looks down. Miss Whisker’s eyes are aglow with the image of the volcano erupting. Ricky looks up at the volcano violently spewing ash.

With violent screaming Grip and pals lose control of the pulleys and the winch snaps like a twig. The boat careens backwards off the tree-felled planks, crushing a group of Ricky’s alien cronies, before finally coming to rest in the thick mud.

RICKY RECUERDO
(A pause)
Mierda.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Grip and pals, Casper, Lucy and Ricky Recuerdo are all on a makeshift raft. Grip, with his shrunken head, is locked in chains. There is a LLAMA and a CANNON onboard. POPOL VOL’S ‘AGUIERRE’ SOUNDTRACK PERMEATES THE SCREEN.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Sketter, Fetus fucking help me!

Sketter walks up to Ricky and points over at Grip.

SKETTER
Excuse me, Senor, but we have sick people onboard. Maybe we should go back and--

RICKY RECUERDO
Silencio!

Recuerdo’s maneki-neko’s glow once more. Sketter’s body is normal but a LLAMA’S HEAD has replaced his own. From now on, his llama brays are subtitled.

SKETTER
(Crying)
I wanna go home!

Everybody looks confused.

LUCY
Holy Cypress Hill, Ricky, have you gone insane in the membrane? Half the crew is dying and the other half wishes they were already dead. We can’t go on like this.
RICKY RECUERDO
Oh Lucy. I don’t think so. A show of hands for those that want to go on.

Ricky pulls out a harquebus and starts aiming it at each crew member as he walks around.

LLAMA
Bwahhh.

RICKY RECUERDO
Tina votes si.

Ricky cocks the pistol and points the barrel at both Casper and Lucy.

RICKY RECUERDO
Any others?

After a pause Casper and Lucy meekly raise their hands.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Don’t do it. He’ll kill us all as soon as he’s done using us.

Recuerdo points the harquebus and stares at Fetus.

RICKY RECUERDO
Y otro?

Fetus reluctantly raises his hand.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Et tu, Fetus?

SKETTER
Nooooo!!!!

LLAMA AND SKETTER
Bwahhh!!!!

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw!

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

The raft slowly meanders downstream. Everyone looks haggard.
FETUS (V.O.)
Twelfth of January. Casper caught the munchies from his bowel medicine and gorged himself on all our food supplies. We are down to the last grains of corn.

Lucy stoops over Grip, who is chained up and looks like death warmed over.

LUCY
Are you alive?

GRIP PAYLOAD
...barely...

LUCY
Cup check!

GRIP PAYLOAD
Ughhh.

She walks over and passes by Sketter and Ricky. Sketter looks like a skeleton of himself. Ricky harshly slaps him on the back, then takes in a breath of fresh air.

RICKY RECUEERDO
Ahhh. Fortune smiles on the brave and shits on the coward.

SKETTER
Mister Recuerdo, why are we going to the volcano, again?

RICKY RECUEERDO
Hmmm. You know I no se...I can’t remember. Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUEERDO’S MANEKI-NEKO’S
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

Sketter gets up and passes by Casper and Lucy, who are seated talking to each other. Lucy pries away Casper’s bong he was smoking.

LUCY
Father! You can’t smoke your medicine. You need medicine with side effects and a prescription.

As she’s talking Recuerdo notices from afar Sketter talking to Grip. Recuerdo drops his drinking bottle.
RICKY RECUERDO

Mierda.

CASPER
But daughter, I have a hangnail. I must smoke my medicine.

Casper shows her his slightly torn hangnail. They both gawk in amazement as an iridescent BUTTERFLY crawls out of the hangnail and flutters in front of them.

Sketter is whispering next to Grip’s cage. Grip looks half-dead as the butterfly alights on Grip’s shoulder.

SKETTER
Hey Grip. Grip!

GRIP PAYLOAD
Uggghh...Sketter.

Sketter shows Grip a key and looks around, conspiratorially.

SKETTER
I’m getting you out of here on the count of three. You hear me?

Grip nods meekly.

SKETTER
One...you ready? Two...

Grip shakes his head. WHOOSH. Recuerdo cuts Sketter’s head off with his cutlass. The head rolls to a halt on the raft.

SKETTER’S HEAD
Fiddlesticks.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Sketter’s head is on a pike on the bow of the raft. Everyone looks practically dead.

RICKY RECUERDO
We must keep going. Mount Qharinchu must be around the next bend. I stake all your lives on it.

Fetus looks at a BUTTERFLY that’s landed on him. MOTORBOAT SFX.
LUCY
Oh my Jefferson Starship. It’s a boat!

A SMALL BOAT approaches from around the river bend. Everyone except Ricky springs to life with hope.

LUCY
We’re saved.

A SWIFTBOAT with MARTIN SHEEN, COLONEL KURTZ, and a bevy of ALIEN VIETCONG, approaches them like in ‘APOCALYPSE NOW’. They look at Sketter’s head on a pike.

SKETTER’S LLAMA HEAD
Help me.

COLONEL KURTZ
Wow.

SHEEN
Fuck that!

Colonel Kurtz and Sheen look at each other. Sheen’s cigarette falls from his agape mouth, then they take off. Recuerdo and Casper shrug at each other. An arrow hits Casper’s shoulder, but he doesn’t seem to notice the pain.

CASPER
Hey, would you look at that, Ricky. Ricky?

Recuerdo fires the cannon repeatedly into the jungle. When the fusillade is over, they all look at Recuerdo with an odd silence.

RICKY RECUERDO
Hahahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO’S NOSEHAIR SKULLS
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

RICKY RECUERDO
Play!

With blood spurting from his shoulder, Casper plays the zamponas as Recuerdo leans against him and strokes the fur of Miss Whiskers.

RICKY RECUERDO
I am the great traitor. There must be no other. If I, Ricky Recuerdo, want the birds to drop dead from the trees...
then the birds will drop dead from the trees. I am the wrath of God. And I shall never abandon you, mijageta lesbiana.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER – DAY

The craft lolls in the stagnant current. They gently pass a large boat perched way up in a tree. A bunch of small MONKEYS scurry about the barely floating raft.

FETUS (V.O.)
Sixteenth of January. We’ve run out of food and everyone has fever. Casper drank my ink thinking it was ayahuasca.

RICKY RECUERDO
And with that ship we’ll sail to the Atlantic!

THWACK!

LLAMA
Bwahh!!

An arrow pierces the LLAMA’S neck. Another arrow slams into Lucy’s chest. More arrows zing about them.

RICKY RECUERDO
Fire the cannon!

Casper lies down with an arrow stuck in his shoulder.

CASPER
That is no ship. No flood tide can reach that high. That is no forest.

An arrow sticks into his leg.

CASPER
That is no arrow. We just imagine the arrows because we fear them.

Another arrow pierces his skull.

RICKY RECUERDO
El Fetus-o. Fire the cannon! Aye!
An arrow strikes Recuerdo in the back. He picks up one of the small monkey’s scurrying about and starts talking to it as more arrows fly about all around them.

RICKY RECUERDO
When we reach the sea, we will build a bigger ship, and sail north to Portugal. Yes. And I, the Wrath of God, will marry mi gatEeta lesbiana-- Then all of history will be ours.

Ricky looks over at the volcano in the background. The rising plume has the shape of Miss Whisker’s face.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO
--and with her we will fly up to the mother ship of the space gods and found the purest dynasty this world has ever seen. Together, we shall rule this entire continent. We shall endure. I am the Wrath of God! Who else is with me?

JACKOFF MONKEY
Bwahhhahhh!

The Monkey jacks off in his face just before a slaying arrow pieces Recuerdo’s chest. Recuerdo’s nosehair skulls plop to the ground.

RICKY RECUERDO
Ahhh!

He drops with a thud and then silence.

MISS WHISKERS

A pause as Fetus gets out from under the cannon. He picks up the meowing Miss Whiskers and pets her as he looks around at all the dead bodies: Casper, Lucy, Grip, Recuerdo. Sketter’s llama head is still on the pike.

Fetus notices an obscured figure of a WOMAN, seated in a chair, with her back turned to him. He barely touches the chair and it slowly whirls around, A LA NORMAN’S MOTHER BEING DISCOVERED IN ‘PSYCHO’.
It’s the sinister German in the chair dressed as the ICE MAIDEN. Fetus’ face is a mask of fear. Miss Whiskers hisses violently. A light bathes them from overhead.

MISS WHISKERS
Raaaaarrruh!

Fetus stares in amazement as Miss Whiskers is tractor beamed up into a large ALIEN MOTHER SHIP. He looks down as the German’s face melts right before Fetus’ shocked gaze.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The bookstore is empty and dimly lit and Fetus abruptly wakes up. He looks down at Grip’s adventure logbook, opened to the ‘RICKY RECUERDO, WRATH OF GOD’ page and sighs.

THE SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING STARTLES FETUS. GRIP POKES HIS SHRUNKEN HEAD IN.

GRIP PAYLOAD
C’mon Fetus. Let’s go.

Grip holds Sketter’s llama head.

SKETTER
Yeah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so ends another exciting episode of...Grip Payload.

FIN