

BLADE OF THE MAPLE LEAF: TALES OF THE LAST  
CANADIAN SAMURAI

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WAR-TORN BATTLEGROUND - DAY

The camera shows a wide shot of a scorched and pock-marked battlefield. The sky above is a terrible black. All is silent.

NARRATOR (vo)

In the future, there will be robots.

Camera pans to show an army of fierce-looking robotic soldiers closing in on a rag-tag group of men that is all that remains of humanity's last defense against the robot menace. The humans, desperation and fear etched upon their faces, futilely attempt to fight off their attackers. The silence is broken as the sounds of battle erupt from everywhere - gunfire, men screaming, bombs exploding, and the constant whirring and buzzing of complicated machinery.

NARRATOR (vo)

Well, that's another story.

EXT. SMALL CANADIAN TOWN - DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of a peaceful-looking Canadian mountain town.

NARRATOR (vo)

For now, we look at a mountain town in southern Canada. A town not too unlike your own, and yet, this town holds a secret from the rest of the world. This town is the home of the venerable order of Canadian samurai. Unbeknownst to outsiders, these guardians of peace and justice have been secretly protecting Canada long after their Japanese counterparts died out. But on this day, something terrible will happen which will call these warriors to battle for the first time in 120 years...

EXT. SECRET MILITARY BASE - DAY

The camera shows a bird's-eye view of a small inconspicuous building hidden away on a mountain side.

NARRATOR (vo)

We now view a U.S. military base,  
hidden from prying eyes in the  
Rocky Mts.

ROOM INSIDE THE BASE.

NARRATOR (vo)

Here, a lone security guard keeps  
a silent vigil. It's silent, but  
deadly.

A bored-looking security guard sits in a small room in front of a glowing panel covered in switches, buttons and screens. The guard's eyes slowly begin to close, and he slowly falls forward onto the panel. His face lands on a button marked "Tactical Strike." Dramatic music flares up, then stops. He then rolls onto a button marked "Apocalypse". The music plays again, and stops once more. Then, he rolls onto a button marked "Killtacular", and this time the dramatic music keeps on playing.

OUTSIDE THE BASE

Hundreds of missiles launch from the mountainside. They ascend into the blue sky.

Cut to a SERIES OF SHOTS depicting the military leaders of other nations panicking at the sight of the U.S. missiles. Nations all over the world respond by launching their own defense systems.

M.O.S. The missiles from the different nations actually pass each other in the air before hitting their targets. Huge mushroom clouds erupt into the sky all over the world.

EXT. BARREN WASTELAND - DAY

We see a desolate land devoid of all life and color. The scene is very similar in appearance to any of the "Mad Max" movies.

NARRATOR (vo)

The world, as we know it, is gone.  
Destroyed by one man who decided  
to sleep his life away. The lands  
we once called home are now

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
rubble-strewn wastes home to the  
few survivors.

EXT. SMALL CANADIAN TOWN - DAY

NARRATOR (vo)  
The only land to survive was  
Canada, because no one bothered to  
launch missiles at them. Now it is  
the Promised Land, the last refuge  
of free people. But its people  
are...changed. The ancient order  
of noble warriors who have long  
protected them are about to  
experience the greatest battle of  
their time. Prepare to  
experience...The Last Canadian  
Samurai.

INSIDE THE CANADIAN SAMURAI STRONGHOLD

The Canadian samurai are all in a large room, suiting up and  
preparing for battle. The armor they wear is traditional  
Japanese samurai armor with huge maple leaves emblazoned on  
them.

NARRATOR (vo)  
Only two years after the accident,  
an ambitious warlord known only as  
MR. BOJANGLES controlled the  
entire world outside of Canada.

THE CANADIAN BORDER

A man who looks like an old-fashioned southern dandy marches  
at the head of a huge army. This is Mr. Bojangles. His  
facial features resemble Col. Sanders, with a white beard  
and mustache. His eyes, though, looks sinister and fierce.  
His army is equally mean-looking.

NARRATOR (vo)  
He was the only individual strong  
and ruthless enough to unite the  
rag-tag bands of wandering nomads  
into a single army. The only thing  
standing between him and complete  
world domination was the  
impossible fertile land of Canada.

An impressive looking samurai leads a considerable smaller  
force towards the invading army.

NARRATOR (vo)

One leader, HONDA, the  
Second-to-Last Canadian Samurai,  
was able to hold him back. For the  
first time, French and British  
Canadians united under the same  
banner.

The two armies meet and wage a huge battle. The Canadian samurai cut through their undisciplined enemies with their katanas. The Canadian "soldiers" are armed only with rocks or pitchforks, yet they maintain perfect ranks and march in unison. Mr. Bojangles' soldiers are wild and wield everything from clubs to firearms.

NARRATOR (vo)

His premier team consisted of Team  
Boo-Yah!

As the narrator describes each character, a brief shot of them fighting is shown.

NARRATOR (vo)

It consisted of his son,  
MITSUBISHI, the Last Canadian  
Samurai. THE VIGILANT SWORD, a  
lone warrior of justice. SUSHI X,  
the invisible chef. SIX-GUN SAM,  
gunslinger. SENSEI, teacher of  
Canadian samurai for six  
generations, as well his male  
nurse, er, sorry, "attendant",  
PATSY.

SAMURAI DOJO

NARRATOR (vo)

As was the Canadian samurai  
tradition, the leaders of the two  
armies faced off in one-on-one  
combat.

Honda and Mr. Bojangles face off in a Canadian dojo. They trade blows until Mr. Bojangles finally ends the fight by running Honda through.

NARRATOR (vo)

Mr. Bojangles defeated Honda in battle and spared his foe no mercy. Mitsubishi was considered unattractive and a bad conversationalist by most women and thus became the last of his father's line.

Upon realizing that their leader has fallen, the Canadian army begins to retreat. Bojangles' forces advance after them. The remaining Canadian samurai stay back to cover their companions' escape and are cut down where they stand. Only the main characters and about half of the Canadian soldiers manage to flee to the safety of their capital.

NARRATOR (vo)

And so, it seemed that Canada had fallen into the hands of a sadistic madman. Only two days after his epic victory, however, Mr. Bojangles died from a mysterious accident.

Mr. Bojangles walks through a weapon lab, inspecting his newest weapon. The camera shows Mr. Bojangles but not the weapon.

MR. BOJANGLES

I do declare, it seems my ultimate weapon is ready for its final testing. Now, I say, now barring some unfortunate accident, I will finally have a weapon so kick-ass that God himself will tremble should I point it at the sky!

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the weapon explodes violently, enveloping everyone near it in burning flames.

MR. BOJANGLES

(rolling on the  
ground)

I do declare, I appear to be burning alive. This is most unfortunate!

NARRATOR (vo)

Without the firm leadership of Mr. Bojangles, the invading army fell apart and was easily driven out of Canada. Canada was free once more, but it would be forever weakened.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Now, four years later, Bojangles' son, MR. DIABLO, prepares to make his emergence.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Scene opens on a small internet café. Inside, people can be seen sitting at computers, chatting, and drinking coffee. Close up on the Vigilant Sword, dressed in full costume and sitting at the computer. The Vigilant Sword wears a long black trenchcoat over his chain armor. His long black hair is unkempt and falls over his red headband into his dark eyes. Besides his bastard sword, the hilt of which extends above his shoulders, he also carries multiple firearms in his trenchcoat.

VIGILANT SWORD

(typing on the  
keyboard)

Hmm...what to type next? Oh, I know! "LOL". That way, people will know that I'm laughing! Enter!

At that moment, the door is smashed in. About 20 henchmen burst through carrying sub-machine guns. Each one is dressed in a red and black jumpsuit with a big red "D" emblazoned on the front.

LEAD HENCHMAN

Everyone on the ground! Don't anyone dare move!

(Shoots gun wildly  
in the air)

Tear this place apart boys! Don't stop until you find the Vigilant Sword!

The henchman proceed to smash everything in sight, breaking computers and flipping tables. The Vigilant Sword stands dumbfounded in plain view, while the henchmen seem to be oblivious to his presence. One of the henchman stops to order a cup of coffee.

HENCHMAN #1

Yeah, I'd like a tall mocha latte, please.

(Smiles at girl  
behind counter)

So, what's your name?

HENCHMAN #2

Henchman #1! What the hell are you doing?

HENCHMAN #1

(busy getting the  
girl's phone  
number)

Oh, sorry! Hey, I'll call you.

As the dust settles and everything breakable is already smashed, the leader finally notices the Vigilant Sword standing right in the middle of the room.

LEAD HENCHMAN

Hey, wait a second!

He pulls out a picture of the Vigilant Sword. He glances at it and then back at Vigilant Sword. He does this twice more.

LEAD HENCHMAN

It's him! Get him!

Several henchmen rush forward. They stop as Vigilant Sword performs a dazzling feat of kung-fu.

VIGILANT SWORD

You want some? Come and get it!

He draws his sword and twirls it back and forth. Action music starts playing. The henchmen look at each other nervously. Abruptly, the music cuts off as one of the henchmen walks up behind Vigilant Sword and bashes him in the back of the head with a coffee mug.

HENCHMAN #1

Well, that was easy.

LEAD HENCHMAN

Alright, see what kind of gear he's got on him.

HENCHMAN #2

(rifles through  
Vigilant Sword's  
gear)

Let's see...bastard sword, two Uzis, two nickel-plated Desert Eagles, some pipe bombs, a quantum interface bomb, frag grenades, a thermal detonator, a broken lightsaber, and the best of Donna Summer.



LEAD HENCHMAN  
 (grabs CD)  
 Uh...I'll take that one.

HENCHMAN #2  
 What should we do with the rest of  
 the stuff?

LEAD HENCHMAN  
 Oh, I don't see any harm in  
 letting him keep his massive  
 arsenal of weaponry. Now load him  
 in the back of the van and let's  
 move out.

Two henchmen move forward to grab Vigilant Sword while the  
 rest head outside and get back in their black vans.

INT. SMALL PRISON CELL - DAY

Scene opens on a small prison cell. The walls are rough  
 stone and the cell bars are rusty iron. The Vigilant Sword  
 lies unconscious in the middle of his cell. 5 henchmen stand  
 guard outside the cell. Laser beams criss-cross the floor  
 directly in front of his cell.

VIGILANT SWORD  
 (wakes up with a  
 groan)  
 Oh...my head. Where am I?

LEAD HENCHMAN  
 So, you've woken up. I am correct  
 in assuming that your are Craig  
 "Vigilant Sword" McGanskie?

VIGILANT SWORD  
 What? No one has called me Craig  
 ever since...the incident.

The air starts to distort, as if going into a flashback.  
 Instead of a repressed memory, however, there is only a  
 dancing monkey.

VIGILANT SWORD  
 Ooh! Dancing monkey!

After about 15 more seconds, the image disappears.

LEAD HENCHMAN  
 ...That made no sense whatsoever.

VIGILANT SWORD

No, but it was rather amusing.

LEAD HENCHMAN

Yeah, that's true...

(shakes head)

But that's not important! What is important is that you are now the prisoner of Mr. Diablo, and I am going to make your life a living hell. Mwah hah hah!

VIGILANT SWORD

"Mwah hah hah"? What the hell kind of evil laugh is that?

LEAD HENCHMAN

Hey, I have been practicing, but - you know what, just shut up. Just shut up! I'm not worried about you because you can't escape. The bars are solid titanium, the walls are 3 feet of stone, and you're surrounded by a laser defense grid. That's right, LASERS!

VIGILANT SWORD

Okay, lasers, I got it.

LEAD HENCHMAN

No, no, LASERS!

VIGILANT SWORD

Yeah, lasers, right.

LEAD HENCHMAN

No, you're not saying it right. LASERS!

VIGILANT SWORD

Okay, fine.

(beat)

LASERS!

LEAD HENCHMAN

Good. Now, my men and I are going to leave you unattended for about 30 minutes, just enough time for you to make a daring escape. Except you're not going to. Remember - LASERS!

The henchmen walk away, arguing about whether they should go get bagels or coffee.

VIGILANT SWORD

Alright, now how to escape? I can't get past those LASERS! I'm going to need help. I've got to send a telepathic message to Mitsubishi.

He places his fingers on his forehead, closes his eyes and begins to concentrate.

MITSUBISHI'S LIVING ROOM

Mitsubishi is sitting on a couch playing Halo on his Xbox. He is furiously mashing buttons, and it is obvious his ass is getting kicked.

MITSUBISHI

(clutches his forehead)

What's this? A telepathic message from the Vigilant Sword?

(holds hand up to his head like a telephone)

Hello?

VIGILANT SWORD (vo)

Mitsubishi, this is the Vigilant Sword.

MITSUBISHI

Oh, hey VS! How's it going?

VIGILANT SWORD (vo)

I've been captured by Mr. Diablo's henchmen and am being held in a small cell. Trace this telepathic message back to my location and come set me free.

SMALL PRISON CELL

MITSUBISHI (vo)

Oh, well, I'm kind of busy right now, VS. I'm...uh...I'm fighting evil.

Mitsubishi's extremely loud button mashing can be heard from the other side.

VIGILANT SWORD

Oh...I see. Get over here as soon as you -

MITSUBISHI (vo)

Oh God! Oh God, there's too many of them! They've surrounded me! Oh no, I'm out of grenades! AAAH! Take this, you bastards! AAAH!

VIGILANT SWORD

Fight well, my friend. Oh, Mitsubishi, one more thing.

MITSUBISHI'S LIVING ROOM

MITSUBISHI

Yes, my friend?

VIGILANT SWORD (vo)

Don't worry about the small Flood. The big ones are the only ones that matter. Oh, and the shotgun is a lot better for that level than the assault rifle.

MITSUBISHI

Thanks, man.

(Keeps playing for several seconds, then stops.)

Damn it!

SMALL PRISON CELL

VIGILANT SWORD

(sighs)

He's not coming. Looks like I'll have to get of here on my own. Maybe there's a weak spot in this wall I can bust through.

He begins pushing against the rear wall of his cell, looking for a weak spot. Suddenly, the entire wall simply falls over. Vigilant Sword is now actually looking off-set. Cameramen can be seen filming his look of surprise. Doors to sets four and five are nearby. Right in front of Vigilant Sword, one of the film crew sits at a table eating doughnuts.

FILM CREWMAN

You moron! Do you have any idea how long it took to put that set together? The director's going to be pissed!

VIGILANT SWORD

Uh...okay. Look, just tell me how to get out of here.

FILM CREWMAN

Well, you can't leave the lot, if that's what you mean. But the henchmen can't follow you into the next scene.

Vigilant Sword begins to walk over to the door to scene four.

FILM CREWMAN

Hey! You can't go in there! You're not in that scene, man - you'll mess up the whole movie!

VIGILANT SWORD

...Alright.

He starts to walk over to the door to scene five.

FILM CREWMAN

Hey, you can't go to scene five yet! Scene four hasn't even started. Besides, that door's locked anyway.

He holds up a key. Vigilant Sword sighs, draws his sword, and runs the guy through. He then grabs the key and walks over to the door. Before going through it, he first walks back to the table and grabs a doughnut to take with him.

EXT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

Scene begins with a shot of the monastery from the outside. Water gardens and other beautiful decorations are scattered throughout the well-kept greens that surround it. Tranquil music plays in the b.g.

INSIDE THE MONASTERY

The scene moves inside the monastery, and the music changes to "Welcome to the Jungle". Monks wearing traditional

Buddhist robes are working out with weights or are boxing with one another. Scene moves into a room in which Sensei and his servant Patsy are meditating. Sensei is an extremely old man in a wheelchair. He has the typical long white beard and wears a simple cloth robe. Patsy is a huge muscular man with long black hair wearing similarly simple clothing.

SENSEI

Ah, all is quiet, all is tranquil.  
I am at harmony with the world  
around me. Patsy, prepare to  
transcend upon the path to  
nirvana.

(Breathes deeply)

Mmmmmm...

PATSY

Ahhhhh!

SENSEI

No, no, no! Not "ahhhh", "mmmmm".

PATSY

Ahhhhh!

SENSEI

No, mmmmm. Like this; mmmmmm.

PATSY

Ahhhh!

SENSEI

Mmmmm.

PATSY

Mehhhhh!

SENSEI

Close enough. Now, together -  
mmmmm.

They both hum together for several seconds. Suddenly, Mitsubishi barges in through the door, slamming it against the wall loudly. Mitsubishi is tall, heavysset, and has curly red hair.

MITSUBISHI

Hey Master! Hey Sensei! It's me!

SENSEI

(nearly falling  
off chair)

Arggh! I was just about to achieve  
enlightenment, fool!

MITSUBISHI  
                  (stops, grins  
                  sheepishly)  
Oh...well, uh...sorry.

                  SENSEI  
What did I tell you about  
disturbing my meditation?

                  MITSUBISHI  
Uhh...  
                  (scratches head)  
...not to do it?

                  SENSEI  
Bingo, numbnuts! You scared me so  
bad I just filled my diaper.

                  PATSY  
You want I should change the  
diaper?

                  SENSEI  
Yes, my Russian friend, right  
away. Now, what is it that was so  
important that you had to disturb  
me?

                  MITSUBISHI  
Ohh...uh...now, let's see...oh  
yeah!

                  SENSEI  
Well, what is it?

                  MITSUBISHI  
Yeah, I was walking outside when  
I...uh...yeah, I saw something  
shiny on the ground, and I picked  
it up, and I decided to show it to  
you.

                  SENSEI  
Look, my young student, you don't  
have to show me every shiny thing  
you find.

                  MITSUBISHI  
Yeah, but this is  
extra-super-special shiny.

SENSEI  
(sighs)  
Fine, let me see it.

Mitsubishi hands Sensei an amulet with some strange markings on it.

SENSEI  
An amulet, hmmm. Wait, I recognize these markings.

MITSUBISHI  
They're very shiny.

SENSEI  
This is the mark of the Wu-Tang Clan!

MITSUBISHI  
The Wu-Tang Clan?

SENSEI  
Yes, the Wu-Tang Clan. They are a clan of assassins, skilled in the arts of combat and hip-hop. Through mysterious, unknown techniques, they have perfected their style and truly rock da' hizzouse.

MITSUBISHI  
I've never heard of them, master.

SENSEI  
What?! They're the shiznit! You don't know the Wu-Tang Clan? You know, diversify your bonds and all that?

MITSUBISHI  
Uh...no?

SENSEI  
Ah,y'all don't know good muzak! You'd best be wary of them, my son, for the Wu-Tang Clan ain't nothin' to mess with. Now, leave me - I must ponder this strange omen.

Mitsubishi walks back outside.



PATSY  
Master! Medication time!

SENSEI  
(chucks amulet  
aside)  
Medication? Ooh, gimme, gimme,  
gimme!

Sensei frantically wheels over to Patsy and gulps down several pills at once.

PATSY  
(nods, then looks  
down at pill  
bottle)  
Wait a second, this not arthritis  
medication, it...Viagra? Oh shit,  
what I done?

SENSEI  
(thrusts himself  
out of his  
wheelchair)  
Boo yah!!

PATSY  
Master, stop! What are you doink?

Sensei tears off his robe and begins running around crazily. He comes up behind a meditating monk and begins to thrust wildly at him.

SENSEI  
What's a matter, baldy? Am I  
psyching you out? Huh, huh, am I?

The monk screams and runs away. Sensei cackles maniacally and runs to the front door.

SENSEI  
Hey everybody! Look at the  
one-eyed monster! Oh yeah!

He begins thrusting wildly. The sounds of people screaming are heard in the b.g.

PATSY  
Master, stop! Your brittle bones  
are not to be handlink such  
activity!

SENSEI  
 Nonsense! I feel as young as a -  
 (clutches back  
 suddenly)  
 Oh, my back. Patsy, bring me my  
 wheelchair now.

PATSY  
 Yes, I take you wheelchair now!

SENSEI  
 Oh...I'm so stiff.

Suddenly, the sounds of fighting are heard from outside.  
 There is a frightened scream, and then all grows quiet.

MITSUBISHI (os)  
 Master, master, I killed an  
 assassin. There was an assassin,  
 and he came up to me, but I  
 chopped him in half. Did you hear  
 me, I killed an assassin!

SENSEI  
 (shakes head)  
 No you didn't.

MITSUBISHI (os)  
 Y - yes I did.

SENSEI  
 Did you just kill another postman?

MITSUBISHI (os)  
 Uhh...maybe?

SENSEI  
 (sighs)  
 Throw him in the corpse pile with  
 the others. Now, I want you to add  
 another code to the Law of the  
 Samurai: "I shall not chop things  
 in half for no reason."

MITSUBISHI (os)  
 ...Duly noted. It is fun though,  
 eh?

SENSEI  
 Now, if someone comes, ask them to  
 state their name and business.  
 I'll tell you if you can chop them  
 in half.

MITSUBISHI (os)

Okey-dokey.

                  SENSEI

                  (settles back into  
                  wheelchair)

Now, it is time for my sponge  
bath. Then, a massage with hot  
oils. And after that, bingo.

                  PATSY

                  (shudders)

Very well, I make you hot bath,  
comrade.

                  MITSUBISHI (os)

Hey Sensei! There's someone else  
to see you here.

                  SENSEI

Who is it?

                  MITSUBISHI (os)

He's tall and dressed in black and  
carries a big scythe. He says his  
name is Death and he's here for  
the reaping.

                  SENSEI

Tell him I'm not dead yet!

                  MITSUBISHI (os)

He disagrees. He says your heart  
isn't even beating right now.

                  SENSEI

                  (glances around  
                  nervously)

Uh...you have my permission to  
chop him in half.

                  MITSUBISHI (os)

Sweet!!

EXT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Mr. Diablo's "impenetrable" fortress is a massive austere metal behemoth that looms over a bleak and barren landscape devoid of anything but gray. It is a single tower that extends about 100 feet into the air. It is also surrounded by a stone wall dotted with patrolling sentries and gun turrets. Guards patrol the grounds between the wall and the tower.

INSIDE THE FORTRESS - DIABLO'S INNER SANCTUM

Mr. Diablo's personal office/study is very neat and professional. The villain stands on a high-backed leather chair facing the window so that he is not visible to the camera. About four other henchmen stand in the room with him. The chair turns around, revealing Mr. Diablo. He is young, handsome man with long, unkempt blond hair and a piercing gaze.

MR. DIABLO

So...how are we doing with "the plan"?

As he says "the plan", he holds his hands up in the form of quotation marks.

2 6/8

Very good, sir, but he asks if there could be cinnamon scented candles rather than rose scented -

MR. DIABLO

SHHH! No one is supposed to know about George and me! I mean the other plan!

2 6/8

Ohhh...that plan. Yes, well...the thing is...he -

MR. DIABLO

Did you bump off the Canadians or not?

2 6/8

The...uh...he saw us coming sir...PLEASE DON'T FIRE ME!

MR. DIABLO

Sorry, but...YOU'RE FIRED, BITCH!

Mr. Diablo presses a button marked "FIRED" on his desk. Three guards suddenly enter the room and drag 2 6/8 into the next room. Several gun shots are heard, followed by silence.

MR. DIABLO  
Well, now that that's dealt with.  
(points to a  
random henchman)  
You! You're my new number two and  
six eighths!

2 6/8  
(reluctantly  
shuffles over)  
Kay...

MR. DIABLO  
Now, I -

FORMER 2 6/8 (os)  
Ughhhh...

MR. DIABLO  
Umm...so, I -

FORMER 2 6/8 (os)  
Wha...what...why am I covered in  
blood?

MR. DIABLO  
As I was saying -

FORMER 2 6/8  
AAAHHH! OH MY GOD! MY LEGS! I  
CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS! OH SWEET  
JESUS! AAHHH!

MR. DIABLO  
Alright, THAT'S IT! Cletus! Please  
finish him off!

A very tall, toothless, barefoot red neck wearing overalls walks in the room. The banjo music from "Deliverance" plays in the b.g. He is holding a large board with a nail through it.

CLETUS  
EEEEAAAAAAEEEEEE!

MR. DIABLO  
Yes, yes, eeeaaaaeee! Just get the  
job done!

Cletus walks into the room wear the former 2 6/8 is.

FORMER 2 6/8

Thank God you're here you need to help - wait...why do you have that board? Why are you walking toward me? No! No! NOOOO!

2 6/8

Sir, now that he's dead, what are we going to do with the body?

MR. DIABLO

(grins)

That's the great thing about rednecks...they stuff everything they kill.

2 6/8

Right...

MR. DIABLO

Now back to my plan...the plan is simple. First, we killed the government officials of Canada and replaced them with clones, right?

2 6/8

Umm...we couldn't quite get the cloning technology.

MR. DIABLO

Then what did you get with the 5 million dollars I gave you?

2 6/8

Thirty two thousand shares of Badger Badger Badger.com.

MR. DIABLO

Shit! Very well...we did get the prime minister to give us the access codes to their nuclear weaponry, right?

2 6/8

Sorry, sir, but Canada doesn't really have nuclear weaponry.

MR. DIABLO

Did we get anything?!

2 6/8

Well, we did get the key to a tool shed where the Mounties keep all their weapons.

MR. DIABLO

And?

2 6/8

Three pointed sticks, a sack of rocks, four daisy air rifles, and a stick of dynamite.

MR. DIABLO

Double shit! Well, please tell me you managed to brainwash the Mounties into doing my bidding!

2 6/8

Uh...not quite...we had to shoot them.

MR. DIABLO

SHOOT THEM?!

2 6/8

We tried to seduce them with Wayne Gretzky, but they knew it was just a picture! They started to throw rocks! So...many...rocks...anyway, we had to shoot them.

MR. DIABLO

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! Did anything go right with my plan?

2 6/8

Well, we did get three assassins to hunt down the Canadian samurai.

MR. DIABLO

Marvelous!

2 6/8

Yeah, but they are charging 23.5 million. And they want their own jet...

MR. DIABLO

Very well...

2 6/8

...With pink interior and seats  
that say "girls rule" on them.

MR. DIABLO

NOOOOOO!!!

INT. THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

Scene begins inside the monastery during the early evening. Mitsubishi is sitting on the floor of the large living room playing with letter blocks, attempting to spell words that Sensei gives him. Patsy is attempting to feed Sensei in the same way that one would a stubborn infant.

SENSEI

Now, my son, spell "cat".

PATSY

Open mouth, old fool. Comink in is  
the plane!

SENSEI

I don't want to. Leave me alone!

MITSUBISHI

(displays three  
blocks spelling  
"cot")

Look, Sensei! Is this it?

SENSEI

No, that spells "cot".

MITSUBISHI

...Oh.

PATSY

Give him easier one.

Patsy attempts to shove the spoon in Sensei's mouth, but succeeds only in smearing apple sauce all over his mouth and chest.

PATSY

Oh, you want I should make you  
wear bib?

SENSEI

I'm not hungry! Mitsubishi, here's  
an easy one. Spell "maim".



Mitsubishi spells it perfectly.

SENSEI  
Alright...now spell "eviscerate".

Mitsubishi again spells the word perfectly.

PATSY  
(wiping Sensei's  
mouth)  
Looks like someone askink for IV  
hamburger, then.

At that moment, Vigilant Sword bursts into the room, out of breath. Sensei, Patsy, and Mitsubishi stop what they're doing and look up at him.

MITSUBISHI  
Oh...hey, Vigilant Sword, looks  
like you got out of that one  
alright...heh heh?

VIGILANT SWORD  
Yeah, no thanks to you, you dumb  
bastard! I should kill you...but  
right now we have more important  
things to deal with.

SENSEI  
Such as?

VIGILANT SWORD  
Our sworn nemesis, Mr. Diablo, has  
decided to come out of hiding.  
He's growing bolder. I must tell  
you what happened.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

VIGILANT SWORD  
...And that's what happened.

PATSY  
What? All you did was fade out and  
then back in.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Wha - but that always...ok, fine.  
I was at an internet café chatting  
away with my friends. Suddenly,  
these henchmen burst through the  
(MORE)

VIGILANT SWORD (cont'd)  
door and ransacked the place. Then they took me captive and brought me to their hideout. I think they were working for Mr. Diablo. My guess is they were going to interrogate me for the location of this base, but I managed to escape.

SENSEI  
But that's impossible! I thought we killed Mr. Diablo two years ago.

MITSUBISHI  
Yeah, he's been dead ever since...the incident.

Scene starts to distort as if going into a flashback, until Sensei cuts in.

SENSEI  
We don't have time for a flashback now. If Mr. Diablo is indeed alive and making a comeback, then you know what we have to do.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Assemble...Team Boo Ya!

MONASTERY - THE WAR ROOM

All the members of Team Boo Ya are sitting around a large circular table. The war room is brightly lit and filled with maps, charts, equipment, etc.

SENSEI  
...And that's how it goes.

The others nod in understanding.

VIGILANT SWORD  
How come it works when he does it?

DAVE  
How come I know what happened even though you didn't say anything?  
This makes no sense!

Cut to a shot of Dave being thrown off a tall bridge.

SENSEI

We cannot allow Mr. Diablo to threaten the free world as his father did. We must stop him before he can act.

SIX-GUN SAM

Yeehaw! I reckon, I reckon!

VIGILANT SWORD

Considering how dumb his henchmen are, it's quite likely they don't even know I've escaped yet.

SUSHI X

That means we'll have the element of surprise if we strike quickly.

SENSEI

Precisely. Vigilant Sword, I want you and Sushi X to pay a little visit to the Diablo Industries headquarters and see if you can determine the location of his fortress.

MITSUBISHI

What about me? Can I go with them?

SENSEI

Uh...no, you have to stay here and "train" some more.

MITSUBISHI

Why can't I go? You never let me do anything fun!

SENSEI

Why can't you go? Because you're an idiot, that's why!

MITSUBISHI

(runs off crying  
like a girl)

I hate you! I'm never speaking to you again! Waah!

PATSY

What a little bitch.

SUSHI X

Agreed.

SIX-GUN SAM

I reckon.

SENSEI

Well then, I have nothing further to say. the sooner you two leave, the better.

VIGILANT SWORD

Hey, Sensei - do you still have that old van? You know, the "Danger Machine"?

SENSEI

Oh, that old thing? Yeah, you can take it. I was going to give it to Mitsubishi, but the odds of him driving are pretty slim.

SUSHI X

Alright, man. We're off.

OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY

The Danger Machine pulls out of a garage and drives away. The Danger Machine is your typical hippie van; painted tie-dye, and covered with pictures and "groovy" expressions.

MONASTERY - THE WAR ROOM

Mitsubishi comes walking back into the room sheepishly.

SENSEI

What are you doing now?

MITSUBISHI

Patsy, could you please tell Sensei that I'm not speaking to him?

PATSY

No. Tell him yourself, crybaby.

Mitsubishi shakes his head, crosses his arm over his chest, and starts pouting.

SENSEI

God damn it, stop being a little baby!

(sighs)

You want Patsy to make you cookies?

MITSUBISHI  
 (considers this  
 for a few  
 moments, then  
 stops pouting)  
 ...Okaaay.

EXT. DIABLO INDUSTRIES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Scene opens on Vigilant Sword and Sushi X, both wearing business suits, with Dave walking close behind. With Sushi X, only the suit itself is visible. The three are approaching the sliding doors to a huge modern-looking office building. "DIABLO INDUSTRIES" is engraved above the door. It is a busy day on a busy city street.

SUSHI X  
 Hey, you don't suppose "Diablo Industries" is actually a front for Mr. Diablo, do you?

VIGILANT SWORD  
 Possible, but rather unlikely. There's no way an innocent company like Diablo Industries that deals in oil, credit cards, and Starbucks could represent an evil man like Mr. Diablo.

DAVE  
 (slaps his forehead)  
 You two are just a pair of friggin' geniuses, aren't you?

VIGILANT SWORD  
 Thanks for the compliment, Dan.

DAVE  
 It's Dave.

VIGILANT SWORD  
 Shh. We're entering the lobby. Everyone act natural.

The three step into the spacious lobby. It is very professional and boring, with small plants, mild lighting, and a fish pond in the center. Four stern GUARDS are on duty. A beautiful SECRETARY stands behind a desk, and looks up as they approach. No one seems affected by the floating suit that is Sushi X.

SUSHI X

Hello, we made a 4:30 appointment here? By the way, you're not actually a front for Mr. Diablo, are you?

SECRETARY

No, of course not. I assume you three are Mr. Sword, Mr. X, and...Dan?

DAVE

My name is Dave! Why can't anyone in this stupid movie get my name right?!

SECRETARY

Sure it is...Dave.

She gestures to one of the guards. Dave is thrown off a bridge.

SECRETARY

Now, one of our assass - er, representatives waits in the conference room on the 33rd floor. Please proceed, and do enjoy your stay here Diablo Industries!

Vigilant Sword and Sushi X walk into the elevator and wait for it to reach the 33rd floor.

SUSHI X

So, tell me again why we're here.

VIGILANT SWORD

Like I said, this is a multi-national corporation. They must have vital info on Mr. Diablo. Credit card reports, a personal bio, anything. We're also supposed to obtain a copy of their directory.

SUSHI X

Oh...okay. But why couldn't we just do that over the Internet?

VIGILANT SWORD

Because then there's no way they could lay a clever trap for us, thus eliminating the possibility of an exciting action scene.

SUSHI X

Oh...so that's why you told me to wear my battle gear under this suit.

VIGILANT SWORD

What do you mean? You never take it off.

There is a DING as the doors open. They find the door marked "Conference Room 33". Under that is a sign that says "Filming in Progress". Under that is one that says "[Your Product Name Here]".

SUSHI X

Here we go.

They step into the room. Instead of a corporate conference room, however, they are in what looks like some lazy college kid's dorm room. Clothes are strewn everywhere, the walls are covered with posters, and everything is a mess. Visibility is low because the blinds are down and the room is filled with smoke. On the couch, a GUY slouches with a joint in hand watching TV. He has long shaggy hair and his clothes are dirty. Beer cans are scattered at his feet.

SLACKER

(Looks up)

Oh, hey dudes. Welcome to my lair.

(coughs)

I'm supposed to read this to you when you enter.

(picks up a piece of paper)

"Dear Morons: It seems you have stumbled into my clever trap. I'd like you to meet my assassin, the Slacker." Uh, that's me, by the way. "He has no weapons, now powers, and worst of all - no work ethic." Pause for dramatic effect.

VIGILANT SWORD

No! Vile hippie! You will die!!

SLACKER

"Oh, did I mention that he's impervious to pain?"

SUSHI X

Now it's personal!

SLACKER

"Have fun. Your friend, Mr.  
Diablo, Lord of the Universe."

Vigilant Sword and Sushi X throw off their suits. They draw their weapons and assume a defensive posture. However, the Slacker does not move from the couch.

VIGILANT SWORD

Um...aren't you going to, you  
know, fight us?

SLACKER

Uh, no. I'm watching Super  
Troopers. That movie rocks.

SUSHI X

Yeah, it does. But still, you're  
the laziest assassin ever. You're  
such a...well, a slacker.

SLACKER

Actually, you know what, Mr. D did  
promise me a whole bunch of pot  
and Funyuns, so I guess I'll kill  
your asses. But it better not take  
long.

VIGILANT SWORD

Have at ye!

He rushes forward and drives his sword through the Slacker's chest. In response, the Slacker takes a draw from his joint and launches Vigilant Sword across the room, almost hitting Sushi X.

SUSHI X

Now it's my turn!

He dashes across the room and two meat cleavers suddenly appear in the Slacker's neck, and then Sushi X is also thrown across the room.

The three continue to battle, with Vigilant Sword and Sushi X getting their asses kicked. They unleash everything they've got, including guns, grenades, and poison-tipped chopsticks, but nothing works. Finally, the two retreat to the other side of the room and huddle. The Slacker simply sinks back onto the couch to smoke and eat Funyuns.

VIGILANT SWORD

It's no use my friend! He's just  
too strong!



SUSHI X

No...he's not. I've noticed something; before every attack, he takes a huge draw from his joint. He's not impervious to pain - he just smokes a lot of reefer!

VIGILANT SWORD

Alright, I've got an idea.

The two lean in and whisper. Occasional statements like "Oh yeah" and "That's good" can be heard. They end the huddle with a cry of "Break!"

VIGILANT SWORD

(walks over to the Slacker and puts down his sword)

So, Slacker...are you going to pass that shit or what?

SLACKER

Yeah, man! Why didn't you ask?

The Slacker hands the joint over to the Vigilant Sword.

VIGILANT SWORD

(takes a draw)

Whoa, man! This is good stuff.

SLACKER

You know it. Hey, does everything taste really loud to you?

VIGILANT SWORD

Yeah...I know what you mean.

He stumbles and almost trips.

VIGILANT SWORD

(in slow motion)

And the air...it's so heavy, you know? It's like...Jell-O.

Meanwhile, as the Vigilant Sword continues to smoke, Sushi X sneaks around and carries the Slacker's entire stash of marijuana over to a window. At the sound of breaking glass, the Slacker turns.

SLACKER

Hey man! What are you doing? That's my stash!

SUSHI X  
Say good bye to your grass,  
Slacker.

Sushi X tosses the bags of weed out the window. The Slacker  
howls in rage.

SLACKER  
You just chucked \$600 worth of pot  
out the window, man! That's not  
cool! I...I need that! All I've  
got left is one little joint -

SUSHI X  
Which Vigilant Sword is currently  
smoking! Hah!

SLOW MOTION

ECU - VIGILANT SWORD'S FACE

The last remaining ashes of the joint fall to the ground.

The Slacker begins to shake.

SUSHI X  
Vigilant Sword! Now's your chance!  
FINISH HIM!

VIGILANT SWORD  
I could really go for a Hot Pocket  
right now.

SUSHI X  
(sighs)  
Oh, fine, I'll do it myself.

Sushi X screams, and the Slacker is caught up in a whirlwind  
of flashing blades. The camera pans over so that the action  
is off-screen. Vigilant Sword watches the display with a  
goofy grin. The camera pans back to show Sushi X holding a  
cutting board with what looks like sushi on it. He grins and  
gives the thumbs up.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Whoa...that was awesome! Could you  
do that again?

SUSHI X  
C'mon! We've got to find those  
data files!

VIGILANT SWORD

Can I bring the Funyuns?

SUSHI X

Yes, you can bring the Funyuns!  
Now let's just go!

INT. THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

It is early evening, and all the heroes, except for Vigilant Sword and Sushi X, are sitting around a card table in the large common room playing cards.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, Patsy! Got any threes?

PATSY

Moron! We are playink gin rummy.

MITSUBISHI

I guess that's a "Go fish", then?

PATSY

Who invited him to join us?

DAVE

Sure wasn't me.

SIX-GUN SAM

This town ain't big enough for the both of us.

SENSEI

I didn't invite him to play, but I need to keep my eye on him so he doesn't wander off and cause trouble. I've already lost too many mail men this week.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, that's not fair. I thought he was brandishing a weapon!

PATSY

He was handink you a clipboard, dumbass.

MITSUBISHI

Everyone's against me! Waah!

DAVE

Damn, for a samurai, you sure are whiny. Oh, I forgot - you're not a samurai!

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

MITSUBISHI

(glances at Dave's cards)

Ooh! Dan's got a three! Boo ya!

Sensei and Patsy shake their heads. At that moment, Vigilant Sword and Sushi X enter the room.

SUSHI X

Sensei, we have returned. We have quite an extensive report.

VIGILANT SWORD

(listens to the monks chanting)

Dude! Where's that awesome music coming from? It's like...tranquil and shit.

MITSUBISHI

Yeah...but why are you talking like that?

SENSEI

And why do you smell like marijuana smoke?

SUSHI X

Uh...well, that's part of our story. But first, maybe we should wait for Vigilant Sword to come down off his high.

PATSY

As a Russian, you can believe me when I say, "That guy is stoned."

SIX-GUN SAM

Yeehaw!

SENSEI

I don't have time to wait. I know of an ancient technique used to cure someone when they are in a state of delirium or mind control.

Sensei wheels over to Vigilant Sword, who is standing there swaying. Sensei begins slapping him in the face repeatedly.

SENSEI

(slap)

Stop!

(slap)

Being!

(slap)

High!

VIGILANT SWORD

Jeez, mellow out man!

Sensei slaps him once more. Vigilant Sword shakes his head in confusion.

VIGILANT SWORD

My God, what happened? Where am I?  
Man, for a while there, everything  
seemed funny even when it wasn't.

SUSHI X

You were completely baked, man.  
You smoked the Slacker's pot,  
remember? I had to complete  
mission and drag you back here  
myself.

VIGILANT SWORD

My apologies, friend, for being a  
burden to you.

SUSHI X

(snorts)

I'm just glad that's over with.  
You spent ten whole minutes  
talking about how "cool" your name  
is.

PATSY

(sighs)

...I wish my name were cool.

MITSUBISHI

My name is the name of a car  
company. Isn't that wierd?

SENSEI

Enough! Just tell me what you have  
to report.

SUSHI X

Well, Mr. Diablo knows Vigilant Sword escaped. He laid a trap for us, in the form of an assassin named "The Slacker", at the Diablo Industries Headquarters.

VIGILANT SWORD

By the way, they are indeed a front for Mr. Diablo.

SUSHI X

Yeah, and you wouldn't believe the stuff they had in their database.

MITSUBISHI

Doughnuts?

VIGILANT SWORD

...Yes, Mitsubishi; all kinds of doughnuts.

SUSHI X

We succeeded in locating Mr. Diablo's fortress.

PATSY

And?

SUSHI X

It's right smack in the middle of North Dakota.

SENSEI

Why North Dakota?

VIGILANT SWORD

Hey, they should be glad they got mentioned in our movie. North Dakota never gets noticed for anything.

MITSUBISHI

Man that must really piss off South Dakota.

Patsy smacks him upside the head.

PATSY

So what is plan, Master?

VIGILANT SWORD

Well, first of all, we've got to Assemble...Team -

SUSHI X

We're all here, dipshit.

VIGILANT SWORD

(looks downcast)

...Oh.

SENSEI

The plan is this: first, we stock up on weapons and SURGE! That will keep us focused and energetic. Then we all drive to Mr. Diablo's fortress. Vigilant Sword, Sushi X, Sam, and Mitsubishi will take the Danger Machine. Patsy and I will take my Ford Model T. Then, we knock on the door. When they let us in, we kill everything that moves.

MITSUBISHI

Including friendly forest animals?

SENSEI

Uh...sure. After we kill all his henchmen, we go face Mr. Diablo in a climactic battle that will take all our combined powers. Then we dramatically escape from the fortress in the nick of time as it explodes for no reason. Then we all go to Baskin Robbins to celebrate. Any questions?

VIGILANT SWORD

That's a vague plan.

SENSEI

(strokes chin)

Yes...just vague enough to work. Patsy, it's time for my sponge bath. The rest of you, I suggest you prepare for the trials ahead.

SUSHI X

Hey, what about Dan?

SENSEI

Dan cannot join us. He died in the line of duty, defending this base from Diablo's spies.

PATSY

Uh...actually, Mitsubishi threw him off bridge. Will probably return in next scene.

SENSEI

He will not be forgotten.

INT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

Team Boo Ya is hanging out in the common room, preparing for their mission. Mitsubishi is teaching Sushi X some sword techniques. Vigilant Sword is surfing the Internet. Everyone else is just sitting around.

MITSUBISHI

Now, this is a sword, you hold it like this...

SUSHI X

Hey, I said I was a little rusty, not retarded!

VIGILANT SWORD

Hey guys! Come take a look at this!

Everyone huddles around Vigilant Sword and the computer.

VIGILANT SWORD

It says there is one Dew...Mountain Dew that is...that is said to hold a mystic power...like a dark force or something...

SENSEI

One dew to bind them all...

MITSUBISHI

Uh...isn't one RING to bind them all?

SENSEI

SHH! Damn! Do you want to get sued?



SIX-GUN SAM

I reckon this town ain't big  
enough for the both of us.

VIGILANT SWORD

Anyway...it's damn near impossible  
to get to this temple it's in.

PATSY

When in doubt, Map Quest.com!

MITSUBISHI

Let's do that Dew!

SUSHI X

Wow, that's got to be the dumbest  
one liner I've ever heard. I mean,  
seriously! I could have eaten  
alphabet soup and shit out a  
better line!

MITSUBISHI

Alright, you've made your point!  
Let's just go!

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE MYSTIC DEW

The Danger Machine pulls up at the foot of the steps leading up to the temple, which is similar to The Monastery in appearance. The characters all get out. They nod to each other, and then dash straight up the steps and right through the front door.

#### WITHIN THE TEMPLE

The characters are alone as they "sneak" through hallway after hallway. Vigilant Sword steps on a floor panel, and several spikes shoot out after he is already 10 feet ahead. Finally, the characters come to a large doorway leading into the chamber containing the Mystic Dew. Suddenly, three random ninjas descend from above. Team Boo Ya fights the ninjas and wins. They proceed into the chamber, where their prize sits on an altar surrounded by glowing light.

SENSEI

(whispering)

The Mystic Dew...

Vigilant Sword apprehensively approaches the altar. He wipes sweat from his forehead, holds his breath, and quickly replaces the bottle of Mystic Dew with a bottle of Mello Yello. He sighs. Just then, an alarm goes off.

MITSUBISHI  
Cheese it! It's the fuzz!

The team runs like hell out of the chamber and back the way they came. Just as they exit the temple, the door all the way back in the altar chamber slams shut and poison gas fills the now-empty room. When they reach the Danger Machine, everyone breathes a sigh of relief and Vigilant Sword puts down the Dew.

SENSEI  
Just think - we have the very  
thing that could mean Mr. Diablo's  
defeat!

Everyone turns to the Mystic Dew to see Patsy drinking the entire bottle.

VIGILANT SWORD  
SON OF A BITCH! Patsy!!

PATSY  
(wipes mouth)  
Very good Dew! Yes!

SENSEI  
Now we don't have the Mystic Dew!

PATSY  
OHhhh! So...want I should not  
drink the Dew? So sorry!

SUSHI X  
C'mon guys, let's go...looks like  
we'll just have to find another  
temple to break into...

EXT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

Mitsubishi, Vigilant Sword, and Sushi X are out in the garage prepping the Danger Machine. Mitsubishi and Vigilant Sword are checking the last-minute equipment.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Silly string.

MITSUBISHI  
Check!

VIGILANT SWORD  
Rope with pointy thing.

MITSUBISHI

Check!

VIGILANT SWORD

Danger Machine.

MITSUBISHI

Check!

VIGILANT SWORD

Excellent. Now that everybody and everything are accounted for, there's only one thing we have to do...

THE MONASTERY - THE COMMON ROOM

A large CROWD of people stand in a circle around Mitsubishi, who is "chugging" a huge bottle of Mountain Dew.

CROWD

(continously)

Chug! Chug! Chug!

MITSUBISHI

(takes his face  
from the bottle)

I can't do it! Ugggh...so...much  
soda...

OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY

Vigilant Sword, Sushi X, and Mitsubishi get into the Danger Machine and pull out of the garage. Soon they are on the open road. There is silence for a good minute.

MITSUBISHI

So...uh...yeah. Hey, how about a game! Okay, I'm thinking of someone who is mysterious...he's invisible...

SUSHI X

It's me. Now it's my turn. I'm thinking of someone is extremely idiotic and is getting really annoying with his retarded games.

MITSUBISHI

My games may be retarded, but at least I'm not a stupid butt face!

SUSHI X  
You're the butt face...BUTT FACE!

MITSUBISHI  
NUH UH! You are!

SUSHI X  
You are!

MITSUBISHI  
You are!

VIGILANT SWORD  
Ladies, please! You're both butt  
faces! Now let's just put on some  
music. I brought this special tape  
for such an occasion.

Vigilant Sword puts in his tape. It turns out to be Boy  
George's "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?" Mitsubishi stops  
the tape and throws it out the window. He holds up his own  
tape.

MITSUBISHI  
Let's use my tape.

Mitsubishi puts in his tape of Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant  
Song". The four of them sing along to it as they speed  
along. Once the song ends, everyone laughs.

SUSHI X  
Now what?

MITSUBISHI  
Let's play a game!

The camera shows the back of the van as it screeches to a  
halt. When the dust clears, Mitsubishi is standing in the  
middle of the road as the Danger Machine keeps driving.

MITSUBISHI  
Oh yeah? Well...I'm gonna get my  
own Danger Machine! With  
blackjack...and - and hookers!  
Awwwh...taxi!

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Mr. Diablo sits at his desk in his Inner Sanctum playing  
with his Game Boy Advance. Henchmen are hustling and  
bustling about, trying to look busy.

MR. DIABLO

Damn it! Get in the damn Pokeball,  
you little bitch!

As he struggles, #2 6/8 walks briskly into the room carrying  
a spiffy looking folder.

2 6/8

Mr. Diablo, sir, I have extremely  
important information for you  
regarding our enemy.

MR. DIABLO

(throws down Game  
Boy in disgust)

Damn it all to Hell! I simply  
cannot "Catch 'em all!" 2 6/8, I  
demand that the makers of this  
game be brought before me and  
executed in the most gruesome way  
possible.

2 6/8

Uh...yes, I will see to that right  
away. But right now, I think you  
should listen to what I have.

MR. DIABLO

Fine...just let me save my game.

2 6/8

Sir, "Team Boo Ya", as they call  
themselves, is preparing an  
all-out assault on this fortress.  
It seems they know about your  
extremely clever and original plan  
for world domination.

MR. DIABLO

What?! How did you find this out?

2 6/8

Why, it's allright here in the  
script, sir.

#2 6/8 shows Mr. Diablo a copy of the script. The villain  
reads a portion of it and bursts out laughing.

MR. DIABLO

Hah hah hah! Tha Mitsubishi is  
hilarious...er, I mean, I look  
forward to making a delightfully  
bloody mess out of that samurai

(MORE)

MR. DIABLO (cont'd)  
and the rest of his stupid  
friends!

2 6/8  
Frankly sir, if you don't get your  
shit together, they'll be making a  
bloody mess out of us. Fortress  
security is lower than ever.

MR. DIABLO  
How can that be? What about all  
those informational pamphlets and  
those posters with all the safety  
tips on them?

2 6/8  
Well, since you never wanted to  
cough up the cash to teach them,  
none of the henchmen ever learned  
to read or write.

MR. DIABLO  
Whatever, as long as they can  
handle a firearm, it's fine with  
me.

2 6/8  
Well, actually -

MR. DIABLO  
Okay, I get it. It's not my fault.  
Diablo Industries just isn't  
raking in the dough like it used  
to.

2 6/8  
Actually, sir, business is  
booming. You just never choose to  
spend the money on anything  
worthwhile.

MR. DIABLO  
Look, let's not get into a huge  
debate over who squandered what or  
who lost how much at whichever  
race, okay? Right now we need to  
focus on how we're going to defend  
this fortress.

2 6/8  
Glad you should ask, because I've  
already come up with several  
ideas.

(MORE)

2 6/8 (cont'd)  
(pulls out a giant  
map)

First, we post road blocks here  
and here. We're going to fill the  
moat with water and put piranhas  
in the water. Got it so far?

MR. DIABLO  
A moat...filled with water? That's  
genius!

2 6/8  
Yeah, right. We place mine fields  
here and here, and stationary guns  
in these spots. If those don't  
work, we turn the sprinklers on  
them.

MR. DIABLO  
Sounds good. Hey, what about that  
thing marked "Secret Entrance"?

2 6/8  
Oh, that? Well, I figure they'll  
leave it alone since there's a  
sign on it that says "Please Use  
Other Door". I mean, they'll have  
to listen to that, right?

MR. DIABLO  
I would. Now what if they make it  
inside?

2 6/8  
Oh, well...that's what the  
henchmen are for. I figure our  
superior number of untrained,  
poorly equipped guards will crush  
them.

MR. DIABLO  
Now, 2 6/8, what if - and this is  
just hypothetical - what if they  
actually make it to my Inner  
Sanctum?

2 6/8  
I plan on rigging your Inner  
Sanctum with all kinds of  
elaborate traps. As for fighting  
them...well, I have a little  
surprise for you.

MR. DIABLO

A surprise! Awesome! What kind of surprise?

#2 6/8 pulls out a small white box with a red button on it. It has a clip on the back of it to hook on to a belt.

2 6/8

The guys down in R&D cooked this up. They call it a "Force Field". Apparently, it will deflect all outside physical attacks, as well as shield you from harmful energy or radiation. Short of nuclear warhead, you're theoretically impervious.

MR. DIABLO

Oh, sweetness! How does it work?

2 6/8

I'm not sure. All I know is that it's similar in design to the LASER in that it has a really cool name.

MR. DIABLO

FORCE FIELD! Yeah, it does. 2 6/8, you've made me so happy today!

2 6/8

Sir, your happiness is all the reward I need. Well, that and a promotion.

MR. DIABLO

Yes...so happy I could kill you.

2 6/8

Wha - ?

Mr. Diablo pushes a button on his desk. This causes a panel in the wall to slide up. A henchman in a suit steps out and guns down #2 6/8 with a machine gun. He nods to Diablo, who nods back, and steps back into the alcove. The panel slides down.

MR. DIABLO

Man, I love this job.



EXT. HIGHWAY IN NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

Scene begins as camera pans across an empty, dusty stretch of highway through the plain, boring lands of North Dakota. Three vehicles are riding caravan; the Danger Machine, Sensei's Ford Model T, and Dave's Honda Civic.

INTERIOR OF THE DANGER MACHINE

                          MITSUBISHI

Are we there yet?

                          SUSHI X

No.

                          VIGILANT SWORD

We would be if Sensei didn't drive like an old man. God, he must be going 30 miles per hour in a 75-mile zone!

                          SUSHI X

Why isn't Patsy driving?

                          VIGILANT SWORD

He's Russian.

                          SUSHI X

Oh...that makes sense...I think.

                          MITSUBISHI

I have to go to the bathroom!

                          VIGILANT SWORD

Shut your trap!

                          MITSUBISHI

But Vigilant Sword!

                          VIGILANT SWORD

Don't make me come back there!

                          SUSHI X

Damn, we better stop. He's going to piss his pants, I just know it.

                          VIGILANT SWORD

(sighs)

Fine. God damn you, Mitsubishi.

(picks up CB radio)

Hey, this is Vigilant Sword, over.

PATSY (vo)  
We read you Vigilant Sword. What  
is it, over?

VIGILANT SWORD  
Mitsubishi's gotta go. We gotta  
stop somewhere, over.

SENSEI (vo)  
What the hell?! He's as bad as me!

VIGILANT SWORD  
Sensei, you forgot to say "over",  
over.

SENSEI (vo)  
Oh, sorry, over.

SIX-GUN SAM (vo)  
I reckon, I reckon reckon...over.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Dan, did you get that, over?

DAVE (vo)  
(through static)  
My...is Dave...CB malfunctioning!  
Plot...no sense...mongoose...in  
middle of road...AAAH...over!

Dave swerves and drives right off a bridge.

MITSUBISHI  
Oh my God...what's a mongoose  
doing in North Dakota...over?

SENSEI (vo)  
Beat's me, over.

PATSY (vo)  
Look, place for to be stoppink  
just ahead!

Just ahead is a gas station on the side of the road. There  
is a tall sign in front that says:

Carl's Garage  
Gas, Munchies, and Auto Repair  
Evildoers not Welcome!

There are no other vehicles in sight.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Alright! A gas station! Do you  
still have to go?

MITSUBISHI

...Yes!

The two vehicles pull into the parking lot and everyone gets out. Mitsubishi begins stretching and groaning loudly.

MITSUBISHI

Finally, we get to stop! We've been driving for like, 6 hours!

PATSY

It's only been hour and half.

MITSUBISHI

Oh God, Sushi, I can't feel my legs. I can't feel my legs!

SENSEI

Let's go ask the proprietor of this gas station if you can use the bathroom.

At that moment, a nearby garage opens up and CARL himself walks out, drying his oil-stained hands on an equally oil-stained rag. He is tall, very wide, and quite hairy. He also has a bald head and a thick mustache.

CARL

Eh, what brings you'se guys to my, uh, humble abode?

MITSUBISHI

I HAVE TO GO PEE-PEE!

CARL

Eh, big guy, don't get ya panties in a bunch. There's a bathroom round back.

(tosses him a key)

Use this to, you know, get in.

MITSUBISHI

Oh, thanks, mister.

He sprints off to the bathroom.

CARL

Now don't you be making a mess in there, y'hear? Bad things are gonna happen if you do, ya know what I mean? Ah, forget about it.

Carl turns to face the others, who stand there looking at the mechanic strangely.

CARL

The rest of you'se guys, how's about you come inside, have a bite to eat and drink. Must have been traveling a while. Ya look like the inside of my ass, ya know what I mean?

SENSEI

No, I don't think I do.

CARL

Eh, you want me to do a little, uh, maintenance on your rides there? That Ford looks older than dirt, probably drives like dirt, too.

SENSEI

Don't you come near my Model T, you loud-mouthed, sweaty -

CARL

Eh, forget about, alright?

SUSHI X

I think we should go on inside. I'm kind of hungry, myself.

They begin to walk inside.

SENSEI

Hey, would you happen to have any of those, uh...what do you call 'em, Moon Pies?

CARL

Sure do. Breakfast of Champions!

As they all walk into the store, the camera pans up to reveal one of Mr. Diablo's assassins perched on a buildboard across the road. He watches the exchange below through his binoculars. Once the parking lot is clear, he grins and puts them down. He then quickly picks up a hand-held rocket launcher. Sighting carefully, he launches an RPG at the parking lot. All the heroes and Carl come running outside as the flaming debris, all that's left of the Danger Machine and the Model T, come crashing down on the pavement.

VIGILANT SWORD

Holy shit! What happened?!

PATSY

This is doink of Diablo, I know it!

SUSHI X

What do we do now? The Danger Machine is totalled! We're screwed!

SENSEI

I suppose we're close enough to the fortress to walk there, but I don't know how we're getting back.

CARL

Meh, I can fix that.

SIX-GUN SAM

I reckon?!

VIGILANT SWORD

There's nothing left of them!

CARL

Piece of cake. Two days, tops.

SENSEI

You must be some sort of dark magician.

CARL

You know it. Carl's got the magic fingers, baby.

At that moment, Mitsubishi returns from the bathroom.

MITSUBISHI

Ah man, that feels better! I -  
(he surveys the  
wreckage)  
WHAT THE FUDGENUGGET?!

CARL

F-fudgenugget? That...word.

MITSUBISHI

What? Sensei would kill me if I dropped an f-bomb.

Suddenly, Carl falls to his knees clutching his head. He lets out a painful moan. After a few seconds, his head snaps up. His eyes have a wild, deranged look on them.

SUSHI X

Dude, are you alright?

Carl runs back into the store.

PATSY

Where are you goink?

VIGILANT SWORD

Whatever you're doing, it better have something to do with fixing our rides!

INSIDE THE STORE

They follow Carl into his store, no different than any 7-11. Suddenly, out of nearby closet, jumps Carl, dressed as Batman. The suit was obviously meant for someone half his size; his gut hangs out exposed over his utility belt and his disturbingly tight pants. He takes a heroic pose.

SENSEI

What strange devilry is this? What kind of mechanic are you?

CARL

No mechanic am I, good sir! I'M BATMAN!

MITSUBISHI

Really? Awesome!

SUSHI X

He's not Batman.

VIGILANT SWORD

We don't have time for these stupid games. You're supposed to be fixing our ruined vehicles!

CARL

What? You think Batman would stoop to a task as low as auto repair? At this very moment, the Joker or Twoface are no doubt plotting some dastardly deeds. The Dark Knight cannot spare a single moment chatting with the likes of you!

Carl then begins running around, collecting "equipment".

SUSHI X

We need him to fix our rides! Now  
what do we do?

MITSUBISHI

Hey guys, look at this!

He stands in front of a glass panel on the wall covering a large button. Under the panel is a notice that says "In case of Batman, break glass." Mitsubishi smashes the glass and pushes the button.

MITSUBISHI

Did it do anything?

At that moment, two men dressed in white uniforms, like those worn by caretakers at a mental institution, come rushing into the store.

CARETAKER #1

Oh, not again!

CARETAKER #2

I've got the straitjacket ready.

CARL

So once again, the Joker has sent his minions after me. Well, it'll take more than two to stop Batman!

The two caretakers begin to chase Carl around the room, with no success.

CARETAKER #2

Do we have to go through this every time?

CARETAKER #1

(to Mitsubishi and  
Vigilant Sword)

You two, block the doors!

SUSHI X

Is this a common occurrence here?

CARETAKER #1

We thought he was cured!

CARETAKER #2

I knew it was a bad idea to take him off the medication.

SENSEI  
Medication time? Ooh gimme gimme!

PATSY  
Not for you, old man.

CARETAKER #2  
Oh shit, he's going for the window!

CARL  
Batman, away!

He leaps through a nearby window, just barely fitting through.

CARETAKER #1  
Everyone after him!

OUTSIDE THE STORE

They all rush outside to see Carl picking himself up off the ground.

CARL  
To the Batmobile!

Carl runs to the garage, but stops short as Six-Gun Sam steps in front of him, hands near his guns like he's ready for a shootout.

SIX-GUN SAM  
This town ain't big enough for the both of us...I reckon.

CARL  
Another enemy prepared to test Batman's mettle? But wait...is that kryptonite I sense? Oh no!

SUSHI X  
Uh, that's Superman, dipshit.

CARL  
Don't tell Batman what Batman don't know. Now stand aside, or I shall have to disarm you.

SIX-GUN SAM  
(grits teeth,  
spits)  
Yeeshaw...



At that moment, the caretakers tackle Carl from behind. Caretaker #2 struggles to put a straitjacket on him while #1 pulls out a syringe and prepares it.

CARETAKER #1  
Keep him steady so I can inject  
it!

CARETAKER #2  
C'mon Batman, just hold still.

Caretaker #1 manages to stick Carl with the needle, who immediately starts twitching.

CARL  
You win this time Joker...this  
time!

VIGILANT SWORD  
Is he going to be okay?

CARETAKER #2  
Oh yeah, he'll wake up in about 30  
minutes with no memory of being  
Batman. This is routine procedure.

Then, without another word or even a goodbye, the caretakers leave as suddenly as they appeared.

SUSHI X  
So...what? Do we just leave him?

MITSUBISHI  
I'm going to get a hot dog!

VIGILANT SWORD  
Me two!

PATSY  
Patsy love hot dog!

SENSEI  
Feed me, Patsy! Feed me!

The heroes all walk back into the store while Carl lies on the ground, twitching.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

Team Boo Ya has left Carl's Garage and is en route to Mr. Diablo's Fortress. The sun is beating down on them as they

walk (or wheel) in silence. They wear looks of boredom and discomfort. Occasionally, one of the characters will sigh or wipe their foreheads. Suddenly, Patsy begins talking.

PATSY

You know, I have been thinking.

SENSEI

What, Patsy?

PATSY

I think I have figured out true villain behind evil plot.

SENSEI

(sighs)

Who, Patsy? If not Mr. Diablo, then who is behind this nefarious scheme to take over Canada? Who is ruthless and evil enough to carry out the mass extermination of an entire people just to suit his own selfish goals?

PATSY

...It's moose and squirrel!

All are silent for a good twenty seconds.

MITSUBISHI

...Shut the hell up, Patsy.

PATSY

What? They are very dangerous! I lose many comrades to them!

VIGILANT SWORD

Shut the hell up, Patsy!

PATSY

There was this one time that Boris and Natasha made this death ray...

ALL

Shut the hell up, Patsy!

PATSY

(mutters to self)

...you know it didn't really work to well, it ended up blowing up in their faces and then moose and squirrel got away and then there was a commercial, and then...

SENSEI

(smacks Patsy)

Look Patsy, if you don't shut up, I'm going to blow you up with my mind. Do you want me to blow you up with my mind?

PATSY

Fine! You no want my opinion, I no give it to you. See if I care...bitches.

MITSUBISHI

(starts to draw sword)

What did you say?

PATSY

Oh, what, you want I should kick your ass? Bring it on, dickhead!

VIGILANT SWORD

Oh, it's on now!

SUSHI X

I think we should kick him out of the cast!

PATSY

You going to kick me out of the cast? This movie suck balls anyway. I mean, Canadian samurai? Give me a break! Who wrote this shit?

SENSEI

(raises hand)

All of you, stop bickering. Look up ahead!

Ahead is a large road block. About 20 heavily armed guards stand in front of it. Mounted machine guns sit in emplacements on the side of the road. There are even men with RPGs.

MITSUBISHI

Oh, fudgenuggets!

SUSHI X

What do we do now, Sensei?

SENSEI

Our enemy has left an obstacle for us. This will require careful planning and strategy. All of you, I need time to meditate on this situation and find a solution.

MITSUBISHI

Oh look, there's a McDonalds!  
Let's go get some McNuggets!

Mitsubishi, Vigilant Sword, and Sushi X head over to the McDonald's.

SENSEI

Hmm...what would Yoda do?

PATSY

Hey, master, I have idea!

SENSEI

Not now, Patsy. This will require all my power to get us through.

PATSY

I have powers two, master. You want I should show them?

SENSEI

Maybe later.

PATSY

Please?

SENSEI

Fine...show me your full power.

PATSY

Okey-dokey. Here goes nothing.

Patsy assumes a stance of pure concentration. He stands, face bunched up like he's taking a shit, for several minutes. Sensei checks his watch. Suddenly Patsy lets out a loud yell. Cut to a scene from Dragonball Z with one of the characters performing their apocalyptic death attack. Then, cut to stock footage of a mushroom cloud. The road block is completely obliterated.

SENSEI

(stares  
slack-jawed in  
awe)

...What the hell was that?

PATSY

Oh, you want I should not have  
blown up bad guys?

Sensei shakes his head in disbelief as the other three come  
running back from the McDonald's.

SENSEI

That was the shiznit! How did you  
do that?

PATSY

(scratches head)  
Hmm...must be Mountain Dew I  
drank.

MITSUBISHI

The Mystic Dew...

PATSY

Oh, yeah, yeah, the Mystic Dew.

SENSEI

Could...could you do that again?

PATSY

I don't know...maybe.

SUSHI X

Hey...could you nuke the Vigilant  
Sword? No one likes him anyway.

This is met with cheers of agreement, even from Vigilant  
Sword.

PATSY

Okay, I try.

Once again, he assumes the pose and concentrates hard on  
Vigilant Sword. After a minute or so, he finally farts,  
rather loudly. A dumb grin crosses his face.

VIGILANT SWORD

(clutches nose)  
Patsy, you sick bastard! What did  
you eat?

PATSY

Oopskabibbles!

MITSUBISHI

That is the foulest stench I have  
ever smelled! I should kill you!

SUSHI X

Yeah, plus Vigilant Sword isn't dead!

VIGILANT SWORD

You suck, Patsy!

SENSEI

Hmm...it would seem all of the concentrated Dew energy was released in that single blast. Does anyone else have any Mystic Dew?

Everyone shakes their head.

MITSUBISHI

I've got some Mystic Toilet Water. That might work.

PATSY

(thinks for a moment)

...Okay, I try that.

Mitsubishi hands over a bottle of toilet water which Patsy then quaffs. After a few seconds, he spits it out in disgust.

PATSY

Blech! That tastes worse than Sprite Remix! It wasn't even magical!

MITSUBISHI

(laughing hysterically)

Oh my God! You are the dumbest son of bitch I've ever seen!

SENSEI

Hey folks, the evil forces aren't going to thwart themselves. Let's get moving.

EXT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

About an hour after passing the roadblock, Team Boo Ya finally arrives in front of Mr. Diablo's fortress. Having just breached a hill, the towering fortress looms above them. About half a mile farther lie the main gates. The characters look weary but determined now that they have reached their destination.

MITSUBISHI

Man, that's a big tower!

VIGILANT SWORD

We stand on the doorstep of our enemy. Let's go introduce ourselves; we wouldn't want to be rude guests.

SENSEI

No doubt he will have left a trap for us. This very field is probably riddled with land mines.

DAVE

I propose we leave before we die.

SENSEI

Dan, the path to redemption leads through hell.

DAVE

Redemption? What the hell are you talking about?

PATSY

Is sayink that you are to run through mine field.

DAVE

Yeah, uh, how about no?

SUSHI X

C'mon Dan! You're the only one who can do it! Mines are deadly to us!

DAVE

You're all deranged! Why don't you send the friggin' cowboy?! He's barely got three lines!

## VIGILANT SWORD

Look Dan, I know you're afraid,  
but sometimes facing our fears is  
the only way to -

Vigilant Sword is cut off by a loud gunshot. A bullet hole appears in the ground an inch from Dave's foot. They look over to see Six-Gun Sam holding a smoking gun. He shrugs, and begins shooting wildly at Dave's feet, forcing him to run.

## DAVE

(eyes clamped shut  
as he runs)

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh God, I'm  
gonna die! This really sucks! I'm-

Dave is cut off as he runs face first into the iron gate. Dazed, he climbs back to his feet holding his head. The others have walked across the field to stand by the gate as well.

## DAVE

Oh...my face.

(looks behind him)

Hey, what gives? How come I'm not  
a pile of charred flesh?

## MITSUBISHI

C'mon Dan - do you really think  
we'd suffer a death as lame as  
this? That we'd all be blown to  
hell and that would be the end of  
the...uh...adventure?

## DAVE

So, wait - it's okay for me to  
fall off a bridge repeatedly, but  
not okay to be blown up by mines?

## SENSEI

Careful - you're just asking to be  
thrown off a bridge.

## SUSHI X

So how do we get past this gate?

As if in response, the gate swings silently open. The characters shrug and walk into the courtyard in front of the entrance to the fortress proper. All is eerily quiet. Abruptly, Mr. Diablo's voice cuts in over an intercom.



MR. DIABLO (vo)

I see you all have finally made it  
to my fortress of evil.  
Impressive, no? I hope for you all  
to introduce yourselves in person.  
But now, let me introduce some of  
my friends.

The doors to the fortress swing open, and a swarming mass of henchmen pour out of it. They stop ten feet from the heroes, weapons at the ready. They do not utter a single word.

VIGILANT SWORD

Mitsubishi, are you thinking what  
I'm thinking?

MITSUBISHI

Yeah, I have an odd craving for  
bubble gum, but seeing as I have  
none on my person, let's just kick  
some ass!

Mitsubishi runs straight at a henchman. The poor guy pauses, gulps, and tries to defend himself at the last minute as Mitsubishi jumps over him, draws his sword in mid-air, and slices him in two on the way down. Immediately, the rest of the henchmen charge into battle.

SENSEI

Excellent work. Of course, in the  
grand scheme of things, killing  
one henchman doesn't really make a  
dent. You have to do something  
like this! Patsy, attend to me!

Patsy wheels Sensei into the mass of cannon fodder. Sensei performs exotic trips with his staff, felling all of them. He then proceeds to wheel over their spines. The other heroes are also getting into it...

VIGILANT SWORD

Die scum!  
(cleaves one from  
shoulder to hip)  
Taste my fury!

Vigilant Sword backflips off a henchman's chest, leaving him to take a bullet. He then throws his sword into the gut of another. Pulling out his twin nickel-plated .45's, he blows out the kneecaps of another dozen, leaving them to be crushed by Sensei.

SIX-GUN SAM  
YEEHAW, I reckon!

He shoots wildly into the air, missing all of them. However, as several henchmen wielding katanas charge him, they step on a land mine which was accidentally placed in the courtyard. Debris and body parts rain down around Six-Gun Sam as he attempts to twirl his guns.

SIX-GUN SAM  
This town wasn't big enough for  
the...twelve of us.

SUSHI X  
Time to kick it up a notch.

A number of henchmen are "mysteriously" disarmed, slammed into each other, and cut into assorted bite-size pieces. A few are kneed in the crotch, becoming more victims of Sensei.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Damn! Too bad he's invisible, I  
would have loved to see how  
he...oh! That had to hurt!

MITSUBISHI  
That's not right...

PATSY  
Am not thinkink is possible by  
laws of nature, but hey, how much  
else makes sense?

DAVE  
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING! WHY  
DOESN'T HE GET THROWN OFF A  
BRIDGE!

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

SENSEI  
Nice work, Patsy, that's some  
Class-A chucking.

MITSUBISHI  
Alright, time to finish this.

Mitsubishi's fighting intensifies. He disarms a henchman with a spinning kick, and then plants his sword into his face. He then throws the corpse off his sword into two other henchmen, flips over their heads, and detaches their spines

with a swift backslash. He then finds himself surrounded by ten henchmen pointing Thompson's at him. Mitsubishi smiles, and then simply sinks to the floor in a split as they proceed to gun each other down, their trigger fingers stuck in death.

VIGILANT SWORD

That was pretty sweet!

SENSEI

Yes, but was it worth the price?

MITSUBISHI

(grabbing crotch)

No...ah...ooh...

SUSHI X

Dude, that must be painful.

PATSY

Ha-ha, silly stunt is doink  
Nutcracker in pants. Gettink it,  
Nutcracker? Ha ha ha...oh, am  
killink myself.

The triumphant Team Boo Ya enters the fortress.

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Inside the fortress, the heroes find themselves with no further resistance. Puzzled they proceed through the lobby and get in the elevator. Vigilant Sword presses the button for the top floor, but the lift automatically stops at the next one.

MR. DIABLO (vo)

It's time for the next test.

The door opens and the heroes find themselves in a large room made up to look like a desert. There are even fake cacti as well as "graves" in several spots in the room. The tombstone above one of them reads "Six-Gun Sam".

MR. DIABLO (vo)

Welcome to the first death room!

MITSUBISHI

What's your game, Mr. Diablo?

MR. DIABLO (vo)

A game? How quaint...you are all  
going to die. I've hired  
specialized assassins for you,  
(MORE)

MR. DIABLO (cont'd)  
 each, like you, each, against you.  
 They are your opposites in every  
 moral aspect and your betters in  
 every martial one. Now please  
 meet...Eight-Gun Eddie.

A man walks out. He is dressed all in black, like a cheesy  
 Western villain. He even has a curly moustache.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
 He has a better gun, better  
 wardrobe, and...better one-liners  
 than you, Samuel. All he has to do  
 is outlast you.

EIGHT-GUN EDDIE  
 Just try and stop me, Six-Gun Sam!

MITSUBISHI  
 Are you sure you want to fight  
 him, Sam?

SIX-GUN SAM  
 (with a glint in  
 his eye)  
 I reckon...I reckon I reckon,  
 yeehaw, I reckon, I reckon reckon  
 reckon...I RECKON!

SUSHI X  
 That was so beautiful...

MITSUBISHI  
 We can't let his sacrifice be in  
 vain. Let's go!

VIGILANT SWORD  
 He was a hero to the last. We need  
 to stop this madness, and by God  
 we will!

The rest of the heroes get back into the elevator.

EIGHT-GUN EDDIE  
 Muahaha, you have no chance!

SIX-GUN SAM  
 This town ain't big enough for the  
 both of us.

EIGHT-GUN EDDIE  
 Just try and stop me, Six-Gun Sam!

SIX-GUN SAM  
Yeehaw, I reckon.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

MITSUBISHI  
Poor guy, I liked his upbeat  
approach to life, eh?

SENSEI  
Don't worry, that idiot won't get  
killed.

PATSY  
Ah, you be knowink sometink, you  
kaputnick old bastard?

SENSEI  
Diablo wants Eight-Gun to win by  
having two more bullets in his  
gun. What he forgot is, the  
showdown of the villain and hero  
in a Western is a quick-draw,  
after a long staredown.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Oh, crap...

THE DESERT ROOM

SIX-GUN SAM  
I reckon this town ain't big  
enough for the both of us...

EIGHT-GUN EDDIE  
Muahaha, you have no chance! Just  
try and stop me, Six-Gun Sam!

They stare each other down. Eight-Gun continuously twirls his moustache and spits tobacco. Six-Gun flares his nostrils and grits his teeth. After a minute, Mr. Diablo cuts in.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Hurry it up! We've got other  
scenes to shoot!

The two finally draw their guns and go into "bullet time". They each shoot six shots and hit each other once before collapsing to their knees.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Ha, shows you, old fool! Quick,  
finish him off!

Just then, a fake cactus, shot by Six-Gun Sam, collapses on Eight-Gun, knocking him into a grave marked "Eight-Gun Eddie". Sam then shoots the cactus into the grave with him, blows on his gun, and falls to the floor, dead.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Oh, for the love of all things  
evil...

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Team Boo Ya waits in the elevator to reach the next floor.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
I'll admit, your idiot friend  
Six-Gun Sam was clever, though  
that didn't help him. Seriously,  
was he insane? There's cures for  
those things, I know.

VIGILANT SWORD  
More like you wouldn't know! You  
know, because you're crazy?

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Now, now, don't worry. There will  
be plenty of chances for your  
comrades to die, Vigilant Dork.  
Why don't you step into the next  
room? I think you'll find it quite  
to your...tastes?

The door opens, and the heroes move into the next room, which is built like the Iron Chef arena. A short Asian man stands by a table.

TEMPURA Z  
Hello there.

MITSUBISHI  
So, who are you supposed to kill?

TEMPURA Z  
(points to thin  
air)  
That one.

SUSHI X  
No way, he can see me!

TEMPURA Z  
 More accurately, I can't see  
 anything. I am...Tempura Z!

This is followed a mad bass riff, and a mysterious voice  
 that whispers "Tempura ZZZzzzz..."

SUSHI X  
 Tempura? That stuff isn't even  
 close to the caliber of sushi!  
 It's not even authentic!

TEMPURA Z  
 Maybe you should expand your  
 tastes, ahah, ahah. But now, we  
 must do battle!

SUSHI X  
 Ha, you can't see, how are you  
 supposed to win?

TEMPURA Z  
 Fool. I just told you, seeing  
 doesn't matter to me!

SENSEI  
 Wow, I didn't think Diablo would  
 be idiotic enough to send a blind  
 man to fight someone!

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
 You'll see...soon enough.

SUSHI X  
 Whatever, now die!

He charges at Tempura Z, who promptly hits him with a frying  
 pan.

SUSHI X  
 Damn it!

TEMPURA Z  
 I don't need sight. My other  
 senses are strong now. Including  
 my sense of taste and smell,  
 making me twice the chef you are!

VIGILANT SWORD  
 He's got a point. That deep-fried  
 shrimp looks awful tempting.

SUSHI X  
 (kicks Vigilant  
 Sword)

Shut up, damn you! If it's a cook  
 of you want, it's a cook-off  
 you'll get!

TEMPURA Z  
 But I didn't -

MITSUBISHI  
 Yeah, a cook-off! I finally get to  
 eat something! I'll judge!

DAVE  
 Shoot me right now.

PATSY  
 Is not so simple, friend.

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

Mitsubishi walks over to a table with a large box on it. He  
 proceeds to remove items from the box.

MITSUBISHI  
 Today's secret ingredients  
 are...poisonous mushrooms!  
 Poisonous blowfish! Poisonous  
 poison-dart frog! Marshmallow  
 fluff!

VIGILANT SWORD  
 You'll kill us all!

SENSEI  
 Dear lord, no...

PATSY  
 Marshmallow fluff!

A cooking montage begins showing Sushi X and Tempura Z  
 preparing their dishes. The montage ends 5 seconds later.

MITSUBISHI  
 Ah, the hour just flew by.

SENSEI  
 It's only been 5 seconds.

MITSUBISHI  
 Time's up!



The two contestants bring out their trays. Mitsubishi sniffs them and begins to eat.

MITSUBISHI

Mmmfh, yeah, poisonous, poisonous, fluffy, dangerously cheesy, a party in my mouth, deadly toxicity, and...ughhh

Mitsubishi collapses to the floor.

VIGILANT SWORD

Whose dish was he eating?

PATSY

Poison dart frog wrapped in green sprigs, wit blowfish fillet on side, and mushroom base, topped by heaping pile of fluff...is Sushi X's!

SENSEI

The winner, by knockout, Sushi X!

TEMPURA Z

No! I put all the poisons in there! How could I fail?

SUSHI X

You shunned the righteous path of sushido. To retain any honor, you know what you must do...

TEMPURA Z

Yes, sushiku, the sacred suicide...Oww! That really hurt!

SUSHI X

You don't usually use a cheese grater for sushiku.

TEMPURA Z

Aaah!

He runs wildly, trips, and falls into a giant deep-fryer.

MR. DIABLO (vo)

Damn you to the bowels of bloody hell! I mean, well done. But let's see how you fare against me!

VIGILANT SWORD

I thought you had an assassin for each of us.

MR. DIABLO (vo)

Yeah, well...shut up!

MITSUBISHI

(wakes up)

Did I miss anything, guys?

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

The elevator finally stops at the top floor. The heroes come out in a short hallway that leads to a staircase leading up. On the walls are portraits of Mr. Diablo or his father, Mr. Bojangles. They are met with no further resistance as they dash up the stairs and find themselves in Diablo's Inner Sanctum. It is a large chamber with stone pillars along the sides and bookcases along the walls. At the other end of the room is a tall cathedral window with a desk in front of it. Mr. Diablo himself stands there, looking out the window.

MR. DIABLO

(turns around)

Could you guys be any louder? I mean, geez, for a bunch of ninja samurai people, you would expect a bit more...oh, I don't know...stealth? Let's just make this quick, I have a headache.

MITSUBISHI

Oh, well I've got some aspirin in my samurai pouch.

VIGILANT SWORD

Mitsubishi...that's a fanny pack.

MITSUBISHI

No...it's a samur -

VIGILANT SWORD

Fanny pack.

MITSUBISHI

Fine, we'll compromise...it's a fanny pouch.

Vigilant Sword slaps Mitsubishi in the back of the head.

MITSUBISHI

Ow! Damn it!

VIGILANT SWORD

Diablo, we've had enough of your demagogue ruling! Count the shells!

Vigilant Sword draws his pistols and empties two whole clips. The bullets seem to ricochet a foot away from Mr. Diablo.

MR. DIABLO

Oh, did I forget to mention - I have a LASER defense field...of force.

VIGILANT SWORD

What is it with the whole LASER thing? I ran into one of your henchmen a while ago who did the same thing!

MR. DIABLO

What thing?

VIGILANT SWORD

You know...  
(sighs)  
...LASERS!

MR. DIABLO

I don't know what you're talking about.

VIGILANT SWORD

Forget about it.

DAVE

A force field? That's original. You couldn't think of something better? You can't fight us without having us a foot away? You are the gayest villain ever. I...

Dave realizes that everyone is staring at him.

DAVE

I am such an idiot...

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

MR. DIABLO

Now...count my shells, BITCH!

Mr. Diablo whips out two automatic pistols and starts firing with wild abandon. The heroes break formation and scatter. Patsy hides behind Diablo's desk, leaving Sensei where he is. Vigilant Sword rolls behind a pillar. Mitsubishi draws his sword and begins blocking and evading the bullets. Diablo realizes that Mitsubishi has backed into a corner by mistake. He flips the desk, revealing Patsy lying in the fetal position, and pushes it toward Mitsubishi, trapping him. The others watch helplessly as Diablo walks towards Mitsubishi, raises his gun, and fires.

SENSEI

Your firepower will not hurt my apprentice!

Sensei is holding up his hand, and the bullet is suspended motionless in the air.

MR. DIABLO

How did you stop that bullet?

SENSEI

I don't know! I'm not doing it! My arm is having a spasm!

SUSHI X

It's my fault. Sorry everybody! I saw this "stop time" switch...

MR. DIABLO

Hey, don't touch that!

SUSHI X

Okay, just let me flip this...

SENSEI

Sushi! No!

MITSUBISHI

It's okay. My head's out of the way.

Sushi flips the switch. The bullet hits the wall.

MR. DIABLO

I don't have time for this! If you want to fight for real, meet me in my special battle room in the basement. Hasta luego!

Mr. Diablo spins around shooting at the floor, attempting to "cut out" a circular section (just like in Underworld). When he stops, nothing happens.

MR. DIABLO  
 (jumping up and  
 down)  
 Come on...COME ON! COME ON DAMN  
 IT!

SENSEI  
 Well, uh...we'll just show  
 ourselves out...I guess.

MR. DIABLO  
 (stops and turns  
 to them)  
 Would you? This is so embarrassing.

Team Boo Ya files out the door and comes back down the stairs. Before they reach the elevator, Mitsubishi stops and holds up a bottle of aspirin.

MITSUBISHI  
 Hey guys, I found the aspirin.

The circular piece of ceiling that Mr. Diablo shot falls on top of Mitsubishi.

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Team Boo Ya finds themselves in the elevator once again, this time heading for the basement where the climactic battle against Mr. Diablo is to take place.

MITSUBISHI  
 You know, I'm getting really  
 friggin' tired of riding this  
 elevator back and forth.

VIGILANT SWORD  
 You could always take the stairs.

MITSUBISHI  
 The stairs? Now who's the idiot?

They all laugh at this. Finally, the elevator reaches the basement level. The heroes step out into Mr. Diablo's Battle Room. It is decorated like a traditional dojo. Waiting for them is another group of henchmen, albeit a much smaller one.

SENSEI

These guys never learn, do they?

The heroes dispatch the henchmen in less than a minute. As the last henchman falls, Mr. Diablo appears on a balcony overlooking the entire room. He is dressed in samurai gear similar to Mitsubishi's, only...evil. A long sword is sheathed on his side.

MR. DIABLO

Oh, how impressive. But you know what it's missing?

MITSUBISHI

Oh, I know - a giant spider!

VIGILANT SWORD

(points his gun at  
Mitsubishi)

I swear to God Mitsubishi, say one more stupid thing. DO IT! I will kill you myself!

(turns his head to  
face Diablo)

Alright, Mr. Diablo. You brought us down here, let's have it.

Mitsubishi sidesteps out of the path of Vigilant Sword's gun.

MITSUBISHI

Snoochie-Bootchies!

Vigilant Sword fires but misses Mitsubishi.

MR. DIABLO

This party is missing a worthy adversary, and I know just the remedy.

Mr. Diablo somersaults off the balcony and lands on his feet.

MR. DIABLO

Does this place seem familiar to you, Mitsubishi? It's an exact replica of the dojo where I watched my father whip your father's ass! And now, it's time for history to repeat itself!

MITSUBISHI

(steps forward)

He's mine, guys! I've got a score to settle! Just don't cry when I cut off your foot and shove it up your ass, Diablo!

The others move to the side of the room. Mitsubishi and Mr. Diablo face each other and bow. They unsheathe their swords. Circling each other, they make quick jabs at the other, so as to test their enemy's defense. Growing impatient, Mitsubishi finally decides to launch an all-out attack. Diablo parries each one deftly, and when Mitsubishi brings his blade down in an overhead chop, they lock blades briefly.

MR. DIABLO

You need more training!

Mr. Diablo hurls Mitsubishi to the ground, who rolls to the right just in time to avoid being impaled. He leaps to his feet and presses his attack with renewed vigor. Mr. Diablo begins to toy with Mitsubishi, whipping him in the ass with his sword and tripping him up with his foot. Finally, Diablo grabs Mitsubishi by the throat and holds him aloft victoriously.

MR. DIABLO

You know, I am feeling merciless today. You will not die by my blade buy by sharks with LASERS attached to their heads.

Mr. Diablo throws him to the ground, then backs up a good twenty feet. He produces a remote from his pocket and presses a button. The dojo floor opens up, revealing a large, empty pool of water.

MR. DIABLO

Wait. Where are my damn sharks?

2 6/8

(appears on the balcony)

Sorry, sir, but it seems that joke has already been used. Therefore making it not funny.

MR. DIABLO

Damn...well, do we have anything?

2 6/8

We do have a flusher.

MR. DIABLO

A flusher?

2 6/8

Yes, observe.

2 6/8 walks to the wall and presses a button marked "Man-Handling Guards". A group of guards appear and "man-handle" Team Boo Ya. They throw the team into the empty tank. 2 6/8 then presses another button and a flume ride car falls into the tank from the ceiling. The heroes shrug and stare at it inquisitively. Several seconds go by.

2 6/8

Oh, I forgot.

2 6/8 presses another button and a soothing electronic woman's voice is heard over the intercom.

SOOTHING VOICE (vo)  
Please step inside the car in an  
orderly fashion.

The heroes shrug again and climb inside.

SOOTHING VOICE  
Wait for a guard to help you  
fasten your seatbelt.

Four guards come over to the tank and check the seatbelts.

MITSUBISHI  
Wait! I can't do mine!

A guard sighs and comes over to help.

MITSUBISHI  
I need an adult! This guard just  
touched my who-who dillie!

GUARD  
Well, I am a "man-handling" guard.

SOOTHING VOICE  
Now that everyone is safely  
buckled, we shall proceed. Keep  
your hands, feet, and other  
objects in the car at all times.

MITSUBISHI  
Ha ha! That means you, Sensei!



SENSEI

Quiet, pansy! At least I have one!

A drain opens in the tank and the car is launched onto a water track. They are twisted around fast and vigorously. The flume ride spirals out through the sublevels of the fortress, the heroes laughing all the way (or cowering in Patsy's case). Eventually, the track begins to incline. With a rush, the car plummets over the huge drop.

ALL

SWEEEEEEEEET!!!

Near the bottom of the descent, a flash from a camera brightens the dark tunnel. The scene freezes momentarily to show the snapshot; Vigilant Sword is screaming wildly, Sensei is asleep, Mitsubishi and Patsy are holding each other, and Sushi X is invisible. The action continues, and instead of stopping like most flume rides, the car continues forward and is jettisoned out of the fortress. The car travels a good half-mile through the air and lands safely on the side of the road. The heroes get out of the car silently, and after a couple seconds, they burst out laughing. They do not notice the drifter with a guitar standing nearby.

MITSUBISHI

Dude, we should try to break in again just to do that!

SENSEI

Yes, but we really must return to the monastery and recover from this defeat.

MITSUBISHI

Yeah, I wasn't expecting to get my ass kicked so easily. If only I knew Diablo's one weakness...oh well, let's go get burritos!

WALTER

Did you say...  
(strums guitar)  
Diablo?

MITSUBISHI

...No, I'm pretty sure I said burritos.

WALTER

Well, yes, but you did say Diablo.

MITSUBISHI

I'm positive I said burritos.

WALTER

Yes, but before that! Didn't you say Diablo?

MITSUBISHI

Oh...well, yeah!

VIGILANT SWORD

Wait...who the hell are you?

WALTER

I am called...Walter! I have some information you might want about that over-grown leech Diablo.

SENSEI

Okay...Mitsubish, step away from the crazy man.

MITSUBISHI

Wait, I think this guy's serious!

WALTER

(breaks into song)

Your enemy is very bad, and he's planning something worse. He's gonna go down to Hell and put the world into a curse.

SUSHI X

Wait, why'd you stop?

Walter shakes a can with the words "Feed Me" on it.

VIGILANT SWORD

(sighs)

Everyone empty your pockets!

The team comes up with nothing. They all turn to Sensei.

SENSEI

I don't have any cash! I'm old!

PATSY

Yeah, and you pick people's pockets, lying bastard!

Patsy turns Sensei upside down. Approximately two and a half shitloads of cash flow out of his robe.

MITSUBISHI  
Is that enough?

                                SENSEI  
                            (muttering)  
Russian dickwad...

Walter starts playing again. However, a Western voice narrates over him.

                                WESTERN VOICE (vo)  
Well, faster than you can say  
"shallow grave", the drifter told  
them that the only weapon that  
could harm Mr. Diablo was the  
magical Blade of the Maple Leaf.  
He also explained how to enter the  
fortress with a little more  
stealth. Ahh, that Team Boo Ya...

                                MITSUBISHI  
Hey, who is that?  
                            (points at camera)  
Was it you?

                                WESTERN VOICE (vo)  
                            (masks voice)  
Uhh...no it was him.

An arm appears in front of the camera pointing in the other direction.

                                MITSUBISHI  
                            (looks where he's  
                                pointing)  
Where?

                                WESTERN VOICE (vo)  
                            (Three Stooges  
                                style)  
Ah whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop!

                                SENSEI  
Let's go before this gets wierder.

                                MITSUBISHI  
Yeah...

INT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

The heroes are resting in the common room, recovering from

their defeat at Diablo's fortress. Mitsubishi sits on the couch watching TV. Dave is on a recliner drinking a beer. Vigilant Sword is on the computer. Sensei is receiving a back massage from Patsy.

SENSEI

Aw yeah, baby...work it. Just like that.

PATSY

You don't pay me enough for this, horny old man.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, shut up! I'm trying to watch Sesame Street! They're explaining the number 9!

VIGILANT SWORD

Man, I can't believe we got beat that easily.

MITSUBISHI

Yeah, and how the hell are we going to find this "Blade of the Maple Leaf"?

SENSEI

(clears throat)

Uh, Mitsubishi? You already have it.

MITSUBISHI

(pulls out sword)

Wow, that's pretty sweet! Look, there's a maple leaf on one side and a cherry blossom on the other! And it's so shiny! Wait...if I had the Blade of the Maple Leaf all along, how come I lost to Diablo?

SENSEI

Because you suck. Killing mailmen is one thing, but fighting an actual villain is another.

MITSUBISHI

Will you ever shut up about that?

SENSEI

No. And furthermore -

SUSHI X  
(enters room)  
Hey guys! I've got very important  
news to share with you all.

VIGILANT SWORD  
What's up, Sushi?

SENSEI  
Mitsubishi, turn down the TV.

SUSHI X  
Well, although Patsy drank most of  
it, there were a few drops of the  
Mystic Dew left in the bottle. So,  
at Sensei's request, I used my mad  
skillz to analyze the ingredients.

VIGILANT SWORD  
And?

SUSHI X  
Regular Mountain Dew, lots of  
cocaine...and nutmeg.

PATSY  
Oh yes! You can really be tastink  
the nutmeg!

DAVE  
What is this, a commercial for  
Mountain Dew? It's not even that  
great! Mello Yellow's better.

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

MITSUBISHI  
So, what does this mean?

SUSHI X  
It means we can make as much  
Mystic Dew as we want! You all saw  
what it's capable of! If we all  
had some, Diablo wouldn't stand a  
chance!

VIGILANT SWORD  
I don't think so.

SUSHI X  
What do you mean?

VIGILANT SWORD

Well, I went to [www.mysticdew.com](http://www.mysticdew.com) and did a little research. Apparently, it's incredibly toxic to about 99% of the population. A rare 1%, namely angry Russian male nurses, have the unique genetic ability to convert the poison into raw energy.

PATSY

Sweetness!

VIGILANT SWORD

Yes, and there's more. It seems different kinds of Dew confer different powers. Regular Dew let's him spit acid. Code Red lets him throw fireballs. Livewire lets him launch electricity. Blue Shock allows him to freeze people. And Pitch Black...allows him to vomit.

SENSEI

This is great! Now Patsy can actually fight rather than just whining and complaining!

PATSY

Look out Diablo! Now Patsy is on your ass!

SENSEI

Right, here's the plan. Vigilant Sword, you go to the grocery store and get as much Mountain Dew and cocaine as you can. Mitsubishi, you go with him. Sushi X, start prepping the kitchen. And Patsy, you go make me a nice warm bubble bath. Go!

SUSHI X

Wait, where am I going to get nutmeg?

MITSUBISHI

(raises hand  
nervously)

Um...

## VIGILANT SWORD

Mitsubishi! What the hell are you doing with nutmeg?!

## MITSUBISHI

Uh...it's not mine! I'm just holding it for a friend!

Mitsubishi wipes his mouth self-consciously.

## SUSHI X

Whatever, at least I don't have to use my own stash...I mean, you should be ashamed of yourself!

The characters leave to see to their appointed tasks. Sensei is the only one in the room. Glancing around, he stealthily wheels over to the TV, turns on the Xbox, and starts playing.

## EXT. THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

It is early evening. Scene begins outside the Monastery as a black van pulls up in front of the gates and stops. Three women in stealth suits step out of the van. After posing dramatically, they begin to unload equipment. The leader is thin and athletic looking, with shoulder-length purple hair. The second one is of similar build, with dark blonde hair that falls just past her shoulders. The third one is a hulking behemoth, a full seven and a half feet tall and wider than the first two put together. She has light blonde hair tied back in a ponytail.

## DEMON 1

(pulls out a crate of explosives)

So, tell me again why we're called Gerald's Demons?

## LEAD DEMON

(slips a pair of daggers into her belt)

Well, we're basically the opposite of Charlie's Angels. We kick ass, but for all the wrong reasons.

DEMON 1  
 (straps on a brace  
 of throwing  
 knives)  
 Actually, I knew that. But the  
 audience didn't.

DEMON 2  
 (checking a  
 big-ass machine  
 gun)  
 Me go kill soon?

LEAD DEMON  
 Yes, very soon. But this is a  
 stealth mission. You know what  
 that means, right? You have to use  
 your nap-time voice.

DEMON 2  
 (whispers)  
 Oh, ok.

She walks off to examine the gate.

DEMON 1  
 Why do we keep her around?

They both look over to see Demon 2 tearing the gate off its  
 hinges like the Hulk and tossing it aside.

LEAD DEMON  
 That's why.

The three assassins stealthily creep through the gardens and  
 into the monastery itself. They stop in the large prayer  
 chamber, a large, mostly empty room with a huge statue of  
 Buddha at one end. 20 monks sit here praying or meditating.

LEAD DEMON  
 (turns to Demon 2)  
 It's extremely important that you  
 be extra-super quiet. We can't let  
 them hear us at all.

DEMON 2  
 Me be quiet as a moose.

They creep around the outside of the room towards another  
 door, the monks completely oblivious to their presence.  
 Suddenly, Demon 2 lets out a terrific belch. All the monks  
 look up and see the Three Demons, standing there in broad  
 daylight.



DEMON 2

Oopsies!

MONK

Intruders! Get them!

The monks surge forward to attack. Demon 1's arm becomes a blur and five monks go down with throwing knives in them. The Lead Demon draws her twin daggers and whirls like a dervish, slashing and stabbing. Demon 2 grabs the two nearest monks and bashes their heads together. Then a third monk leaps at her, and she grabs his neck in mid-air and choke slams him to the ground. Within minutes, the three assassins have dispensed with all 20 of them.

DEMON 1

(fixes her hair)

Well, that was easy.

LEAD DEMON

(sheathes daggers)

This whole job is too easy. The secret base has no outside surveillance and is guarded by a handful of pansy Buddhists. Diablo is wasting our time.

DEMON 2

Me want smash more!

DEMON 1

Oh, we'll be doing more than smashing. We're going to blow this place straight Hell!

LEAD DEMON

Once we're inside. Stay alert. The actual base might be better defended. Plus, our real enemies might still be here.

LEAD DEMON

(pulls out paper)

Well, if the map on the website is correct, we split up at this junction here. One of us goes left and the other two go right. We've got to plant explosives in the kitchen and the boiler room. We set the timers for 10 minutes and run like hell back to the van. When those idiots return, they'll find nothing but a pile of rubble.

The three women head through the common room and into what appears to be a storage closet. The Lead Demon presses a secret button on the wall, causing the wall to slide up and reveal an elevator. They ride the elevator to the main base itself. There are signs leading to the Training Rooms, Armory, Infirmary, War Room, Laboratory, Maintenance, and War Room. Lead Demon and Demon 2 head towards Maintenance, while Demon 1 heads to the Laboratory. The camera follows Demon 1 as she follows several hallways, easily evading primitive traps like a pit and wall spikes. Finally, she comes to Sushi X's kitchen.

DEMON 1  
 (looking around as  
 she sets the bomb)  
 Damn! They must really like  
 Mountain Dew! There must be like  
 30 cases here.

SENSEI  
 There are 35 cases to be exact.

Demon 1 whirls around to see Sensei sitting in the doorway.

DEMON 1  
 Well, I didn't know I'd have to  
 kill an old man.

SENSEI  
 I didn't know I'd have to kill a  
 woman.

Demon 1 grins fiercely and launches two knives at Sensei with blinding speed. Just as fast, Sensei's hands whip out and catch the knives in the air.

DEMON 1  
 I don't have time for this.

She leaps forward and rolls as Sensei's staff passes harmlessly over her head. She comes up to her feet and with a shriek, plunges her hand into Sensei's chest. She pulls out his shriveled heart, which is not even beating.

DEMON 1  
 What the hell is this? A prune?

SENSEI  
 Hah! That thing stopped beating  
 when George Bush, Sr. was in  
 office!  
 (he laughs)  
 Pacemaker, bitch!

As Demon 1 stands dumbfounded, Sensei reaches up and snaps her neck in one quick motion.

DEMON 1  
 (with dying breath)  
 You're too late...I already set us  
 up the bomb...Screw...you...ugh...

SUSHI X  
 Nice one, Sensei!

SENSEI  
 How long have you been there?!

SUSHI X  
 The whole time. We should probably  
 run like hell now.

PATSY  
 (walks into room)  
 Master, bubble bath is ready,  
 so...  
 (stops as he sees  
 the body)  
 What the fudgenuggets?

SENSEI  
 No time to explain! We've got to  
 get out of here! This place is  
 gonna blow!

Cue exciting music as Patsy pushes Sensei as fast as he can, with Sushi X right behind. The action slows as the three of them emerge from the monastery just as the bombs detonate. A massive explosion throws them all forward. Patsy and Sushi X sit up as flaming debris rains down around them.

PATSY  
 (helps Sensei back  
 into his  
 wheelchair)  
 Our base! Our home! They have  
 destroyed it! Patsy will be makink  
 with the vengeance soon enough!

SENSEI  
 That female assassin must have  
 been working for Mr. Diablo. I  
 swear he will pay for this.

SUSHI X  
 What do we do now?

SENSEI

First, we wait for Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi to return from the grocery store and Dave to make a mysteriously quick recovery. Then we go see the set people and ask them to build us a new base. We should have a new one by tomorrow.

SUSHI X

Well, with the facilities gone, we can't make any more Mystic Dew. I think there were still a few cases in the Danger Machine, but we'll have to conserve it.

PATSY

Patsy will be unleashing hell on the ones who did this!

INSIDE THE THREE DEMONS' VAN

DEMON 2

Wait, weren't there...  
(holds up five  
fingers)  
three of us?

LEAD DEMON

(sighs)  
She didn't make it. I always  
thought you would be the first to  
die.  
(wipes a tear from  
her eye)  
Well, at least we accomplished our  
mission. Let's return to Diablo to  
claim our reward.

DEMON 2

We get cookies now?

LEAD DEMON

Yes, lots of cookies. Too bad  
that...someone...won't get to  
enjoy them.

INT. INTERIOR OF THE DANGER MACHINE - NIGHT

Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi are in the Danger Machine, returning from the grocery store. Behind them lie case after case of Mountain Dew, as well as plain brown boxes marked only with "Cocaine".

MITSUBISHI

So...Vigilant Sword...whatcha thinkin' about?

VIGILANT SWORD

Who cares what I'm thinking about?

MITSUBISHI

Okay. (beat) Hey, Vigilant Sword, do you think I'll ever be rich and famous?

VIGILANT SWORD

Hey, do you think you'll ever learn how to stop talking?

MITSUBISHI

Sorry. (beat) Hey, Vigilant Sword, where do babies come from?

VIGILANT SWORD

...You know what, I'm sure you'll be rich and famous eventually.

MITSUBISHI

You didn't answer my other question.

VIGILANT SWORD

Well, right now I'm thinking that I'd like you to shut the hell up.

MITSUBISHI

No, the other question.

VIGILANT SWORD

What other question? I didn't hear any other question!

MITSUBISHI

Yeah, I asked where do babies -

VIGILANT SWORD

Say, Mitsubishi, I'm kinda thirsty. How about handing me a Dew from the back seat?

MITSUBISHI

Sure thing.

He reaches back to get one.

VIGILANT SWORD

Oh thank God.

Shortly thereafter, they pull onto the dirt path that leads to the monastery. Immediately they are greeted by the terrible sight of flaming ruins.

VIGILANT SWORD

Holy shit! What happened here?!

MITSUBISHI

What?

(looks up)

Oh...well, that's not good, is it?

Vigilant Sword glances at Mitsubishi incredulously, then speeds up the path to the parking lot where the rest of the group is. The Danger Machine screeches to a stop. Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi jump out.

VIGILANT SWORD

Sensei, what happened here? Our home...there's nothing left!

DAVE

(mutters to self)

It's not my home.

MITSUBISHI

MY XBOX!!! NOOOOOO!!!

SUSHI X

Don't worry, man. I saved it.

MITSUBISHI

(clutches the Xbox  
to his chest)

Oh, thank you God! My baby! I promise I'll never take you for granted again!

VIGILANT SWORD

Whatever. Sensei, how did this happen? Was it a grease fire, because I swear to God, Sushi X, I'll kill you!

PATSY

No, no, was work of evil bastard!

SENSEI

It's true. Mr. Diablo sent three  
of his hoes to ride on us. They  
literally rocked our hizzouse.

VIGILANT SWORD

I will not stand for this!  
(takes a bullet  
from his belt)  
You see this bullet? The next time  
I see that son of a bitch, it's  
going right in his head!

SENSEI

Vigilant Sword, do not let your  
anger consume you! This is a time  
for mourning.

VIGILANT SWORD

No, this is definitely a time for  
anger. Lots and lots of anger.

MITSUBISHI

Sensei, what do we do now? I mean,  
what can we do?

SENSEI

(sighs)  
My children, in dark times such as  
these, there is only one thing we  
can do...

Out of nowhere, Sensei reveals a boom box and hits PLAY.

STEREO

EVERYBODY DANCE NOW!

Sensei actually stands up out of his wheelchair and begins  
dancing.

DAVE

HUH?!?!

SUSHI X

I...I think I understand.

MITSUBISHI

Yeah, me too.

The rest of the heroes, sans Dave, begin dancing along with Sensei. Somehow, their dance is expertly choreographed and perfectly synchronized.

STEREO  
EVERYBODY DANCE NOW!

Now, Six-Gun Sam and the 20 monks from the last scene join the dance routine. They also dance perfectly.

DAVE  
Stop the music! STOP THE GOD  
DAMNED MUSIC!

The music cuts off suddenly. All the dancers stop in mid-step.

DAVE  
What the hell is going on here?  
Why is a 180 year old man gettin'  
jiggy with it? And why do the rest  
of you somehow accept this as  
normal? AND WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO  
DO WITH ANYTHING?!  
(sighs)  
You know what, screw it. I'll  
throw myself off this time.

Dave throws himself off a bridge.

SENSEI  
PUMP UP THE VOLUME, PUMP UP THE  
VOLUME!

The music comes back on. The dancers are now joined by all the villains; Mr. Diablo, 2 6/8, the Three Demons, the henchmen, even Eight-Gun Eddie.

DIRECTOR  
(walks onto the  
scene)  
FREESTYLIN'!!!

The rest of the behind the scenes people, such as camera men, stage hands, make-up artists, etc. come out and form a circle. The director calls each of the main characters' names one after the other. Upon being called, each of the characters steps into the circle and does their own unique 30-second dance sequence. Sensei is the last to be called, and his dance is a full minute.

VIGILANT SWORD  
Whoo! Go Sensei! Go Sensei!



The main characters rejoin the other dancers. They dance for the duration of the song, and then the routine ends as dramatically as possible. As soon as the music cuts off, the other dancers immediately become self-conscious and run off the scene.

SENSEI

(panting, leaning  
on staff)

Oh dear, oh Patsy, help me back to  
my chair.

SUSHI X

Great job guys! I knew those  
rehearsals would pay off!

MITSUBISHI

That was fun! Let's do it again!

SENSEI

No my son...now is not the time  
for elaborately choreographed  
dance sequences. Now...we must  
rebuild.

EXT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

As soon as the previous scene ends, Vigilant Sword, Mitsubish, Sushi X, and Dave go into a montage. Various shots show them working hard on rebuilding the monastery. "Taking Care of Business" plays in the background. Suddenly, the montage stops as Sensei wheels over and turns off the music.

VIGILANT SWORD

Sensei, no! You interrupted our  
montage! No we actually have to  
work for real! Do you realize how  
much time building an ancient  
Buddhist temple actually takes in  
real time?! Oy vey!

PATSY

Well, wishink I could help you,  
but old man requires constant  
attention. For once, actually okay  
with having to see him naked.

SUSHI X

Don't you have a colostomy bag to  
change?

Patsy gives him the finger and starts to wheel Sensei away.

SENSEI

Hold it, Patsy! I interrupted their montage for a reason.

MITSUBISHI

It better be good. I'm not looking forward to the endless hours of backbreaking labor.

SENSEI

Well...um...all our food got burned up in the explosion. I was hoping you'd go to the grocery store.

VIGILANT SWORD

What? We just went there last night! Gas isn't cheap, you know.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, it's better than this. Let's just go.

SENSEI

Yes, you and Mitsubishi go back there. I have a shopping list.

SUSHI X

I have to stay and do this all by myself? That's so unfair.

Dave clears his throat loudly. They look over to see him doing all the work. His shirt is off, revealing his muscular body.

SUSHI X

I'm sorry, do you need a throat lozenge, Dan?

Dave drops the board he was carrying and stomps off, grumbling.

VIGILANT SWORD

Look, Sushi, we'll only be gone an hour. Try to get the montage started again. Come on, let's go.

Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi get in the Danger Machine and drive away.

INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET - DAY

Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi are pushing a shopping cart through the grocery store grabbing items from the list.

VIGILANT SWORD

(looks at list)

Alright, let's see what we have so far. Bran cereal, flavorless oatmeal, vitamin supplements, Depends...wait a second, we're shopping for an old man! Screw this, we're doing the shopping, we'll get what we want!

He crumples the shopping list and throws it away, then dumps out the current contents of the cart. Mitsubishi walks up carrying about ten boxes of Hot Pockets.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, I got Hot Pockets!

VIGILANT SWORD

Mitsubishi, what the hell are you doing with all those?

MITSUBISHI

They're on sale, man! Three for five dollars. Can I get them?

VIGILANT SWORD

Okay, fine. Come on. Next item on my list: a whole shitload of Snack Packs.

We now move over one aisle to see none other than the two remaining Demons doing their own grocery shopping.

LEAD DEMON

Let's see...Lucky Charms, Cinnamon Toast Crunch, check. Eye of the round steaks, chicken breast, check. Okay, check, check, check, check, and check. And...

DEMON 2

COOKIES?

LEAD DEMON

Damn it, stop getting cookies! We have plenty! Put them down!

DEMON 2

Aww! COOKIES!

She stomps her feet down, causing the ground to shake. Several jars fall off the shelves and shatter.

LEAD DEMON

Oh, shit! Look what you did! Let's get out of this aisle before we have to pay for that.

BACK TO VIGILANT SWORD AND MITSUBISHI

VIGILANT SWORD

Alright, we've got our dairy group covered; Cheez Whiz, cheese spread, nacho cheese dip, and pretzels filled with cheese.

MITSUBISHI

Isn't Patsy lactose intolerant?

VIGILANT SWORD

...Screw him.

MITSUBISHI

Ooh, how about some Un crustables?

VIGILANT SWORD

Sure, put them in here.

MITSUBISHI

Sweet.

He balances them carefully atop the already huge pile that extends a full foot above the edge of the cart.

BACK TO THE TWO DEMONS

LEAD DEMON

Well, looks like we're pretty much done here.

She turns to see Demon 2 eating an entire bag of M&M's.

LEAD DEMON

How many of those have you eaten?

DEMON 2

Duh...eleventy-three and a half.

LEAD DEMON

You're hopeless. Your whole diet can't just consist of cookies and candy. You gotta have fruits, and vegetables, and other healthy shit like that.

A banner scrolls across the screen that reads "This message brought to you by the good people at Giant."

DEMON 2

Ooh! Public service announcement!

BACK TO VIGILANT SWORD AND MITSUBISHI

Vigilant Sword and Mitsubishi stand in the check out line. A huge line has formed behind them.

MITSUBISHI

Hey, can I get one of these newspapers?

VIGILANT SWORD

No man, those are tabloids. It's just a bunch of made-up bullshit.

MITSUBISHI

But look at these headlines! How about "Jesus Wins Dance Dance Revolution Contest"? Or "Help! My Pancakes are Sending Me Homicidal Messages!" I just gotta buy one!

VIGILANT SWORD

...Fine. But that's the last thing I'm getting for you.

BACK TO THE TWO DEMONS

The two Demons stand one checkout line over.

DEMON 2

Mmm...chocolate.

LEAD DEMON

(reading Archie  
Comic Digest)

Oh, Jughead, what have you gotten yourself into this time?

CASHIER

Miss, will that be cash or credit?

LEAD DEMON

Hmm...how about...neither.

She swiftly draws one of her daggers and guts the cashier where he stands.

OUTSIDE THE SUPERMARKET

Bot groups walk out at the same time. Oblivious to each other, they walk to their respective vehicles, load their groceries, and get in. Simultaneously, they start their ignitions, and start to back out. Both vans come to a screeching halt. The doors fly open and all four characters leap out, weapons drawn.

VIGILANT SWORD

Minions of Diablo! You will die!

LEAD DEMON

Canadians! Taste my steel!

Vigilant Sword unloads his .45's. The Lead Demon nimbly cartwheels and dodges.

MITSUBISHI

LAST CANADIAN SAMURAI!!!

DEMON 2

Yay! Smashing!!

Demon 2 throws a high punch which Mitsubishi ducks under.

LEAD DEMON

Aiiee!

Lead Demon leaps forward with both daggers poised to strike. Vigilant Sword is forced to drop his pistols and draw his sword to defend himself. She fights ferociously, and begins to overwhelm him.

VIGILANT SWORD

Hey, Mitsubishi! Can you spare me a hand?

MITSUBISHI

Oh, sure! This other one just "got lost in Reece's".

LEAD DEMON

God damn it!

Mitsubishi joins Vigilant Sword in fighting the leader. Now

the tide begins to turn. Her daggers become a blur as she struggles to defend herself. Suddenly, Mitsubishi is distracted by a member of the large crowd that has formed around the fight.

MAN

Hey, samurai dude! You rock! w00t!

MITSUBISHI

Thanks, man! I do what I can!

Seizing this golden opportunity, Lead Demon unleashes a high kick which catches Vigilant Sword in the chin and sends him sprawling. Mitsubishi cannot defend himself in time as she leaps on him and lays into him with her daggers. Demon 2, this whole time, is still eating Reece's peanut butter cups. Mitsubishi is slashed six times, and just as she is about to deliver a fatal blow, Vigilant Sword tears Lead Demon off of him and tackles her to the ground. They wrestle on the ground for a while, and it is unclear who is winning until they stop moving. Panting, Vigilant Sword rolls off of her, revealing the assassin's own dagger sticking up out of her throat.

VIGILANT SWORD

Damn! Are you alright?

MITSUBISHI

Hell, no! Shit, man. I think I'm dying, Vigilant Sword! I'm dying!

VIGILANT SWORD

Don't be such a baby! Try to put pressure on it. I'll tend to you as soon as I finish off the other!

DEMON 2

Finish...oh, yeah! Me forgets about smashing time!

VIGILANT SWORD

Eat sword, bitch!

He leaps forward, intent on lopping of Demon 2's head with one strike. However, the huge woman simply grabs him and hurls him like a shotput. Vigilant Sword flies a full twelve feet through the air and slams into the side of the Danger Machine, leaving a monstrous dent.

VIGILANT SWORD

(groans)

Holy shit! Screw this! Mitsubishi, we're getting out of here - now!

As Demon 2 begins to walk slowly towards him, Vigilant Sword rushes like a madman to load the injured Mitsubishi into the van, get in the driver's seat, start the engine, and drive away as fast as he can.

                  MITSUBISHI

Ohh...we sure got our asses  
kicked.

                  VIGILANT SWORD

We shall speak of this to no one.

                  MITSUBISHI

What do we tell them when they ask  
us?

                  VIGILANT SWORD

I'll tell them...I'll tell them  
you slipped on an oil slick.

                  (laughs  
deliriously)

That's right, an oil slick!

Demon 2 stands alone in the parking lot, a look of confusion on her face.

                  DEMON 2

Aww...all friends go bye-bye! Me  
want smash more! Me want cookies!

INT. THE MONASTERY - DAY

Sensei and Patsy are alone in the common room. Sensei is laying on a massage table. Patsy is giving him a massage...reluctantly.

                  SENSEI

Aww...yeah, higher! Lower! Lower!  
Lower! Low -

                  PATSY

Whoa, Sensei...there are some  
places even male nurse won't go.

The doors to the monastery swing open and Vigilant Sword enters with Mitsubishi limping and leaning on his shoulder.



MITSUBISHI

Sensei, Vigilant Sword and I have bested one of the femme fatales, but one of them escaped. I've taken a savage beating. I need healing.

    SENSEI

Healing, you say? Well then! Patsy, grab the essence of pig rectum, an avocado, six knitting needles, and a colonic tube. We're doing some homestyle healing!

    PATSY

(whispers in  
Mitsubishi's ear)

Aren't you in for a treat!

A tear runs down Mitsubishi's cheek as he follows the two of them into a separate room...reluctantly.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO HOURS LATER

DISSOLVE TO:

OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY

Mitsubishi is walking beside Sensei and Patsy down a narrow, dirt path through the gardens. They are surrounded by all manner of exotic plants, as well as colorful birds and insects.

    SENSEI

My son, every day that passes, you come closer to the inevitable final battle with Mr. Diablo. Which means you're getting closer to a monster ass-whuppin'! Diablo will not make the mistake of letting us go again. To decrease your beating, I will teach you a sacred power - the power to blow up objects with your mind.

    MITSUBISHI

Sweet!!

They emerge from the garden and come to the front of the monastery where the 20 monks sit meditating.

SENSEI

First, you must collect and  
harness your anger and  
then...KAYOMEHEEWHAH!!!

An explosion erupts in front of them. After the dust  
settles, we can see pieces of one of the monks raining down  
in a bloody shower.

MITSUBISHI

Dude! Let me try! Do I have to do  
the yell?

SENSEI

Of course you have to do the yell!  
Dumb ass!

MITSUBISHI

Fine. KAYOMEHEEWHAH!!!

A small but noticeable flame pops up in front of them.

MITSUBISHI

I did it, Sensei! Did you see it?  
That was some dope-ass shit...I  
mean, that was quite impressive!

SENSEI

Yes, that was quite dope. But it  
seems there's something I'm not  
telling you...hmm. Oh yes! Every  
time you use this sacred power,  
your testicles shrink one inch.

MITSUBISHI

WHAT?!

PATSY

Oopskabibbles!

MITSUBISHI

God damn it! Looks like I won't be  
using that power any time soon!  
Why do you use this power, Sensei?

SENSEI

I'm friggin' 180 years old! Unless  
your Hugh Hefner, women don't  
really want to bang 180 year old  
bits and pieces!

MITSUBISHI

Good point.

SENSEI

Come now, Patsy! Back to my chamber so that you may butter my loins!

PATSY

(shudders)

Ugh...not again...

SENSEI

Good luck, young Canad.

MITSUBISHI

Thanks...but I think I'll stick to my sword.

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Mr. Diablo, 2 6/8, about a dozen henchmen, and Demon 2 sit at a table in the board room, holding hands. The lights are dimmed, incense is burning, and candles are lit. Mr. Diablo sits at the head of the table with a book in front of him.

MR. DIABLO

Let's see...incense - check.  
Candles - check. Dimly lit room - check. Crazy costume - check. Friends/volunteers - check. Looks like we've got everything we need.

2 6/8

Uh...for what, sir? You called us all in here and told us to sit down and hold hands.

MR. DIABLO

Why, for the séance, of course.

2 6/8

Séance, right. And why are we having a séance?

DEMON 2

All me need know is are cookies involved?

2 6/8

Hey, annoying stupid bitch - Sesame Street called, they want their joke back.

DEMON 2

Me seen Sesame Street...it fun to watch 'cause the puppets talk. They have big bird, and green thing in trash can, and two gay guys, and blue thing that loves cookies, like me, except lots more hairy, and -

MR. DIABLO

Shut up!

2 6/8

Why did you even invite her in here, sir? Without the other two, she's helpless. And why is it that none of them seem to have names?

MR. DIABLO

Hmm...you're right - I don't know what their names are either. Anyway, I couldn't just send her out on her own. That wouldn't be humane.

2 6/8

Pardon me, sir, but if we were about "humane treatment", then we wouldn't be trying to enslave the whole world in the first place.

MR. DIABLO

Hmm...good point.

He presses a button in front of him. A panel opens up in front of Demon 2 and launches three darts into her neck.

DEMON 2

Ouchies!

(removes darts and drops them on floor)

Wierd pointy things hit me in neck. Me okay, though.

MR. DIABLO

That's odd...the poison darts usually do the trick.

2 6/8

Don't worry, sir. I'll get rid of her.

He pulls out a box of cookies, immediately catching Demon 2's attention.

DEMON 2  
Cookies...must...eat.

2 6/8 nods and grins as he slowly backs toward an open window. The assassin gets up and slowly walks towards him. Just as she is about to grab them from his hand, he throws the cookies out the window. Predictably, Demon 2 jumps out after them. Mr. Diablo cocks his ear and listens attentively until he hears a satisfying thud from down below.

MR. DIABLO  
Well, if the poison darts didn't work, I'm sure the 80-foot fall onto the sharp rocks did.

DEMON 2 (os)  
(from down below)  
Gah! These cookies have nuts in them! I SWEAR UNTO YOU, DIABLO, YOU SHALL SUFFER MY RIGHTEOUS, TERRIBLE WRATH! KNOW THAT YOU HAVE SPARKED THE IRE OF ONE WHO CAN SNAP YOU LIKE A TWIG!

2 6/8  
That was unusually eloquent, wasn't it?

MR. DIABLO  
Yes...it was.  
(walks to the window)  
Leave me now! You're no longer welcome here! Don't let the gates hit you in the ass on the way out!

He closes the window, not bothering to wait for a response, then returns to his seat at the table.

2 6/8  
Where were we...ah yes, I was asking you about the whole séance thing.

MR. DIABLO  
Yes, the séance, of course. You see, I've been having...feelings. Dark, terrible feelings. Premonitions.

2 6/8

About what?

MR. DIABLO

I fear our enemies are growing stronger. I think they have a new weapon...but that's not the only reason.

2 6/8

What are you talking about, sir? You totally kicked their Canadian asses. They'll think twice about showing their ugly mugs around here again!

MR. DIABLO

Yes, but so far they have failed to utilize all the weapons at their disposal.

2 6/8

What do you mean?

MR. DIABLO

The Blade of the Maple Leaf. If Mitsubishi realizes that it's more than just a shiny piece of metal, I'm screwed. You see, that sword was forged in a union between Canada and Japan - a bond so strong that even the most powerful LASER could not hope to break it. It is the only weapon capable of defeating me. It has tasted the blood of my father, and now it is hungry for mine.

2 6/8

And what does all this have to do with us having a séance?

MR. DIABLO

I figure if anyone would know what to do, it would be my father.

2 6/8

But he's been dead since...oh no. You're not actually going to try and contact Mr. Bojangles from the spirit world are you? Besides, does that crap actually work?

MR. DIABLO

Oh, indubitably. I got this book, see - Wicca and Witchcraft for Dummies. It explains séances so even an idiot can understand.

2 6/8

(mutters to self)

Yeah, good thing to

MR. DIABLO

What was that?

2 6/8

I said...uh, Yeah, good thing to.

MR. DIABLO

Oh, okay.

(turns to the others)

Alright, let's get started. First, we need to create a link to the spirit world. Be silent. Clear your minds, and... (turns page) concentrate on Mr. Bojangles.

They all claps hands once again. Once all are silent, Mr. Diablo begins to speak.

MR. DIABLO

We are trying to contact Mr. Bojangles. Spirits from the great beyond, let his soul be in our presence. Let him hear us.

A wind passes through the room, even though all the windows are closed, shifting the smoke and causing the candles to flicker.

MR. DIABLO

It's me, daddy. It's your boy - Winston! It's me. Are you there, dad? Give me a sign if you are.

There is no sound for several moments. Suddenly, a henchman's heart ruptures. He collapses on the table, dead. The pool of blood slowly forms the words "Daddy's here, son." The other henchmen gas or faint. One screams, "Holy shit!"

MR. DIABLO

I knew it would work! Do you still love me, dad?

Another henchman dies similarly. This time, his blood spells "You have grown weak, my son."

MR. DIABLO

I...I know. I need your help. My enemies conspire against me. They will destroy me! All that you and I have worked for will be lost!

A third henchman dies. His blood spells "Yes...I can help you. I can show you things. Wonderful, terrible things. And I can teach you."

MR. DIABLO

Yes! Show me...teach me!

There is the ominous sound of eerie laughter. The room begins to rumble and shake. 2 6/8 and the remaining henchmen scream and flee from the room. Mr. Diablo stands and steps away from his chair. The room begins to glow a deep red, then is replaced by darkness. Diablo begins to fall. He falls for at least 10 seconds. Then there is a thud.

FADE TO:

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Mr. Diablo is laying on the floor of what appears to be a reception room, like the one in a doctor's office. Several people are sitting in chairs filling out huge packets of paperwork. They are screaming. There is a line in front of the receptionist's little booth. She is an attractive woman, but the people she is serving all look confused and afraid.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi there! Welcome to Hell! Before you can be admitted for eternal damnation, please take the time to fill out a few forms. Thank you!

Upon giving this speech to each person in line, she hands them a massive pile of papers. After looking at it, each person begins to scream in horrible agony, then takes their seat.

MR. DIABLO

(stands up,  
rubbing head)

Well, this isn't exactly what I expected.



A nearby door opens, and into the room walks Mr. Bojangles himself. Mr. Diablo's eyes widen at the sight of him.

MR. DIABLO  
D...dad? Is it really you?

MR. BOJANGLES  
Yes, son. It is.

MR. DIABLO  
Where the hell am I?

MR. BOJANGLES  
(laughs)  
Hah! That's a clever pun. You're in Hell, son. Hades...the Underworld...the place where all bad souls go.

MR. DIABLO  
Well, that explains why you're here, but what am I doing here?

MR. BOJANGLES  
I brought you here. Actually, what I said before isn't really true; I'm not going to show or teach you anything. But I am going to take you to someone who will.

MR. DIABLO  
Who?

MR. BOJANGLES  
Why, the Devil himself, of course. Or perhaps you prefer Satan, or Father of Lies. He has many names, but he prefers one above all others - Stan.

MR. DIABLO  
Stan?

MR. BOJANGLES  
Oh yes. Let's just say the secretary who made that typo is getting...special treatment. Now, follow me this way, my boy.

Mr. Diablo follows his father through the door he entered from.

INT. HELL - DAY

Mr. Diablo and Mr. Bojangles step through the doorway and into the stereotypical representation of Hell; fires burning, pits of lava, stone floors and ceiling. There are people everywhere, and all of them are being tortured in some creative way.

MR. BOJANGLES

This, my son, is Hell.

MR. DIABLO

Well, at least it's better than that damn waiting room.

MR. BOJANGLES

C'mon, I'll take you to see the big guy.

Diablo continues to follow his father down a winding path that crosses a huge lake of lava. He stops along the way to wave to a nearby demon, who is busy whipping the shit out of some unlucky guy.

MR. BOJANGLES

Hey, Bruce! How's it going, buddy?

BRUCE THE DEMON

(pauses to wave  
back)

Hey, Bojangles! I'm doing well. Is that your son you always talk about? He looks just like you.

MR. BOJANGLES

Yep, this is my boy Mr. Diablo. Say hello, son.

MR. DIABLO

Yeah, hi, whatever. Look, is this going to take long? I've kind of got an evil plan to worry about.

BRUCE THE DEMON

Hey, don't let me keep you waiting. Nice to meet you.

Bruce returns to whipping the man, who has begun to crawl away.

The two continue to walk.

MR. DIABLO

So is this where I go when I die?

MR. BOJANGLES

No son, you're special. You get to go to Disney World.

MR. DIABLO

Forget I asked.

They keep walking, and eventually the path widens out. They come to a massive throne. Seated atop it is the Devil himself. In one of his hands he holds what appears to be a soda can that says "Apocalyptic Hellfire" on it.

MR. DIABLO

(whispers to his father)

That's him? I thought he would be taller.

MR. BOJANGLES

Everyone does.

SATAN

I can hear you.

MR. DIABLO

Ahem. Well, my name is -

SATAN

I know who you are. I've been watching you.

MR. DIABLO

Really? Why?

SATAN

Why, all the great work you've done. The last four years have been great for me. You could say business is booming.

MR. DIABLO

Well, that's good to know. But I'm kind of in a hurry, so if we could get on with it?

SATAN

Of course. Would you like a drink?

MR. DIABLO

Actually, yeah, I would. You know, it's kind of hot down here.

Mr. Bojangles slaps his son upside the head. Rubbing his head, Diablo accepts a can of "Apocalyptic Hellfire" and takes a swig.

MR. DIABLO

Wow, this is pretty good. Kind of sour, but still quite refreshing.

SATAN

Yeah, I make it myself. I've been trying to market it on Earth, but people seem to have a problem with pictures of dead babies.

MR. DIABLO

I can't imagine why they would.

SATAN

Let's get down to brass tacks, shall we? I presume you're here for some kind of deal with the devil?

MR. BOJANGLES

Yes, sir. He was asking me for help, but I thought you could do a lot better than I could.

SATAN

I wasn't talking to you!

He points at Bojangles, who promptly bursts into flame.

MR. BOJANGLES

Oh God, that's slightly uncomfortable! Aaah! Bye son! Aaah!

He runs off screaming. Mr. Diablo absently waves to him.

MR. DIABLO

Yeah, I suppose I'm willing to make a deal. I guess you already know what I want.

SATAN

I can guess quite easily. You want power. They all do.

MR. DIABLO

Fair enough. We can go ahead and make a contract, since I'm already coming here anyway.

SATAN

That won't be necessary. I'm going to help you for free.

MR. DIABLO

I don't believe that. El Diablo never gives gifts.

SATAN

Well, don't think of it as a gift then. Think of it as...an investment. To my continuing prosperity.

MR. DIABLO

Sounds good...I guess. I don't trust you, though.

SATAN

Good, that means you're not retarded. Now, Merry Christmas.

Satan snaps his fingers. Small flames shoot up in front of Diablo's feet, leaving behind a familiar-looking book.

MR. DIABLO

(picks up the book)

What the - ? Wicca and Witchcraft for Dummies, Vol. 2? Is this a joke?

SATAN

Not at all. Just take a look.

MR. DIABLO

(pages through it)

Ooh! How to shoot death rays! How to stop a person's heart! How to summon your own undead army! Sweetness! Thanks, Satan!

SATAN

Don't mention it. Just read it, and your enemies will be dropping like flies.

MR. DIABLO

This is great! I'm going back to my fortress to read this right away! How do I get out of here?

SATAN  
 (points to a green  
 exit sign)  
 Have fun. Just try not to bring  
 down the wrath of God.

MR. DIABLO  
 Oh, I'll be extra careful.

Before Mr. Diablo steps through the exit, Mr. Bojangles runs  
 up to him. He is still wreathed in hellfire.

MR. BOJANGLES  
 Aaah! Give your old man a hug  
 before you go! Aaah!

MR. DIABLO  
 Fine.

They hug, and then Mr. Bojangles runs off again.

MR. DIABLO  
 Finally, I can get out of here.

He steps through the door under the exit sign. As he ascends  
 through the darkness, Satan's voice follows him.

SATAN  
 Good luck kid!

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Mr. Diablo emerges back in his boardroom, right where he was  
 standing before. 2 6/8 immediately rushes in.

2 6/8  
 Sir! I'm so glad you're alright.  
 It was so scary! You were  
 surrounded by flame, and then you  
 just seemed to fall through the  
 floor! Are you alright?

MR. DIABLO  
 Oh, I'm fine. More than fine, in  
 fact.

2 6/8  
 Too bad your seance didn't turn  
 out like you were hoping. Are you  
 still worried about Mitsubishi?

MR. DIABLO

Oh, I'm not worried anymore.

(grins evilly)

From now on, even Death will serve me.

Mr. Diablo breaks into an extended sequence of evil laughter as we zoom out from the boardroom, and then the fortress entirely.

EXT. TORONTO - DAY

It is a calm, beautiful day in the city of Toronto. The kind of day that makes everyone want to get out and walk. A young Canadian couple are the first ones to notice that something is not quite right. They are walking, holding hands, when suddenly the man stops.

CANADIAN MAN

Do you smell something, eh?

CANADIAN WOMAN

Like what?

CANADIAN MAN

Like...like decay. Like something gone and died, eh?

CANADIAN WOMAN

(sniffs)

I think you're right. What do you-

She is cut short by a loud groan. Both of them turn to see a zombie shambling towards them. The woman screams. The man steps forward protectively.

CANADIAN MAN

Hey, zombie! Your kind ain't welcome in Canada, eh? Get lost!

Surprisingly fast, the zombie lunges forward and tackles the man to the ground. The woman screams in horror as the zombie does what zombies do best. As we pan out to show a wider angle on the city, we see that this zombie is not alone - far from it. Hundreds of zombies, as well as other undead like skeletons, are pouring into Toronto. Crowds of people run in terror from this unmerciful horde. Some don't run fast enough.

In downtown Toronto, a foolish news team attempts to report on the crisis.

REPORTER

We're here in downtown Toronto where a horde of undead is ravaging the city. The death toll is rising exponentially and I fear if help doesn't come soon, we're all screwed.

A zombie approaches, and the reporter turns to it as if to interview it.

REPORTER

Mr. Zombie, would you mind answering some questions? Perhaps the reasoning behind your unprovoked attack on our fair city?

The zombie pauses for a moment. It then steps forward and bites into the outstretched hand holding the mic. The reporter and her cameraman are soon overwhelmed by the undead.

REPORTER

Oh God! This is Jill Calloway, signing off! Stay tuned for more -

The reporter disappears as more zombies lay into her. The camera drops to the ground. The cameraman is just visible at the edge of the screen, being torn apart by the undead.

TORONTO - LOCAL MOUNTIE HQ

The local Mountie chief sits at his desk in his office in the Mountie headquarters. He looks out the window, calmly surveying the destruction that is unfolding below him. He reaches forward and presses the button on his intercom.

MOUNTIE CHIEF

Send in the Mounties.

DOWNTOWN TORONTO

Toronto's entire Mountie force rides out to meet the undead horde. The ones in front wield hockey sticks. The ones in back wield slingshots. The two armies meet. Volleys of stones fly. The Mounties fight admirably; the horde begins to thin. It seems that the Mounties might just win. Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, a blazing fireball incinerates a group of unsuspecting Mounties.

Panning up, we see Mr. Diablo himself levitating high above



the city. He is changed, however. His normally perfectly kept blonde hair has grown wild and become pure white. His eyes glow red with unholy power. His suit has been replaced by demonic armor and a long crimson cape.

MR. DIABLO

Now, Canada, you will witness the full extent of my wrath. My father's campaign shall pale in comparison to my reign of terror!

Diablo begins to hurl fireballs with wild abandon. A cascade of flaming death rains down on the Mounties. Realizing that they are outmatched, they attempt to retreat. Diablo shows them no mercy.

MR. DIABLO

King Kong ain't got shit on me!

INT. THE MONASTERY - NIGHT

Mitsubishi, Patsy, and Sushi X are playing Halo 2 on Xbox, oblivious that Canada is already being invaded.

MITSUBISHI

Sushi, man, pass me the Dew.

SUSHI X

Sorry, but we've got to conserve this stuff. Patsy needs it.

He picks up the Mountain Dew bottle and takes a huge swig.

PATSY

Oh, did I be tellink you about Saturn I blew up yesterday?

MITSUBISHI

You blew up a Saturn? Sweet!

PATSY

Yeah, sweet. Was crappy blue Saturn with "Master Chef" bumper sticker. You know, Master Chef instead of Master Chief?

SUSHI X

...Shit, dude! You nuked my car!

The three of them fall silent. After a few moments, they burst out laughing.

MITSUBISHI

Aw, that was such a crappy car!

They resume playing. A few moments later, Vigilant Sword bursts into the room, concern etched on his face.

VIGILANT SWORD

Guys, turn off the game! Something big is going down!

SUSHI X

C'mon man, get out of the way!  
We'll do it later!

Vigilant Sword sighs and switches off the Xbox, much to the dismay of the others.

PATSY

What is beink the deal?!

MITSUBISHI

Have I ever told you how gay you are?

VIGILANT SWORD

Just shut up and listen!

Vigilant Sword switches to the evening news and takes a seat on the couch.

ANCHORMAN

And so, it seems we can expect the price of maple syrup to further skyrocket.

MITSUBISHI

Oh no. Oh no. I'm glad you told us about this, Vigilant Sword.

VIGILANT SWORD

Not that, numbnuts.  
Although...that does suck.

## ANCHORMAN

In lighter news, it seems we're all doomed. Mr. Diablo, son of the ruthless warlord who nearly conquered our nation and enslaved us all four years ago, is apparently not dead. Just today, he completely ravaged Toronto. It seems he's intent on finishing the job his father started. And this time, he's got zombies.

On the TV, images of Mr. Diablo destroying Toronto are broadcasting. The heroes stare in slack-jawed awe at the engine of destruction that their nemesis has become.

## MITSUBISHI

Dude...that really sucks about the syrup.

## VIGILANT SWORD

Idiot! Do you know what this means?

## PATSY

Yah...it meanink breakfast will be lot less satisfyink.

Frustrated, Vigilant Sword stands up and switches off the TV.

## VIGILANT SWORD

Fools! If we couldn't beat Diablo before, how are we going to beat him now! Look at that!

## SUSHI X

Chill out, man!

## VIGILANT SWORD

No! I WILL NOT CHILL OUT! I pledged my life to the service of a moron! I joined Team Boo Ya in the hopes of getting even with that cocksucker Diablo! And now, our only hope lies in a guy who can barely read!!

At that moment, Sensei enters the room being pushed by Dave.

## SENSEI

Peace, my son. Peace. We'll get through this.

Vigilant Sword takes a seat on the couch, shaking his head. Sensei wheels over in front of the TV, while Dave sits down.

SENSEI

Things look bad. I know this. In fact, we're probably all screwed. But one thing we're not going to do is panic.

VIGILANT SWORD

Well than what the hell are we going to do?!

SENSEI

We're going to talk. We're going to come up with a new plan.

IN THE WAR ROOM

Team Boo Ya sits around a large round table in the war room. All kinds of maps and charts sit open on the table, but atop them sits a Scrabble board. The heroes sit around sullenly. Mitsubishi, Vigilant Sword, and Sushi X are playing Scrabble.

MITSUBISHI

There, "disembowel". With triple word score, but minus the previous letters, that brings my score up to...can you add this up?

VIGILANT SWORD

You have 301 points. Has anyone ever noticed you don't usually aim for an enemy's bowels?

MITSUBISHI

I just close my eyes and swing!

SUSHI X

There goes samurai finesse...

SENSEI

Stop your damn whining! We need to be thinking of how we're going to beat that idiot Diablo!

MITSUBISHI

Sensei's right. Not only did we get our asses kicked kast time, but Six-Gun Sam died!

DAVE

Is it right we grieve for one death, but do nothing about the hundreds of henchmen we've killed. The guy didn't do all that much, he just shot wildly and said, and I hope I quote this right, "Yeehaw".

Dave gets thrown off a bridge.

SUSHI X

We need a better strategy. Mr. Diablo is gonna wipe the floor with us if we're not prepared.

VIGILANT SWORD

How about the Canadian Army?

The others look at each other, then burst out laughing.

SENSEI

That's rich!

PATSY

Ya, was a good one! Canadian Army!

MITSUBISHI

Hey, we have a good army! My father united them, remember! And now I, son of Honda, swear to unite, once more, French and British Canadians into an unbeatable fighting force to stop Mr. Diablo forever! EH!

SENSEI

That's all well and good, but matters are not as simple as they were four years ago. Diablo has become a threat far greater than his father ever was. The Blade of the Maple Leaf is the only hope we have now.

VIGILANT SWORD

Hence my feeling of impending doom! Mitsubishi's a moron! Why can't I just take the sword?

SENSEI

No, only a Canadian samurai can unleash the sword's full power.

(MORE)

SENSEI (cont'd)  
But I understand your concern.  
Which brings me to my next point.

MITSUBISHI  
You know what, I resent your  
implication, and shit.

SENSEI  
My son, in your present state, you  
won't last a second against  
Diablo. But I have something which  
may level the playing field a bit.

MITSUBISHI  
Really? What is it?

SENSEI  
Come with me.

Mitsubishi follows Sensei out of the room.

SUSHI X  
Woohoo, let's finish this game.  
I'll spell "gay", as in Vigilant  
Sword is secretly -

VIGILANT SWORD  
Shut up!

IN THE ARMORY

Mitsubishi and Sensei enter the Armory, where Team Boo Ya stores all their equipment. An entire wall is devoted to "Vigilant Sword's Arsenal". Sensei wheels over to a large, antique cabinet.

SENSEI  
Mitsubishi, your father was one of  
the greatest warriors of his or  
any generation. I think he would  
be proud that I have kept you from  
sniffing glue or getting hit by a  
car for all this time.

MITSUBISHI  
I'm not sure where you're going  
with this.

SENSEI  
When he died, he died like a  
samurai should. And he made me  
promise him something.

MITSUBISHI

Promise him what?

Sensei reaches up and unlocks the cabinet. He opens it revealing the most spectacular samurai armor ever; far greater than Mitsubishi's and Diablo's combined. It is similar in appearance to Mitsubishi's, but of far greater craftsmanship. It seems to give off an almost tangible aura of power.

MITSUBISHI

My father's samurai armor...

SENSEI

It is the pinnacle of craftsmanship; the result of modern technology and age-old techniques. Imbued with powerful magic, it is the only thing capable of resisting Diablo's demonic powers. Diablo is now a demon; this, my son, is the armor of an angel.

MITSUBISHI

It's as beautiful now as it ever was.

SENSEI

Honda told me that when you were ready to receive it, I was to give the holy armor to you. The time has come to pass on his legacy.

MITSUBISHI

(bows)

I am honored that you have deemed me worthy to accept such a gift.

SENSEI

(snorts)

Worthy? My, son, I'll be frank - you are not ready to wear this armor and you never will be. But I don't have a choice. Now put it on.

Mitsubishi reverently steps forward and dons the complete suit of armor. It takes him about five minutes, with Sensei's help. These five minutes pass, of course, in about 30 seconds. Finally, Mitsubishi poses dramatically in his new armor.

SENSEI

Impressive. How does it fit?

MITSUBISHI

Um...I think it's too big.

SENSEI

Well, you better grow into it pretty damn quickly! Now come on, let's go show the others.

IN THE COMMON ROOM

Mitsubishi and Sensei enter the common room to find the others sitting around watching the news.

SENSEI

Behold, Canada's savior!

VIGILANT SWORD

Honda's armor! You can't give a dumbass like him Honda's armor!

SENSEI

Our options are limited. Events have already been set into motion. The situation has gotten worse.

SUSHI X

You ain't kidding! Check this out!

Sensei wheels closer to the TV and Sushi X turns up the volume.

ANCHORMAN

It looks like the hockey season is going to be cut short, friends. In the course of only a day, Mr. Diablo has cut a swath of destruction through eastern Canada in his march towards Ottawa. At this very moment, his army is camped only ten miles outside the city. Since his soldiers have no need for rest or food, it is unclear why he has not attacked already. It is this station's opinion that he's planning something really big. On a related note, I have already defected to Diablo's side in the hopes that he will spare me. This is Chet Ulman saying, I'll see you all in Hell.



Disgusted, Vigilant Sword turns off the TV by putting his fist through it.

MITSUBISHI

You know, there is an off button,  
jackass!

SENSEI

Well, I had hoped we would have  
time to prepare for this epic  
battle. Grab your things. We hit  
the road in 20 minutes.

EXT. DIABLO'S ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Mr. Diablo's army is camped ten miles outside of the capital city of Ottawa. The city is just visible off in the distance. The "encampment" consists of about ten tents. All of the undead simply sit on the ground motionless. Diablo's tent, the largest, sits in the center of the camp.

INSIDE DIABLO'S TENT

Mr. Diablo sits in a makeshift office in his large tent. He sits at his desk, playing with a small ball of fire. Based on the expression on his face, it is obvious that his sanity has eroded a great deal. A familiar Southern voice can be barely heard in the b.g. It is too soft to make out the words, but it is obvious the voice belongs to the late Mr. Bojangles. The tent flap opens and one of the few remaining henchmen enters.

HENCHMAN #1

Um, sir...?

Diablo moves his eyes but keeps his head.

HENCHMAN #1

Uhh...is this a bad time, sir?

MR. DIABLO

If you're going to speak, then  
speak. But don't waste my time  
with your feeble attempts at  
"light talk".

OUTSIDE THE TENT

Two other henchmen are huddled outside the door, listening in.

LEAD HENCHMAN

Ha! Jim's toast! Thank God I  
picked rock...Alright, rock,  
paper, scissors to see who cleans  
up Jim's corpse.

INSIDE DIABLO'S TENT

MR. DIABLO

So? Did you have something to say  
or are you deliberately wasting my  
time?

HENCHMAN #1

You know, you could be a little  
nicer to your UNPAID henchmen! Do  
you know how many of us die every  
day? I mean, look at me! I've got  
a one syllable name! I'm a goner!  
But no, you have to follow in your  
dick-father's footsteps and be an  
asshole to everyone!

Diablo only glares at Jim, the kind of glare that makes you  
want to hide under a rock and die. But then his face and  
body loosen.

MR. DIABLO

Well, you're the only person  
around here who speaks their mind.  
That is commendable. What d'ya say  
you and me have a drink.

HENCHMAN #1

Um...sure...I could use a drink.

Mr. Diablo goes over to the bar and takes a bottle, pouring  
a glass of vodka for each of them. Diablo goes to Jim with  
both drinks and hands him one. There is a pause as Jim waits  
for Diablo to take the first sip, just in case. Much to his  
relief, Diablo does. Feeling safe, Jim takes a sip from the  
glass.

HENCHMAN #1

Hey, that's good! Peppery...almost  
pinches the throat! In a good way,  
of course.

MR. DIABLO

Yeah...it is peppery! Oh! You know  
what, it's probably the cyanide.

HENCHMAN #1

What?!

MR. DIABLO

Yeah! In fact, the whole thing is cyanide! I just used my dark magic to filter it in my body!

HENCHMAN #1

Huh! And I was almost sure it was safe. Damn. Well, anyway, before I die, I just thought I'd let you know that I found out something extremely important about Mitsubishi, but, uhh, Oh! Look at the time!

Jim checks his watch, then collapses to the floor, dead.

OUTSIDE THE TENT

LEAD HENCHMAN

Oooh! Who guessed cyanide? Rodger, I believe you owe me twenty bucks!

Rodger sighs and pulls out his wallet.

INSIDE DIABLO'S TENT

Diablo stands over Jim's corpse and grins wickedly.

MR. DIABLO

What can you tell me? I'm omnipotent, fool!

HENCHMAN #1 (vo)

(echoing in  
Diablo's head)

You have to follow in your  
dick-father's footsteps...

Diablo takes the cyanide bottle and returns to his desk. He takes a huge swig and puts his head down. In his mind's eye he returns to a time four years ago. We see a flashback of Mr. Bojangles killing Honda. Bojangles' voice grows more audible.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

We thought we were the kings of the world, son. Ours was a new order.

Diablo returns to reality and slams his fist on the desk. His hands are shaking. Next, he relives a memory of standing beside his father, looking out over Ottawa, a city that was now theirs.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

We reveled in our glory, son. We had overcome all obstacles. Canada was ours. We had emerged victorious into the land of milk and honey.

Returning to real time, we see that Diablo is now on his knees holding his head.

MR. DIABLO

Get out...GET OUT!!!

As he says this, the janitor disposing of Jim's corpse looks up, shrugs, and leaves. The next flashback is less pleasant; Mr. Bojangles and his top scientists being killed in the freak explosion of the superweapon.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

In the end, I got greedy, son. I entrusted my legacy to a weapon. I placed my security into science, R&D.

MR. DIABLO

Please...get out of my head.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

You have been given a great gift. But it is my gift to use! I united the nomads! I led them to victory! I wiped out the Canadian samurai! I led them to the promised land! CANADA WILL YET BE MINE!!!

Diablo tries to take another drink from his bottle, then throws it in anger across the room.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

Let me give you some advice, son. In the end, your weapons, your technology, your lackeys - all will fail you. There will be only be you. You have a power that I did not. You will use this power, or I will make you use it.

MR. DIABLO

What...what do you propose I do?

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

This battle was over before it began. Canada's savior, as it is, is powerless to contend with you! Canada is already yours. You must only display some sign of your conquest.

MR. DIABLO

I don't know what you mean.

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

The fortress, son. You may not know it, but it was designed to be a mobile fortress. Leave America behind! Take up your mantle as Lord of Canada! I can tell you how to activate the fortress' full power.

MR. DIABLO

You're right. Team Boo Ya can do naught but cower before me!

MR. BOJANGLES (vo)

Make me proud, son.

Mr. Bojangles begins to laugh wildly. It reaches a feverish intensity, and there is a dark and terrifying undertone beneath it. Diablo's adjoining laughter turns to horrible screams. He becomes wreathed in flame. An sudden outburst of hellfire expands and incinerates the tent, the henchmen outside of it, and all the undead within 30 yards of the area. When he emerges from the smoke and ashes, it is evident from the look on his face that any scrap of sanity he retained has now departed.

EXT. THE ROAD TO OTTAWA - DAY

Team Boo Ya once again travels caravan on their journey to Canada's capital, Ottawa. Unlike America (and the rest of the world), Canada is still beautiful and intact. As they crest a hill, Diablo's Fortress - somehow uprooted from North Dakota and resettled here - incites shock and awe in all of them.

INSIDE THE DANGER MACHINE

MITSUBISHI

Wait...is that Diablo's fortress?

SUSHI X

Dude, how did we get back to North Dakota?

VIGILANT SWORD

No, no, no...this can't be right.

The others come in over the CB, also voicing their confusion.

SENSEI (vo)

Now, I know I'm pretty old, but I can't be the only one who sees it.

VIGILANT SWORD

No, that's definitely Diablo's fortress.

MITSUBISHI

Last time I checked that was in North Dakota.

PATSY (vo)

Am thinkink he moved it.

VIGILANT SWORD

Moved it?! Bullshit!

SUSHI X

That's the only explanation. Look, dude, you can see Ottawa off in the distance.

SENSEI (vo)

Look, either through dark technology or through dark magic, Diablo has moved his fortress here. Are you really that surprised?

DAVE (vo)

Am the only one who finds it just a little too convenient that Mr. Diablo happens to have a mobile fortress?

VIGILANT SWORD

What does it matter? After we kick Diablo's ass, we're going to tear this thing down and then use the

(MORE)

VIGILANT SWORD (cont'd)  
 stone to build a big statue  
 showing how we kicked his ass.

MITSUBISHI  
 I think we should turn it into a  
 five-story arcade.

VIGILANT SWORD  
 And that, my friends, is why we  
 don't listen to Mitsubishi.

INT. MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS - DAY

Mr. Diablo and 2 6/8 stand in the Inner Sanctum, which has been modified to serve as a summoning chamber. The lights are dimmed, the windows covered, and incense is burning. A large red pentagram in a circle is drawn on the floor. Mr. Diablo is reading from Wicca and Witchcraft for Dummies, Vol. 2.

MR. DIABLO  
 Ah, smell that destiny! Today,  
 evil will truly, once and for all,  
 rule the world. Are you prepared,  
 2 6/8?

2 6/8  
 Yes, master, my blades are ready  
 to taste blood. I'm glad you  
 spared me from becoming a zombie.

MR. DIABLO  
 Well, zombies aren't very fun, you  
 know. I need some live meat. Hah!  
 Yes! Remind me to leave some  
 Canadian women alive.

2 6/8  
 Um, sir? I'm a eunuch. You did it  
 personally.

MR. DIABLO  
 What?! How was I supposed to know  
 that? Here, tell you what, another  
 gift from your master.

Diablo gestures. 2 6/8 gasps and clutches his crotch.

2 6/8  
 Sweet tap-dancing Cthulu! What  
 have you done to me?!

MR. DIABLO

I gave you back your dignity.  
Plus, a little something "extra".  
Consider it a gift to you from  
Satan.

INT. CANADIAN LEGISLATURE - DAY

The Canadian Legislature is packed with people. Mitsubishi stands at the front of the hall behind the podium, prepared to rally the nation behind him. Sensei and Patsy are on either side of him. Mitsubishi clears his throat and begins.

MITSUBISHI

My Canadian brothers! The time has  
come, next card, to finish a job  
that should have been finished  
four years ago, next card. We must  
fight. Mr. Diablo has ammassed an  
army of evil, next card, undead,  
summoned from Hell by powers  
granted to him by none other than,  
next card, Satan!

SENSEI

(to Patsy)

This is said. He's reading from a  
frickin' teleprompter.

MITSUBISHI

We need the Canadian army to fight  
this foe, and even now the men of  
Team Boo Ya are preparing to lead  
them.

We see Sushi X watching Iron Chef.

SUSHI X

Ooh, shark heads.

We see Vigilant Sword on the computer.

VIGILANT SWORD

Damn this infernally slow  
connection!

We see Six-Gun Sam in heaven, shooting scores of outlaws.

We see Dave being thrown off a bridge.

We see Patsy playing Halo with Mitsubishi.



PATSY

Hey, aren't we at that thingie?

MITSUBISHI

This was taped beforehand. It's a paradox that you know about the meeting.

PATSY

Ya. WITH THE BEAM SWORDINK!!!

We return to the hall to see Mitsubishi looking a little embarrassed.

MITSUBISHI

Okay, those were all, next card, bad clips.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CANADIAN LEGISLATURE AND DIABLO'S FORTRESS

DIABLO'S FORTRESS

2 6/8

Are you sure about this?

MR. DIABLO

For the last time, yes. The book was very clear about this part.

2 6/8

Yeah, but what exactly are we doing?

MR. DIABLO

Oh, you know, just summoning the spirit of my father in an invincible demon form. Simple stuff, really.

2 6/8

Well, is it time?

MR. DIABLO

Almost...almost...

CANADIAN LEGISLATURE

MITSUBISHI

Do I have your aid? The hour of next card is upon us! I mean, reckoning!

PRIME MINISTER

You know what? Just take the army.  
We don't really care anymore.

MITSUBISHI

Excellent.

He, Sensei, and Patsy go outside and stand at the top of the steps leading down from the hall.

MITSUBISHI

Warriors of Canada, heed my call!  
Your nation needs you!

In only an instant, the Canadian Army forms up in front of them. It consists of about two hundred Mounties. The rest of Team Boo Ya is also there.

PATSY

Wow, that was fast.

SENSEI

Tell me about it.

VIGILANT SWORD

This will be my greatest battle!

SENSEI

Yes, and likely your last.

VIGILANT SWORD

Eh, I've lived a good life.

Mitsubishi opens his mouth, prepared to give some stirring speech to his troops.

MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS

MR. DIABLO

Soon, father...soon, Canada shall  
be yours!

OUTSIDE THE CANADIAN LEGISLATURE

MITSUBISHI

Let's go!

SUSHI X

Last Canadian Samurai!

CROWD

Last Canadian Samurai!

MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS

2 6/8

Is it almost complete?

MR. DIABLO

Yes, no turning back. The evil feeds itself now. My father will have his ultimate victory!

OUTSIDE THE CANADIAN LEGISLATURE

VIGILANT SWORD

Last Canadian Samurai!

SOLDIER #1

Gondor!

SOLDIER #2

Maud'dib!

SOLDIER #3

Diablo! Wait, I mean -

The soldier is beaten down.

MITSUBISHI

Move out!

The army begins to march, out of Ottawa and towards Diablo's fortress. Towards Canada's last stand.

MR. DIABLO'S FORTRESS

The Canadian army arrives in front of Diablo's fortress. The first thing that is obvious to everyone is that the fortress is surrounded by a dark reddish-black cloud. Not a natural cloud either. It swirls in a vortex around the pinnacle of the tower.

SUSHI X

What the hell is that? I don't like the looks of that cloud!

SENSEI

That cloud...I recognize it. It is the cloud that accompanies a powerful summoning.

VIGILANT SWORD

Summoning? Of what?

SENSEI

I can't say. But I'm willing to  
bet it's not something good.

High above, Mr. Diablo steps out onto a balcony to survey the force arrayed below him. He greets them with a bonechilling, inhuman scream. The army falters, then continues to the gates at Mitsubishi's urging.

MR. DIABLO

Welcome, friends! Soon you will  
know the true meaning of pain!

VIGILANT SWORD

Hurry! Before he can summon!

MITSUBISHI

Patsy, would you do the honors?

PATSY

Certainly.

Patsy chugs a bottle of Code Red, and launches a huge fireball, completely immolating the wrought-iron gates. Before the army has even taken one step into the courtyard, the doors to the fortress swing open and the undead horde pours out like a decaying tide.

SENSEI

To the fight, my friends!  
Judgement Day has come! Apocalypse  
is nigh! RAGNAROK HAS BEGUN!

Heedless of the fact that they are desperately outnumbered, the Canadian army surges forward and collides with the charging undead. In the chaos of battle, we see random shots of violence. Men dying, zombies being beaten with sticks, Team Boo Ya cutting a swath to the doors. Eventually, the Canadians begin to drive the army back.

MR. DIABLO

They seem to be putting up a  
fight. Alright, then. Zombies!  
Ninjas! Zombie Ninjas! TO ME!!!

He steps back inside, and the undead fall back into the fortress.

MITSUBISHI

Yeah! The day is ours!

VIGILANT SWORD

No, they are simply regrouping.

SENSEI

We must gain the fortress.  
Quickly, lead your men!

The Canadian army rushes inside, Team Boo Ya at the head. As soon as they enter, they are ambushed by undead from all sides. Both the doors and the elevator are blocked. The army tackles the horde, while the Team continues the push. The only way up to the Inner Sanctum is via a narrow staircase that runs alongside the wall. It corkscrews up to the top of the fortress. At the first landing, they are met by 2 6/8 and a host of zombie ninjas.

2 6/8

Come to me, Mitsubishi! It's been my every dream as a henchman to slow you down enough for my master to finish his plan!

VIGILANT SWORD

Keep going, Mitsubishi! Take this!

He draws his gun, but 2 6/8 rushes forward and strikes it away. Vigilant Sword jumps back and draws his sword and blocks 2 6/8's thrusts.

SENSEI

Go! You're the only one who can defeat Diablo!

PATSY

Be trustink us. Your sword, she has power.

2 6/8

If you're done spurring him to action, you can attack me any time.

Mitsubishi shoves through the zombie ninjas and continues on. He stops a couple landings up and turns to see the Team fighting an even battle. He then sees Vigilant Sword slash 2 6/8 in the stomach and keeps going, all the way to the Inner Sanctum.

THE INNER SANCTUM

Mr. Diablo is bent over the summoning circle, fierce determination etched on his face. The circle glows a bright red. It is beginning to emit red smoke when Mitsubishi comes running up the stairs. The summoning is almost complete.

MR. DIABLO

Welcome to my lair, said the  
orchid mantis to the moth. The  
summoning is nearly finished.  
Soon, my father will arrive to  
finish you and the rest of Canada!

Mitsubishi draws his sword. As if in response to the holy  
force of the Blade of the Maple Leaf, the smoke streaming  
from the circle thins and then disappears. The glowing  
circle fades and becomes nothing more than a chalk figure.  
Even the candles and incense are mysteriously extinguished.  
Diablo screams in rage.

MR. DIABLO

NO! You fool! No matter. I will  
kill you myself!

MITSUBISHI

Diablo! Let's finish this! I will  
cut you! With my sword! Die!

He runs forward, only to be repelled by Diablo's force  
field.

MR. DIABLO

I can't believe you forgot about  
that! You really are an idiot!

MITSUBISHI

I swear, on the blood of my  
forefathers, I will defeat you!

He steps forward and swings the blade with all his might.  
The force field shatters.

MR. DIABLO

Oh, shit.

MITSUBISHI

Yes! The blade is magic!

MR. DIABLO

No, I ran out of batteries. I can  
still kill you though!

Diablo launches a sheet of hellfire which dissipates when it  
hits Honda's armor. Mitsubishi returns his foe's grin and  
charges forward. Diablo draws his own demonic blade and the  
two begin to fight the greatest battle of their lives.  
Unlike last time, though, Mitsubishi not only holds his own  
but even begins to show the advantage. His enemy begins to

grow a bit nervous when he realizes his magic is useless against the holy armor. After a fierce exchange of blows, Mitsubishi manages to knock Diablo to the ground. It is at this moment that the rest of Team Boo Ya comes running up the stairs. They are battered and injured, but none the worse for wear.

VIGILANT SWORD

You've got him! Finish it!

Diablo climbs back to his feet.

MR. DIABLO

Not quite.

Diablo leaps and levitates through the ceiling, landing on the roof of the fortress. The rest of the Team look at each other, and, through the magic of invisible wires, leap up through the hole and onto the roof. They find themselves surrounded by henchmen and zombie ninjas. It seems it was Diablo's plan all along to trap them up here. The battle begins anew.

ELSEWHERE IN THE FORTRESS

As the other characters continue to fight for their lives, Dave wanders off in search of some coffee. Eventually, he wanders into a large room. It is the exact same type of room where Sam met his end, only it is empty of scenery. As he enters, the door shuts and locks.

DAVE

What the hell? Oh, not another God damned trap!

MR. DIABLO (vo)

Oh yes, Dan! Did you think I would leave you out of the action?

DAVE

It's Dave. And yeah, actually, I did.

MR. DIABLO (vo)

Oh my, no. I've prepared a specially trained assassin for you.

DAVE

I'm not going to get thrown off another bridge, am I?

MR. DIABLO  
Maybe..maybe not. Now, please  
meet...Ben.

A panel in the wall slides up and Bob walks out. He is  
dressed exactly like Dave.

BOB  
It's Bob.

DAVE  
You have got to be kidding.

MR. DIABLO (vo)  
Unfortunately for you, I'm not.  
Only one of you is going to leave  
here alive. Now, I've got a more  
important fight to attend to. Buzz  
me when one of you is dead.  
Toodles!

BOB  
So...

DAVE  
Anyways...

BOB  
So, are you getting paid for this?

DAVE  
No. They can't even get my name  
straight.

BOB  
Really? They always call me Ben.

DAVE  
You know what I hate? Getting  
randomly thrown off of bridges.

BOB  
Try spontaneously combusting. It's  
not even really possible!

DAVE  
God, I'm surrounded by idiots. I  
wish I could get back at them.

BOB  
Perhaps we can.



DAVE

How so?

BOB

With this.

He pulls out a copy of the script. It is wrinkled and covered with stains.

BOB

It's the script.

DAVE

The script?

BOB

Yeah, I found it under a coffee table. Some idiot spilled ketchup on it.

DAVE

Is that urine I smell? Never mind. How is this going to help us?

BOB

This is the screenplay for the whole movie. If we destroy this, the whole movie's ruined. Yeah, I know it doesn't make sense, but just bear with me.

DAVE

But surely there are other copies.

BOB

You think those lazy-ass writers botherd to make more copies? I hold here the only thing keeping this crap-fest going.

DAVE

Genius! If we end this movie, I can go back to acting school. But I want to find the rest of them and rub their noses in it first.

BOB

Good idea. Let's go!

DAVE

Wait! How do we get out of here?

BOB

(snorts)

You forget - the budget for the set design was even less than the one for the costumes. Let's go.

The two walk through one of the walls.

ON THE ROOF

On the roof, the heroes are bunched in a small circle defending from from hundreds of henchmen and undead. Mr. Diablo stands protected on a small platform high above, laughing wickedly.

MITSUBISHI

There's too many of them! We can't possibly win!

He cleaves a henchman in two.

VIGILANT SWORD

At least we'll go down together!

He unloads two entire clips into the horde.

PATSY

I'll be seeink you in Hell, bitches.

He alternates between chucking fireballs and drinking Mystic Dew.

SUSHI X

At least we get to die in battle!

SENSEI

We must stand together! The day is not lost yet!

He blows up three zombies with his mind.

Meanwhile, Bob and Dave climb up out of the hole in the roof, unseen by everyone else. The climb unnoticed up the ladder to the top of Diablo's platform. Dave steps forward and shoves Mr. Diablo off, who lands on a pile of corpses and is unharmed. At the same time, the heroes and enemies cease fighting and look up.

MITSUBISHI

Dan, you're alive! Who's that with you?

DAVE

It's Dave, you son of a bitch! And this is my new friend Bob. We have something you might want.

He holds the script aloft.

VIGILANT SWORD

Dan, what are you doing?

MR. DIABLO

Ben, why didn't you kill him? You have failed me!

BOB

Shut up! You're going to listen to us, and this time no one's spontaneously combusting or getting thrown off a bridge.

DAVE

I'll say it again - this movie sucks ass! The plot makes no sense, the jokes are stupid and childish, and the whole thing is filled with blatant rip-offs. Well, I've had it!

BOB

It's over - for all of you.

DAVE

Allow me to enlighten you a bit. NONE OF THIS EVER HAPPENED! You all are formerly normal people who live in the same apartment in a small Canadian town. Recently, there was a serious gas leak and you all got high off the fumes. You've been running around in costumes and LARPing all over Canada!

BOB

The nuclear apocalypse - never happened. The Canadian Samurai - never existed. Same for Mr. Bojangles. The henchmen, the zombies, the Canadian army - they're imaginary. The war for Canada - never happened. NONE OF THIS IS REAL!

SENSEI

Please! Listen to reason! You're talking nonsense!

BOB

Shut up, you old fart!

DAVE

I know you were all hoping for a dramatic ending, but it's not going to happen. Because when I destroy this filthy rag you call a script, you wake up and all goes back to the way it was.

MITSUBISHI

You can't do this!

PATSY

You will be puttink down script, or I come up there and tear out spines!

BOB

Your threats are meaningless. Do it, Dave!

MR. DIABLO

No, please! I'll give you anything you want! Fame, power! I'll make you full members of the cast! I'll even get them to pay you!

DAVE

Fuck you, man.

Dave tears the script in half. All at once, apocalyptic music starts playing. Rifts open up in the ground and hellfire spews forth. Everyone starts screaming. Suddenly, the background and characters get sucked up into a swirling void, and with a loud POP! the entire scene cuts to black.

EXT. SMALL CANADIAN TOWN - DAY

We see the original small town from the beginning. We pan over to see a small apartment complex. Through a series of shots, we see each of the main characters in their apartments. However, they are dressed normally and doing normal things. As it turns out, Sushi X is a black man. Outside the apartment, Bob and Dave are walking together, laughing.

NARRATOR (vo)

And so, with the destruction of the poorly written script, all returned to the way it was before...wait. Does that mean the whole movie never happened, or just the stuff in the backstory, or what? God, this is a shitty ending. Anyway, the events that may or may not have actually happened were forgotten by Bob and Dave, and after only a week in theaters, the movie went straight to video. The writers were fired, and the cast brainwashed.

(beat)

But, what Bob and Dave did not realize is that whenever a terrible evil emerges, whenever the fate of the world is threatened, whenever real heroes have gone on vacation or call in sick, Mitsubishi and his friends will be there to save the day. Because, like all crappy movies, this one will probably have a sequel.

The End