

**RALPH SNART:
I'M INSANE, WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?**

A screenplay

By

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**A comedy based on the humor comic books
"Ralph Snart Adventures"
By Marc Hansen**

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EXT: - WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - MORNING

Rush hour hustle and bustle. This isn't the safest part of town; so there's a lot of yelling, traffic noise and sirens. The starting pistol for the Rat Race has once more been fired as everyone hurries to work.

Everyone, including a timid and downcast Ralph Snart. He's a short, pudgy man with a big nose of about 30 years of age. It always looks like he's struggling to smile, or that happiness and contentment were far away lights at the end of a long tunnel.

A heavy despair hangs over the city like a thick fog. It's an absurd dog-eat-dog world in which everyone is fighting to survive. Ralph is trying, but doesn't seem to have the stomach to fight anymore.

Ralph dodges and weaves his way to the elevated train station being careful to not bump into anyone. Ralph tries to remain as anonymous as possible.

Ralph tries to walk past an exaggeratedly filthy homeless woman. She blocks his way and begins drunkenly cursing at him.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Sons a bitches ev-every stinkin' onna dem! A-hooooles!

RALPH SNART

Please, lady! I've got to get to work.

The homeless woman gets right in Ralph's face with her dirty, toothless face, grabbing him with a death grip.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Tryin' to run out on me agin, are yuh?!
C'mere, and make me feel like a woman!

RALPH SNART

Get away from me!

Ralph breaks free and runs for the train station. The homeless woman, lips puckered, kisses only air.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Wha'? Hey! Come back here, yuh dirty
little maggot!

Ralph is running, looking back at the homeless woman, when
he bumps hard into a huge scared, tattooed and pierced
behemoth.

HOMELESS WOMAN (OC)

I love yooooo!

RALPH SNART

Umph! Oh, I'm so sor-

BEHEMOTH

Look where you're going, shithead!

The heavily muscled behemoth towers over Ralph with an itch
to kill that needs to be scratched. Ralph stands quaking
like a frightened schoolgirl.

BEHEMOTH

Think you own this sidewalk, dumb ass?!
I don't think so!

Ralph has been through this before, so as if by cue, he
begins emptying his pockets and handing over his wallet,
pocket change, ring and watch to the Behemoth.

BEHEMOTH

Now that's service. You're taking all
the fun out of this.

The transaction complete. Behemoth grabs Ralph by the
collar with one hand while putting his other fist under
Ralph's nose with a violent intent in mind.

BEHEMOTH

And now to complete our transaction,
I'm going to punch that big nose of
yours out the back of your pointed
skull!

RALPH (pleading)

Please don't kill me! Please don't kill
me! Please don't kill me!

As Behemoth is winding up to slug Ralph, a blind man walking by, whacks Behemoth in the shins.

BEHEMOTH

Yeow! What the-

Behemoth drops Ralph because of the distraction. Ralph hurriedly scurries away towards the train station.

As Ralph runs, Behemoth is seen shaking the blind man violently.

In the train station, the scene is a madhouse of people pushing and shoving to get through the turnstiles. Ralph is crushed and mashed on his way to the turnstile and is about to pay, when he realizes he gave everything to the behemoth mugger.

People are screaming at Ralph to move it or loose it. Ralph is beginning to panic.

LADY #1

Hurry up, you little freak!

RALPH

I-I-m trying, I seem to have -

GENTLEMAN #1

C'mon, move it, asshole!

In desperation, Ralph leaps over the turnstile and runs up the stairs to the train platform. Sirens and alarms blare. People are screaming at and chasing after this violator of the system.

The doors of an awaiting elevated train begin to close. Ralph leaps through just in time - not only to enter the train, but also to escape the chasing mob.

The door shuts on his jacket tail. The mob grabs the jacket and pulls it right off of Ralph. He hangs on to a pole inside the train and tries to act like nothing happen. Other passengers look at him queerly.

The train is packed, but Ralph looks for an empty seat. He finds one, but it's only half a seat, only half because the bulging fat of a huge woman is overflowing into it.

Ralph timidly sits next to the fat woman. The woman is dozing. Her Styrofoam cup of coffee is slopping with each bump and shift of the moving train. Drool is flowing from the corner of her mouth. There's powdered sugar around her lips and a half-eaten donut resting on her bosom.

EXT: - TRAIN HEADING FOR THE CENTER OF CHICAGO - MORNING

INT: - ELEVATED TRAIN

Close up of Ralph asleep on train. As the camera pulls wide, we see that he is covered with coffee that has spilled from the fat woman's cup. Ralph's head is resting on the woman's huge bosom. The woman's head is resting on the top of Ralph's. Drool is dripping and flowing on top of Ralph's head.

The train conductor announces the next stop. The announcement is barely audible and filled with static.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop Washington.

Ralph wakes up with a lurch and leaps manically for the train door. The fat woman slowly awakens.

Ralph looks at his wrist that once held a watch.

RALPH (to self)

I can't be late. Gerg will kill me!

EXT: - CHICAGO LOOP - MORNING

Impending doom is looming over Ralph as he sprints in a panic for the building where he works. The flood of rush hour pedestrians impedes Ralph's way. He's like a pathetic, little salmon swimming upstream.

EXT: - ENTRANCE TO A BLDG. OF STEEL AND GLASS - MORNING

A sign on the building says "GERG, INC." A screaming man is being brutally escorted from the building by security. As Ralph runs into the building entrance, a body drops from the sky and crashes onto a parked car.

INT: - BLDG. LOBBY

The lobby is packed - everyone is crowding towards the elevators. Ralph realizes he will never make it in time if he has to wait for all these people, so he runs for the stairway door.

INT: - BLDG. STAIRWELL

Ralph scrambles up the stairs like a madman. It's like he's running for his very life.

INT: - BLDG. STAIRWELL (5th floor)

Ralph is huffing and puffing with sweat pouring.

RALPH
I-I gotta start...workin' out.

INT: - BLDG. STAIRWELL (9th floor)

Ralph is gasping for breath. His pace is erratic and slowing.

INT: - BLDG. STAIRWELL (13th floor)

Ralph is panting as if he had been climbing in the thin air of a mountain summit for hours. He's on his hands and knees by the time he makes the 13th floor. Ralph struggles upright and ambles for the stairwell door. He's hopefully made it, as a faint smile of optimism cracks on his face.

INT: - OFFICE OF GERG, INC.

There are hundreds of office workers intent and working feverishly as if there is some huge task that urgently needs to get done as soon as possible. Although there are a large number of people, it is very quiet. You can only hear the footsteps, the shuffling of papers and the tapping on keyboards. Everyone's mood is full of despair.

Ralph runs through the office. He turns a cubicle corner and runs into something that sends him sprawling backwards onto the floor.

Looming over him like some loathsome beast is Mr. Gerg - CEO and the tyrannical master of Gerg, Inc. Gerg is 300-lbs. of disgusting blubber. A nauseating cigar bobs from

his lower lip. He's wearing a suit and tie, but they're 25 years out of style.

Hands on hips, Gerg studies Ralph's current condition. Ralph is severely disheveled, not to mention being covered in sweat, drool and coffee stains.

GERG

You're late, Snart!

Utter silence descends on the office. Everyone is looking at Ralph as if they had just seen a ghost.

RALPH

W-well, you see -

GERG

You know what this means, don't you, Snart?

Ralph looks around for support from his fellow employees.

RALPH

You see, there was this old lady and -

GERG

They can't save you, Snart.

Abruptly, the office returns to its "normal" clamor as quickly as it had stopped. Ralph's peers pretend he doesn't exist - they realize he's a dead man.

GERG

Come with me, Snart.

Ralph meekly follows Mr. Gerg through the office to a window overlooking the Chicago skyline.

GERG

Do you see this window, Snart?

Ralph has heard this before - he knows the routine.

RALPH

Y-yes, Mr. Gerg.

GERG

It's a window, isn't it?

RALPH

Yes, Mr. Gerg.

Gerg never seems to grow weary of repeating this dialogue to an employee. He does so with apparent relish.

GERG

Yes, that's right, Snart, it is a window. It's a special window that I like to call "The Exit".

Ralph can't help but look out and down to the street below; A drop that would mean certain death. Gerg continues almost kindly. He puts his hand on Ralph's shoulder. Ralph shudders at the touch.

GERG

Someday it will be your Exit, Ralph.

Gerg violently grabs Ralph and raises him up close to his face.

GERG

If you're late for work one more time,
or you screw up one more time or do
anything one more time...

Gerg presses Ralph's face hard against the glass of the window.

GERG (cont)

Out you go!

Gerg drops Ralph to the floor and storms off.

GERG

Now go finish that Hooverman account!

Ralph picks himself up and drags himself to his cubicle. He's glad to be alive.

INT: - RALPH'S CUBICLE -

As soon as he sits down, a worker rushes in and dumps heavy and huge stack of documents in his in box. The in-box is crushed and mangled under the weight.

WORKER #1

Hooverman account!

Ralph's phone rings.

RALPH

Hello -

We can't hear what the speaker is saying, but it's a woman speaking very loud and angrily. So loud, Ralph grimaces and extends the receiver away from his ear.

RALPH

Yes, dear.

The woman is talking rapidly and even louder than before.

RALPH

Yes, dear, I promise -

The woman on the other end of the phone is screaming as if she would like nothing better than to kill Snart in some gruesome fashion.

RALPH

I - uh, love you too, dear. Goodbye.

As he hangs up, Ralph gazes at a framed picture on his desk. It's of his wife Beulah and two stepchildren. Beulah is huge and extremely hideous to the eye. The two kids look like spawns of the Devil.

Ralph sighs and smiles to himself and then begins to work.

The phone rings again. Ralph picks up ready to speak.

INT: - GERG'S OFFICE -

GERG

Snart! Got that Hooverman account done yet?!

INT: - RALPH'S CUBICLE -

RALPH

I-

INT: - GERG'S OFFICE -

GERG (screaming)
WELL, HURRY UP, YOU IDIOT!!

GERG (intense)
Remember, Snart - ONE more thing...

INT: - RALPH'S CUBICLE -

The phone clicks loudly causing Ralph to grimace. He feverishly begins working as if possessed.

As the hours pass, the huge pile slowly dwindles. Finally, Ralph is done.

RALPH

I did it!

Hurriedly, Ralph staggers with the huge pile to the copy room.

RALPH

Now, I just have to make copies, and I'm done.

INT: - COPIER/SHREDDING ROOM

The room is packed full of machines copying and shredding accounting documents. There are two in-baskets, one for copying and one for shredding.

Ralph enters the room with his pile of documents, struggling to keep the big stack of papers and folders together.

INT: - OFFICE HALLWAY

Gerg is on the warpath for Snart.

GERG

Where's Snart? I should've had that Hooverman account in my hands two hours ago! SNART!

INT: - COPIER/SHREDDER ROOM

Distracted by Gerg's yells, Ralph mistakenly sets the pile in the shredding in-basket and hurries to report to Mr. Gerg.

INT: - OFFICE HALLWAY

Gerg spots Ralph coming out of the copier/shredder room.

GERG

Snart, where's the Hooverman report?!
You're late as always!

RALPH

Coming right up, Mr. Gerg, sir! Just
have to make -

Suddenly it dawns on Ralph that he might have set the documents in the wrong in-basket. He turns and runs into the copier/shredder room in a panic.

INT: - COPIER/SHREDDER ROOM

GERG (OC)

Snart, where're you going?!

Ralph frantically looks around and sees the empty in-baskets. Then he looks to a copier and sees it idle, and then looks at a shredder and sees it churning full-steam on the Hooverman report.

INT: - OFFICE HALLWAY

GERG

SNART!!

Ralph slowly approaches Gerg with an armful of shredded paper.

RALPH (meekly)

Here you go, sir. Here's the Hooverman report. Sorry it took so long.

Ralph withdraws inward and awaits his impending death. Gerg slowly builds to an unequaled state of infuriation.

Gerg exhales and then slowly smiles.

GERG

You'll be leaving now, Snart.

Gerg picks up Ralph like a rag doll. Gerg is smiling manically. He's lost the Hooverman account but gained the pleasure of throwing Ralph out a 13th story window. Tears trickle down Ralph's cheek.

GERG

Allow me to show you the exit!

Gerg approaches the window and winds up as if Ralph was a baseball. The office continues about its business.

Gerg throws Ralph at the window. Ralph breaks through with a loud crash.

RALPH

Waaahhhh!

EXT: - GERG BLDG. THIRTEENTH STORY - AFTERNOON

Ralph begins his plummet screaming.

INT: - OFFICE NEAR THE WINDOW

Gerg admires his handy work, but not looking at Ralph descent. He sighs with deep satisfaction.

GERG

Aaahh. That was a good one.

EXT: - GERG BLDG. NINETH STORY

Ralph hits the end of a window washers' scaffold, rolls off and continues to fall.

RALPH

Aiiiiieee!

EXT: - GERG BLDG. FIFTH STORY

Ralph bounces off a sign hanging outside the building.

RALPH

Yeeeoowwww!

EXT: - GERG BLDG. GROUND LEVEL

Same shot as when Ralph arrived that morning.

RALPH

Waaaaaaahhhh!

Ralph crashes onto the roof of a taxicab and breaks all the way through into the back seat.

INT: - TAXI

The taxi driver is shock out of his wits. Ralph pops up battered and bruised.

RALPH

4803 Devon - AND STEP ON IT!

The taxi driver gains his senses and begins cursing at Ralph in a foreign tongue.

TAXI DRIVER (subtitled)

Get out of my cab, you stinking,
filthy bastard!

RALPH (pleading)

At least take me to a hospital!

TAXI DRIVER (subtitled)

I will kill you like the dog!

EXT: - TAXI

The taxi driver opens a passenger door and hauls Ralph out into the street. The driver then kicks Ralph as he's trying to stand.

TAXI DRIVER (subtitled)

I spit on you, bad man!

The taxi driver spits on Ralph repeatedly. Ralph rolls on the ground and shields himself to avoid the spittle.

The taxi driver gets into his cab and speeds off. The tail pipe belches smoke right in Ralph's face.

RALPH

It's probably better if I walk home.

Ralph struggles upright and slowly shuffles down the street, holding his wounded body. He tries to remain positive, after all, he's still alive!

EXT: - WESTSIDE CHICAGO STREET

Ralph continues to plod homeward. As he crosses a street, a speeding motorist almost hits him. The car's horn sounds.

MOTORIST

Get outta the road, moron!

As Ralph walks down the sidewalk, another passing car drives through a puddle and splashes Ralph.

EXT: - ELEVATED TRAIN TRESTLE

As Ralph walks near an elevated train trestle, pigeon poop bombards him. The shoulders and the top of his head become covered in bird doo.

EXT: - WESTSIDE CHICAGO STREET CORNER

Ralph begins walking through a rough part of town. He approaches a corner lined with prostitutes. The hookers are disgusted by Ralph's horrible state.

PROSTITUTE #1

Jesus, what the hell is that?

PROSTITUTE #2

I don't know, but it stinks.

PROSTITUTE #1

Get out of here, you filthy bum!

They're disgusted, that they begin throwing things at Ralph; rocks, bottles, bricks, etc.

PROSTITUTE #3

This'll get'im moving...

Ralph is too tired to dodge as he staggers away. He simply lets the objects bounce off of him. The prostitutes laugh as he goes.

Ralph giggles to himself - a hint that he is starting to become unglued.

RALPH

Heh-heh-hee. I guess it could be worse.

Suddenly a heavy, torrential downpour of rain drenches Ralph.

RALPH

Hee-hee.

EXT: - WESTSIDE CHICAGO ALLEY ENTRANCE

Ralph rounds the corner of an alley. He runs into someone bigger than he and slowly looks up. The mugger from the morning, Behemoth, is there with several of his friends.

RALPH

Oh, no...

BEHEMOTH

Hey, pal, 'member me?

BEHEMOTH FRIEND #1

Is dis the runt you want us to waste?

BEHEMOTH FRIEND #2

What do you need us for? Anyone of us could squash'im like a bug.

Ralph quietly tries to shuffle away only to bump into another heavily muscled brute.

BEHEMOTH

C'mon and take your medicine, punk.
It's for you.

Behemoth and his gang of thugs begin to slug and kick Ralph. Satisfied with their job, Behemoth and the others leave laughing. Ralph is left to bleed in the alleyway an unrecognizable lump.

BEHEMOTH

That was fun! I think we've disfigured
this dork sufficiently.

Ralph slowly tries to stand up.

EXT: - AUTO DEMOLITION YARD

A ferocious mongrel looks up and sniffs the air. It smells blood. Other equally vicious-looking dogs in the junkyard join it. They also smell the blood. They begin barking and growling. Their tongues wag with the anticipation of fresh meat.

The pack of junkyard dogs run to a hole in the fence.

EXT: - AUTO DEMOLITION YARD FENCE

The dogs crawl through a tight hole in the fence. Sniff the air in each direction and then head for their target growling and barking.

EXT: - WESTSIDE CHICAGO STREET

Ralph is staggering down a street. He's condition is a total shambles. Then he hears the dogs barking.

DOGS (OC)

Hoooooowlll! Roof! Rarrrrgh!

RALPH

Nice doggies!

Ralph looks behind and sees the pack of dogs and tries to stagger faster. The pack closes in. Ralph tries to stagger even faster.

The entire pack of dogs jump on top of Ralph and begin mauling him. Ralph flails and yells.

Their mauling complete, the dogs run away giggling like hyenas. Ralph is unrecognizable lump on the sidewalk.

After a long pause, Ralph slowly rises. He's a wreck! His clothes are nearly torn off, and he's covered in bite marks and blood.

RALPH

Nice doggies.

EXT: - A DELAPIDATED BROWNSTONE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ralph finally drags himself back to the nestling arms of home sweet home - it's a ramshackle apartment building that should've been condemned long ago.

His neighbors are sitting on cars and the stoop. Some of them are fighting and yelling. Some are drunk and stagger about. They're a little taken aback by the retched appearance of Ralph.

INT: - APARTMENT ENTRYWAY

As Ralph stumbles up the stairs to his apartment, the landlord opens his door. The landlord is angry and yelling as Ralph mounts the stairs.

LANDLORD

Your rent's late again, Snart.

INT: - APARTMENT STAIRWAY

Ralph continues to climb the stairs that is littered with sleeping drunks and trash.

LANDLORD (OC)

Either pay up by morning, or I'll have your ass hauled outta here!

INT: - APARTMENT HALLWAY

Ralph finally makes his floor and walks down the hallway to his apartment. The walls of the hallway are covered in gang symbols and blood splatters. Rats freely scurry about. There's yelling, screams and gunfire in the background.

An old woman with a stout cane opens a door and begins yelling at Ralph.

OLD WOMAN

Tell those demon seeds you call
children to mind themselves, Snart!

The old woman follows behind Ralph and starts whacking him over the head with her cane. Ralph stopped feeling pain a long time ago. Ralph giggles again to himself as the unhinging process continues.

OLD WOMAN

Are you listening to me, Snart?!

RALPH

Hee-hee-har.

The old woman falls behind but is still yelling. Ralph's left eye is twitching.

OLD WOMAN (OC)

You laughin' at me, Snart?! Blasted
S-O-B! I'll kill ya, I tell ya! I'll
kill ya!

INT: - APARTMENT DOOR

Ralph arrives at his apartment door barely able to hold himself upright. The door is covered with eviction notices and old police crime scene tape.

He slowly pulls out his keys and fumbles with them trying to find the right one. Finally he gives up and lets them drop to the floor. Ralph rests his head on the door.

Ralph then pounds on the door with his skull.

VOICE BEHIND DOOR

Snarts don't live here anymore! Go
away!

RALPH

Open up, sweet-ums, it's me, Ralph.

After a pause, the sound of a multitude of locks is unlatched. The unlatching seems to go on forever.

The door is violently yanked open. Ralph falls inward flat on his face. He looks dead lying there on the floor.

INT: - THE SNART APARTMENT

Ralph's wife Beulah stands over him with hands on her hips. She is an obese, sweaty and disgusting woman. The ugly Beulah is easily 5 times the size of Ralph. She wears a tight sundress, which is so tight; it reveals every hideous bulge and fold of flab on her body. Her countless mounds of fat jiggle with each little movement.

BEULAH

What? Are you drunk?

Beulah picks Ralph up off the ground and looks him over. Ralph is in a half-conscious daze.

BEULAH

You're a wreck! You've gone out and dirtied-up your nice working clothes -

BEULAH

HEY! You're not supposed to be here!
You should still be at work!

RALPH

I-I kind of -

Beulah shakes Ralph violently. Ralph flaps about, dust and dirt flying.

BEULAH

You lost your job, didn't you!

Beulah shakes even more violently. Two ugly and dirty children walk into the scene. One is a boy, the other a girl. Both are about five years old. They have tattoos and piercings and look like rough customers even at five.

BOY

Give'im a sock in the head, ma!

GIRL

Bust his teeth out! Crack his skull!

Beulah stops shaking and looks glaringly at Ralph.

BEULAH
Go pack your things, children. We're
leaving!

BOY
'Bout time we got outta this dump.

RALPH
Sweetums! You can't leave me!

Beulah discards Ralph, sending him flying into a corner of the room piled with garbage. A rat sniffs at Ralph.

Ralph giggles to himself, and his eye twitches as he tries to stand.

RALPH
Hee-heh-heh.

Beulah and the kids are already packed and on their way towards the door.

BEULAH
You'll be hearing from my lawyer,
Snart!

BOY
Mine too! All this mental cruelty has
scarred me for life!

GIRL
So long, sucker!

RALPH (pleading)
But honey! Kids! Come back! I need you!

INT: - APARTMENT HALLWAY

Beulah and the kids walk down the hall with their things laughing in chorus. Ralph stands in the doorway dejected. He giggles and then has a short body spasm.

Ralph turns around and walks back into the apartment closing the door behind.

INT: - THE SNART APARTMENT - EVENING

Ralph shuffles over to a chair in front of an old, battered television. He sits slowly and grimaces and moans in obvious pain.

Ralph sits without turning on the TV. He simply is resting and absorbing everything that has happened today. His plain expression quickly contorts into a strange grimace as he giggles, and just as quickly goes away.

He dozes off in the chair, but flashes back to himself falling out of the Gerg building. This abruptly reawakens Ralph with a start.

RALPH

Eeeyah! Oh -

Feeling it's probably not a good time to go to sleep yet, Ralph turns on the television set. Ralph begins channel surfing, but each channel is worst than the other.

The TV programs switch in and out with shows about war, disease, famine, government corruption and waste, worldwide epidemics, terrorist attacks, serial killers, transvestites wanting to legally marry, abortion clinic bombings, racism, over-population, weapons of mass destruction and so on.

With each channel and horrific program, Ralph becomes more and more unhinged. A look of great fear and paranoia becomes more pronounced.

Ralph begins to giggle manically more frequently with each channel he surfs. Although the TV is pushing him further and closer to the edge, he seems compelled to keep going to channel to channel.

Ralph's giggling has turned into full, uproarious laughter despite the awful and terrible images and programs he is viewing.

He laughs manically like a total madman.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT: - WESTSIDE CHICAGO STREET

Ralph's is dirty, homeless person wandering the streets for food and shelter. He's lost everything; family, home and job.

He's digging through dumpsters, babbling like a lunatic and scaring the general populace with his disgusting presence.

Shuffling along, he comes upon the same crazy homeless woman he had met the following morning. She is ready to curse him out, but then is taken aback by his transformation from the day before.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Sons a bit - . Oh, my dear God!

She gives him some change and has pity for a creature far more pathetic than she. Ralph doesn't even recognize her. All he can do is babble incoherently as the change is put in his hands.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You take this money, and you take care of yourself, okay, honey?

RALPH

Cod sarded skud gugdard.

Ralph ambles away like a lost soul as the homeless woman looks on with eyes brimming with tears.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

The scene is the hidden sewer lair of the evil Dr. Goot far beneath the streets of Chicago. His laboratory is floor to ceiling filled with exotic gadgetry, hideous specimens, beakers of strange liquids and various body parts.

Dr. Goot is a huge chested hulk but with spindly arms and legs. He has dark eyes, big teeth and shock of blue hair that shoots straight out of his head. He speaks with a non-descript foreign accent.

Dr. Goot is focused on his latest experiment. He's knee-deep in human bodies with empty cranial cavities. The table of his lab is strewn with brains. He's shocking the brains with a bizarre device of dials and knobs. Wires with electrodes spew forth and are attached to the brain.

Goot becomes upset and seems at his wits end.

GOOT

Dog crap! Hot, steaming piles of dog
crap! My Neural Transmorgafier is
making hamburger out of their brains!

Goot smashes the brain he is currently working on with his
fist, which splatters everywhere disgustingly.

GOOT

Well, that's the last of 'em. I swear.
I go through brains like trailer trash
goes through 40-ouncers of malt liquor!

Goot clears his laboratory table with his arms, sending
brains and body parts flying across his laboratory.

GOOT

I must find just the right brain!

Goot lets loose with a loud heckling laugh. It's hard to
tell if it's a laugh or a scream. Rats scurry away after
hearing it.

GOOT

EEEEYARRRGUHX!

Goot runs with immense urgency for the exit.

INT: - GOOT'S GARAGE

Goot hops into an old beat-up delivery truck. The sides of
the truck say in faded letters; "Happy Funtime Ice Cream".
The truck starts with a bang. Goot slams it into gear
sending it careening straight for a solid concrete wall.

GOOT (intense)

I need more brainsss!

INT: - GOOT'S TRUCK

Goot pushes a button on the dash that says "Open". Just as
the truck is about to slam headlong into the barrier, the
door shoots up allowing the truck to pass.

INT: - SEWER TUNNEL

Goot's truck flies at breakneck speeds down the sewer tunnel. It slams and bounces off walls.

GOOT (screaming)
Without more brains, I cannot continue
my experiments! Must have BRAINS!

EXT: - SEWER OPENING - NIGHT

Goot's truck jettisons from the opening and continues down an aqueduct.

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET JUST OUTSIDE LOOP

With squealing tires and barely staying upright, Goot's truck turns onto a Chicago city street heading west. All the while, Goot is throttling the truck to its absolute max.

EXT: - CHICAGO WESTSIDE STREET

Goot's truck screeches to a halt along side an aimless vagrant. Goot gets out and throws open the rear doors. He grabs the vagrant and throws him into the rear of the truck.

After slamming the doors, Goot speeds off. This is repeated until the truck is nearly packed full of the homeless and forgotten.

EXT: - CHICAGO WESTSIDE STREET

The now homeless Ralph Snart is wandering the streets alone at night. He sees a garbage can and dives head first with just his feet sticking out.

After some digging, he tips the can over and rolls around until he finally can extract himself. Ralph has found a discarded, fly-covered hotdog and begins munching on it.

Goot's truck drives by, squeals to a halt and then reverses rapidly back to parallel with Ralph. Goot gets out, grabs Ralph like a sack of potatoes and throws him into the truck which is packed full of sprawling, squirming homeless nuts.

GOOT
A full load, but all are such pathetic
specimens! Bah!

RALPH
Heysafargal!

As soon as he takes off, a police squad car pulls behind
Goot's speeding truck. Goot slams down on the gas pedal.

GOOT
Stupid pigs!

Goot throttles the old truck, motoring it down streets and
alleyways that are seemingly beyond the truck's mechanical
capabilities and the laws of physics. Still, the police
maintain their chase.

The police cruiser tries to overtake the truck as Goot
erratically pushes the truck to its limits.

INT: - GOOT'S TRUCK

GOOT
Allow me to introduce Gretchen...

Goot pushes another button labeled "Gretchen".

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

A door opens on the top of the old delivery truck. A
horrible device erupts from the opening - a cannon of
unspeakable power. Stenciled along the side of the barrel
is the word "Gretchen".

As the police cruiser draws near, the cannon auto-sights at
it.

INT: - GOOT'S TRUCK

Goot pushes the Gretchen button.

GOOT
Kiss your sweet asses goodbye! Haw-haw-
har!

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

The Gretchen cannon explodes sending a round that pierces the police cruiser causing it to break apart and burst into flames. The cruiser veers off and slams into the wall of a building bursting into a larger explosion.

INT: - GOOT'S TRUCK

The launch of the explosive device gives Goot a video feed. The feed quickly turns to static upon impact.

GOOT

Oh! That - that's really TOO bad.

EXT: - SEWER OPENING - NIGHT

Goot's truck returns to the sewers of Chicago filled with his cargo of helpless and unwanted rejects.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

Goot is hooking up homeless persons one after another to the Neural Transmorgafier with no apparent success.

Quickly he's knee-deep in human bodies again. The table of his lab is strewn with brains - each spent from the Neural Transmorgafier.

GOOT

Aarrgh! So close I could spit gerbils!
My Neural Transmorgafier is frying
their brains like catfish nuggets in a
deep fat fryer. What am I doing wrong?!

Goot is about to quit from the sheer exhaustion. He looks around the laboratory and at the mess he created and becomes only more dejected.

Goot then notices he has one more homeless person left - Ralph Snart. Ralph is snoozing obliviously in a cage, which housed the specimens.

GOOT

What the hell.

Goot pulls Ralph from the cage by the seat of his pants. Ralph looks around and sniffs the air like a white lab rat.

GOOT

What a pathetic, little runt. It probably doesn't even have a brain.

Goot plops Ralph down in a chair. The doctor is just going through the motions with no confidence of success as he sticks the electrodes haphazardly all over Ralph's head.

RALPH

Whuz goin' on?

As soon as Goot throws the switch, the whole laboratory turns to chaos as the Transmorgafier belches smoke, rattles and shakes as if about to explode. The electrodes send sparks all over the laboratory. Ralph's screams in agony as his headlights up like a light bulb.

RALPH

Waaaaaahhhh! Heeyarrguh!

Goot is shocked and then amazed as a faint image begins to appear on the Neural Transmorgafier's digital monitor.

GOOT

I-IT'S WORKING! Mmmmmm, yes. Smell that?! That's some good brains, baby! Wooooo! Hahahahah!

RS is flopping, flailing, eyes bulging, tongue wagging as the device cooks his melon. The images on the monitor become clearer. It's a visual of Ralph inside his dream world.

The Ralph Snart in his dream world is not timid and meek, but a brawling, beer-guzzling lout.

INT: - BATHROOM - RALPH'S POV

We're looking through someone's eyes that are lying on the floor of the bathroom. SFX of sticky eyelids opening and of a person groaning in great agony.

The eyelids close so that all is black. More SFX of a person groaning in pain.

INT: - BATHROOM

Ralph is lying face down on the floor of the bathroom looking unconscious. His t-shirt and jeans are ragged and covered in a multitude of stains. He's lying in a large puddle of sticky muck that looks like a mixture of vomit, beer and mud. His tongue is hanging out on the floor.

Ralph's eyelids slowly open until he is totally bug-eyed. Then the whites of his eyes fill from the outside to his pupils with rupturing capillaries, which turn the whites to a blood red. Ralph's eyelids shut with a slam.

Ralph's tongue that is hanging out slowly begins to draw back into his mouth. This must have taken a great effort because there is a pause as if he is resting before the next attempt to move.

Slowly his hands draw inward closer to his chest across the slime-covered tile floor. Another pause to rest and then a groan of pain.

Ralph slowly pushes up and lifts his chest off the floor. His chest peels off the floor disgustingly trailing slime from the floor. Ralph props himself up as slime and filth drip from his body. There is a pause to rest.

Ralph's eyes blink open but are still slits. He burps sickeningly as vomit comes up into his throat. His mouth slowly opens like the gate to an old castle. Ralph's mouth is caked with crud and his tongue is covered in slime. Once open wide, a beer can tumbles out and drops to the floor with a clank. His mouth then slams shut.

After a rest, Ralph barely, and with apparent great pain, utters a sound.

RALPH

Dooooo-fus.

Another pause to rest.

RALPH

Doofus?

Ralph slowly looks around and sees a body sprawled inside the bathtub. The skinny, longhaired figure is equally as disheveled as Ralph. The showerhead is dripping onto his forehead. The young man looks dead.

RALPH

Hey, Doofus!

Doofus is snoring raspily through mucus-clogged nasal passages. His chest is covered in stains and vomit. Suddenly he burps which bug his eyes and lifts his head off the rim of the tub. After burping, his head slams against the rim with a crack. Through his drooling mouth he manages to speak.

DOOFUS

S-somebody...somebody kill me...

RALPH

Doofus. Get up, man.

Ralph is becoming agitated by Doofus's lack of response to his calls. Ralph inhales a large gulp of air, coughs and then inhales another larger gulp of air and then screams.

RALPH

DOOOOOFUS!!

The scream is ear shattering and echoes and reverberates off the tile for a while. Doofus goes back to sleep. Ralph begins seething with anger. He slowly drags himself upright and staggers over to the bathtub.

Ralph looks down at Doofus as if fed up.

RALPH

You're a wreck, Doofus.

Ralph grabs the hot water handle of the shower and cranks it violently.

RALPH

YOU NEED TO GET CLEANED UP!

Scalding hot water drenches Doofus. He thrashes about as his exposed skin blisters and boils. Ralph cranks the handle even more sending a huge torrent of hot water onto

Doofus who is screaming in pain. Ralph spews forth an evil laugh.

RALPH

Wakey, wakey, Doofus, my boy! Ha-ha-har!

Doofus is no longer visible as the water sprays down and steam fills the bathroom. Ralph finally relents and turns the water off.

After a long pause, a drenched Doofus slowly pulls his head above the rim of the tub. After his breathing slows, Doofus points over to the toilet.

DOOFUS

Who's that?

Unnoticed until now, there is a man sprawled around the toilet with his head buried in the bowl. The man is not moving or breathing. Ralph and Doofus looked at the spectacle in shock.

RALPH

Excellent. Must've been some party last night. It's not a success unless there's at least one casualty.

DOOFUS

Who is it?

RALPH

Only one way to find out.

Ralph grabs the man's collar with one hand and tries to pull his head out but it won't budge. Ralph grabs with two hands and begins tugging but still the man's head remains stuck in the toilet.

Ralph thinks for a moment and then picks up a plunger standing next to the toilet. He sticks the plunger on the back of the man's head and begins plunging, as Doofus looks on noncommittal still just peering over the rim of the tub. The plunging makes a loud suction noise, which echoes off the tile walls.

After much vigorous plunging, the head finally pops out like a champagne cork. The plunger is still stuck to the man's head when Ralph pulls it out. Ralph points the plunger towards Doofus.

RALPH

Anybody we know?

DOOFUS

Looks familiar, but I can't place the face.

Ralph turns the plunger around to get a look at the man's face. It's Ralph's landlord from reality.

RALPH

Woah. It's my landlord. How'd he get here?

DOOFUS

Oh, yeah. Don't you remember? He tried to crash our party. He was gonna call the cops on us. So, we got him trashed.

Doofus is getting panicky.

DOOFUS

I didn't think he'd go and stick his head in our toilet!

Ralph let's the plunger with the man's head drop back in the toilet.

RALPH

Huh. Well, I'll never take a dump there again.

DOOFUS

Dude, we should get rid of the body or something...

Ralph becomes very serious. He takes a seat on the landlord with his head in the toilet and faces Doofus.

RALPH

Later, Doofus. Right now, we have something to do that is vastly more

important. A very critical and pressing matter must be taken care of.

Ralph becomes even more serious. Doofus grows frightened.

RALPH

It's crucial that we accomplish this task before precious time runs out. Nothing could be more urgent, Doofus!

Doofus is almost petrified with fear. What could be so dire?

RALPH

Damn it! I just hope to God there's time.

DOOFUS

Geez, man. What do we gotta do?!

Ralph is absolutely deadpan and serious.

RALPH

We need beer. Let's GO!

Ralph runs out of the bathroom yelling like he was going to hit the beach at Normandy.

RALPH

GO! GO! GO!

After a pause, when Ralph realizes that Doofus isn't following, he returns to the bathroom.

RALPH

Where are you, Doofus?

Doofus is lying back down in the bottom of the bathtub looking like death warmed over.

DOOFUS

Ugh. My recouping powers are failing me. Go on - uuhn - without me...

RALPH

You don't have any money for beer, do you?

Doofus is pouting in the bottom of the tub.

DOOFUS

You drank all of it last night.

RALPH

I did that because you're my friend, Doofus. Friends drink their friends' beer. It's like grandmas baking apple pies or children eating hotdogs at the ballpark. It's the American way, Doofus, and I'll be damned if I stand in the way of Democracy and Freedom.

DOOFUS

You owe me beers, man.

Ralph prepares to leave since Doofus appears inconsolable.

RALPH

Ya know, Doofus, I'm going to be the bigger man here. I'm going to let you sit here and think about what kind of man you are. Perhaps after some reflection and introspection you may come to realize what a true friend is.

Doofus sighs as Ralph leaves the bathroom.

EXT: - CITY STREET - DAY

Ralph walks down the street on his way to a local beer store. He threw on some clean clothes before leaving but still looks like a wreck. The neighborhood is in a large urban area.

EXT: - LI'S PARTY STORE

Ralph walks into the "Le Party Market".

INT: - LI PARTY MARKET

The tiny store is packed floor to ceiling with beer, wine, cigarettes and snacks. The aisles are narrow making it hard

to get around. The Vietnamese man at the register is behind several inches of bulletproof glass. Signs litter the glass violators of kind, shape or form of whatever offense will be severely prosecuted. Surveillance cameras are constantly sweeping the store.

Ralph scans the selection of cold beer with excited anticipation.

RALPH

Hmm, what sounds good?...

Ralph pulls out his money from his pocket and counts how much he has and then continues to scan the selection.

RALPH

Hmm. what sounds cheap?

Ralph pulls out a twelve-pack of the cheapest swill he can find - something like "Bleuck Lite". He takes it to the counter. A little drawer shoots out and he puts his money in which is mostly crinkled ones and change.

The man at the register looks at him like Ralph is Satan. Obviously, Li has been robbed many times. Le then snaps off a command.

LI

License! Gimme license!

Ralph takes out his driver's license from his wallet and plops it in the little drawer.

LI

Take step back!

Ralph complies and takes a step backward. Ralph smiles and goes along with Li's paranoia. Li pulls on the drawer on his side of the glass, counts the money and violently slams the register shut. Le then just looks at Ralph.

RALPH

Could I have my license back please?

Li violently opens the drawer on his side, puts the license in and then slams the drawer shut. Ralph nabs his license

before Li can shut the drawer and take off all of his fingers. Li shuts the drawer almost doing just that.

LI

Get out of store! You done here!

Ralph goes to leave and is almost out the door when he suddenly turns around and jumps on the counter. Ralph pulls his pants and underwear down to his knees and plants his fat rear square on the bulletproof glass for Li to admire.

RALPH

Not quite, chowder head.

LI

Aiieee! Dirty fat ass!

Suddenly the store is filled with blaring alarms, wailing sirens and flashing lights. Ralph picks up his twelve pack and runs out of the store laughing.

EXT: - LI'S PARTY STORE - DAY

As soon as Ralph runs out of the store he comes face-to-face with a pistol-wielding police officer.

COP #1

FREEZE IT, PUNK!

Ralph is surprised by the rate of the police response.

RALPH

Huh? Uh, you're making a mis -

The officer is really intense as if Ralph had just killed twenty people and was armed and suicidal.

OFFICER #1

Don't move a muscle, scum! Now, slowly put down the bazooka that's in your hand!

Ralph is a little mystified by the officer's request since clearly Ralph is holding only a harmless twelve-pack of beer.

RALPH

BAZOOKA? But it's only a twelve pack.

Ralph holds the twelve pack in front of him for the officer to see.

RALPH

There. See? One twelve pack.

The officer is in a panic and reacts as if Ralph had just locked and loaded a machine gun. The officer yells into walkie talkie for help.

OFFICER #1

BACK UP! BACK UP! OFFICER NEEDS ASSISTANCE!

Two other officers run right up behind the first officer who briefs the two on the status for the current situation. All of the officers have guns draw on Ralph who continues to wonder what's going on.

OFFICER #2

Get a grip, Johnson! What's the situation?

The first officer yells over his shoulder while still holding a gun on Ralph.

OFFICER #1

Well, going in I thought it was a simple 415, but now it's gotten way outta hand! It looks like a full-scale riot to me!

Ralph holds up a sales receipt to the officers.

RALPH

And here's my receipt.

EXT: - POLICE SQUAD CAR

A police captain in plain-clothes and three other officers hide behind a squad car as they access the situation. Officers are still holding Ralph at bay in the background.

CAPT. BLITZ

What the hell is going on? Bring me up
to speed, Jackson!

The officer talking to Captain Blitz is in a state of
panic.

JACKSON

Captain Blitz! Its looking mighty
explosive, sir. W-we've cornered a
psychopath with a ground-to-ground
missile!

CAPT. BLITZ

Let's clear the area. I want everybody
within a twenty-block radius outta
here! Don't start a panic, though.
Tell'em there's a leaky gas main.

JACKSON

Yes, sir!

As Jackson runs off, Captain Blitz turns to another officer
and barks commands.

CAPT. BLITZ

Jones! Set up some communications.
We'll at least try talking to this
nutcase. Hopefully we can diffuse this
thing before it really gets out of
hand.

JONES

The shrink is trying to talk to him
right now, sir!

EXT: - LI'S PARTY STORE - DAY

A psychologist in a bulletproof vest and crouched behind a
barricade nervously tries to talk to Ralph using a
bullhorn. Ralph is astonished at how ridiculous this is all
getting. He's still standing on the sidewalk outside Li's
store beside his twelve pack. Officers still nervously have
guns drawn on him.

SHRINK

It's not going to work, son. We just
want to help you. Now carefully and

calmly set down your weapons, so we can talk about this. How does that sound to you, friend?

RALPH

WHAT WEAPONS? All I gots is a twelve-pack of beer!

The psychologist seems to ignore this obvious truth and continues to try and talk Ralph into giving himself up.

SHRINK

Do you have any family members you'd like to speak to? Perhaps a buddy or a girlfriend. We all don't want you or anyone to get hurt. We're all really worried about you - uh, what's your name, son?

RALPH

Ralph Snart! Who the hell are you? Let me guess...Mr. Dumbshit! I'm right ain't I? Yeah, I'm good with names!

Dejected, the psychologist hurriedly runs back to Captain Blitz in a zigzag pattern.

SHRINK

It's no use, Captain. There's no talking to a sick mind! He's obviously some crazed crack head who's desperate for a rock.

CAPT. BLITZ

Well, I'm not about to start bargaining with drug fiends. We'll move in from all sides and waste this piece of garbage.

Ralph is surrounded by cops hunkered behind squad cars with weapons drawn. He's still standing on the sidewalk outside of Li's store next to his twelve pack.

CAPT. BLITZ

Jones, have we gotten any info on this freak?

OFFICER JONES

Still checking. We're assuming he's identity is stolen, so there's no telling who he is.

Captain Blitz speaks to Ralph on a bullhorn.

CAPT. BLITZ

SNART! If that's you're real name, can you hear me, Snart? Ralph Snart, we're giving you one last chance to give yourself up. Come along quietly and you won't get hurt.

Ralph walks toward the Captain with his hands in the air.

RALPH

Okay. I give myself up already.

Panic erupts amongst the police as Ralph draws closer.

CAPT. BLITZ

HE'S ATTACKING! GET THE TAZERS!

Suddenly a short, bald man with a beard rushes out and is infuriated at what has been going on. He plants himself right between Ralph and the police. Everyone is startled by his appearance.

SPOILBERG

CUT! Hold it! What is this crap?

SPOILBERG (cont)

Captain Blitz! Now do we REALLY want to use just a tazer in this instance?

Captain Blitz seems embarrassed.

CAPT. BLITZ

Uhm...well, I thought that'd be enough to subdue the suspect, Mr. Spoilberg.

Spoilberg and Captain walk towards Ralph and assess him.

SPOILBERG

For a criminal this uncivilized and violent, don't you think a more fitting response is required?

CAPT. BLITZ

I guess so. I don't know, gee...

RALPH

What's all the hub-bub, Bub?

Spoilberg seems to be imagining a much more entertaining scene. He tries to frame this new shot with his hands like a movie director.

SPOILBERG

Think about it, Captain. How about nightsticks? Use your tazers AND your nightsticks! Let's give the suspect a beating he won't soon forget.

CAPT. BLITZ

I don't know. That's not exactly standard procedure.

Captain Blitz isn't quite sure what to do.

CAPT. BLITZ (cont)

You know, come to think of it, NONE of what we've done so far has followed standard procedure.

Spoilberg becomes uproariously angry.

SPOILBERG

STANDARD PROCEDURE IS BORING!!

Spoilberg grabs Ralph's arm.

SPOILBERG

Standard procedure makes for BORING TV!
Bash this criminal's brains out,
Captain!

CAPT. BLITZ

I thought "Coppers" was supposed to be a real-life, in-depth television portrayal of on-duty police officers.

SPOILBERG

BORRRRING! Viewers are sick of you guys pulling over traffic violators and saving dogs from drowning!

Spoilberg puts his arm around Ralph and grabs his face.

SPOILBERG

SPURTING GORE SELLS! With each whack of this idiot's pointed skull, our ratings skyrocket!

CAPT. BLITZ

Golly.

Spoilberg frames Ralph's head with his hands with great excitement.

SPOILBERG

Nothing thrills the American TV couch potato more than when you guys splatter the blood of an uppity crack head! You can be a star, Captain Blitz!

CAPT. BLITZ

A star? Really? Huh.

SPOILBERG

Sure! You'll be a hero to little children. A sex symbol to lonely women all across the country. You may even have your OWN show someday. And besides...

Spoilberg grabs Captain Blitz by the collar and screams at him.

SPOILBERG

YOU'LL MAKE SICKENINGLY HUGE GOBS OF MONEY!

Spoilberg walks over to Ralph and dismisses the Captain.

SPOILBERG

While you and your men ready yourselves
for the beating of this poor imbecile,
let me have a few moments with Snart.

CAPT. BLITZ

Okay, Mr. Spoilberg!

Spoilberg, the director of the hit TV show "Coppers"
attempts to clarify Ralph's role.

SPOILBERG

Snart, let me discuss something that is
crucial to this next scene -
MOTIVATION!

RALPH

No problem. I'm motivated...I'm
motivated to get the hell outta here!

SPOILBERG

EXACTLY! You're a crack-smoking fiend,
and you've been cornered like a rat by
the police, of course, you want to get
out of here.

RALPH

But I'm NOT a crack-smoking fiend. I'm
a harmless, beer-guzzling fiend.

SPOILBERG

Right, Snart. Save your defense for the
judge. For now, all I want from you is
a realistic performance.

SPOILBERG (cont)

When the cameras roll and the billy
clubs start to fly, I want honest,
believable agony. I want viewers to
look at your bloody pulp of a skull and
say to themselves, "Man, that must have
hurt!"

RALPH

Can I get a stunt double for this?

Spoilberg freaks out. He grabs Ralph and screams at him.

SPOILBERG

This is REAL LIFE STUFF! We can't deceive the TV audience! They demand the pulse-pounding intensity of cops risking their lives in the gang-infested inner city streets of America! WE CAN'T FAKE THIS!

RALPH

How about if I disarm one of the police officers, steal a patrol car and then escape after a high-speed chase?

Spoilberg can't believe his ears.

SPOILBERG

WHAT?!

To save his own skin, Ralph tries to steer Spoilberg in a different direction.

RALPH

Yeah, the police always catch the crook on TV. How about giving the criminals a chance in the spotlight?

SPOILBERG

Why that's...BRILLIANT! You know, this just might work. Instead of shooting video from the cops' angle, we shoot through the eyes of a crazed drug freak!

RALPH

We're talking Emmy material here, Mr. Spoilberg.

Armed with this new, radical idea, Spoilberg yells for Captain Blitz.

SPOILBERG

Captain Blitz, get over here!

Captain Blitz walks over with a tazer and nightstick in each hand.

CAPT. BLITZ

I've got the men all ready, Mr. Spoilberg. We're ready to start pummeling Snart!

SPOILBERG

Radical change in the storyline, Captain. Send over one of your men.

The Captain is confused.

CAPT. BLITZ

Huh? Uh...alright...

Spoilberg again tries to motivate Ralph, only this time according to Ralph's idea. Spoilberg is behind Ralph messaging his shoulders and trying to get Ralph to see his vision of the next scene of his show.

SPOILBERG

Okay, Ralph. You're a street-tough drug fiend. Rocks are scarce. You're desperate for a smoke, but now the cops are closing in. With me, RS?

RALPH

Gotcha!

SPOILBERG

The need for drugs is overwhelming. Nothing will stop you in your lust for crack cocaine - not even a dozen well-armed and burly "pigs". Your father beat you as a child. Your mother is a two-bit "ho". You did your first "drive by" at age nine. Life is hell in the projects. AM I PAINTING YOU A PICTURE?

RALPH

I'm one tough muthuh, and the "man" ain't gonna take me alive!

SPOILBERG

CORRECT!

Spoilberg walks over to talk the Captain and a police officer. Ralph looks on with glee.

SPOILBERG

Captain, we're going in a new direction. Our crack head here is going to escape! He'll surprise one of your men and elude capture by stealing a squad car.

The captain is surprised by the unusual change in plans.

CAPT. BLITZ

But I thought we were going to subdue this subject? What about all of the "spurting gore" we were supposed to inflict?

SPOILBERG

Oh, come on. That's only in the movies - this is REAL LIFE! You don't catch every criminal, now do you?

CAPT. BLITZ

Well, no. I just thought that...

SPOILBERG

Don't think, Captain. If you want to make it big, then stick with me. You'll do exactly as I say or end up a penniless schmuck.

Spoilberg yells for everyone to take their places.

SPOILBERG

Places, everyone!

Spoilberg sets up the next scene. He places the officer in front of Ralph facing him. A cameraman with a video camera gets in close for the action.

SPOILBERG

Okay, Officer Jackson, you're facing a sinewy street punk. You try to overpower him, but your sick boy at home is distracting you. As a result, your guard is down.

JACKSON

Sick boy? But I don't have any kids...

SPOILBERG

IMPROVISE!

SPOILBERG (cont)

Ralph, you overpower the officer using
a secret street-wise kicking technique.

Ralph heavily kicks the officer in the groin. The officer
grimaces in unbelievable pain.

RALPH

Like so?

SPOILBERG

Perfect! We'll dub in a louder sound
effect later.

Spoilberg directs Ralph to make a run for a nearby squad
car. Officer Jackson rolls around on the ground holding his
groin.

SPOILBERG

And now with the grace of a pack rat,
you leap for the nearest squad car to
make your getaway.

RALPH

This motivation stuff is coming easier.

INT: - POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ralph gets in the driver's seat and discovers that the keys
are not in it.

RALPH

No keys. And darn, I left my hotwire
kit at home next to my machine gun.

SPOILBERG

No sweat. I'll be back in a moment,
Snart.

EXT: - CITY STREET

Spoilberg walks from the squad car over to a bewildered Captain Blitz.

SPOILBERG

Captain, for the sake of realism. A set of keys will have to be accidentally left in the car.

CAPT. BLITZ

REALISM? That's why we don't leave keys in our cars - so people don't steal them!

SPOILBERG

Okay. Well, let's just say that an investigation into allegations of police corruption was weighing so heavily on your mind that you forgot and left the keys in the car.

CAPT. BLITZ

What investigation?

SPOILBERG

THE ONE I'M GONNA CALL FOR IF YOU DON'T COOPERATE!

The Captain hands over the keys in disgust.

CAPT.BLITZ

Alright, HERE!

Spoilberg runs back to the squad car and hops in the front passenger seat. Ralph guns the car, but then screeches to a halt right in front of the Captain.

SPOILBERG

Now don't follow us too close, Captain. After a few blocks the suspect will escape.

CAPT.BLITZ

ESCAPE? But we can't let -

Ralph guns the squad car again and sends it tearing off down the street leaving a perplexed Captain.

CAPT. BLITZ

I'm real confused.

INT: - POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ralph is driving, Spoilberg is directing in the passenger front seat, and the cameraman is in the back seat capturing all of the action. Ralph is driving extremely fast and erratically.

RALPH

Boy! This sure is exciting! I also wanted to blast around in a police cruiser. Where to, fellas?

SPOILBERG

Wherever you want to go. Just pretend we're not even here.

SPOILBERG (cont)

My cameraman and I are merely witnesses to your evil crimes. We can't interfere.

RALPH

Excellent. Let's see what this piece of crap's got!

Ralph flips on the overhead sirens of the police car.

EXT: - CITY STREETS - DAY

Ralph flies the squad car over a hill and goes airborne. Ralph takes a corner almost on two wheels and bounces off several parked cars as he continues to barrel down crowded city streets.

SPOILBERG (OC)

Just go about your business. This will be a real-life portrayal of a crack head on the run from the law.

RALPH (OC)

Hee. I am Crack Head Man.

Ralph drives through a red light barely missing a taxi and a bus. Cars must screech to a halt to miss them.

Ralph takes the car onto the sidewalk, takes out a phone booth and then careens back onto the city street. Pedestrians dive for dear life.

INT: - THROUGH THE LENS OF THE VIDEO CAMERA

Ralph's face fills the frame as he does his best crack head face.

SPOILBERG (OC)

Through the wonders of video technology, we will witness your crazed and desperate daily activities.

RALPH

Pay attention, guys, 'cause I'm about to be very crazed and very desperate.

EXT: - CITY STREETS - DAY

Ralph turns off the street and aims the squad car like a missile for a 7-11 convenience store.

RALPH (OC)

This cop car is a little obvious. I need to get rid of it.

EXT: - 7-11 PARKING LOT - DAY

Ralph opens his door and jumps out of the car and rolls and skids along the pavement.

RALPH

Keep up, fellas!

CAMERAMAN

JUMP FOR IT, MR. SPOILBERG!

Just before the car plows into the 7-11, Spoilberg and his cameraman barely manage to jump to safety. They bounce and roll into a pile of trashcans, which explode in an eruption of stinking garbage.

SPOILBERG

Good Lord! He's trying to kill us! GET THIS ON TAPE!

The squad car runs into the 7-11 and blows up in a huge explosion. Ralph watches it with glee.

RALPH

That was close, but it'll certainly get rid of any damaging evidence.

EXT: - CITY STREETS - DAY

Ralph runs down the side street along a wooden fence behind the 7-11. Spoilberg and the cameraman struggle to keep up.

RALPH

C'mon, you slugs. Crack Head Man is just starting to get crazed and desperate.

Ralph stops, jumps up and grabs the top of the fence. Large painted letters along the fence spell out "Salvage Yard". Ralph pulls himself up and jumps on top of the fence.

EXT: - JUNKYARD - DAY

Littered with scrap metal and staked high with old, beat up cars, Ralph hops over the top of the fence into the yard. Ralph has an evil grin on his face. He seems to be enjoying his new identity of Crack Head Man, and a chance to put Spoilberg through an obstacle course from Hell.

RALPH

To keep the authorities off my trail, I'll dodge through this junkyard.

An ugly and huge junkyard dog runs at Ralph with an intent to devour. The dog attempts to bite Ralph but misses. Ralph jumps onto the back of the dog and rides it like a cowboy on a horse.

RALPH

Crack Head Man must be careful to avoid the carnivorous tendencies of the local junkyard mongrels.

Spoilberg and the cameraman hop over the fence and are immediately attacked by five more junkyard dogs. The awful hounds bite and claw the two in a ferocious attack.

EXT: - JUNKYARD EXIT - DAY

Ralph rides the dog into a dumpster which knocks it unconscious. Ralph hops off and runs out of the junkyard and into the street.

Spoilberg and the cameraman run after Ralph. They are bloody and their clothes are torn to shreds. The dogs are still following, nipping at their heels.

EXT: - CITY STREET - DAY

Ralph is running along and approaches a gang of street toughs hanging out on a street corner.

RALPH

HEY! That gang of heavily armed street thugs are in my 'hood. Crack Head Man will have to teach'em a stern lesson!

Like a man possessed, Ralph begins kicking and punching the gang members like a bunch of rag dolls.

RALPH

Vamoose, seedy scumbags! Off my turf, you low-life pukes!

Ralph runs on, but Spoilberg and the cameraman stop and excitedly try to capture the gang's reaction to the bloody and violent assault.

SPOILBERG

Fascinating! Get a shot of these volatile gang members. Let's see how they react. Notice the extreme anger - the urge to commit a drive-by shooting or some other violent act of revenge!

Unfortunately, the gang members decide to take out their revenge on Spoilberg and the cameraman by beating them pipes and chains. The two stumble off after Ralph barely escaping with their lives as bullets nearly miss them.

SPOILBERG

Good gravy, this is getting out of control!

CAMERAMAN

I-I think I've been shot, Mr.
Spoilberg.

Spoilberg yells after Ralph for him to stop.

SPOILBERG

CUT! CUT! COME BACK HERE, CRIMINAL!
STOP!

Fade to black with Spoilberg screaming to end shooting as
Ralph's dream world fades away.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

The Transmorgafier fades to black as Ralph's thrashing body
collapses in the chair. Goot pulls the plug before his
whole secret lair explodes.

GOOT

Sufferin' socks. Amazing! Such power
the world has never seen before!

Goot yanks off each electrode placed all over Ralph's head
with a loud ripping sound.

GOOT

The brainpower of this innocuous and
filthy creature is off the scale.

Ralph begins to babble and drool.

GOOT

And apparently not being used by its
host! It's as if he has regressed so
far inward that, for him, the world of
reality no longer exists.

Goot grabs Ralph, pulls him up to his level and studies
Ralph.

GOOT

If I could find a way to harness this
incredible brain, I could rule the
world. I would be the Master! I could
hold dominion over this planet of obese
imbeciles and rule it as a god! I'd

have my pick of any machine I wanted at
the Laundromat that's for sure! Hah!

Goot slings Ralph under his arm and leaves the laboratory.

GOOT

I must do more experiments. I must go
deeper into this creature's
subconscious mind. Deeper into the dank
recesses of its neural tapestry.

GOOT (cont)

Deeper! Into the monster-infested
nightmare world of the limbic region
where haunted, twisted images of horror
dwell!

GOOT (cont)

DEEPER! Into the black holes of the
mind where insane thoughts are born!
Yes, deeper we will go. Deeper.

RALPH

Deeper!

GOOT

Shut up, insolent rat! In the morning,
I will try my Transmorgafier again,
only this time I will increase the amps
and crank up the power to the maximum
levels.

INT: - GOOT'S LIVING QUARTERS

Goot, with Ralph in tow, enters a room unbecoming of a man
who is about to take over the world. It's a large concrete
space with dripping sewer pipes going every which way. An
aqueduct filler with sewer water flows along the bottom of
one wall.

In the middle of the space are an old beat-up sofa,
television and a phone on an end table. Pizza boxes filled
with rats lie scattered everywhere.

Goot throws Ralph onto the sofa, which creates a dust cloud
and sends rats scurrying.

GOOT

You're not getting out of my sight, my precious brain. Sit tight while I order a pizza pie.

As Goot dials and orders the pizza, Ralph rolls off the sofa and begins to wander about.

RALPH

Deeper. Hee-hee-hee.

GOOT

Yes, this is Doctor Goot. Shut up and listen! I will have the usual order delivered to the usual address.

Ralph is wandering straight for the aqueduct of flowing sewage. Goot is intent on his pizza order.

GOOT (Cont'd)

What? No, I don't have a coupon. Why in the hell would I need a friggin' coupon?! Just bring me my damn pizzas and shut your foul hole!

Goot looks around for Ralph and, in shock, sees him heading for the aqueduct.

GOOT

Good gravy! Freeze, lunatic!

Ralph teeters on the edge of the fast moving flow, seemingly oblivious. Turns to face Goot and then falls backward into the sewage. The current quickly takes Ralph into a pipe and he is gone.

Goot runs to the edge and looks down into the pipe.

GOOT

My precious brain! Nooooooo!

EXT: - SEWER REPOSITORY - NIGHT

Ralph spits out of the pipe and deposits him in a cesspool. Ralph dog paddles for the edge and climbs out. He seems to not care that he is covered head-to-toe with bacteria-riddled cess.

RALPH

Fooooood.

Like one of George Romero's zombies, Ralph aimlessly stalks toward the lights of the city.

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET

Ralph stumbles into the street not caring if there is traffic. A pair of car headlights zoom right up to him and screech to a halt.

INT: - POLICE CRUISER LOOKING OUT OVER HOOD

Ralph growls like a beast at the vehicle.

OFFICER #1

Great mother of God!

OFFICER #2

W-what is that thing?! Is it even human?

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET

The officers turn on the flashers and exit the car with pistols pointed at Ralph who is blinded by the lights.

RALPH

Rrrrarrwl!

EXT: - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An ambulance is dodging in and out of traffic and driving at break-neck speeds with sirens blazing.

EXT: - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

At the front gates is a sign reading "Montgomery Home for the Really Insane". The 10-foot high stone walls surrounding the institution is lined with razor wire. Others sign declare "Stay Out!", "Do not feed the patients" and "Trespassers will be shot".

The ambulance recklessly blazes through the front gates.

EXT: - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - PATIENT DROP-OFF

Two nervous ambulance drivers jump out. The ambulance is shaking and bouncing as insane babbling and screams erupt from inside.

INT: - HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Doctors and nurses are running about in great urgency as alarms blare. Loud, agonizing screams echo through the halls.

A young female doctor, who has just come on duty, is confused as to what is going happening. Dr. Kreegon is young but not exactly beautiful. She's scrawny, flat chested, and spectacled.

DR. HORNSWOGGLE

What the hell is going on?

Hornswoggle stops another doctor as he tries to run by.

DR. HORNSWOGGLE

Doctor Ferd, what's the emergency?
Why's everyone freaking out?

Dr. Ferd is shaken and cringes with each scream.

DR. FERD

It-it's the new patient. I've never
seen such a dangerous beast! The thing
is wild!

INT: - OUTSIDE RUBBER ROOM #13

Two huge and burly attendants quickly exit the rubber room looking as if they had just tried to pet a tiger. They are covered with cuts and bruises and their clothes nearly torn from their bodies.

They immediately slam and lock the door. Screams and howlings come from the room. The door bangs and booms from being hit from within.

ATTENDENT #1

I-I'll get the restraints.

ATTENDENT #2

I'll get the hypo.

The attendants zip off camera and immediately zip back. One has an exaggeratedly huge hypodermic needle full of bubbling green goo, and the other has a straight jacket covered in chains, straps and locks.

The attendants prepare to enter room #13 again.

ATTENDENT #1

Ready?

ATTENDENT #2

On three. One, two...GO!

The attendants leap into room. A riotous commotion follows; screams, sounds of a horrible struggle. Two loud thuds, and then silence.

An enraged and possessed Ralph stalks out of the room giggling and growling like an insane man-beast.

INT: - INSIDE RUBBER ROOM #13

The two attendants lie unconscious and propped up against the wall. One is tightly bound in the straight jacket and the other has the huge syringe sticking out of his neck.

INT: - PSYCHIATRIC WARD

Goot's Transmorgafier seems to have turned Ralph into a primordial beast. Ralph staggers through the hallways, screaming and growling.

Stunned doctors and nurses chaotically run for help or cover. Despite his small size, Ralph picks up a horror-stricken doctor and throws him out a window.

A doctor, on a phone, tries calling 9-1-1.

DOCTOR #1 (on phone)

Yes, yes, we're having a crisis at the Montgomery Institution - a patient is turning our ward upside down! Please, send help immediately!

The phone answers with a nasally sounding recording.

9-1-1

All of our operators are busy at the moment, but your call is important to us. Please stand by for the next available Emergency Assistance Specialist.

DOCTOR #1

No! No! I need to speak to -

Musak begins playing on the 9-1-1 recording as a shadow looms over the doctor. The doctor looks up expecting to see a huge monster but sees nobody there. He then looks down and sees Ralph. The looming shadow was created by a knocked over lamp behind Ralph.

Ralph picks the doctor up and throws him across the ward with a loud crash of glass and medical equipment.

Ralph turns around, growling and looking for his next victim. He stops dead in his tracks.

Dr. Hornswoggle stands before him confident and unafraid. When Ralph turns to face her, tough demeanor melts into a mound of goo.

Ralph is a horrible, disgusting form. He's still covered in sewage, dirty, unshaven and his filthy attire in shambles.

Dr. Hornswoggle almost doubles over in pain. Her eyes glaze over as it looks as if she might vomit at any second. Dr. Hornswoggle runs from the ward into another room and sprawls out onto a table barely able to breathe or speak.

INT: - WARD STORAGE ROOM

HORNSWOGGLE

My God! T-that thing...never have I seen such an unbelievable creature.

Hornswoggle looks back through the door towards where Ralph would be.

HORNSWOGGLE

I-I think I love him!

Resolve and determination take over Dr. Hornswoggle as she bolts from the room.

INT: - PSYCHIATRIC WARD

Ralph is destroying the ward and is about to toss a large orderly over his head.

HORNSWOGGLE

Stop right there, you lunatic!

Ralph wheels about to face her with the orderly still over his head. Hornswoggle cringes with lust and almost loses her senses upon seeing Ralph again.

RALPH

Grrowlll!

HORNSWOGGLE

Put the man down, Mr. Snart. Put the man down and -

Ralph puts the man down by tossing him over a counter into a battery of medical equipment.

HORNSWOGGLE

Right. Thank you, Mr. Snart. We're making progress now, aren't we?

Ralph growls and then tries to stick a bed pan in his mouth.

HORNSWOGGLE

Okay, Mr. Snart, eating a bedpan is not a good thing. That would be a step backwards.

Dr. Hornswoggle tries to take the bedpan away from Ralph.

HORNSWOGGLE

There's a reason why you are, I feel it so strongly. You've come into my life because we were meant to be together. I mean, I almost called in sick today, and let me tell you my cramps this

morning were REALLY bad, and if I would've done that we maybe never would've met -

HORNSWOGGLE

Do you believe in destiny, Mr. Snart? Fate? Have you gone through your entire life feeling as if there is only one solitary person that you were destined to spend the rest of your life with?

HORNSWOGGLE

Am I your soul mate?

Ralph pushes her away which causes the doctor to fall backwards on her rear end. Hornswoggle pulls out an ugly-looking contraption. It's a tazer, which shoots 50,000 volts of electricity.

HORNSWOGGLE

I hate to do this my love, but you're simply not well. You don't realize what you're doing, nor do you realize the love of your life stands before you.

Hornswoggle fires a tazer barb into Ralph. All of his muscles lock up and he screams and crashes to the floor.

When Ralph tries to get up, Hornswoggle gives him another shock.

HORNSWOGGLE

Oh, I'm so sorry!

When Ralph tries to get up again, Hornswoggle gives him another shock.

HORNSWOGGLE

Oh, I'm so, so sorry!

Hornswoggle continues shocking Ralph.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT: - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - 3 MONTHS LATER - DAY

NURSE #1 (OC)

Have you noticed the amount of attention Dr. Hornswoggle is paying that Snart patient.

EXT: - PSYCHIATRIC WARD

Two nurses are talking as Dr. Hornswoggle approaches from down the hallway.

NURSE #2
I think somebody has the hots for a loony-tune.

The nurses giggle to themselves as she approaches them.

HORNSWOGGLE
What's so funny, ladies? Did you spill another bedpan on a patient?

NURSE #1
No, Dr. Hornswoggle, we-we were just telling jokes.

HORNSWOGGLE (sarcastic)
Oh, great! I love jokes. How about you tell it to me?

Nervous, the nurse tries to get out of the lie.

NURSE #1
W-well, you see -

HORNSWOGGLE
Oh, lord. You're actually going to try and make up a joke. Good day, ladies.

Hornswoggle picks up a chart and heads for a patient's room.

INT: - SNART'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Hornswoggle enters while looking at the chart. A nurse is there taking his temperature. Ralph lies in bed calm and looking perfectly well and happy.

NURSE #3

I was just taking his temp and BP,
doctor. Perfectly normal.

The nurse turns to Ralph with a big smile and talks to him
like he's a deaf imbecile.

NURSE #3

Right, mister Snart?!

Hornswoggle tries to hide being irked by this treatment of
the man she loves.

HORNSWOGGLE

Of course, he's NORMAL. Now, go about
your rounds, nurse.

The nurse hurries out of the room. Hornswoggle continues to
study the chart until she is safely gone.

Ralph sits contently upright in bed. Hornswoggle slowly
approaches his bed while still fully absorbed in studying
his chart.

HORNSWOGGLE

Hmm...yes. Uh-huh.

Hornswoggle quickly looks around. Flings the chart down,
jumps into Ralph's arms and
begins covering his face with kisses.

After an unusually long kiss on the lips, she releases as
if spent from the exertion. Ralph has a glazed and
bewildered look on his face.

RALPH

C-can I ask you s-something?

Hornswoggle looks dreamingly into Ralph's eyes still
embraced.

HORNSWOGGLE

Oh, yes, yes, my love.

RALPH

Do I know you?

Hornswoggle is irked. She steps back and recites something that, it seems, she has said many times before.

HORNSWOGGLE

YES. You know me. I am your doctor, Holly Hornswoggle. You are Ralph Snart, and you had a total mental collapse. Over the last three months, I have been working very intimately, I mean...very closely with you to help cure you of your insanity.

RALPH

Soooo.....am I sane yet?

HORNSWOGGLE

Yes, Mr. Snart, after many rigorous treatments and hundreds of hours of therapy, your sanity has returned and you are perfectly normal. The only lingering problem you face is...

HORNSWOGGLE (cont)

YOUR TOTAL LACK OF A MEMORY!

HORNSWOGGLE (cont)

Seems like I'd "get it" one of these days. I was never meant to be happy.

Hornswoggle approaches Ralph and delicately caresses his face with her hand.

HORNSWOGGLE (Cont'd)

Oh, Ralph, why'd I have to fall for such crazy guy?

RALPH

You got a boyfriend? What's his name, Dr. Swogghorn?

Dejected, Hornswoggle walks out of the room.

HORNSWOGGLE

I'll see you tomorrow, Ralph.

RALPH

I'll be here! I-I guess...

INT: - TV TALK SHOW

A Jerry Springer-type talk show host is interviewing Dr. Hornswoggle. Ralph sits next to her on stage smiling and quiet.

TALK SHOW HOST

Our show is about "Nuts and Doctors who cured them". Our guests today include noted psychiatrist Dr. Holly Hornswoggle and one of her amazing patients, Ralph Snart.

INT: - GOOT'S LIVING QUARTERS

Goot is watching TV. He's unshaven, sitting in a bathrobe and surrounded by pizza boxes. Dozens of rats are scurry about and fighting over pizza scraps.

Goot is watching the talk show, and he leaps to the edge of his seat as soon as he recognizes Ralph. He reaches for the remote to increase the volume but grabs a rat by mistake. Goot tosses the rat and finds the remote.

GOOT

MY BRAIN!

INT: - TV TALK SHOW

TALK SHOW HOST

So, how're you feeling, Ralph? How's the cracker box treating you?

RALPH

My brain is as right as rain! All of my insane thoughts and violent tendencies have been erased. I'm as sane now as anybody.

TALK SHOW HOST

That's real great, Ralph.

TALK SHOW HOST

Dr. Hornswoggle, how long before Ralph, here, has another total breakdown and goes completely coo-coo again?

Hornswoggle is startled by the question. She expected a more balanced approach to such a serious subject.

HORNSWOGGLE

I-I consider Mr. Snart completely cured of his insanity. He has no more chance of going insane as you.

INT: - GOOT'S LIVING QUARTERS

Goot is incredibly excited about finding his precious brain.

GOOT

So! He is Ralph Snart. I will find you, Snart! Your precious brain will be mine once more.

INT: - TV TALK SHOW

TALK SHOW HOST

Dr. Hornswoggle, how long have you been sleeping with your patient, Ralph Snart?

Hornswoggle is upset by the rude question. Ralph looks on quiet and content.

HORNSWOGGLE

What?! What is this crap? I-I've never had sexual relations with Mr. Snart!

TALK SHOW HOST

Isn't it true that you are in love with him? Isn't it?! Is that part of your therapy, doctor, to sleep with your patients?!

Hornswoggle is trying to maintain her self-control, but she is ready to explode.

TALK SHOW HOST

Perhaps you can explain these pictures,
Dr. Hornswoggle.

Pictures are displayed of Dr. Hornswoggle locked in an embrace with a surprised Ralph while passionately kissing him.

Veins begin to throb on Hornswoggle's temple. Her teeth are gritted and her knuckles white.

TALK SHOW HOST

Are you so desperate for love and affection that you have to crawl into the bed of any mental defect that will have you? Are you?! Not to mention that Ralph Smart is a married man! What kind of sleaze ring are you running, doctor?

Hornswoggle can stand it no more. She hauls off and plants a right cross square on the talk show host's jaw. Before the host even hits the floor, Hornswoggle is already kicking his midsection. When he is down, Hornswoggle begins stomping on his head. Through it all, Ralph continues to smile and sit quietly.

INT: - GOOT'S LIVING QUARTERS

GOOT

Hmm...it looks like I will have to put this Hornswoggle character on ice before I can get to my "brain".

On the TV, Hornswoggle is still beating the talk show as studio assistants try to break it up.

EXT: - CHICAGO APARTMENT BLDG. - LATE AFTERNOON

HORNSWOGGLE

How do you like it, Ralph?

RALPH

What am I liking?

INT: - CHICAGO APARTMENT

Hornswoggle and Ralph are in an empty loft apartment.

HORNSWOGGLE

The apartment, silly.

RALPH

Oh, it's a nice place you've found for yourself, Dr. Hornswoggle. Real nice. You might want to think about getting some furniture though.

HORNSWOGGLE

NO! It's for "us", Ralph! You and me living together! Ralph Snart and Holly Hornswoggle living HERE! This would be OUR place! If you went to work, you would return HERE! If you had to get a new license and you needed proof of your current residence, you would use something with THIS address!

RALPH

Well, I don't...

HORNSWOGGLE

Oh, it'll be perfect, Ralph! I'll have my private practice here in the city, and you - well...

HORNSWOGGLE

You'll work REAL hard to be a productive member of society.

RALPH

And we won't be going on any more of those talk shows?

HORNSWOGGLE

Definitely not. Oh, that reminds me, our court date is set for the 26th.

RALPH

Sorry you got fired from the nut house, Dr. Hornswoggle.

HORNSWOGGLE

No problem, Ralph. It was all my fault. But let's forget all that messy stuff. Let's think about the future. As soon

as your divorce goes through, we can get married!

RALPH (to himself)
Wow, I'm a married man shacking up with a hussy! Cooooool.

HORNSWOGGLE
We'll have fun here, Ralph. It'll be so romantic. We can snuggle in bed on rainy Sunday mornings reading the newspaper and -

RALPH
And eat waffles?!

HORNSWOGGLE
Umm, sure, Ralph, we can eat waffles, too.

Hornswoggle gives Ralph some money from her purse.

HORNSWOGGLE
Here. I'll order some Chinese food while you go down to that wine shop across the street and get us a bottle of wine. Okay?

RALPH (to himself)
Down and across. Down and across...

Hornswoggle helps put Ralph's coat and cap on and sends him on his way.

EXT: - CHICAGO APARTMENT BLDG. - EVENING

Ralph is looking all around and trying to figure which way to go. Across the street is a huge neon sign that says "WINE".

RALPH
Let's see...down...and...across. Down and across...

A taxi pulls up to Ralph. The driver is Dr. Goot in a very bad disguise, but with Ralph's memory loss, there's no chance he would ever recognize Goot.

Ralph finally spots the gigantic wine sign and points at it.

RALPH

There it is right there. Down and across! That's right!

GOOT

Where you going, pal? I'll take you there!

Goot gets out of the cab to help Ralph in.

RALPH

Umm, I'm going to that wine shop across the street there...

GOOT

Well, hop in, mac. I'll get you there in no time flat.

RALPH

But it's only right -

Goot opens the rear door of the cab, grabs Ralph by his collar and the seat of his pants and then throws him in the back seat.

GOOT

Climb aboard, bub. I know all the short cuts!

Goot runs around and hops into the driver's seat.

RALPH

Really, sir, I think I can make it -

Goot stomps on the gas and recklessly speeds off, plowing through traffic as he goes. Ralph bounces around the rear of the cab unable to sit up straight.

RALPH

- on my own.

GOOT

I've got it all taken care of, mister.
You'll be at your destination safe and
sound in no time flat!

INT: - CHICAGO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A pounding sounds on the door of Hornswoggle's and Ralph's
apartment.

HORNSWOGGLE (to herself)
That must Ralph. What's taken him so
long? It's been hours!

Hornswoggle opens the door and sees a police detective and
two uniformed Chicago cops.

DETECTIVE
Evening, ma'am. You know a guy named
Ralph Snart?

HORNSWOGGLE
Oh, god. What's he done? I
mean...what's happened to him? Is he
all right?

DETECTIVE
We just picked up this Snart guy up on
a DUI charge.

HORNSWOGGLE
But Ralph isn't a big drinker and -

DETECTIVE
I have to disagree, lady. People with
his blood-alcohol level are EMBALMED.

DETECTIVE (cont)
But that's not the half of it. We found
a bale of pot and enough rock cocaine
and meth to set up his own drug cartel.
Plus he had over \$150,000 in stolen
bank notes, a trunk full of dead
prostitutes, and a cache of illegal
weapons and explosives that would be
the envy of any Iraqi insurgent.

COP #1

And a busted taillight. Don't forget
about the -

The detective gives the cop a quick look, which shuts the
cop up.

DETECTIVE

We're talking about a lot of serious
charges, ma'am. What is your relation
to this Snart guy?

HORNSWOGGLE (hysterical)

Something is terribly wrong here,
officers! This has got to be some kind
of mistake!

The detective reaches for Hornswoggle's arm to guide her
through the door.

DETECTIVE

How about we all go down to the station
and figure this all out, okay?

INT: - PRISONER VISITATION AREA

Goot arrives in a different disguise. He's in a rumbled
suit and tie and carrying a brief case. He sits down and
waits as a guard brings in Ralph. Ralph is in an orange
jumpsuit and looking like a disheveled wreck.

GUARD

Five minutes, Snart!

Goot gestures for Ralph to come over to where he is
sitting. They can't hear each other because of the glass
separating the visitors and prisoners.

Goot picks up his phone and then gestures for Ralph to pick
up the phone on his side.

GOOT

Mr. Snart! I am your lawyer, Mr.
Foogmeyer.

It seems like Ralph doesn't even know what a lawyer is.

RALPH

My-my lawyer? What do I need a lawyer for?

GOOT

You're in jail, Mr. Snart. And on some very significant charges, I might add.

RALPH

I don't remember anything! I just woke, and bam! I was in this place with a bunch of strange people.

Ralph leans forward and whispers in the phone.

RALPH

Did I go crazy again?

Goot reminisces about what had happened early that night.

EXT: - A DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Goot's taxicab barrels down the road crazily.

INT: - TAXI CAB

Ralph is perplexed about why the short cut to the wine shop across the street is taking so long.

RALPH

Is this still the short cut? It sure is taking along a long time.

Goot ignores Ralph and pulls out a gas mask from a knapsack and puts it on over his head.

RALPH

Hey, whatcha doing?

Goot pulls out what looks like a hand grenade.

RALPH

Hey, whatcha got there?

Goot pulls the pin to the grenade with his teeth and tosses it to Ralph's surprise into the back seat.

EXT: - TAXI CAB

The smoke grenade bursts with a flash, lighting up the interior of the cab, and quickly fills with smoke.

The wipers turn on as Goot continues driving recklessly down the street.

INT: - TAXI CAB

Goot is wiping the inside of the windshield with one hand and steering with other.

RALPH

Cough! Cough! HEY, WHAT'S -

GOOT

HA-HA-HAH!

EXT: - A DARK CITY STREET

The taxicab careens violently into an alleyway.

EXT: - DESERTED ALLEYWAY

The taxicab screeches to a halt. Goot opens his car door with the knapsack in hand as a huge bloom of green smoke escapes from the cab. Goot is still laughing.

GOOT

Woo, boy! HA-HA-HAWR!

Goot opens the rear door to the cab and Ralph falls out and plops onto the wet pavement unconscious. Goot takes off his mask and throws it aside. He picks up one of Ralph's feet and drags him along the ground towards another car.

Goot opens the other car's driver-side door and roughly puts Ralph behind the wheel. Goot walks around to the passenger-side door and gets in.

INT: - THE OTHER CAR

Goot pulls out a gallon jug of whiskey, grabs and pulls back Ralph's nose and begins pouring whiskey into Ralph's open mouth.

GOOT
Drink hearty, me lad!

With one hand, Goot shuts Ralph's mouth and pinches his nose to force him to swallow. Goot then repeats pouring more booze down Ralph's throat.

GOOT (in a drunk voice)
One more for the road, pal!

Goot repeats forcing Ralph to swallow. Goot pours again until the jug is empty.

GOOT (in a drunk voice)
Damn right, I kin hold my ligger! Ha-ha-ha!

INT: - PRISONER VISITATION AREA

Goot comes back with a start.

GOOT
Yes, Mr. Snart. I'm sorry to say that you did go crazy again. You caused a little bit of trouble I'm afraid.

RALPH
Oh, dear. That's not good at all. You can take care of the trouble can't you, Mr. Foogmeyer?

GOOT
Certainly! But you'll have to trust me 100% and do everything I tell you without question. Okay, Mr. Snart?

Ralph is excited to receive such committed assistance.

RALPH
Sure thing! I'll do whatever you say, Mr. Foogmeyer!

Goot gets up to leave.

GOOT

Then I'll see you tomorrow, Mr. Snart.

INT: COURT ROOM

Guards bring Ralph into the courtroom. Ralph is in an orange jumpsuit and arm and feet shackles. He smiles when he sees Mr. Foogmeyer (Goot). Goot, as Foogmeyer, stands as Ralph approaches the defendant's table.

RALPH

You're Mr. Goofmeyer, ain't ya?

GOOT

Close enough, Mr. Snart.

Hornswoggle is in the courtroom and waves at Ralph. She finds a seat closer to the defense.

HORNSWOGGLE

Ralph! What's going on? How'd you get into such trouble?

GOOT

Mind your own business, lady. I've got a defense to run!

HORNSWOGGLE

Who is this guy, Ralph?

GOOT

Do you know this woman, Mr. Snart?

RALPH (struggling to remember)

Ya know she looks familiar. I know I should know who she is...

The judge for the court enters and makes her way to the bench. The bailiff announces her.

BAILIFF

All please rise for the honorable Judge Bleuck.

Goot slips a small tablet into a cup. He pours water into the cup and passes it to Ralph.

GOOT

Are you nervous, Mr. Snart. Here,
perhaps this water will help calm your
nerves.

RALPH

Huh? Okay. Thanks, Mr. MugFeyer.

Ralph drinks the water as Goot smiles and looks on.

JUDGE

How does the defense plead?

Goot lurches up and tells the court in a loud, clear voice.

GOOT

GUILTY, YOUR HONOR!

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Well, this is refreshing.

Ralph is sitting in his chair with a blank look on his
face. The drug that Goot slipped him is starting to take
effect. Hornswoggle is shocked by the plea.

HORNSWOGGLE

What?! What is this crap?!

The judge sounds her gavel to silence the uproar in the
courtroom.

JUDGE

All right, don't make me start throwing
people out of here.

GOOT

Your honor, my client is guilty by
reason of insanity!

JUDGE

Interesting. How long have you been
studying the law? Usually insanity
pleas are NOT GUILTY!

Ralph begins to laugh uncontrollably. He starts to look
around like there are bugs and snakes crawling everywhere.

GOOT

Ralph Snart isn't looking to get off on a free ride, your Honor. Although insane, my client wants to take responsibility for his actions!

The prosecuting attorney talks with his assistant.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

My job just got a whole lot easier.

ASSISTANT

Do you think it's a ploy?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

No, it's just really stupid.

Ralph starts growling like a dog and twitching in his seat. Hornswoggle looks on in horror.

GOOT

Your Honor, the defense would like to state that the reason for this plea, which means years of incarceration for the defendant, is an attempt to escape the diabolical clutches of Ralph Snart's physician, Dr. Holly Hornswoggle!

Hornswoggle stands up and grabs Goot's jacket over the railing. The proceedings are starting to get out of hand. There's a general uproar in the court. Ralph is starting to bark loudly like a dog. He crawls onto the defense table on all fours.

HORNSWOGGLE

What the hell are you talking about, you crackpot?!

GOOT

Your Honor, my client would rather be locked away for years in prison than to have to be at the mercy of this fiendish ghoul who has done nothing but rob whatever sanity Mr. Snart had left!

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Good Lord!

JUDGE

Order! Order! C'mon, people! Don't make me have a bad day, or I'm going to start throwing more than the defendant into jail.

JUDGE (cont)

Order! Bailiff, go restrain the defendant!

As the bailiff approaches, Ralph jumps on him, shackles and all. The bailiff goes down and Ralph bounces off looking around as the guards rush in to restrain him.

Ralph jumps into the middle of the approaching guards like a possessed, screaming demon. Hornswoggle runs up and tries to protect Ralph. Chaos overtakes the courtroom as Goot sits back and smiles. Fade to black.

EXT: - COURT HOUSE STEPS - DAY

Goot (as Foogmeyer) talks to Ralph as newspaper photographers take photographs.

GOOT

Trust me, Ralph, it's for the best. Put your past behind you and start fresh.

RALPH

I guess you're right. Too bad for that lady.

Goot can hardly contain his laughter.

GOOT

Hornswoggle got what she deserved, Ralph. The judge was right in letting you off and throwing the book at that evil Dr. Hornswoggle for doing so much damage to your brain.

RALPH

She sure was screaming and hollering when they dragged her away.

GOOT

Hopefully while she's in prison, she can reflect and realize that what she did to you was wrong.

RALPH

Huh. Now I'm kind of right back where I started - no money, no job and no place to live.

Goot pulls out an envelope from his suit pocket.

GOOT

Fear not, Mr. Snart! Here. On that envelope is the address of a kind-hearted soul who is eager to help you get back on your feet again. Go to it at midnight tonight and deliver this envelope!

RALPH

Woah! Thanks, Mr. Fugmoocher, you've been a real big help. A real big help!

Goot starts to walk away down the courthouse steps with a wave.

GOOT

Take care of yourself, Mr. Snart. Don't do anything "crazy"!

RALPH

Huh! You bet, Mr. Fussmuck! Goodbye.

EXT: - CHICAGO STREET - MIDNIGHT

Ralph is walking along a dark street in a rough neighborhood. He has on the same rumbled suit and tie from early in the day when he left the courthouse. Ralph is looking all around and following the directions on the slip of paper Goot gave him. Dealers, gang members, pimps and prostitutes line his way as he walks.

EXT: - OLD FACTORY - MIDNIGHT

Ralph finds what looks like the place, but it's an old abandoned factory building surrounded by a razor wire

topped fence. Signs on the fence have skulls and crossbones and warn about entering.

The fence is locked, so Ralph looks around for another entrance. With no luck, Ralph decides to climb the fence despite the razor wire. At the top, Ralph becomes entangled and falls head-over-heels on the other side of the fence. Ralph is bloodied and scratched and his clothes torn to shreds.

Ralph brushes himself off and straightens his jacket then continues toward the factory. The occasional strange noise causes Ralph to look around nervously.

Ralph finds a rusted and beat up door. He knocks and the sound echoes throughout. After a long pause, Ralph tries knocking again. After another long pause, Ralph tries knocking one more time.

Just as he's about to leave, Ralph hears a faint shuffling inside the building. It sounds like someone dragging a heavy, dead body. Ralph listens nervously as the sound draws nearer.

The shuffling becomes louder as it draws closer and closer to the other side of the door. Ralph is sweating bullets wondering what kind of being is coming.

The shuffling seems to go on forever until it finally stops just before the door. After an agonizingly long pause, and just as Ralph is about to leave, the door flies open revealing Dr. Goot (no disguise).

GOOT

WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

Ralph does not recognize Goot and is frightened and tongue-tied. Ralph timidly hands over the envelope.

RALPH

Uh-nuh...guh.

Goot yanks it out of his hand. Tears it open and pretends to be carefully studying a letter that was enclosed.

GOOT

Hurm...yes. So, I see...interesting.

Goot looks up from the letter and begins studying a nervous and frightened Ralph.

GOOT

Do you know who I am, Mr. Snart? Have we ever met?

RALPH

I-I don't think so. Why do y-you ask?

Goot grabs Ralph by the collar and hauls him through the factory door.

INT: - OLD, ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Inside the darkened factory, Goot escorts Ralph through a great entanglement of pipes, old machinery, fallen beams and cobwebs.

Goot is giggling to himself over having deceived Ralph with his many disguises.

GOOT

My friend, Mr. Foogmeyer, writes that you are in need of assistance. He says you require food, adequate lodging and a good job. A job that would exploit your many talents.

Ralph warms up at the mention of all this possible good news.

RALPH

Yeah! That just what I'm looking for, mister...

GOOT

Goot! I am Doctor Goot.

RALPH

Do you know where I can find all of this, Dr. Goot?

INT: - OLD ELEVATOR DOOR

Goot gestures to an old-fashioned elevator with the gated doors. Goot pulls back the doors erupting a cloud of dust.

GOOT

Right here, Mr. Snart! I need a lab assistant to help me with my scientific studies, and you're just the man to help me.

RALPH

Are you sure? I don't really know much about science kind of stuff...

The two enter the elevator.

GOOT

Nonsense! Utter silliness! Mr. Foogmeyer has written that you have a brilliant mind. A most unusual mind with powers and abilities that have, thus far, gone untapped.

RALPH

Wow. He said all that? He said I had a brilliant mind?

Goot slams the elevator cage door and pulls a lever. With a creaking bang and a lurch, the car begins to descend.

GOOT

"Untapped" I think is the key word to consider, Mr. Snart!

INT: - ELEVATOR CAR

The elevator plunges at an alarming rate of speed. Smoke pours from the walls like the car was on fire. Ralph's eyes bug and he desperately tries to hold on as he bounces around the car. Goot stands steady not seeming to notice the rate of descent.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

The elevator crashes to a halt, the door flies open as Ralph rolls out of the elevator door. Goot walks out of the door calmly with no trouble as smoke billows out.

Ralph looks around the lab in amazement.

RALPH

T-this is some place, Dr. Goot. It's got real atmosphere. What kind of stuff do you do down here?

GOOT

Well, lately I've been goofing around with a growth serum. Only been experimenting with rats at this stage, of course.

Goot claps his hands twice.

GOOT

It's been a long day for you, Mr. Snart. You should rest. Tomorrow I will show you your new purpose in life!

Ralph would be happy to have some kind of purpose in life.

RALPH

New purpose? Sounds very exciting, Dr. Goot - I can't wait!

A large rat about the size of a dog ambles up along side of Ralph. Ralph jumps with a start at the sight of the freakish creature.

RALPH

Yow! Big rat!

GOOT

No need to be frightened, Mr. Snart. This is Fester - one of the rats that were kind enough to try my growth serum. He won't hurt you.

Goot talks baby talk to the large rat as he bends down to scratch its head. The rat smiles a grin of slavering fangs.

GOOT

He's just a big, fluffy fella, isn't he?

Goot gestures for the rat to exit and guide Ralph to his room.

GOOT

Take Mr. Snart to his room, Fester.

The rat clamps down on Ralph's arm and drags him off into the dark as Ralph screams and hollers. Goot waves after them.

GOOT

See you in the morning, Mr. Snart.
Bright and early!

INT: - SEWER TUNNEL

The rat is dragging Ralph by the arm through a dark tunnel as Ralph runs to keep up.

RALPH

Slow down, you vermin!

INT: - SEWER TUNNEL DOOR

The rat suddenly stops at an old, rusted door. Ralph tries to catch his breath as the rat scampers off into the dark. Ralph is alone in the semi-darken tunnel.

RALPH

This must be my room.

Ralph struggles to push open the door with a very loud and long creaking noise.

INT: - RALPH'S SEWER ROOM

Ralph fumbles around and finds light hanging down from the ceiling. He pulls the chain and turns on the light. The room is dusty, dirty and filled with cobwebs. Near the light and in the corner is an old cot with a beat up mattress and a raggedy blanket.

Ralph isn't too disappointed since he does have a place to live and he seems to be wanted.

RALPH

Well...t-this ain't so bad.

Ralph takes off his clothes and, since there's no place to hang them, folds them up and makes a pillow out of them. He gets into the bed, pulls over the blanket and then reaches up and turns off the light.

The room is pitch black. After a long pause, the bed begins to creak as if Ralph can't get comfortable in the old bed.

RALPH

Urmf. Uhn.

Another pause and then more creaking.

RALPH

UURNF. Man. What -

The light suddenly comes on. Ralph is holding the light chain and looking in horror at his bed. The bed is filled with abnormally large rats sleeping next to and on top of Ralph much like a dog or cat. The floor of the room seems to be crawling with rats.

INT: - SEWER TUNNEL

Ralph's horrified screams resound and echo through the sewer tunnels.

INT: - GOOT'S LIVING ROOM

Goot is kicked back on his sofa and watching TV with a pizza box on his lap (there are no rats to be seen). Goot giggles to himself as he increases the volume to cover the screams.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY - MORNING

Goot is tinkering away at a bizarre piece of equipment. Fester the rat runs into the lab with Ralph in tow. After dropping Ralph off, the rat scurries away.

GOOT

I trust you slept well, Mr. Snart.

Ralph is looking ragged and exhausted.

RALPH

I didn't sleep all that good, Dr. Goot.

GOOT

It's probably just the new surroundings. I always have a tough time sleeping in a new bed. I'm sure once you're used to everything, you'll sleep like a baby!

RALPH

I guess I'll have to get used to all of the rats.

Goot strokes and scratches a huge rat that has crawled up onto the doctor's laboratory table.

GOOT

A greatly misunderstood mammal, Mr. Snart. As am I. Perhaps that is why I have such a fondness for them.

As Ralph draws near, the rat turns and snaps its razor sharp teeth at him.

GOOT

Hmm. Quite protective aren't they, Mr. Snart. One of their strongest traits. Once you become a member of their pack, they will kill any aggressor that tries to harm you.

Ralph looks around the laboratory at all of the strange equipment and devices, making sure to stay clear of the protective rodents. When he approaches the Neural Transmorgafier, he stops. Ralph studies it with a strange curiosity.

RALPH

What's this thing, Dr. Goot? I-it looks...familiar.

Goot is glad mentioned his prized invention. Goot is also enjoying Ralph's loss of memory. He is almost giggling with glee as his moment of truth approaches.

GOOT

That is my Neural Transmorgafier. It is one of my most incredible scientific achievements.

RALPH

What's it do?

Goot innocently picks up the device and places it on top of Ralph's head.

GOOT

The Neural Transmorgafier is a device used to convert brain waves into digital imagery. First, it is placed onto the subjects head like so...

RALPH

Wow! What a contraption.

Goot pushes a button on the device, which causes it to lock down onto the Ralph's head.

GOOT

Then it is secured tightly to the subject's skull.

Goot's finger hovers over a large red button on the device. As if knowing what's about to happen, all of the rats scurry into darken corners to hide.

Ralph is getting excited by all of this cool, science stuff.

RALPH

Then what do you do, Dr. Goot? Then what?

Goot is almost laughing out loud at the irony of the situation, as he is about to push the button.

GOOT

Well...hee-hee...then you push this button, which causes the Neural Transmorgafier to turn your subconscious thoughts and dreams...hee-hee...into digital data that is then displayed onto this computer monitor.

This incredible invention of Dr. Goot's is really exciting Ralph.

RALPH

Let's try it out, Dr. Goot! Try it on me!

Goot is barely able to contain his mirth.

GOOT

Y-you really want to?

RALPH

Yeah! Yeah! This could be fun!

Goot's demeanor turns from merriment to evil. He finally pushes the button causing the whole laboratory lights up. Ralph begins screaming and shaking. Smoke billows and sparks shoot out from the Neural Transmorgafier.

GOOT

You asked for it, Snart! Hell, you were damn near begging for it! Hoo-hoo-hah-hah-hawr!

Goot watches as a faint image on the Transmorgafier's monitor becomes more clear. The image of Ralph running down an alley with Spoilberg and the cameraman giving chase.

EXT: - CITY STREET - DAY

SPOILBERG

CUT! CUT! COME BACK HERE, CRIMINAL!
STOP!

Ralph stops running, turns around and trots back to Spoilberg and the cameraman.

SPOILBERG

This just isn't working.

RALPH

You're absolutely right. Perhaps it's time for a new direction in the storyline.

SPOILBERG

Exactly! Er...what'd you have in mind?

RALPH

How about this - I'm not a runaway crack fiend, but a sleeper cell terrorist bent on the destruction of the Imperialist American Running Dog.

Spoilberg gets excited and starts envision the scene by framing it with his hands.

SPOILBERG

Funds for your cell are running dry. You need to strike soon and further the aims of your "Holy War".

Spoilberg begins to message Ralph's shoulders to help prepare him mentally for his new "role".

SPOILBERG

You're desperate and filled with hate. You would like nothing better than to blow up all the American fat-asses. As a terrorist, you choose violent martyrdom over finding employment and constructively trying to achieve peace. Am I painting you a picture, Snart?

Ralph is pleased and excited to assume his new role.

RALPH

Sho nuf!

Spoilberg points at Ralph and gives his direction to begin.

SPOILBERG

Annnd...ACTION!

Ralph runs off down an alleyway back toward his apartment building. Spoilberg and the cameraman try to keep up with Ralph's manic pace.

SPOILBERG (to the viewer)
There he goes again, folks. Let's follow and witness his sick crimes against America and humanity.

INT: - RALPH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doofus is lying on a beat-up sofa watching TV with what appears to be a huge hangover. Ralph storms into the apartment followed closely by Spoilberg and his cameraman.

Doofus doesn't move. All he can do is moan quietly.

DOOFUS
What's going on, man?

Spoilberg notices Doofus and adds him to the storyline. The cameraman focuses right in on Doofus's face.

SPOILBERG
Observe! Another member of the terrorist sleeper cell who would like nothing better than to bring Democracy to it's knees.

Doofus is startled by the strange intrusion.

DOOFUS
Woah! Who're these idiots?

RALPH
Change of plans, Doofus!

DOOFUS
We're not going to swill ourselves into beer comas?

Ralph grabs Doofus and pulls him erect to a sitting position on the sofa.

RALPH
Of course, fool. But besides that, we're going to turn the seat of

America's federal government into a
firestorm of death and destruction.

Doofus raises his arms in defiance of America.

DOOFUS
DEATH TO THE INFIDALS!

Doofus falls back on the sofa in confusion.

DOOFUS
What're we doing?

RALPH
We're gonna blow up the White House!
All you have to do is help me build a
Weapon of Mass Destruction.

RALPH (cont)
Hmm. We'll need ingredients for our
bomb.

DOOFUS
All we have are empty beer kegs and
pizza boxes.

RALPH
PERFECT! All we need now is some
fertilizer and some fuel oil and we'll
be all set.

DOOFUS
And don't forget beer.

Ralph and Doofus look at Spoilberg and the cameraman and
smile evilly.

RALPH
Hmm...yesss.

INT - LOCAL PARTY STORE - DAY

The cameraman is filming Spoilberg as he purchases cases of
beer for Ralph and Doofus.

SPOILBERG (to the camera)

Amazingly, I've gained enough of the terrorist cell's confidence to procure four cases of Bleuck Lite.

CAMERAMAN (OC)

It was either that or face execution.

Spoilberg and the cameraman leave the store. The cameraman is filming Spoilberg as he struggles to tote 4 cases of beer.

EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

SPOILBERG (to the camera)

Now let us return to the hideout of the foreign insurgents. Perhaps the bomb they learned how to make at a terrorist training camp is finished.

INT: - RALPH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spoilberg and the cameraman arrive to the apartment and are astonished by the huge "bomb" that Ralph and Doofus have constructed. The bomb is a conglomeration of beer kegs, tubing, duct tape and various household items.

The bomb takes up almost the entire living room of the apartment.

RALPH

It's a big muthuh!

DOOFUS

Yeah, no shit.

Ralph and Doofus notice that the beer has arrived and begin to salivate greedily.

SPOILBERG

Notice the look of crazed desperation as they continue their plot of evil.

RALPH

Shut up and fork over the beer. We ain't bombin' nothin' unless we're loaded.

DOOFUS

Damn right. Maybe this'll cure my head.

Ralph and Doofus crack open beers and start guzzling as they admire their handiwork.

RALPH

Yeah. Sure is big.

DOOFUS

Hey, Ralph.

RALPH

Doofus.

DOOFUS

How's it fittin' out the door? How we gonna get it out of here?

Ralph pauses for a moment as it dawns on him. A moment of panic suddenly turns to one of resolve as he barks out orders to Doofus.

RALPH

I'll get the chainsaw! You go get a sledgehammer!

Doofus runs out of the apartment.

DOOFUS

I'm on it!

Ralph whips out a chainsaw from nowhere and pulls the starter rope causing it to whine and belch gas fumes. Ralph attacks the wall of the apartment facing the street.

He begins cutting a hole in the wall. Doofus returns with a large sledgehammer and starts slamming it against the wall. During their demolition, the two continue to guzzle beer.

EXT: - RALPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Holes in the wall begin to form as rubble falls from the second story apartment to the street below. Eventually, almost the entire wall of the room has been demolished.

INT: - RALPH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Covered in sweat and dirt, Ralph and Doofus collapse in a heap still recklessly stuffing their faces with beers.

RALPH

There. That's how we get it out,
stupid.

DOOFUS

Okay, bright boy. How do we get it to
Washington, DC?

Again, Ralph has a moment of panic, which quickly turns into a plan of action as he spots something down in the street below.

EXT: - RALPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ralph runs out of the apartment building with Spoilberg and the cameraman in tow. Ralph runs at a UPS truck double-parked in the street. The deliveryman is behind the wheel checking his computer.

SPOILBERG

Crazed and intent on their Jihad, the
depraved terrorist is running amuck
through the streets of America
spreading fear and, of course, terror!

Ralph grabs the deliveryman and throws him startled into the street. Ralph hops into the UPS truck and backs it through parked cars and onto the sidewalk and below the hole in his apartment wall.

Ralph hops out of the truck and runs back into his apartment building. Ralph tells Spoilberg and the cameraman to wait by the truck.

RALPH

Wait here, fellers. We'll be right
back.

The UPS driver approaches his truck perplexed. He gets into the truck and tries to start it.

Shortly, Ralph appears with Doofus at the hole in the wall. They each then grab a side of the bomb and try to roll it

out the hole. After tipping the heavily bomb back and forth a few times, it rolls out the hole.

The huge bomb rolls out and crashes through the roof of the UPS truck. The UPS driver jettisons out of the driver's seat and onto a parked car. Falling rubble pummels Spoilberg and the cameraman.

Ralph and Doofus run out of the apartment building each carrying a case of beer.

RALPH

Think we have enough beer?

DOOFUS

It's about a thousand miles. We've only two cases.

DOOFUS (cont)

We'll have to make some stops.

Spoilberg and the cameraman crawl out from under a pile of rubble.

CAMERAMAN

I-I think my leg's broken.

Ralph yells at Spoilberg and the cameraman to hurry up.

RALPH

You guys better have beer money!

Spoilberg and the cameraman dive into the UPS truck and Doofus hops into the passenger seat as Ralph starts up the truck and guns the engine. The battered UPS driver runs after his truck as it tears off down the street.

EXT: - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The UPS truck with a crushed roof and a huge man-made bomb sticking out of it rumbles down an interstate towards Washington, DC.

INT: - UPS TRUCK - NIGHT

SPOILBERG

We've been driving all night and are only a hour away from the terrorists' destination...and oblivion. After drinking one beer after another, these crazed demons still appear fresh and are not wavering from their murderous cause.

DOOFUS

Hey, Ralph, when is this yahoo gonna shut his freakin' hole?

RALPH

In about one hour, Doofus.

Suddenly, Doofus becomes overwhelmed with anxiety.

DOOFUS

Woah! Time to panic, Ralph!

RALPH

What is it? Are the cops tailing us? Have the Feds discovered our plan? Are there Army jets with laser-guided missiles locked on us?

Doofus holds up two beers, one in each hand.

DOOFUS

No, we're down to one each. DRIVE FASTER, RALPH!

EXT: - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ralph stomps on the gas peddle and flies down the interstate at maximum speed. Instead of slowing down for traffic, Ralph lurches the UPS truck between other vehicles.

INT: - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

As the UPS truck passes, a bored police officer in a patrol car sits upright and takes notice at the unusual vehicle.

HWY. PATROL OFFICER

What the hell?

EXT: - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The police officer turns on his sirens and gives chase. The faster police car quickly overtakes the truck and forces it to pull over.

The officer gets out of his car and walks up to the driver's side of the UPS truck with his flashlight pointed at the driver. Ralph is behind the wheel with a big friendly grin.

HWY. PATROL OFFICER

Where the hell do you think you're going?

Ralph is calm and collected as he gestures to the bomb sticking out of the back and roof of the truck.

RALPH

We're terrorists on our way to blow up the White House with this bomb.

The officer is more than a little taken aback as he pulls out his revolver and points it at Ralph. Ralph smiles and acts politely and innocently to the officer.

RALPH

Heh-heh. Just kidding! Actually we're shooting a movie OF terrorists about to blow up the White House. Our props are very realistic, so I can imagine the confusion! We're real sorry, officer.

Spoilberg and the cameraman appear beside the officer as they capture the scene. The officer looks at the camera and embarrassedly and stupidly accepts the story.

HWY. PATROL OFFICER

You guys had me going there...

SPOILBERG

Officer, in order to add more realism to this scene, would you mind giving chase to our vehicle as it barrels headlong towards certain death and the destruction of our great nation's symbol of power and democratic freedom?

When put so straight forwardly, the not too bright officer agrees eagerly.

HWY. PATROL OFFICER

Why, sure. It would be my pleasure!
Will I gets credits in your movie?

DOOFUS

Hey, you got any beer, man?

Everyone looks at Doofus incredulously.

DOOFUS

Just askin'.

EXT: - WASHINGTON, DC OUTSKIRTS - DAYBREAK

SPOILBERG (VO)

Into the center of America's power, these two sleeper cell terrorists plunge - desperate for martyrdom and death for all Americans.

INT: - UPS TRUCK - DAYBREAK

RALPH

Fat ass Americans!

DOOFUS

So, how're we setting off this big ass bomb?

RALPH

I'm takin' it straight in, Doofus!
Right into the Oval Office, baby!

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

Goot is confused by the strange images on the Neural Transmorgafier's digital monitor generated by Ralph's

subconscious mind. Strapped in a chair and attached to the Transmorgafier, Ralph is being jolted and shocked by bolts of electricity from Goot's device.

GOOT

Unbelievable! The images from this creature's brain are amazingly realistic. Almost too real.

EXT: - WASHINGTON, DC, PENNSYLVANIA AVE. - MORNING

The UPS truck rattles onward at top speed towards the White House with the police officer following.

INT: - UPS TRUCK - MORNING

Everyone is bouncing around the inside of the truck as Ralph weaves in and out of traffic.

RALPH

Hang on, fellers! I'm gonna have to gun this bucket of bolts to bust through the barriers!

SPOILBERG

Armed with a misguided courage and two thousand pounds of fertilizer and fuel oil, the intoxicated terrorist plummet ever onward. Onwards towards certain death!

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

Goot is even more confused by the strange images on the Neural Transmorgafier's digital monitor generated by Ralph's subconscious mind. Ralph is bouncing around in the chair more violently than before.

GOOT

I don't understand. Why would Snart's mind be making such a bizarre suicide attempt. It's sheer madness!

EXT: - FRONT GATES OF WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The UPS truck busts through the gates and cuts straight across the White House front lawn - bouncing and heaving

with each undulation. Troops around the White House begin firing rounds of automatic fire, which pelt the truck.

INT: - UPS TRUCK - MORNING

RALPH

We're getting close! I can see the President sittin' on his fat ass in the Oval Office!

DOOFUS

Ain't that duffer in for a big surprise?!

SPOILBERG

Reality TV at it's finest as morally bankrupt terrorists are about to blow up the White House!

INT: - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

As the President, who looks exactly like Dr. Goot only dressed in a suit and tie, sits at his desk going over briefs, an aide looks out the window. Through the window can be seen the UPS tearing across the lawn straight for the Oval Office.

AIDE

Mr. President, w-were you expecting a package?

PRESIDENT GOOT

What?

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

Goot can't believe that he is seeing his own likeness as the President of the United States in Ralph's subconscious mind. It looks like the Neural Transmorgafier is ready to melt Ralph's head and explode at any moment.

GOOT

What?

GOOT (cont)

I-I am the President in Snart's twisted
subconscious! What does this mean?

INT: - UPS TRUCK - MORNING

The front window of the Oval Office is growing near enough
to see President Goot and his aide screaming for help.

RALPH

Get ready to set off the detonator,
Doofus!

DOOFUS

Might as well - we're out of beer.

INT: - POLICE CAR - MORNING

The highway patrol officer is still following the UPS truck
with sirens blaring.

HWY. PATROL OFFICER

Damn. This sure is going to be a
realistic movie.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

Goot is desperately trying to shut down the Transmorgafier,
which looks ready to blow up. Ralph is flapping around like
a rag doll.

GOOT

Good Lord! I-IT WON'T SHUT DOWN!

INT: - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

President Goot is screaming like a frightened schoolgirl.
The aide dives for cover as the UPS truck is about to crash
into the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT GOOT

AIIEEEEE!

INT: - WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The UPS truck crashes through the window of the Oval Office
and erupts into a huge explosion.

INT: - GOOT'S LABORATORY

The Transmorgafier erupts into a huge, blinding explosion. Goot is screams like a frightened schoolgirl.

GOOT

AIIEEEEE!

The explosion ends and debris from the laboratory settles to the floor of the lab. Goot, covered in soot and burns, and his clothes in tatters, drags himself up from the rubble.

Goot looks all around the lab frantically to access the damage. Everything is destroyed - including his Transmorgafier and Ralph. He goes to the spot where Ralph should have been and sees only a pulpy mound of fleshy ooze. Goot gags at the grisly sight.

GOOT

Gak. Uk. M-my wonderful b-brain. Kaput.

Goot looks down and is startled as if he had just seen a ghost. Down on the rubble and dust-strewn floor are footprints leading away from where Ralph and the Transmorgafier had been. Goot is shocked.

GOOT

It c-couldn't be. It can't be.

Fade to black as Goot screams to the heavens.

GOOT

IT CAN'T BEEEEEE!

EXT: - WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO - MORNING

Rush hour hustle and bustle. Yelling, traffic noise and sirens fill the air. Ralph is on his way to the elevated train station. He is dressed in the same t-shirt and jeans he was wearing as display on the Goot's Neural Transmorgafier. A filthy homeless woman blocks his path and begins drunkenly cursing at him.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Sons a bitches ev-every stinkin' onna
dem! A-hooooles!

Ralph looks at her and smiles evilly. Ralph says nothing as he picks the woman up by her britches, throws her into her shopping cart and then pushes it into traffic.

Ralph continues on his way and is almost to the train station when another figure blocks his path. It is Behemoth with the usual threats.

The heavily muscled behemoth towers over Ralph and is tickled at such an easy target as Ralph.

BEHEMOTH

Think you own this sidewalk, dumb ass?!

Without a word, Ralph kicks heavily into Behemoth's groin. Behemoth lets out a high-pitched squeal and quickly grabs his groin. Behemoth then slowly tips over like a fallen tree. Instead of stepping around to get past, Ralph walks right on top of Behemoth and on to the station.

INT: - ELEVATED TRAIN - MORNING

Ralph is sitting at the back of the train all by himself. Even though the train is crowded with people, the seats in proximity to Ralph are still empty. Ralph has a maniacal smile on his face and eyes that are intense. The other passengers are looking at Ralph in fear.

EXT: - ENTRANCE TO GERG, INC. - MORNING

Ralph marches into the Gerg, Inc. building with the same maniacal look on his face.

INT: - OFFICE OF GERG, INC.

Gerg is standing in the middle of a sea of cubicles and reading the contents of a thick folder while a sheepish little man looks on.

GERG

What the hell you call this crap? Do I
actually pay you a salary so you can

try and pawn off crap like this to me?
HUH?

SHEEPISH MAN

I-I-I'm s-sorry, Mr. Gerg, sir! I-I'll
t-try to do b-better...

Gerg heaves the thick folder at the man's head causing him to fall over.

GERG

Do it over and have it on my desk by
the end of the day, incompetent dolt.

Gerg turns to walk away back to his office, but then turns back around suddenly. Gerg sees Ralph standing there.

GERG

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE,
SNART? I thought we - heh-heh - had a
FALLING out.

Gerg chuckles at his joke. Without flinching, Ralph grabs Gerg's tie and yanks it towards a nearby copy machine. Ralph sticks the tie in the document feeder on top and pushes the copy button. The copier whirls and takes the tie into its rollers and pulls so hard, Gerg's head slams into the top of the copier.

GERG

Hey! Yeeeow!

Ralph runs behind the copier and begins pushing it with Gerg's head stuck to the top. Ralph pushes the copier towards a window of the office with Gerg awkwardly trying to free himself. Workers stick their heads up, but no one shows any concern.

GERG

Snart! What the hell - HEY!

Ralph builds speed as he approaches the window. Just before impact, Ralph lets go as the heavy copier and the heavy Gerg crash through the window. Gerg goes down screaming as Ralph follows his plunge with his maniacal smile.

EXT: - ENTRANCE TO GERG, INC. - MORNING

Gerg and the copier crash into the top of a taxi and totally crush it into the ground.

INT: - OFFICE OF GERG, INC.

There's a long pause until a few bolder employees find the courage to look out the window to see that Gerg has been thoroughly dispatched. After finally realizing their emancipation, the employees scream, cheer and throw paper work all over the office. Ralph walks out of the office without saying a word but wearing a huge grin.

EXT: - COOK COUNTRY CORRECTIONAL - AFTERNOON

A buzzer sounds in the background as the front gate slides open. A severely humbled Dr. Holly Hornswoggle slowly walks by a female prison guard through the gate. Hornswoggle is wearing very plain clothes and carrying a small duffle bag.

GUARD

Be seeing you, Hornswoggle. Hah-hah-haw!

Hornswoggle shrinks at the guards sinister manner and hurries into the open air. The street is empty as she looks around contemplating which direction to go. There is no one there to meet her.

Suddenly a beat-up and hubcapless 1972 Chrysler Newport, painted flat black and belching pollutants, comes barreling down the street. The car screeches to a stop on the other side of the street. A huge cloud of dust rises from the car's braking on the gravel shoulder.

The car is covered in dirt, dust and grime. The driver, veiled behind dirty windows, shuts the engine off, which continues to run.

As the car idles and knocks loudly, Hornswoggle strains to see through the dirty windows of the old car. Hornswoggle hesitantly walks across the street and approaches the car. Perhaps at the very least, maybe she can get a lift, even from the driver of this decrepit car.

She stands at the driver's side window and looks around nervously. Even at this close distance she still can't see

in. Finally, Hornswoggle knocks timidly on the driver's window.

After a pause, the window rolls down to expose an incredulous Ralph Snart. Hornswoggle is stunned by his presence.

RALPH

What're standing out there for like an idiot?!

Hornswoggle can hardly believe her eyes and is at a loss for words.

HORNSWOGGLE

R-ralph -

Ralph grows impatient.

RALPH

GET IN THE CAR, WOMAN!

HORNSWOGGLE

Yes, sir!

Hornswoggle runs around to the passenger side front seat, pulls against the rusted hinges and climbs into the car. Before she is barely inside, Ralph guns the huge car and does a U-turn as the power steering squeaks loudly. Ralph slams the gas to the floor and recklessly careens down the street and off into the distance to a symphony of backfiring.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END