

THE BULGARIAN ROCKET RIOT

Written by

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TITLE SEQUENCE:

Opening close ups of GRIP PAYLOAD, SKETTER, and FETUS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip Payload and his pals Sketter
and Fetus in another exciting
adventure...

OPENING SHOT OF A OLD-STYLE ROCKET.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
--The Bulgarian Rocket Riot!

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

GRIP'S 1929 BELLANCA C-27 AIRBUS LOLLS BLISSFULLY IN THE SKY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip and pals, having returned from
their last adventure, start off for
a little relaxation and plan to
write another chapter in Grip's
adventure logbook.

INT. COCKPIT

Grip steers the craft with Sketter and Fetus as passengers.
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
Nice day for flying, hey Sketter?

SKETTER
Perfect Grip.

Foetus looks intently out of the plane.

SKETTER
I think Fetus is anxious to get
there.

GRIP
It won't take too long by air.
This is sure pretty country, but
I'd hate to get stuck here. Desert
for miles.

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

FOREBODING SFX as weirdly-stylized, ominous stormclouds envelope the sky. Fiery hail lacerates the air, pelting the aircraft.

INT. COCKPIT

They are all bemused with fear.

SKETTER

Gosh Grip, what's happening?

GRIP

Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this. We'd better look for a spot to land.

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

They are bombarded by fiery hail. The ground is covered by large boulders.

SKETTER (O.C.)

Golly Grip, nothing but rocks no matter where you look.

INT. COCKPIT

Grip scans his controls with grave concern.

GRIP

Rocks or not, we can't stay up here. Make sure your safety belts are tight.

SKETTER AND FOETUS TIGHTEN THEIR SEATBELTS.

EXT. DESERT SKIES - DAY

The plane's engine whirs as it steeply descends.

INT. COCKPIT

Sketter and Fetus gulp as the plane swiftly comes to ground.

GRIP

We've missed a few dandy's so far, Sketter. Hold on!

Grip and pals are jolted violently as they touch down.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The plane skids along the ground.

INT. COCKPIT

Sketter's eyes grow wide.

SKETTER

That rock! Sticking up outta the sand! We're gonna hit it!

GRIP

Can't help it, Sketter. Hold on! I'm going to ground loop her.

Grip pulls back on the steering wheel.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The plane's landing gear smashes into the big rock, sending the craft careening along the desert, finally crashing to a stop.

INT. COCKPIT

The hail scorches the ground around them.

GRIP

Everybody okay?

SKETTER

I think I'm all in one piece.

Fetus gives an 'OKAY' gesture.

SKETTER

Fetus says he's fine.

GRIP

That was a pretty sudden stop. Glad everyone's all right.

SKETTER

We're in the middle of the zoinkin' desert. What'll we do?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A small motor whines as a lone FIGURE in a covered golf cart drives towards them, parking next to the plane.

INT. COCKPIT

The figure pulls off his riding goggles and stares into the cockpit window, looking like SCHLITZIE from the movie 'FREAKS'.

ZITZ
Blululululululululublulublu.

Grip and pals stare at each other in surprise.

EXT. DESERT GUTSHAUS - DAY

The hailstorm has died down. A rather large gutshaus is nestled between the desert hills. A huge tree in back of the gutshaus obscures a metallic shape.

A LA 'EVEN DWARVES STARTED SMALL' an empty vintage van goes in circles in the front driveway. A small band of DWARVES throw rocks, molotov cocktails and other debris balefully at the institution.

INT. DESERT GUTSHAUS

Grip and pals are each drinking glasses of water in a study filled with books. The wild-haired, bespectacled PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN and his assistant, Zitz, greet them.

A GERMAN DWARF in the corner laughs continuously at Fetus A LA 'EVEN DWARVES STARTED SMALL'. There are intermittent sounds of the dwarves throwing things from outside.

DWARF
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
I am Professor Hochschnellen. I
have read your adventure logbook,
Grip Payload.

Fetus stares at the dwarf laughing at him.

SKETTER
Zoinks. Thanks for the water,
professor.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
 Bitte Sketter. Und if you all need
 to freshen up die bathroom ist over
 der.

Hochschnellen points to a set of double doors.

GRIP
 We can't thank you enough for
 saving us, professor.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
 Oh ja, don't thank me, thanks Zitz.

SKETTER
 Zitz?

ZITZ
 Blululululululululublulublu.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
 Oh ja. Zitz says you're welcome.
 You should use our toilets. They
 are wunderbar.

GRIP
 Yeah, I've never seen a freak
 hailstorm like that in all my years
 of flying. That was incredible.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
 Oh ja. By both my painstaking
 research and watching TMZ I have
 comes to die conclusion that
 Bulgaria ist attacking zie earth
 from it's secret moon base.

SKETTER
 Moon base?

A molotov cocktail crashes through the window.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
 Zitz!

ZITZ
 Blululululululululublulublu.

Zitz picks up the molotov cocktail and hands it to
 Hochschnellen. Hochschnellen goes to the window and starts
 yelling.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
Sie für diese Sie kleinen Arsch
Ficker bezahlen werde!

He throws the molotov cocktail.

EXT. DESERT GUTSHAUS - DAY

The molotov cocktail explodes, engulfing one of the dwarves
in flame.

DWARF
Ahhhhh!

INT. DESERT GUTSHAUS

The staccato, high-pitched screams of the dwarves are heard
inside as well as the thud of thrown rocks against the house.

SKETTER
Zoinks, Professor, why would
Bulgaria want to destroy the earth?
Wouldn't they be destroying
themselves?

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
Auch. Silly boy. Bulgaria cannot
be destroyed.

Hochschnellen pulls out a pocketwatch on a chain from his
labcoat and starts swinging it in front of Grip and pals.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
We come in peace. We come in
peace. We come in peace.

Grip and pals exchange a furtive glance at each other,
confused.

GRIP
I'm sure our government will stop
them, professor.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
Auch. The Bulgarian moonbase is
too strong. We are powerless I'm
afraid.

ZITZ
Blulululululululululublulublu.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN

Auch.

A pause.

SKETTER

What does Zitz say?

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN

He says the toilets smells zo gut.
He just cleant dem.

GRIP

You really want me to take a shit?

Hochschnellen and Zitz nod in agreement as the dwarf continues laughing in the corner.

INT. 'BATHROOM'

Grip and pals, are seated in the toilets of what looks like a very sophisticated bathroom, complete with consoles, buttons and dials everywhere. Grip has his pants around his ankles, trying to squeeze one out.

GRIP

(Straining)

These damn public restrooms are getting more sophisticated all the time.

DWARF (O.C.)

Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.

The seats automatically buckle and a gas hisses in from an airvent.

SKETTER

Hey?

GRIP

How do you flush this thing?

Sketter grabs a remote control.

SKETTER

Maybe you have to use this?

Sketter presses it and a picture of the moon comes up on the tv screen. Sketter tries to change the tv station to no effect.

SKETTER

Aw shucks. It looks like we only
got public access.

He smacks the remote on the side of the chair.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN (O.C.)

Zitz! Fire!

DOOR OPEN SFX. GOLF CART MOTOR SFX. We can see Zitz
motoring by in his golf cart through the window. The dwarves
outside throw rocks at him as he drives by.

EXT. DESERT GUTSHAUS - DAY

Zitz lights a fuse--like one for a big bottle rocket--then
hops into the golf cart and speeds away, plugging his ears.

INT. 'BATHROOM'

Grip and pals are almost completely asleep.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN (O.C.)

Funf. Vier. Drei. Zwei. Eins.
Abheben!

SKETTER

(Yawning)
Zoinks, Grip
I'm...getting...sleepy.

GRIP

What? Hey Sketter...where's the
toilet...paper?

Grip and pals are fast asleep. EXPLOSION SFX.

EXT. DESERT GUTSHAUS - DAY

The rocket behind the large tree blasts off.

INT. DESERT GUTSHAUS

Hochschnellen is ecstatic.

DWARF

Ahahahahahahaha. Ahahahahahahaha.
Ahahahahahahaha. Ahahahahahahaha.

PROFESSOR HOCHSCHNELLEN
Zuper! Und by the time dat drug
wears off, they vill be on die
moon!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

The rocket flies off beyond earth's atmosphere, which is very stylized A LA 'FLASH GORDON'.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When we last left Grip and pals,
they were captured by the
mysterious Professor Hochschnellen
and sent up in a rocket to the
unconquerably awesome Bulgarian
moon base

INT. ROCKET

Grip and pals are fast asleep. Grip's pants are around his ankles like he's on the toilet.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The rocket goes through a stylized outerspace, heading towards the moon, which itself will look like Melies 'LE VOYAGE DANS LA LUN'. The MOON'S FACE will show surprise as the rocket smacks into it's right eye.

MOON

Owww!

EXT. MOON

Establishing shot of a citadel with Bulgarian architecture. See ST. GEORGE THE CONQUEROR CHAPEL MAUSOLEUM and ALEXANDER NEVSKY CATHEDRAL.

COURTIER (V.O.)

The prisoners have arrived your
highness.

MIKE THE MERCILESS (V.O.)

Send them in.

INT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

The ROYAL COURT is resplendent in all things Bulgarian, complete with flags and roses.

Grip and pals walk in flanked by guards. Grip still has his pants around his ankles. Emperor Mike's twenty-some year old daughter, AGRIPINA, laughs coyly as Grip shuffles along. Sketter is overawed by the grandeur. A SENSOR DROID hovers.

SKETTER

Holy Bulgarian moly!

SENSOR DROID

All hail Mike the Merciless!

With the playing of bagpipes and throwing of rose petals, MIKE THE MERCILESS steps to his throne. Mike the MERCILESS is dressed as FERDINAND I of BULGARIA and eats from his cup of yogurt.

CROWD

Hail Mike! Hail Mike! Hail Mike!
Hail Mike! Hail Mike! Hail Mike!

Mike gestures and the royal crowd hushes silent, except for his ADVISOR, who is playing on his smartphone. Mike nods to Grip and pals.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

What is this?

SKETTER

Um...uh...uh.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Well?

SKETTER

Um, does anybody know how we can get back home?

The crowd laughs nervously.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Silence!

The crowd abruptly shuts up except for the advisor, still laughing and playing Farmville. Mike snatches the cell phone.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

What is this?

The advisor nods his head in Bulgarian dissent.

ADVISOR

No! No!

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Go tend to your virtual farm in
hell you fucking putz!

Mike takes out his ceremonial sword and cuts the advisor's head off. With hands still playing Farmville, the body slumps down and melts A LA 'FLASH GORDON'. Grip looks like he's about to faint. Fetus is horrified.

GRIP

Oh shit! Oh shit!

SKETTER

Holy smokes, we're gonna die, Grip.

Sketter looks down. He's pissed his pants.

SKETTER

Holy smokes!

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Grip Payload of The Adventure
Logbook?

GRIP

Uh, yes?

Agripina looks through some opera glasses and leers at him. A CUSTODIAN slowly wheels his cleaning cart and starts cleaning up the puddle of the deceased advisor.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Interesting. Why are you here?

GRIP

Uh, uh...

Fetus nudges Grip and he comes to like a hypnotized automaton.

GRIP

We come in peace.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

You come in what?

GRIP

We come in peace.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 Come in piss? Guards! Lock them
 in a cage and cut off their balls.
 Then light them on fire for the
 amusement of the royal court!
 Haha! I can be funny too, Grip
 Payload!

Mike flips Grip and pals off.

SKETTER
 Holy roasted chestnuts!

ROYAL COURTIER
 (Whispering)
 I believe he said he comes in
 peace, sire.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 Oh. Well, in that case just work
 them in the spice mines until they
 die of exhaustion. Begone!

The crowd loosens up and bagpipes are played as Grip and pals
 are being led out. Agripina sidles up to Mike.

AGRIPINA
 But father I want him.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 Not again?

AGRIPINA
 Please father.

Mike pauses in conflicted thought.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 Halt! Release the fair-haired,
 tall one to have sex with my
 daughter.

AGRIPINA
 Father!

GRIP
 What? Yeah!

She whispers to Mike. Meanwhile, Grip fist bumps. He looks
 at the fetching Agripina and takes in some breath spray as
 Sketter and Fetus are being led out.

GRIP
 Don't worry, guys, I'll do what I
 can.

Mike scowls and nods at Agripina.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 (Whispering)
 My God, Agripina, you're more
 depraved than I thought.

He addresses the crowd.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
 Wait! On second thought, release
 the turd!

GRIP
 What?

THE GUARDS release Fetus and grab Grip. Fetus is like 'WTF
 DID HE CALL ME A TURD FOR?' The crowd cheers Mike as he
 soaks in the approbation.

CROWD
 Hail Mike! Hail Mike! Hail Mike!
 Hail Mike! Hail Mike! Hail Mike!

The custodian dumps the head of the advisor in a garbage can.

GRIP
 Wait! This is bullshit. This must
 be a mistake? It's a mistake.
 Noooo!

EXT. SPICE MINES - DAY

Grip and Sketter are in an ugly open air pit full of noxious
 gases, shoveling spice into grimy tubs. They are manacled
 together and the fumes will make them cough. GUARDS
 intermittently walk around, watching the PRISONERS.

GRIP
 This is bullshit.

SKETTER
 Is there anything else on that
 record?

GRIP
 You know, I should be the one with
 Princess Agripina right now.

SKETTER
What about mom?

GRIP
Yeah, will she ever be pissed when she hears I took you to a Bulgarian concentration camp on the moon.

Grip starts coughing.

GRIP
Smells like another divorce.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
Tell me about it.

They look over at the prisoner, BARON VON FAUNTLEROY, standing next to them. He is dressed in a green peter pan leotard with curly cue elf slippers and wears wrap around blue sunglasses like BONO. He communicates through telepathy.

SKETTER
Zoinks.

GRIP
Who are you?

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
Shhh. A guard.

A guard walks by them as they work.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
I am Baron Von Fauntleroy.

SKETTER
Hello Mister Fauntleroy. Wow. You don't move your lips when you talk. That's neat.

GRIP
I'm Grip Payload and this is Sketter.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
(Coughing)
I know. I read your log book.
Shhhhh.

Another BULGARIAN guard passes by them.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 Emperor Mike just ordered earth's
 annihilation within a few hours.
 We've got to get out of here.

GRIP
 But how?

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 Luckily, I have the force.

SKETTER
 Wow. Really?

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 No. But I do have another special
 talent.

Baron winces as he shoves his hand up his ass.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 Ughh. Oh. Ughhhh.

Grip covers Sketter's eyes.

GRIP
 Uh, Baron. Baron!

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 Ughhh.

POP SFX.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 I keistered a key.

Baron holds up a shitstained key.

GRIP
 Nice work, Fauntleroy.

Baron unlocks their chains.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (V.O.)
 Let's go!

INT. AGRIPINA'S BEDROOM

Agripina and Fetus are in a bed covered with roses. The earth
 can be seen through the skylight. They pass a joint as
 Agripina talks.

AGRIPINA

My God, that was amazing. You were an animal. But tender, not tough.

She kisses his shoulder.

AGRIPINA

Do you know what I like most about you? Well, other than...you know.

Fetus tilts his head.

AGRIPINA

You listen. I've never met a guy who listens like you. Well, there was one guy. But we drifted apart. That and I kinda slept with his best friend, and his stepdad, and his pastor, and his orthodontist.

Fetus looks horrified as Agripina jogs her memory.

AGRIPINA

Geez, I think I accidentally slept with his workout buddy, and our sexual counselor, and...

She sees Fetus staring blankly at her.

AGRIPINA

But I'd never do that to you my little stud muffin.

They both stare at the earth.

AGRIPINA

You miss your little earth don't you?

Fetus nods, wistfully. Agripina touches his cheek.

AGRIPINA

You'll never be lonely again. Here. Close your eyes.

A puzzled look from FETUS.

AGRIPINA

Relax. I want to look into your mind.

Agripina closes her eyes and concentrates. MYSTERIOUS MUSIC SFX.

INT. FOETUS' MIND

We are immediately transported into one of the weird trip sequences in the psychedelic movie 'ALTERED STATES', with FETUS taking the place of the WILLIAM HURT character.

Cacophonous fireworks explode around Fetus' head intercut with a MONITOR LIZARD slithering down a wall.

Intercut with Fetus and Agripina, dressed in white finery, sitting at a sun table outside on a brilliantine day with a backdrop of primordially big sunflowers.

Fetus will take an ancient ritual knife and slaughter a SEVEN-EYED GOAT.

SHAMAN dance around a SACRED STATUE.

Intercut with Fetus and Agripina at the table, feeding each other Bulgarian Yogurt from a glass and spoon.

The Sacred Statue catches on fire. Intercut with cells and nebulae exploding. A BOA is coiled on a cave wall.

Fetus, in his white finery, suddenly has a boa constricting his head. Fetus looks down at his hand. An explosion erupts from it.

Fetus and Agripina, now in red finery, calmly walk towards a mushroom cloud explosion.

Fetus looks at his hand. A SMALL LIZARD is slithering from it.

Fetus looks down from his hand. A LARGE MONITOR LIZARD is in front of him. Sand and dust blow all around. The pace of the visions ebbs.

A naked Agripina is in a pose like a lizard staring at him. They are slowly consumed and covered by the duststorm until, finally, all that remains is the sacred rock.

INT. AGRIPINA'S BEDROOM

Agripina is visibly animated.

AGRIPINA

Well, that settles it. We're getting married!

Fetus' eyes get as wide as silver dollars.

EXT. MOON

Close up of the ground.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (O.C.)
Ughhh. Hup. Hup. Ughhhhhh.

A shitstained rearview mirror clangs onto the ground. Baron is crouched with his pants down, the rearview mirror underneath him.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Whew. That was the rearview mirror.
Anyways, after Agripina left me the
last time, Mike took away my
Baronship and put me to work in the
spice mines.

Grip is turning wrenches underneath a patchwork Trabant. Sketter is standing next to him. The earth can be seen in the background sky.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY (O.C.)
Uggghhhh!

GRIP
Don't worry Baron. Just a few more
pieces of the undercarriage to go.

SKETTER
Do you know what you're doing?

GRIP
What do you mean? Of course I do.

Grip's hand slips and he smacks it on the undercarriage.

GRIP
Ow!

SKETTER
I wish Fetus was here.

Grip gives Sketter a cold stare.

GRIP
Thirteen millimeter.

Sketter hands Grip a wrench. Sketter stares at the earth.

SKETTER
How are we going to save the earth,
Grip?

GRIP

Let's just get this thing running
first, shall we?

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY

Oof! I think the left tie rod
end's coming next. Ow! It's
fuckin' huge! God, I knew I should
have keistered that Yugo. Ooh
myyyyy God!

KUBRICK (O.C.)

Cut!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOON

STANLEY KUBRICK, in his director's chair perched in a movie set on the moon. The camera is pointed squarely at Baron squatting to take a keister dump.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Having escaped from the unescapable spice mines, will Grip and pals be able to save the earth from being blown up by the Bulgarian secret moonbase?

KUBRICK

Cut! Cut! Cut! Why the fuck are you taking a shit in the middle of my set?

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY

Uh.

Away from the set, Grip is still tinkering on the Trabant. Sketter looks up, then tugs on Grip's pantsleg.

SKETTER

Grip. Grip!

GRIP

Not now, Sketter.

Back at the set.

KUBRICK

Well then move to the left.

Baron slowly crouches in a crab walk, the left tie rod end barely stick out down below.

KUBRICK

Your other left!

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY

OOP. Sorry.

Baron crab walks off, revealing APOLLO 11 in the background. Kubrick turns to his CAMERAMAN.

KUBRICK

Now Harry, when Neil gets out of the lander, I want you to angle for a close up of him crossing the flag. Got it?

HARRY

Got it.

PLOP SFX. A lone, brown, steaming TURD falls from above, quickly followed by a fusillade more.

KUBRICK

What the? Ah Fuck!

Kubrick throws down his headphones in disgust. Back at the Trabant, Sketter is more adamant.

SKETTER

Grip! Why is there a naked man in the sky with an Andean Condor on his huhu?

Grip, covered in grease, comes out from under the car.

GRIP

What?

Sketter points up. Sure enough, a LARGE, BEARDED NAKED MAN is flying around with a CONDOR on his crotch. THE BIRD MAN lands next to Grip, followed by other NAKED BIRD MEN with different birds on their crotches.

There is a melange of bird noises until they quickly calm down, except for one OLD BIRD MAN'S DUCK getting in the last quack.

BIRD MEN

Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop.
Whoop.

DUCK BIRD MAN

Quack. Quack.

GRIP

What the hell?

TURDUS MAXIMUS

Greetings. We are the men who have birds on our dicks, Grip Payload. We come in peace.

Baron gingerly walks bow-legged into the frame, carrying the left tie rod end.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Well, that was a tough one.

He sees TURDUS MAXIMUS.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Turdus Maximus!

TURDUS MAXIMUS gives BARON the Vulcan hand signal, then turns it around to flip Baron off.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Live long, but fuck off, Baron. I haven't forgotten your mooning me on the ice caves of Friggadoccia.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Why are you here, Turdus?

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Grip Payload. We've all read his adventure logbook. We're here to help.

SKETTER
(Whispering to Grip)
Boy, your logbook really gets around.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
We figure he could use all the help he could get, with friends like you. Hah!

Baron pulls out his swashbuckling sword. Turdus wields his warclub with a fierce cry.

BIRD MEN
Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop.
Whoop.

A BIRD MAN POINTS TO THE SKY.

BIRD MAN
Oh bushtit! A Bulgarian Warship!

The BULGARIAN WARSHIP converges on them.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

On the bridge, THE CAPTAIN settles in his commander chair.

CAPTAIN
You may fire when ready, Gridley.

GRIDLEY
(To his gunner)
Open fire!

GUNNER
Opening fire!

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

The warship shoots a laser beam which hits and disintegrates the birdman pointing at them.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Dodoballs! Fly away! Fly away!

It's a mad scramble of bird noises as the birdmen flee.

BIRD MEN
Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop.
Whoop.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

The captain barks his orders and smacks Gridley in the back of the head.

CAPTAIN
No, The Emperor wants to capture a prisoner alive, you moron.

Gridley smacks THE GUNNER in the back of his head.

GRIDLEY
Set for stun, you moron.

GUNNER
Setting for stun.

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

A different glowing beam is fired from the ship.

The beam hits Grip, who is frozen. Turdus grabs Sketter and flies away with his fellow bird fuckers.

SKETTER
Griiiiiiiip!

TURDUS MAXIMUS
You'll get yours, Baron.

DUCK BIRD MAN
Quack. Quack.

Baron stares at Grip frozen for a second, then takes off running.

INT. BULGARAN MOON BASE - HALLWAY

Agripina and Fetus are holding hands as they walk with Mike.

AGRIPINA
Oh, and Fetus and I want a Bulgarian yogurt wedding cake. And father, make sure all the guests are facing earth when we take our vows.

Fetus sees a door which reads 'NUCLEAR FORCEFIELD. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY'.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
Of course dear. Why else would I go through all the trouble of blowing it up for your wedding? Don't be nervous.

AGRIPINA
Yes, father. I just want it to be special. I only get seven or eight weddings this whole year.

A MILITARY GENERAL quickly strides in.

BULGARIAN GENERAL
My Lord, warship Ajax has captured the earthling Grip Payload.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
Good. We'll execute him at the reception.

BULGARIAN GENERAL
There are also reports of a large contingent of Men With Birdicks in the Stara Planina sector.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
Activate the forcefield. We will take no chances this time.

EXT. MOON JUNGLE

Turdus, Sketter and the birdfuckers are standing in a arboreal jungle.

BIRD MAN

What are we going to do now,
Turdus?

TURDUS MAXIMUS

I don't know, but anything's better
than fighting a Bulgarian Space
Cruiser.

CROTCH TURKEY (O.C.)

Gobble. Gobble. Gobble.

Baron flies in with a TURKEY on his crotch.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY

Turdus! Is that your idea of
bravery? Turning tail feather at
the first sign of trouble?

Turdus pulls out his warclub.

TURDUS MAXIMUS

I'll show you Bravery, Baron. Hah!

SKETTER

Stop! Stop! Don't you guys get
it? I realize I'm just a little
boy from earth in a crazy, mixed up
galaxy.

Sketter points to the earth.

SKETTER

But that's the only home I got, and
if we can't stop fighting
ourselves, well, there won't be a
home planet to go back to.

PIGEON MAN

The ginger earthling is right. And
we'll never defeat The Bulgarian
Empire if we're always at each
other's throats.

SPARROW MAN

Pigeon Dicked Man is right. After all these years fighting amongst ourselves, Mike the Merciless is more powerful than ever. We must learn to...

SKETTER

...Work together.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY

Work together.

Baron looks cautiously at Turdus.

TURDUS MAXIMUS

(Pausing)

Together.

INT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

CRAPPY BAGPIPE WEDDING MUSIC. Agripina is walking down the aisle with Mike. Fetus is standing next to THE PRIEST. The German Dwarf is in the wedding party, laughing.

DWARF

Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.

Emperor Mike leads Agripina to her place, then stands next to the wedding party. He nods at the dwarf.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

(Whispering)

Who the hell invited that guy?

ADVISOR

(Whispering)

I did sir. He's my cousin.

Mike stares at his NEW ADVISOR in astonishment.

EXT. MOON SKY

Legions of BIRDDICKED MEN, along with Turdus, Sketter, and Baron, hover. Turdus peers at the Bulgarian Warship through binoculars. The first buildup of the theme of 'FLASH GORDON' are heard as the warship comes out from the clouds.

TURDUS MAXIMUS

Men with pigeons and waterfowl on their dicks. Dive!

With mighty war cries the birddicks attack.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP - THE BRIDGE

Gridley looks up from his scanner.

GRIDLEY

Sir, a bunch of guys with birds on
their dicks at ten o'clock.

CAPTAIN

Fire!

GUNNER

Firing!

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

Laserfire knocks down attacking birddicks.

EXT. MOON SKY

The squadrons of birddicks await their orders.

TURDUS MAXIMUS

Men with owls and birds of prey on
their dicks. Dive!

And dive they do, including a WINGED JACKOFF MONKEY fucking a
falcon.

JACKOFF MONKEY

Whooohooooohooooohoo.

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

This time it's a more even exchange of fire between Birddicks
and Bulgarians. Jackoff Monkey is one of the few Birddicks
that manages to board the ship.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

Alarms go off as Bulgarians with laser rifles rush to repel
the boarders. A door opens and the BULGARIAN JANITOR from
previously comes in with his cleaning cart. He starts
nonchalantly cleaning up the remains of the dead bodies.

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

A DUCKDICK is hit and falls off into oblivion.

DUCK BIRD MAN
Quack. Quack.

EXT. MOON SKY

Turdus raising his warclub.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Oh well, who wants to live forever?
Men with condors on their
dicks...Dive!

The rest of the Birddicks, with Sketter atop of Baron's shoulders, weigh into the fray. It is an epic battle of crappy special effects powered by a ROCK N ROLL SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP

The Birddicks are decidedly getting the upper hand. Bulgarians are shot and fall off into oblivion.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP - THE BRIDGE

The Captain is apoplectic.

CAPTAIN
Full velocity! All drives!

EXPLOSION SFX. Jackoff Monkey shoots the captain through the captain's chair with a bazooka. Baron takes a grenade and throws it upstairs, blowing up more Bulgarians. Turdus wields his warclub at Gridley, who cowers, then jumps out the bridge window into oblivion.

GRIDLEY
Ahhhhh!

Sketter, Baron, and look at Grip, who is still frozen.

INT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

The Priest recites the vows.

PRIEST

And do you, Fetus Bartholomou
Esquire the Third take Agripina
Merciless to be your devoted wife?

Fetus looks up at the rocket ship careening towards them with
laser blasts all around. Fetus take off running.

CROWD

Oh!

PRIEST

And he's gone.

AGRIPINA

What? Oh no, not again! Father!

Mike comes up and comforts her.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Yes, I know. There. There. It's
okay. He was just a turd.

AGRIPINA

But I really loved him this time!

MIKE THE MERCILESS

It's okay, baby.

Emperor Mike addresses the crowd.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

I haven't spent over thirty-
thousand levs on this shit for
nothing. Anybody here want to
marry my daughter?

The german dwarf holds up his hand.

DWARF

Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.

MIKE THE MERCILESS

Not you!

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP - THE BRIDGE

Turdus looks at Grip, who is still frozen.

TURDUS MAXIMUS

Forgive me.

Turdus kicks Grip in the balls, which wakes him up from his catatonic state.

GRIP
(Coughing)
Somebody kicked me in the balls.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Yeah it was some Bulgarian. But
don't you worry, I got the bastard.

GRIP
Thanks.

Grip mans the bridge controls. WEDDING MUSIC from the ceremony plays on the communicator. Turdus looks at the digital readout until the destruction of the earth.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Sweet sparrow shit, how can we get
inside that force field?

Grip straps himself in and presses the accelerator.

GRIP
Leave that to me, Turdus. I've got
a wedding to crash.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
But, that's suicide?

GRIP
No, it's rational. One life for
billions.

TURDUS MAXIMUS
Are you sure this will take out
that force field?

GRIP
No, but we've got to try.

Turdus gets up, staring at Grip in disbelief.

GRIP
If earth survives, find my ex-wife
and tell her I love her but the
alimony fucking stops!

TURDUS MAXIMUS
You're a great man, Grip Payload.
They're going to write crappy
stories about you, someday.

GRIP
They already have. Now, get out of
here you old birdfucker, you.

Turdus leaves the bridge.

TURDUS' CONDOR
Caw! Caw!

EXT. MOON SKY

The damaged Bulgarian warcraft tries to dodge laser fire from the Royal Bulgarian City. Buildup of 'FLASH GORDON MUSIC'.

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP - BRIDGE

Grip mans the smoking controls as he looks grits his teeth and looks at the forcefield and laserfire. He peeks down at the countdown until earth is destroyed. It's less than a minute.

INT. BULGARAN MOON BASE - HALLWAY

Fetus frantically runs back to the door which reads 'NUCLEAR FORCEFIELD. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY'.

INT. NUCLEAR FORCE FIELD ROOM

A LAB TECHNICIAN sits drowsily in his chair. CELL PHONE ALARM SFX.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Oh, must be time to plant my
virtual asparagus.

The lab technician becomes rapt in the joy that is Farmville. The door carefully opens and Fetus slinks in. Foetus glances over at the oblivious technician, then presses the large 'DE-ACTIVATE NUCLEAR FORCEFIELD' button.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Hah. I planted some virtual beans.
That is so cool.

Fetus freezes, then tiptoes out of the room.

INT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

The forcefield goes down. The Bulgarian Warship grows nearer.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
What the fuck?

CROWD
Ohhh!

INT. BULGARIAN WARSHIP - THE BRIDGE

Grip braces for impact.

GRIP
Ramming speed!

EXT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

The ship smashes into the window of the palace.

EXT. ROYAL BULGARIAN PALACE

Screaming and mayhem as the ship crashes through. Mike turns to run, but is stabbed by the pointed nose of the Bulgarian Warship.

MIKE THE MERCILESS
Uhhhhhh.

AGRIPINA
Father!

The Birddicks, Turdus and Sketter land. Fetus rushes in.

BARON'S TURKEY (O.C.)
Gobble. Gobble.

Baron lands right next to Agripina.

AGRIPINA
Father's dead.

Baron looks over at Mike fall to the ground with a mortal wound.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Sure looks like it.

AGRIPINA
I've changed.

Baron looks at her, then shoves his hand up his ass.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
Ughhh.

He pulls out a WEDDING RING with shit on it.

BARON VON FAUNTLEROY
I've been saving this for you.

AGRIPINA
Oh.

They passionately kiss. Grip, in the cockpit, looks down at countdown. TEN SECONDS. He struggles out, passing the german dwarf.

DWARF
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.
Ahahhahahahahaha. Ahahhahahahahaha.

The sensor droid hovers into view.

SKETTER
Grip! Look out!

SENSOR DROID POV

Grip, Sketter, Foetus, Turdus, and Baron and Agripina stare up at the sensor droid as the countdown goes to zero.

SENSOR DROID
Long live Grip. You've saved your
earth. Have a nice day.

Grip jumps up in jubilation and we freeze the shot.

GRIP
Yeah!!!

'FLASH GORDON' THEM MUSIC.

During the credits, the Bulgarian Janitor will come into frame with his cart and start cleaning up Mike's remains.

FIN