

UNDEAD SCOTTISH KUNG FU WARRIOR

by

Don Anderson & Jason Quinn

jquinn@outlier.com  
310.882.1445



EXT. OCEAN BEACH -- DAY

A glorious day at a San Francisco beach, the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE visible in the background.

Stirring BAGPIPE MUSIC.

TEXT appears over the following shots.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) An uncrowded stretch of Ocean Beach.

TITLES

In 1297, the hated English were driven briefly from Scotland thanks to the bravery of one man: RONALD MCDONALD. This fearless warrior, also known as BRAVEFART, saved his country, and the populace wanted to proclaim him king.

2) Waves crash against a rocky shore.

TITLES (CONT'D)

However, John Baliol, the weak but legally reigning king, hatched a plot to remove BRAVEFART from the politics and indeed from the very history of the country he loved.

3) THREE HOTTIES (20s) lie on beach towels, tanning.

TITLES (CONT'D)

While a lesser man assumed his legend, BRAVEFART was led to a cave on a barren coast where silver-tongued Druids convinced him that his particular valor and personal weaponry must be preserved, should the English return.

4) The OCEAN BEACH CAVES.

TITLES (CONT'D)

Then they turned him to stone or embalmed him or something, and put him in a cave somewhere. Tectonic shift comes in here somewhere, too. In any case, he'll be undead soon, and kicking people's asses with kung fu.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. AT SEA -- DAY

From the beach, the view of a large CARGO SHIP at sea.

EXT. CARGO SHIP -- DAY

AN OLD SAILOR unlatches the bindings on a stack of HAZ-MAT BARRELS marked "KRYPTONITE." A YOUNG SAILOR hustles up.

YOUNG SAILOR

Why are we stopping? Aren't we supposed to take this nuclear waste to Mexico?

OLD SAILOR

Nar, me boy. The petrol's too expensive. Right here'll do.

The old sailor lifts the barrel, and with the young sailor's confused help, throws it over the edge of the boat.

OLD SAILOR (CONT'D)

Over it goes.

The barrels float away, leaking GLOWING OOZE. In the background, SAILBOATS pass under the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

OLD SAILOR (CONT'D)

Har Har Har! I hates the sea, and everything in it.

EXT. OCEAN BEACH- DAY

GLORIA and FRAN, 30s, chubby Midwestern tourists, walk down the pier. Fran holds a MAP that whips in the wind.

FRAN

There are exactly one hundred McDonalds' in San Francisco, and so far, I'm beating you by three suits and a Mexican. There's nothing like giving head in public restrooms. We need more film. And batteries.

GLORIA

Let's get going. I wanna find me another one of them uncircumcised teenage cleanup boys.

FRAN

Well, looks like there's one right at that corner.

Fran and Gloria walk off toward a McDonalds.

At their feet, a HERMIT CRAB, covered in GLOWING OOZE, is dragged by with a far too visible STRING.

EXT. CAVE @ OCEAN BEACH -- DAY

A large CAVE, just off the beach, tunnels into the hillside.

The string pulls the sand-encrusted hermit crab into the cave, leaving a trail of slime.

INT. CAVE @ OCEAN BEACH -- DAY

CELTIC HARP MUSIC mingles with the sound of the waves. The cave is large and inexplicably TORCHLIT.

A seven hundred year old Scotsman, BRAVEFART, lies on the floor. The clothes are tattered, but he hasn't rotted, much.

The glowing hermit crab crawls along Bravefart's leg.

The glow spreads over Bravefart's entire body and he spasms through a fish-flopping seizure. Music cuts out.

He lies still. In time with a strenuous bagpipe PIBROCH, Bravefart stirs. His eyes open.

Bravefart slowly rises, as if on a lever, like Nosferatu.

He stands in the cave, feeling himself over in wonder and confusion. Suddenly, his memory clears. His eyes gleam.

He breaks into a sinister leer, BAGPIPES skirling.

EXT. CAVE @ OCEAN BEACH -- DAY

Bravefart charges out of the cave, stops and scans the beach.

He breathes deeply the fresh sea air, exhaling with immense satisfaction. The GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE is visible behind him.

BRAVEFART

Ach, to be aleev! It's grate to be  
aleev gain!

Bravefart views the ocean with proprietary glee.

A few random SUNBATHERS tan, scattered along the beach.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

By Nuadhu! Ah wonder how long Ah've  
been sleepin?

(walks the beach)

Ach, but it's a beautiful day in  
Scotland! Ah wonder why Ah've been  
awakened?

Bravefart stops short, shocked.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 Steenkin Bess! What fer the love ah  
 shite?

Bravefart stares at a distant BLUE BEACH TOWEL with a white cross, laid on the beach. It resembles the Scottish flag.

                    BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 The Saltiree? St. Andy's cross?  
 Lyin' on the seashore? What's the  
 meaning of this? A bloody omen, to  
 be sure!

As he gawks, a fat, dripping-wet DUDE in speedos and noseplugs emerges from the waves and plops down on the towel.

Bravefart GASPS in hatred.

                    BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 A Sassenach!

His face hardens. He raises his fist and charges, furious.

                    BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 Clan Donald!

INTERCUT BRAVEFART CHARGING / DUDE TANNING

- 1) DRUMS tattoo furiously as Bravefart charges the beach.
- 2) Peaceful. Dude, oblivious, puts on HEADPHONES and slaps on tanning LOTION.
- 3) Drums tattoo furiously as Bravefart charges the beach.
- 4) Peaceful. Dude puts on sunglasses and stretches.
- 5) Bravefart charges: BAGPIPES begin to skirl.
- 6) Dude relaxes quietly in the sun.
- 7) Bravefart runs, begins to YELL.
- 8) Dude sits up, takes his shades off, and looks around wondering about the noise. Faint yelling.
- 9) Bravefart charges, full MUSIC and YELLING.
- 10) Dude (no music, distant yelling) shrugs, puts his glasses back on, and lies back down.

As Bravefart approaches, music SWELLS.

END INTERCUT

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

DUDE sits up. The drums/bagpipes/yelling approaches. He takes off his headphones, curious.

Bravefart runs up but Dude pops up like Jet Li and throws Bravefart head over heels into the sand (music dies abruptly).

Bravefart, shocked, picks himself up and shakes off sand. The combatants wheel to face each other.

DUDE  
(dumbfounded)  
Who the fuck are you?

BRAVEFART  
Ah'm yeer worst nightmare, ye flag-  
desecrating Sassenach!  
(shows fists)  
I heerby introduce ye to two fine  
ladies would like to get to know ye  
intimately.

DUDE  
Well that's too bad for you, cause I  
have a blackbelt in Karate.

Dude rolls his neck and gets into a fighting stance. Bravefart charges and Dude throws him again.

Bravefart gets up mad, and runs in again. Bravefart swings and misses. Dude shoves him, sending him flying backwards.

Bravefart falls in the sand and scrambles up, shaken.

BRAVEFART  
Now don't get me angry! Must be a  
taste of me trusty claymore yeer  
wantin!

Bravefart reaches for his sword, but his scabbard is empty.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Where's my fookin claymore?

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. OCEAN BEACH -- NIGHT

Seventies MUSIC from a period stereo. Titles read: "1978".

A couple of 1970's muscle cars and a sixties pickup. NINE SURFBOARDS stick up in the sand.

FOUR attractive COLLEGE COUPLES make out around a CAMPFIRE.

EXT. CAVE @ OCEAN BEACH -- NIGHT

An awkward YOUNG MAN, 18, emerges from the cave with a grin and a SWORD. He walks toward the bonfire, slicing the air.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DUDE'S CAMP -- DAY

Bravefart has no sword.

BRAVEFART

Ah, crap!

Bravefart flees to Scottish-hillbilly GETAWAY MUSIC.

Bravefart sprints through BEACHGOERS. Dude pursues.

EXT. THE SAND CASTLE # OCEAN BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Down the beach, A SMALL BOY stands admires a particularly grand SAND CASTLE. Bravefart trips and falls onto it.

BOY

Waaaaggghhhhhh!

Bravefart lies helpless as Dude runs up and punches him. Bravefart grabs the boy, using him to block Dude's next punch.

WHAP. The boy stops crying. Dude cringes, sorry. Bravefart throws the boy at the Dude and runs off again.

Dude chases Bravefart, stepping on the boy in his pursuit.

EXT. THE SURF AT OCEAN BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Farther down the beach, Fran rubs her knees while Gloria eats a Big Mac. Bravefart runs toward them to hide from Dude.

Bravefart shoves Fran into Dude, knocking both to the ground. Then, Bravefart throws Gloria on top of Dude and Fran.

The two hold Dude down, helpless, as Bravefart moves around to kick him in the head.

BRAVEFART

Aye, now yeer English.

Bravefart kicks at the pile until Dude stops moving.

He helps up Gloria as Fran rolls off the pile, fetal.

Bravefart spits on the limp Dude and proudly walks away.

GLORIA

Fran? Fran?



EXT. WITCHES CAMP @ OCEAN BEACH -- DAY

Bravefart walks toward an encampment of three gorgeous sunbathers; CANDI, SANDY, and SUNNY.

The sky darkens.

Bravefart watches as the women strike modern dance poses.

	CANDI
Four!	
	SANDY
Three!	
	SUNNY
Two!	
	TOGETHER
One!	

The moon eclipses the sun. Stripper MUSIC.

	BRAVEFART
Witches.	

The three women dance in the semi-darkness of the eclipse.

Sandy grabs Bravefart by the arm and dirty-dances with him.

	SANDY
Dance with me.	

	BRAVEFART
(amazed)	
Aye, ye control the sun and moon!	

The eclipse passes and the sun begins to return.

Sandy keeps dancing seductively around Bravefart.

Candi and Sunny smile and blow kisses.

Bravefart adjusts his kilt and brushes sand off himself.

	SANDY
Cool eclipse, eh?	

	CANDI
Well, hello there handsome!	

	SANDY
I betcha wanna sit down and relax	
after all that fighting.	

The women surround him, playfully competing for his attention.

SUNNY  
Check the kilt. Very retro.

CANDI  
Yeah, that fight was fierce. You  
totally kicked that guy's ass.

BRAVEFART  
Why did ye bring me here?

SANDY  
We came for the eclipse. Come on.

They lead him over to their encampment: blankets, beach  
chairs, a cooler, and a BOOMBOX playing the dissonant Yellow  
#5 classic "Pachelbel Goes to Hell."

Sunny pours LOTION into Bravefart's hands. He tastes it.

SUNNY  
Could you rub this on my back?

BRAVEFART  
I kin think af a better place tha'  
that.

Sunny turns and Bravefart shrugs and rubs lotion on her back.

Sandy and Candi pout and flirt, jealously.

They groove to the music and play catch with a FIST-SHAPED  
BEACHBALL.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
(hears radio)  
What is that eldritch noise? It  
seems to be comin from yon boox.

SUNNY  
Oh, that's Yellow Number Five, our  
favorite band. We need more lotion.

BRAVEFART  
Ach! It sounds like a banshee bein'  
strangled wi' a bagpipe! What a  
bunch of Sullivans.

Bravefart pours too much lotion into his hands.

Sunny shrugs and giggles, and he lotions both her chest and  
under his kilt.

SANDY  
They're playing tonight at our party.  
You should totally come.

SUNNY

Yeah! Please come!  
(wipes off lotion)  
That's plenty.

Bravefart adds more lotion, ogling her.

CANDI

You'll be, like, the guest of honor.

BRAVEFART

Well, if I could turn down three  
lovely lasses as yeerselves, me name  
wouldnae be Ronald MacDonald!

The sunbathers laugh and surround him.

SUNNY

Your name isn't really Ronald  
McDonald, is it?

BRAVEFART

Aye, it is, and by that name can ye  
lassies know that Ah'll nae be lettin  
ye lasses doon, fer nivver did Ronald  
MacDonald leave any lass to suffer  
for want of his ain affection.

(rises)

But fer now Ah must be leavin ye.

SANDY

Leaving? Why?

BRAVEFART

Ah must look around Scotland. Ah've  
been called back to life fer a reason,  
and Ah cain't waste any mair time in  
findin' it!

Candi hurriedly writes on a piece of PAPER.

CANDI

Well, here's our address. It starts  
at nine, but you can come all over  
me. I mean, anytime. I really hope  
you come.

Candi stuffs the paper in Bravefart's shirt.

Bravefart bows and strides off as they coo their goodbyes.

Gazing adoringly, all three women sink back onto their towels.  
They sigh, collectively.

LIGHTNING flashes in the background.

EXT. WALL @ OCEAN BEACH - DAY

The sea wall at Ocean Beach. A stairwell.

SICKBOY, 18, a skinny, blue-haired punk, wears ratty looking clothes and nods his head to loud TECHNO on his HEADPHONES.

SICKBOY  
Dun-dun-du duh, bastards, bastards,  
dud-uh-du- du-du-du-dun dun dun, aw  
shit, fuck, fuck shit, fuck aliens  
and tourists everywhere! Stop  
stealing my mind! Duh-duh-du-duh,  
huh dunnunnnh...

Sickboy watches Bravefart approach up the stairwell.

Bravefart stops, turns, pulls up his kilt and starts to pee.  
Sickboy stares at him.

BRAVEFART  
What's yer fookin problem?

SICKBOY  
You're not with them? Those bimbo  
robots you were talking to are very  
dangerous.

Sickboy pulls out spy BINOCULARS and looks toward the women.

INSERT BINOCULARS ON SUNBATHER'S CHESTS

Panning across Candi, Sandy and Sunny's chests as they wiggle  
their breasts up and down, side to side, and in circles.

SICKBOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If I could only get my hands on those  
hypnomesmeric transmitters.

BACK TO SCENE

Sickboy extends a hand to Bravefart who just finished peeing.  
That doesn't bother either of them.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)  
I'm Sickboy, leader of JICAMA, the  
Joint Intelligence Consortium Against  
Maneating Aliens.

BRAVEFART  
Ronald MacDonald. Ah'm a warrior  
wha's risen fra the grave ta lade  
Scotland ta Freedom.

SICKBOY  
Kickass.

Bravefart examines Sickboy, staring at his hair.

BRAVEFART

Ach, me laddie, but yeer no a very pretty sight yeersel. Is there a famine upon the land, that ye cannae get a bite to eat?

SICKBOY

(takes off headphones)

Huh? I totally can't hear you, man.

BRAVEFART

By me blue ribbon, how is that sound comin ootay them leetle things? They're even smaller than that box the lasses had!

Bravefart tries to grab the headphones. Sickboy freaks out.

SICKBOY

No! No one touches my headphones!

BRAVEFART

Ach, yee've got some spirit in ye after all, lad. Ah've a mind to take ye under my wing, young Scot.

SICKBOY

(twitchy)

My name's not Scott. My name's Sickboy.

BRAVEFART

Sickboy! Why, that's no kind of a name at all fer a young lad.

SICKBOY

My real name's Edward.

BRAVEFART

Edward? What kind of Scot are ye, to be named after that stone stealin' daisy? I'll call ye Mungo, after me second wife. You got heer eyes.

SICKBOY

Mungo! Aw, I hate that name! Call me Sickboy, you stinky fuck.

BRAVEFART

Mungo it is, then. D'ye hate the English?

SICKBOY

People from England? Sure. Who doesn't?

BRAVEFART

Yeer in. Och, but Ah'm starvin.  
D'ye happen to ken, lad, what year  
it is?

SICKBOY

No watch, man. Wait, what year?

BRAVEFART

That's right, what year is it?

SICKBOY

How do you not know what year it is?

BRAVEFART

I don't know because ye won't fookin  
tell me! Now, oot wi' it!

SICKBOY

It's two-thousand-eight.

BRAVEFART

Ye don't say! Well cut off me balls  
and call me a Campbell! I have nae  
eaten in oover seven hoondred years!  
Quick, lad, where's the nearest inn?

SICKBOY

Food? You're going to get food?

BRAVEFART

Aye, lad, and from the looks of ye,  
ye could stand to eat a morsel  
yerself. But don't worry, Ah'll pay  
fer ye. If there's one thing that  
nivver goes oot ay style, its auld-  
fashioned free-spendin' Scottish  
generosity.

SICKBOY

How are you going to pay for this?

BRAVEFART

Och, yeer right. D'ye think the  
marchants will take these auld  
doubloons?

Bravefart reaches into his SPORRAN and pulls out several  
GOLD PIECES. He hands one to Sickboy.

SICKBOY

(bites doubloon)

Shit, its real gold! Yeah, I think  
this oughta be worth something!  
Shit, dude, you really are from the  
middle ages! Cool!

SERIES OF SHOTS - BUDDY VIGNETTES

Happy MUSIC.

- 1) Bravefart and Sickboy eat HOT DOGS and ride a cable car.
- 2) Sickboy shows Bravefart a CAR, and tries to explain. Bravefart jumps on top and tries to ride it like a horse.
- 3) They walk past a shop full of TV SETS and Bravefart tries to get through the glass to touch them.
- 4) Bravefart marvels at SKYSCRAPERS.
- 5) Sickboy saves Bravefart from being run over by a TAXI.
- 6) Bravefart competes in a CRUNKING contest with the SILVER GUY from Pier 39.
- 7) Bravefart's kilt is blown up by an AIR VENT.
- 8) Sickboy and Bravefart go to the Gap. Sickboy comes out looking clean and preppie. Bravefart comes out in his kilt.
- 9) Sickboy and Bravefart go to Armani. Sickboy comes out looking like a stud. Bravefart comes out in his kilt.
- 10) The Scottish store at Union Station. Sickboy comes out in Armani. Bravefart preens his new, otherwise identical kilt (sparkle effect added).

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. BAR -- DAY

Sickboy and Bravefart stroll, eating ICE CREAM. Sickboy wears a PIMP SUIT, new shoes, and fancy headphones.

SICKBOY

Man! Check me out in this totally fresh pimp suit! Chicks are gonna love me! And the aliens and the FBI won't recognize me, oh no they won't.

Bravefart trips out on his bubblegum ICE CREAM CONE.

BRAVEFART

This is simply the most fascinatin'--

Eerie MUSIC. An invisible force seizes hold of Bravefart.

Bravefart drops his ice cream cone and clutches a pole, clinging for dear life. Sickboy looks around, confused.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Ach, Sickboy! It's got me! Ah cannae help it, it's goin tae drag me in!

SICKBOY

What? What's happening to you?

BRAVEFART

Comin' from that door there. I can  
nae fight it any more. Help me,  
Sickboy. Aaaaaahhhhh!

Bravefart loses his grip and is pulled into a bar. Sickboy  
runs in after him. The door closes.

The bar is peaceful for a moment. Then, a RUCKUS.

Sickboy and Bravefart are violently thrown out.

They are both very drunk, covered with lipstick, clothes a  
mess, and each has a black eye. Bravefart rises, limping.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Ha ha ah! There's nothin like some  
good auld honest fun!

SICKBOY

(rubs jaw)

Look what they did to my new suit!

The suit is a mess. It's also a different suit than before.

BRAVEFART

Dontcha worry, me laddie, we'll get  
ye a new one. Did ye see the daft  
look on the landlord's face after I  
broke that wee mug over his head?  
Oh, but it feels good to be back in  
the swing of things.

SICKBOY

(spits blood)

Shit man, I lost a tooth! I'm never  
going into a bar with you again.

BRAVEFART

Fer fook's sake, lad, listen to ye  
whinin' like a lowlander. If ye'll  
tae my advice-- whoa!

Eerie MUSIC returns. The invisible force has Bravefart again.  
Bravefart clutches a car.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

It's got me agin, lad. Go, save  
yerself, me boy! Aaaaaaaaahhhh!

Bravefart rips the side-view mirror off a car and spins toward  
the door next to the first one.

Sickboy, waits a moment, troubled, then follows him in.



INT. BAR - DAY

A pretty young woman, PROFESSOR NANCIE, 25, sits at the bar, perusing a weighty TOME. She casually sips her scotch.

Bravefart and Sickboy enter. Bravefart THUMPS his fist on the bar.

BRAVEFART  
Landlord! Yer finest whiskey!

The OLD BARTENDER looks him over a moment. Then, he picks a bottle off the wall and pours Bravefart a SHOT.

Bravefart downs it in one gulp.

BARTENDER  
Now look here, that was thirty year old scotch, it's not supposed to be gulped down like common vodka.

BRAVEFART  
Nobody tells me how to drink whiskey!

Bravefart points an accusing FINGER at the Bartender. The finger, rotted through, falls to the floor.

Bravefart leans over to get the finger and tips over the barstool. Bravefart lies on the floor.

Professor Nancie and Sickboy jump to help. Bravefart rises.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
You new to scotch or new to gravity?

Bravefart kicks the fallen stool and carefully mounts another.

BRAVEFART  
Ah'm no new to anything, fair lassie.  
Ah'm over seven hoondred years old,  
though ye should be aware Ah'm spry  
as a filly in all crucial respects.

SICKBOY  
He's from the Middle Ages!

Sickboy hands Bravefart the finger. Bravefart fails to attach it as Professor Nancie approvingly inspects his costume.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
He's from the Renaissance Fair. But he smells like the Middle Ages. Though the costume looks authentic, and I should know, since I'm a Professor of Scottish History. The heather in your bonnet would make you a MacDonald.

Bravefart's eyes sparkle, deeply in love. He puts the finger on the bar.

                  BRAVEFART  
Beautiful and intelligent! Nothing  
but a typical Scottish lassie!

                  PROFESSOR NANCIE  
          (shuts her book)  
I've never been so complimented.

Bravefart gets off the stool and bows with a flourish.

                  BRAVEFART  
My name is Ronald MacDonald.

Professor Nancie looks to Sickboy, who shrugs, reaches over, and picks up the finger.

                  PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Well, that's too bad, isn't it?

                  BRAVEFART  
Too bad? My name is known throughout  
Scotland!  
          (points with no finger)  
I'm the champion who routed the  
English at Stirling Bridge!

                  PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Stirling Bridge? Sorry. William  
Wallace was the champion of Stirling  
Bridge.

Bravefart looks to Sickboy for support. Sickboy, oblivious, smells the finger, disgusted, and throws it back on the bar.

                  BRAVEFART  
What? Wee Willy Wallace? Me ain  
gilly, wha used tae carry me clubs?

                  PROFESSOR NANCIE  
You're saying William Wallace used  
to carry your golf clubs?

                  BRAVEFART  
What's golf? He used tae carry me  
clubs fer thwackin the heads offa  
Englishmen.

Sickboy has no idea what they're talking about. He signals to the Bartender, who mouths back to him, "who fucking cares?"

                  PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Well, you're very funny. You must  
have made this up after seeing that  
movie, "Brave Heart."

SICKBOY

Hey, I saw that movie. That was a good movie.

BRAVEFART

(flushed, angry)

Brave Heart? Brave Heart?

He signals for more Scotch, which the Bartender pours.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Now just calm down fer a second. Are ye tellin me that poofter, that nancyboy Willie Wallace has been goon aroond referrin tae hissself as "BraveHeart"? Well, let me tell ye lass, let me set the record straight, that name refers tae me! Ah'm the hero of Stirling Bridge, and Ah'm the pairson referred tae by that name!

Bravefart shoots the whiskey, shakes, and signals for more.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

You're saying that you're Brave Heart?

BRAVEFART

No, lass, not "Brave Heart." Brave Fart!

Professor Nancie, Sickboy, and the Bartender laugh.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Ach but why won't she believe me?

SICKBOY

Dude, show her those gold coins!

Bravefart pulls out a gold coin and passes it to her.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)

Check it out, professor!

Professor Nancie turns it over a few times, inspecting it. She bites it, surprised.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Hey, you could get in a lot of trouble for this! You know, looting from an archaeological site can carry a stiff penalty!

(checks weight of bag)

On the other hand, you've got such nice brown eyes--

BRAVEFART

Ah must have something about me  
that'll prove to ye Ah'm fer real!

Bravefart checks his body but finds only a scrap of paper.  
He hands it to Sickboy.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Wha's this? Is this writin on it?  
Not that Ah cain't read, mind ye,  
but Ah simply nivver did before.

SICKBOY

(reads, realizes)  
You must have got this from those  
robot babes at the beach! You gotta  
take me to this party! With my new  
clothes, I know I'm gonna score!

BRAVEFART

Ah yes, the young lasses from the  
beach with tha wee box thet sounded  
like a lamb wi' a dog in her gullet.

SICKBOY

(checks new watch)  
Man, we gotta go, now! The party's  
starting, and we haven't even scored  
any dope! Let's go, Fart Man!

BRAVEFART

Aye, och. Aye. Ah bid ye farewell,  
good landlord.

The Bartender ignores him and towels dry glasses.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

But ye, dear lass, who kenst so much  
about me clan, I can nae leave, nor  
tae me eyes from off ye.

Professor Nancie blushes.

SICKBOY

Well she can come with us! Come on  
professor, come to the party!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Well, a party could be fun, and it  
would be an opportunity to study.  
What the heck, I'll go. But only if  
the bartender comes, too.

The Bartender tosses away his towel.

BARTENDER

I'm in.

## SERIES OF SHOTS / DRUG HUNT -- AFTERNOON

1) FUNK. Bravefart, Sickboy, Professor Nancie and Bartender walk in SLOW-MOTION down the Embarcadero. There's a sharp hit to the camera, and full speed is restored.

2) Sickboy cuts down an alley, COIT TOWER behind him.

3) Blinking subliminal message: "Drink Coke."

4) They walk on Broadway. Bravefart enters a sex shop.

5) An ANCIENT CHINESE WOMAN (ACW) stands in an alley behind STACKED TRAYS of plums. Sickboy approaches.

ACW shrugs, "What you want? I give good price."

6) Professor Nancie passes a parked car, then returns to it. Keys sit on the front seat. She tries the door. It opens.

7) Sickboy mimes smoking. ACW holds up a BAGGY full of hash.

8) Bartender watches a PAINTED SILVER GUY robot at Pier 39.

9) ACW removes the top tray to revealing BONGS and PIPES.

10) Professor Nancie joyrides over San Francisco hills.

11) Sickboy mimes "pills?" ACW mimes "Happy or sad?" Sickboy nods his head, yes. She hands him BAGS OF PILLS.

12) Bravefart exits the sex shop, bewildered.

13) One frame subliminal image of Huey Lewis.

14) Sickboy mimes needles. ACW hands him SYRINGES and HEROIN.

15) Bravefart finds Professor Nancie in car. Bravefart mimes confusion. Professor Nancie enters the sex shop.

16) Sickboy hands ACW a piece of GOLD. She smiles, bites the gold, and puts her plums back.

17) Professor Nancie exits the sex shop with a BIG BAG.

18) Sickboy passes Bravefart the hash, Nancie the pills, and bartender the heroin. Music comes to an abrupt stop.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Inside a random apartment. Yellow #5's "Deep Space Polka" plays, repeating the words "Aluminum" and "Istanbul."

Bravefart fires his bong. Professor Nancie and Sickboy make out. The Bartender, wasted, writhes in a corner.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET- AFTERNOON

Bravefart, Sickboy and Professor Nancie, perfectly sober, walk around the San Francisco Opera House, eating burritos.

Bravefart lets out a tremendous FART, shudders and smiles. A nearby DOG falls down, dead.

SICKBOY

Mother of God! I can't breathe.

Sickboy and the Professor wave their arms and run forward. Bravefart walks on, unfazed, munching his burrito.

BRAVEFART

Aye, these wee beans hae a bit of the mornin' braize in them.

SICKBOY

You killed a dog, man.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

I think that smell got on my food.

Sickboy and the Professor throw away their burritos. They stand in front of an ad for the San Francisco Ballet.

BRAVEFART

The sweet smell of Scotland. It's hoo ah got me name. If ah had some haggis, ah could kill a goat, or maybe a heifer. When I was a wee laddie, the recipe for haggis loch n'ol Donald gave an aerie death to many a cheese-eater.

SICKBOY

Ew. Can we just go the party? Ugh.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Fascinating. You know, I can make some of the Donald clan haggis for you if you have the recipe.

BRAVEFART

Arhhh, yer too kind.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Really. It's no trouble. Scottish food is just boiling.

Bravefart shudders, pulling a large BOOK from under his kilt.

Sickboy gags. Bravefart hands the book to Professor Nancie.

BRAVEFART

Scotland gets prettier every day.

INT. PARTY- NIGHT

A wild beach party packed with HOT PEOPLE, dancing, drinking and talking. Among them; Candi, Sandy and Sunny.

YELLOW #5 play "Big Beach Party Song." Bravefart, Sickboy and Professor Nancie enter.

They start to dance and are joined by the women. Candi takes Bravefart by the hand and leads him to a bedroom.

Sunny and Sandy drag away Professor Nancie, leaving Sickboy. He smiles at a couple GIRLS dancing, who turn away.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A single camera shot. Candi leads Bravefart into a bedroom.

CANDI  
I've been looking forward to this  
all day.

Candi kneels, dropping out of the shot. Bravefart faces us.

BRAVEFART  
Ach, and I seven hoondred years.  
You remind me of Sudden Sally  
McGraw...

PAN DOWN to reveal the back of Candi's head replaced by the back of Sandy's head.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Sally was a frisky one, aye. She  
used to make me wear her bloomers...

PAN UP to show Bravefart's torso only as he pumps away.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Aye, sometimes she'd bring an extra  
sheep's bladder, and use it-- oh  
yes, right there--

PAN DOWN to repeat the previous shot, this time with the back of Sunny's head.

PAN UP to show Bravefart, sweat dripping from his brow.

ZOOM OUT to reveal Bravefart, now in bra and panties, mounted on a bent-over Candi, who vacantly rocks out to the music.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Take it, ye harpy, take it! Scotland  
will be free!

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Bravefart, Professor Nancie and a GIRL, 20, lay in bed, passing a small JOINT.

BRAVEFART

Ach, lassies, yev been guid to a harny auld man. Yer fathers raised ye well.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Fascinating. He even knows the culture. In 13th century Scotland, it was normal for fathers to, well, 'what do you call a Scottish girl who runs faster than her father?

(beat)

A virgin.

GIRL

Hey, I'm part Scottish.

BRAVEFART

Of course ye are lassie, and always be thankful fer that.

GIRL

(takes a hit)

So are we gonna fuck again or what?

BRAVEFART

If yer not too sore, we can go agin. Faer'd be the starmy day when else'd accuse Ronald McDonald fer not shagging like a barder collie.

GIRL

Your name's Ronald McDonald? That's funny.

Girl gives a stoner laugh. Nancie smiles, taking the j.

BRAVEFART

What's funny about it? What?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Really? OK. The thing is, Ronald McDonald is the clown at McDonalds.

BRAVEFART

What are ye fookin talkin aboot?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Okay. Look.

Professor Nancie CLAPS.



INSERT 70'S DRAWING OF A MCDONALDS

McDonalds. KIDS in the play area. CARS in the drive-thru.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (V.O.)  
This is a McDonalds. They make  
hamburgers and such. Basically,  
shitty, cheap food. It's the most  
popular restaurant chain in the world.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH OF RONALD MCDONALD

Ronald McDonald with a big smile and a thumbs up.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (V.O.)  
This is Ronald McDonald.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)  
What the fook?

PROFESSOR NANCIE (V.O.)  
That's him. Ronald McDonald. He's  
the most recognizable corporate  
spokesman on Earth.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)  
Gaw, he's a nanny lovin barley wafter  
fer wearing the colors of Clan Grady  
and callin' hisself a McDonald.  
I'll kill him twice. Once fer bein'  
a faerie, and t'other fer bein a  
faerie and callin' hisself a McDonald.

CLAP.

BACK TO SCENE

Bravefart glares, outraged, at Professor Nancie (who clapped).

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT

THE CROWD lingers. GROUPIES surround the band. The bedroom  
door bursts open and Bravefart rushes in.

BRAVEFART  
I'm here to reclaim my name, fer all  
the McDonald's that ever were, fer  
all of Scotland, where I hae returned  
to lade us to paece. Ronald McDonald,  
ye filthy cloon. That's my name yer  
claiming, and I aim to get it back.  
There can be only one!

Bravefart rushes out the door.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Clan Donald!

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bravefart runs down the street, singing. Yellow #5 runs alongside him, singing barbershop harmonies.

BRAVEFART

Ah'll roon the valleys hee, Ah'll  
roon the valleys loo, just to see my  
bonny gal by loch nabud'ol. Ah'll  
run the river wield me lad, Ah'll  
roon the harpies teem, just to find  
that fooking cloon and take me back  
mah name.

(with jazz hands)

Poond his dick into the dirt, Ah'll  
ramplestamp his balls. Ah'll  
monkeyfuck his rotted skull and kick  
it down the hall. McDonald!  
McDonald! Kings of Inverness. The  
kind of man we like to see so pretty  
in a dress.

Bravefart runs up to the front door and hurries in.

INT. MCDONALDS #1 -- DAY

Bravefart charges in, pushing aside a line of FAT CUSTOMERS,  
and THUMPS his fist on the counter. The CASHIER is confused.

BRAVEFART

Where's that fookin cloon? The cloon!  
In the colors of Grady?

WORKERS see conflict and prairie dog. Customers gawk.

CASHIER

I don't understand. What do you  
mean? Do you want a combo meal?

BRAVEFART

Nae, I won't be naiding a combo meal,  
ye filthy piker. Ah'll be needing a  
cloon, front and waiting.

CASHIER

I don't think we have that. Um, do  
you want to try our new McPiggy meal?

BRAVEFART

Where's the cloon!

CASHIER

Please don't hurt me.

Bravefart looks around at the line of customers, enraged.  
Bravefart SNARLS at the line. They back off and he exits.

EXT. ONRAMP -- DAY

Bravefart runs and sings.

Yellow #5 runs in behind, choreographed and singing backup.

They run up a highway onramp.

BRAVEFART

Ah'd roon through fehr to see you  
dae, Ah'd like to set the spark, and  
drive the stakes right through yer  
hands and kick ye in the dark. Ah'll  
rip yer nosehairs one by one, the  
groin ah'll do the seem. Just to  
catch that fookin cloon and take me  
back my name.

Bravefart leads the band over an overpass.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Ah'll poond his dick into the dirt,  
Ah'll ramplestamp his balls. Ah'll  
monkeyfuck his rotted skull and kick  
it down the hall. McDonald!  
McDonald! Kings of Inverness. The  
kind of man we like to be so pretty  
in a dress.

INT. PARTY- NIGHT

Professor Nancie and Sickboy, wasted, make out on the couch.

SICKBOY

Hey, I wonder where Stinky went.  
Did you see him leave?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

He said he was going to go kill Ronald  
McDonald. Think we should go after  
him?

SICKBOY

Probably.

Sickboy picks up a bong and takes a GURGLING hit.

Professor Nancie takes off her shirt.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

After?

SICKBOY

Yeah.

EXT./INT. MCDONALDS #2 -- DAY

A typical McDonalds, this one nearly empty. Bravefart enters.

Bravefart charges in and THUMPS the counter. A FAT DRIVE THRU WORKER motions Bravefart to wait.

BRAVEFART

Ach, no cloons.

Bravefart turns and leaves.

EXT. STREET- DAY

Bravefart runs and keeps singing, the band accompanying him.

BRAVEFART

I'd run thru nights of darkness pure--

Bravefart stops running and starts COUGHING.

COUGH. COUGH. The band waits. Bravefart doubles over and COUGHS some more.

BAND MEMBER

You okay, dude?

EXT./INT. MCDONALDS #3 -- DAY

A busy McDonalds. Bravefart rushes in.

Bravefart pushes FAT CUSTOMERS aside and THUMPS the counter.

BRAVEFART

Now, I'll have nooo funny answers from ye, sirrah! Ye'll be tellin me straight awee, in plain Scots, where is that fookin cloon?

CASHIER

Um, sir, you've got to stand in line like all these people ahead of you--

Bravefart kicks a fat guy in line in the stomach. He drops. Others back off as Bravefart stalks the cashier.

BRAVEFART

I'm lookin fer a sairtain cloon, wha calls heemsel "McDonald."

Professor Nancie and Sickboy rush in.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Ronald! Stop this at once!

Bravefart tries to leap over the counter, but Professor Nancie and Sickboy grab him and haul him out the door.

EXT. MCDONALDS #3 -- DAY

A PLAYGROUND, where a group of KIDS gather with their PARENTS, waiting for Ronald McDonald.

Professor Nancie and Sickboy lead Bravefart past a big SIGN that reads: Appearing today, Ronald McDonald 12pm-2pm.

BRAVEFART

I'll get that cloon.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

What are you doing, Ronnie? You can't just go around shouting at people! You'll get arrested!

SICKBOY

Dude, we shouldn't talk here. The FBI has this whole place wired. Not to mention those people back there. They're definitely aliens.

BRAVEFART

Ha Ha! Ah kenned it all along! Those people in there are nuthin but-- what did ye say they were?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

What? No! You've got to calm down, Ronald. Forget about those people. So what if you have the same name as a clown? You can't fight McDonald's.

Bravefart holds his TAM over his breast and wipes away tears.

BRAVEFART

Ní h-éibhneas gan Chlainn Domhnaill!

SICKBOY

C'mon guys, we can't hang around here. This place is just a big front for the aliens that eat human meat!

BRAVEFART

They eat human meat?

SICKBOY

Oh, yeah! This place just fattens you up! Once you're nice and juicy, zap! Off to Mars where they grind you into hamburger. McHuman with Cheese? You want fries with that?

BRAVEFART

Ach, I had nae idea! Let me at 'em, Ah'll teer 'em limb far' limb!

Professor Nancie and Sickboy restrain Bravefart, who tries to rush back into the McDonald's.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Sickboy! You're not helping! Easy now, calm down Ronald, I'm not letting you go back in there!

BRAVEFART  
But, but... They're cannibals and they mock me name.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
No, they're not cannibals.  
(glares at Sickboy)  
And they're not mocking your name.  
It's a coincidence, isn't it, Sickboy?

SICKBOY  
Its not a coincidence, it's a conspir--

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
See, it's nothing! C'mon. Let's go back to the party. That band you like is playing again.

BRAVEFART  
(calms down)  
The Yelloo Five'll play? And those Bonnie lasses will be there? Will there be whiskey?

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Yes, all the whiskey you can drink. And I'll be there.

BRAVEFART  
Well, I guess that might be fun.  
Ach, what was Ah thinkin, goon roond, makin' a fool ah meself?

CLAPPING and CHATTER from kids and parents in the background.

EXT. MCDONALDS #3 PLAY AREA -- DAY

FIRST CLOWN, 35, a standard Ronald McDonald, bounces in. He does a big Mickey D wave. Kids and parents CHEER.

FIRST CLOWN  
Hey Kids! Welcome to McDonald's Playland! Do you know who I am?

KIDS  
Ronald McDonald!

The kids SQUEAL wildly as the parents CHEER. Everyone is having a great time.

EXT. MCDONALDS #3 -- DAY

Bravefart breaks away from Professor Nancie and Sickboy.

BRAVEFART  
Eet's that fooking clooon!

EXT. MCDONALDS #3 PLAY AREA -- DAY

First Clown makes BALLOON ANIMALS.

FIRST CLOWN  
Watch this, kids!

First Clown gets viciously tackled by Bravefart, who sits astride him and begins mercilessly punching him in the face.

BRAVEFART  
It's my name, ye filthy piker! And  
now I'll finish ye.

Bravefart gets up, struts and goes for the elbow drop.

First Clown slides out from under him. Bravefart lands hard.

First Clown rapidly makes a balloon sword. He attacks Bravefart, who catches the balloon and bites it, popping it.

First Clown blinds Bravefart with his water-shooting LAPEL TRICK. Bravefart shakes with rage.

Then, First Clown headbutts Bravefart, who staggers backwards into a mob of shrieking, crying kids and parents.

Bravefart regains his composure and charges again.

First Clown, suddenly wearing a BOXING GLOVE, winds up with one arm, then hits Bravefart with the EXTENDING GLOVE TRICK.

Bravefart, KO'd, falls backward, his head hitting the pavement with a sickening CRACK.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Ronnie!

A SMALL BOY, 6, in a Power Rangers shirt, pulls away from his MOTHER and runs over to kicks Bravefart in the groin.

MOTHER  
Luke, no!

Kids and parents cheer. The boy high fives First Clown. Luke's mother shrugs and smiles and starts clapping, too.

Professor Nancie and Sickboy rush in and pull Bravefart out of the scene, to the boos of parents and children.

EXT. PARK -- AFTERNOON

Professor Nancie and Sickboy revive Bravefart.

She squeezes water out of her t-shirt onto him, and he stirs.

BRAVEFART

Ach, me brisket. That's a strong  
fooking cloon.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Are you okay, Ronnie?

Bravefart sits up, bleeding from his skull. Sickboy cringes.

BRAVEFART

Aye, let's go back to the party.

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT

Bravefart, Professor Nancie and Sickboy arrive, party raging.

Yellow #5 plays "Scottish Jig #11", repeating the chorus.

BAND

Oh dance ye motherfuckers, oh dance  
ye motherfuckers, oh dance ye  
motherfuckers and take off yer pants--

The dancers, synchronized, perform a Riverdance-esque jig,  
led by PEPI KATONA, 30, lord of the dance.

PEPI does a very prissy hook your neighbor. His moves are  
sharp and clean.

BRAVEFART

(disgusted)

Bleedin cats! Tha's the worst I  
ever seen. Why, he's dancing like  
an Irishman! I better do something  
about this.

Bravefart joins the dancers, but he doesn't know the moves.

Bravefart does an old Scottish bar dance.

The other dancers stop and they and the crowd watch.

Bravefart does a decent Scottish jig. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Pepi comes to the center and runs off a jig of his own.  
Pepi is a better dancer, but he's also a prissy little dork.

He adds a little flourish to the his dance and the crowd  
HOOTS.

Bravefart stretches a bit and starts dancing extra fast.



The competition builds.

Bravefart and Pepi exchanging moves, cutting between our characters (waist up) and people who can dance (waist down).

Bravefart jigs. Pepi jigs.

Bravefart jigs. Pepi jigs.

Every time Bravefart does a step, Pepi repeats it and expands upon it. Pepi's kicking his ass.

Pepi smug, and Bravefart, frustrated, exchange short sequences.

Bravefart & Pepi jig together. Bravefart suckerpunches Pepi, who drops.

Pepi springs back up like an alien.

PEPI  
What the fuck are you doing, man?

BRAVEFART  
(shows fists)  
Ah'll be teaching ye some manners  
fer dancing like a Nelly.

PEPI  
Fuck you, buddy. Nelly's a great  
dancer.

Bravefart swings at Pepi, who catches Bravefart's hand.  
Pepi twists the wrist, forcing Bravefart to his knees.

BRAVEFART  
Wha' the?

Pepi hits Bravefart with a massive karate chop to the skull.

PEPI  
Ki-yaa!

Bravefart falls with a THUD.

PEPI (CONT'D)  
Fuck with me? Fuck you!

Pepi kicks and spits on Bravefart.

Music resumes, and Pepi tapdances away.

The crowd applauds and joins in the dance as Professor Nancie and Sickboy drag Bravefart away.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

PONG, 20s, hotty kung fu master, Professor Nancie and Sickboy circle Bravefart, trying to revive him.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Can you do it?

Pong nods, emotionless. She CLAPS her hands together and rubs them back and forth, doing a little Mr. Miyagi.

She puts her hands on Bravefart and he shakes awake.

BRAVEFART  
Ach, me brisket. That's a strong  
fooking faerie. Let's goo back and  
ah'll teach him what for.

Bravefart notices and leers at Pong.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
And who might you be, ye randy little  
mink?

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Pong is my kung fu teacher, among  
other things.

They smile at each other as Bravefart, oblivious, sits up.  
Sickboy gives Bravefart a BEER.

SICKBOY  
Drink this.

They wait as Bravefart takes a drink.

PONG  
Nancie told me you could use some  
help.

BRAVEFART  
(rubs jaw)  
Help? With what?

PONG  
I can teach you kung fu.

SICKBOY  
Kung fu kicks ass.

BRAVEFART  
What in the name of Fat Red Willie  
is kungfoo? And what happened to  
yer skin, lass? You're almost broon.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
 She's Asian. And lots of people are  
 even darker, so get used to it.

SICKBOY  
 Yeah, man. Nobody likes bigots.

BRAVEFART  
 I'm no bigot. I'm a Scotsman.  
 (to Pong)  
 Yeer a lovely shade of broon.

Sickboy glares daggers. Professor Nancie cringes.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 What?

PONG  
 Kung fu is an ancient art of self  
 defense.  
 (off Braveheart, blank)  
 It's a philosophical and physical  
 mantra that allows us to master  
 ourselves.

Bravefart gives blank looks to Professor Nancie and Sickboy.

SICKBOY  
 It's a way to fight.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
 And to avoid fights.

Pong nods, stoically.

BRAVEFART  
 Aha. Let me understand this.  
 (rises, dusts off)  
 Ah'm I to understand that a wee lassie  
 like yerself is going to teach me to  
 fight? Bollocks. You are a pretty  
 lassie, however...

Bravefart reaches out to touch Pong's face. She grabs his  
 hand and flips him in a single, fluid motion. THUD.

Bravefart lies on the ground, in pain.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 Ach. That's grate. And you can  
 teach me?

Pong nods. Bravefart struggles up.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
 And can we rut a bit as well?

## SERIES OF SHOTS - BRAVEFART TRAINING

Pong coaches Bravefart. Workout music, preferably sounding as much like an inserted single as possible.

1) Pong and Bravefart in a gym.

They jump onto the mat and start doing jumping jacks.

2) They do cherry pickers.

3) Bravefart does dips in his kilt.

4) Bravefart skips rope.

5) Bravefart does poor pushups.

6) Bravefart on the stairmaster.

7) Bravefart in a horse stance at dawn.

8) Bravefart cutting wood.

9) Bravefart runs through the snow.

10) Bravefart sparks his bong.

11) Bravefart does pushups, stronger now.

12) Bravefart paints the fence.

13) Bravefart in a horse stance at sunset.

14) Bravefart waxes on, waxes off.

15) Bravefart sits in the bathroom reading a Penthouse.

16) Bravefart sands the deck.

17) Bravefart uses an Ab-Roller

18) Bravefart and Pong make out in the surf.

19) Bravefart punches and kicks the heavy bag.

20) Bravefart punches Pong, who wears full catcher's gear.

21) Bravefart, in the surf, in crane position.

22) Bravefart and Pong, making out in the back of an SUV.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bravefart and Pong walk down a street, eating ICE CREAM.

PONG

You have been an excellent student,  
Ronald. Your training is complete.

BRAVEFART

Thank you, Sensei.

They pass a MARQUEE prominently advertising RIVERPRANCE,  
with several muscular men doing shirtless jigs.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Heer we are.

Across the street, Pepi Katona, surrounded by WELL-WISHERS,  
plays celebrity following the show.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

I hope you'll excuse me, Sensei.  
There's something Ah have to do.

Bravefart heads toward Pepi.

PONG

No, Ronald! The true Master always  
seeks Peace. We use kung fu in self-  
defense, never for revenge!

BRAVEFART

Are ye daft, woman?

EXT. THEATER EXIT -- DAY

Pepi accepts praise from ONLOOKERS and signs autographs.

Bravefart walks up to Pepi, who doesn't see him coming, and  
suckerpunches Pepi in the head. Pepi falls.

Bravefart kicks Pepi in the stomach.

Then, Bravefart beats Pepi to death with a folding chair.  
Bravefart pounds Pepi on the ground, over and over.

Elderly onlookers stare, shocked and scared.

A POLICE OFFICER blows his WHISTLE and, ignoring Bravefart,  
runs over to give out a jaywalking ticket to a BLACK TEEN.

Bravefart tosses the bloody folding chair.

Bravefart walks past the police officer and the teen.

BRAVEFART

Aye, tis a beautiful day in Scotland.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

Professor Nancie cooks in her apartment kitchen. She wears a "Kiss the Ponygirl" apron. A large CAULDRON boils.

The windpipe of a SHEEP'S STOMACH hangs out of another CAULDRON behind her, spitting ickiness.

She reads from the old book she received from Bravefart.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Round about the cauldron go.

Professor Nancie circles the cauldron, adding ingredients.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (CONT'D)  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone days and  
nights has thirty-one. Swelter'd  
venom sleeping got, boil thou first  
in the charmed pot.  
(tosses in toad)  
Fillet of fenny snake, in the cauldron  
boil and bake; eye of newt and toe  
of frog, wool of bat and tongue of  
dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's  
sting, lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

Professor Nancie throws these things in. She wipes her brow.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (CONT'D)  
Whew! Double, double, toil and  
trouble! God fuck me if I ever agree  
to make haggis again!  
(checks recipe)  
Let's see, scale of dragon, tooth of  
wolf, witches' mummy... Hmm, these  
are just the ingredients for regular  
haggis! What makes this the Mighty  
Haggis? There must be some special  
ingredient somewhere...

She flips a few pages and finds what she's looking for. She GASPS in horror, staggering back from the book.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (CONT'D)  
No!

EXT. MCDONALDS #3- NIGHT

First Clown waves goodbye to KIDS and PARENTS.

FIRST CLOWN  
Bye, kids! See you next time!

KIDS  
Bye, Ronald McDonald!

## BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS - STALKING THE CLOWN

- 1) MUSIC. First Clown exits carrying a BRIEFCASE. He walks down the street past some bushes. Bravefart follows.
- 2) First Clown walks down an alley, followed by Bravefart.
- 3) First Clown enters the SUBWAY STATION. Bravefart follows.
- 4) First Clown enters the dirty station restroom. Bravefart spies from behind a trash can.
- 5) Inside the bathroom, First Clown takes off his wig, nose and face-paint.
- 6) Bravefart waits outside the restroom. First Clown emerges carrying the briefcase. He still wears his big clown shoes.

## BRAVEFART

Aha! So it's a disguise ye were  
wearing, ye slippery bastard! But  
ye'll no fool me!

- 7) First Clown goes down the escalator. Bravefart follows.
- 8) First Clown gets on a subway train. The train doors shut. Bravefart jumps into the tunnel and chases after the train.
- 9) The subway stops. Doors open and First Clown gets off. The train leaves as First Clown digs a PAPER out of the trash.
- 10) Bravefart climbs out of the tunnel onto the platform in time to see First Clown disappear up the escalator.
- 11) Outside a suburban station, First Clown puts in his ticket and exits the stile. Bravefart runs up and pushes through.
- 12) Bravefart is accosted by a SECURITY GUARD. Bravefart punches out the guard and runs out into the parking lot.
- 13) First Clown gets into a beat-up little CAR. Bravefart runs into the lot as First Clown's car drives out.
- 14) First Clown drives with Bravefart chasing him on foot.
- 15) First Clown gets onto the freeway. Bravefart runs behind.
- 16) First Clown takes the offramp, his car pattering smoke. Bravefart follows down a country lane.
- 17) First Clown parks in the driveway of his small, weathered HOME. He gets out of the car and enters the house.
- 18) Bravefart jogs up, winded. He crouches behind a bush.

## END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. FIRST CLOWN'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Three kids, LAURA, BESS, and TOMMY, enthusiastically greet FIRST CLOWN. They have been looked after by a BABYSITTER.

Tommy is in a wheelchair. All are skinny and poor-looking.

KIDS

Daddy! Daddy's home! Yaay!

FIRST CLOWN

Hey! How've my little angels been?

Heya, Tommy, how's my little trooper?

TOMMY

(sickly)

I think I'm feeling better, Daddy.

First Clown knows that Tommy will never get better.

FIRST CLOWN

Well, that's great, Tommy. That's just super!

(to Babysitter)

These guys didn't give you a hard time, did they?

BABYSITTER

Of course not. They've been simply darling, as always.

First Clown and Babysitter head to the door.

FIRST CLOWN (O.S.)

I hate to ask again, but can I pay you half on Friday?

EXT. FIRST CLOWN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

First Clown pays the Babysitter at the door, sighs and goes inside as she departs.

Bravefart peers through the bush at the two on the doorstep but can't really see what is happening.

The Babysitter's footsteps SHUFFLE coming down the walk.

As she passes the bush, Bravefart jumps out and kung-fu kicks her, sending her limp body hurtling off screen.

BRAVEFART

Hmmm... Ah didnae get a good look at him. Pairhaps that was the clown, pairhaps it wasnae. Only one way to find oot!

Bravefart marches up to the door.



INT. KIDS ROOM -- NIGHT

The three kids share one little room. First Clown and his daughters gather at Tommy's bedside.

LAURA  
Daddy, Sheila read us a story!

BESS  
Yeah! It was about ponies.

FIRST CLOWN  
I sure missed all of you.

Family hug.

KIDS  
We love you, daddy.

FIRST CLOWN  
And I love you so much.

He hugs them again, holding back tears.

BESS  
Daddy, why do you work all the time?

FIRST CLOWN  
Well, sweetie, ever since mommy went away and daddy lost his good job in the office, daddy has to work three jobs to make enough money to pay the rent and buy you kids food and clothes. And hopefully, Daddy can save up enough money so Tommy can get his operation!

LAURA  
Is that why you're so tired all the time, Daddy?

FIRST CLOWN  
(kisses their heads)  
Well, sugar, sometimes I get tired, but whenever I come home to your sweet faces I feel a whole lot better! Now run along girls, I want you to finish your homework before dinner.

LAURA & BESS  
Okay, Daddy!

The girls hug him and run off. First Clown wraps Tommy snugly in a blanket.

TOMMY  
Daddy, will Mommy ever come back?

FIRST CLOWN

(sadly)  
No, Tommy. Mommy is never coming  
back.

TOMMY

Will I ever get better, Daddy?

First Clown leans down and kisses his son.

FIRST CLOWN

(lying)  
Of course you will, Tommy. Of course  
you will.

EXT. FIRST CLOWN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bravefart POUNDS loudly on the door.

BRAVEFART

Come oot, ye yellow bastard!

INT. KIDS ROOM -- NIGHT

First Clown strokes Tommy's face.

FIRST CLOWN

I'll bring you a blanket. Daddy's  
got to go now, there's somebody at  
the door.

First Clown gets up to go.

TOMMY

I love you, daddy.

FIRST CLOWN

I love you, son.

EXT. FIRST CLOWN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bravefart POUNDS the door again.

The door opens. Bravefart and First Clown face each other.

BRAVEFART

Aha! Ye thought ye were rrrrid of  
me, did ye no?

FIRST CLOWN

Hey, man. This isn't funny. This  
is my home.

BRAVEFART

And it's my name.

INT. KIDS ROOM -- NIGHT

Tommy, helpless, lies in the foreground.

TOMMY

Daddy?

LOUD CRASHES and First Clown's SCREAMS.

Body parts and furniture fly past the open doorway.

FIRST CLOWN(O.S.)

No! Help! Aaaiiieee!

BRAVEFART

Take that. And that. And that.

FIRST CLOWN(O.S.)

Ahhh... No! Why?

LOUD CRASHES, followed by a meaty THUD and repeated WET, WHACKING CHOPS.

WHACK. WHACK. SPLURT.

The little girls SCREAM.

TOMMY

(weakly)

Daddy?

The COMMOTION ceases.

INT. FIRST CLOWN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Bravefart, splattered with blood, walks through the room, tossing away a BLOODY CLOWN SHOE.

TOMMY (O.S.)

(trouble breathing)

Daddy?

Bravefart exits the front door.

INT. KID'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tommy sits in his chair, scared.

Laura and Bess hug each other and cry near the bathroom.

First Clown's clown nose sits on a table near Tommy's bed.

The nose starts to beep and flash.

ZOOM IN, filling the screen with red.

EXT. HELL -- DAY

Traveling through fire and the depths of the earth. Ominous MUSIC. Gigantic golden arches with a huge red and yellow SIGN which reads, "Everyone, Eventually, Served."

Countless COTTONBALL GREMLINS with googly plastic eyes toil and suffer while sinister HAMBURGER HEADS crack whips.

Vignettes of suffering, torture, and fast food.

Swarming, shrieking HORDES OF NAKED FAT PEOPLE, herded and pushed into a pit where millions writhe.

A gigantic spoon swoops down and takes a scoop of lost souls. They SCREAM and flail through the air.

The spoon dumps the shrieking multitudes into a steaming cauldron of black liquid, stirs, then TAPS against the rim.

The cauldron is a gargantuan coffee cup bearing the logo, "DaMn I'm Evil!" (The M being golden arches).

A huge clown face takes a sip of the coffee and sets it down.

RONALD MCSATAN, enthroned in glory in Hell. He is dressed identically to the First Clown (in costume), except that he also has horns and a devil goatee.

A flashing, BEEPING alarm, similar to the clown nose from the last scene, BEEPS next to McSatan's throne.

He pushes a button next to it, and a TV screen lowers in front of him from above.

McSatan watches a fast forwarded, abbreviated version of Bravefart stalking First Clown and taking him out.

SERIES OF SHOTS / FIRST CLOWN'S DEATH

- 1) Bravefart loses the first fight.
- 2) Bravefart ambushes First Clown, beats him, and stands over the beaten body.
- 3) Bravefart as a guest on the Jerry Springer show with the First Clown's kids.
- 4) Bravefart squatting over the dead clown's grave, holding up his kilt and taking a dump.

BACK TO SCENE

McSatan furrows his brow and fingers his chin in anger.

MCSATAN

McCheese!

No response. McSatan pounds his armrest.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

McCheese!

MAYOR MCCHEESE runs in, servilely, bowing repeatedly.

MCCHEESE

Yes! Yes your lordship! Anything  
you need, your Evilness!

MCSATAN

Stop groveling McCheese! Why must  
you be so pathetic?

MCCHEESE

(bowing)

I... I'm sorry Lord, I--

MCSATAN

Shut up and stop the fucking bowing,  
already! Look here!

McSatan points to the image of Bravehart on the screen.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

Who is this killing my clowns?

MCCHEESE

I don't know, your Evilness. Some  
sort of Mel Gibson wanna-be?

MCSATAN

I am sick and tired of these fucking  
Mel Gibson fans trying to fuck with  
me. Fuck them, McCheese. Kill Mel  
Gibson, kill his fans. And get me  
some Red Ropes.

MCCHEESE

Yes, your Satanic Majesty. I'll get  
our lawyers after them right away.

MCSATAN

No! No lawyers. That last trial we  
got into was a disaster. All kinds  
of shit got out. We can't afford  
another public spectacle. We can't  
let the world find out our dirty,  
dirty secret.

MCCHEESE

You mean that McDonalds is run from  
Hell by Ronald McSatan? Or that  
we're all aliens intent on fattening  
up and devouring the human race?

McSatan slaps McCheese upside the head.

MCSATAN

Shut up you moron! Just find this guy and take him out! Use violence if necessary! Use violence if unnecessary!

MCCHEESE

Shall I send in the flying monkeys? Or poison him with Shamrock Shakes?

MCSATAN

Hmmm... Not a bad idea... But I was thinking of something a little more... Third world.

MCCHEESE

Lord Evil, you don't mean the McDeath Squads!

MCSATAN

Yes, McCheese! McDeath Squads! McNinjas! I want you to kill this Scotsman faster than E coli kills schoolkids! I want to feast on his bloody innards sooner than I could reheat a Big Mac! I want this man dead!

MCCHEESE

Yes, my sire! I'll put all our agents in that area on it at once!

McCheese rushes out.

McSatan returns to the video, freeze-framing Bravehart scratching under his kilt.

MCSATAN

Well, well, well... So we meet again, Ronald McDonald. But this time you're gonna get your little donkey butt kicked! There can be only one, and I'm already here.

McSatan peels with LAUGHTER.

LIGHTNING.

Huge, rumbling THUNDER.

Darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY -- NIGHT

A lavish beach chalet. Punk MUSIC. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE cavort.

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT

The interior of our same dingy apartment (supposedly the same place). COOL PEOPLE party. Yellow #5, on a small stage, plays "Trick or Treat, You Cheap Smarties Cocksuckers."

Candi, Sandy and Sunny sit on a couch, holding PARASOL DRINKS.

CANDI

What ever happened to that Pepi guy?  
He never comes around any more.

SANDY

I know! He was supposed to call me  
yesterday and he never did!

SUNNY

Guys are all total creeps!

They clink their glasses and slam their drinks.

CANDI

You know, I just wish guys would be  
nice to us.

SUNNY

I wish they all had ten inch cocks.

CANDI

Sure. That, too.

Bravefart staggers in, drunk. The women surround him.

SUNNY

It's Ronnie!

BRAVEFART

(sings)

So I slayed all the English, I cut  
them wi me dirk, Then I rolled hame  
ta Molly and fooked her in the dirt!

CANDI

Ronald! He's always a sweetheart!

SANDY

Yeah! Ronnie's the best!

CANDI

And that accent. I wish I knew what  
he was saying.

SUNNY

Ronnie, what makes you so much better than other men? Is it because you understand women?

BRAVEFART

Lassies, I only ken one thing about the fairer sex.

SANDY

What's that?

BRAVEFART

It's that I can nae live withoot them, an they can nae live withoot me!

Bravefart jumps onto the couch. The women paw at him.

SANDY

I want you now, Ronnie!

SUNNY

Me, too.

CANDI

You guys are such sluts. Let's at least go alphabetical. I'm first.

Enter Sickboy, freaked out and shirtless.

SICKBOY

Stop! The aliens have us surrounded!

CANDI

Sickboy, like, get over it, already!

SANDY

Yeah. You're always saying if we don't hide they'll take us away. Or that if we stay connected we'll be too heavy for their tractor beams.

A CRASH and SCREAMS are heard from outside. The band falters to a stop and looks around, apprehensively.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

What was that! Sickboy, what is it?

SICKBOY

Something wicked this way comes!

DING DONG. Nobody moves. Sickboy shushes them.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Pretend we're not here.



With a BLAST, hordes of FIENDISH CLOWNS charge through the door. All are identical evil Ronald McDonalds.

Simultaneously, more FIENDISH CLOWNS burst in from the hallways and other rooms.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)

I fucking told you so!

CLOWNS charge down the hallways into the room. They carry chains, knives, bolos, nunchuks, polo mallets, big poofy clown mallets, and all sorts of kooky weapons.

Women SCREAM. People back away, but it's crowded.

Sandy clings to Bravefart as the clowns advance.

SANDY

Ronald! What do we do?

CLOWN #2, apparently the leader, holds a CRICKET BAT.

CLOWN #2

Hey Kids! Ronald McDonald's in town  
and Ronald McDonald wants to play!

SUNNY

He just wants to play?

CLOWN #2

Ar! That's right! I want to play  
billiards with your broken bloody  
bones!

Clown #2 does a big windup and knocks off the head of some GUY in the crowd. The HEAD flies through a window.

The crowd MURMURS, impressed.

BRAVEFART

Wee Willie? Izzat you, ye steenkin'  
Frenchie! Ah'll play wi ye, ye darty  
cloon! Come get me!

SUNNY

But Ronnie! There must be a hundred  
of them!

The room is packed with clowns. Bravefart does a headcount.

BRAVEFART

Good eyes, lass! There's exactly  
one hundred!

DING. "100" appears in the top corner of the screen.

## BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

But they're easy pickings fer Ronald McDonald. I'm the lad wha dyed the Redcoats red! Clan Donald!

Bravefart charges CLOWN #2. They struggle over the bat.

The band exchanges glances with a CLOWN in the audience for approval. The clown nods.

The band plays BATMAN. Bravefart and Clown #2 struggle.

Clown #2 wrests the bat free from Bravefart. Clown #2 swings at him, but Bravefart dodges skillfully.

Clown #2 swings wide allowing Bravefart to do a Three Stooges eye-poke, grab the bat, and bash him in the skull. THWAP.

Clown #2 stands dazed. Bravefart winds up and thwacks his head off. The head goes through the wall.

DING! Numeral changes to "99". The crowd APPLAUDS, lightly.

## SOME GUY

The window shot was tougher.

A CLOWN WITH NUNCHUKS attacks Bravefart.

Bravefart captures the nunchuks, spins, flips and strangles the clown, who falls to the floor. DING. "98".

CLOWN WITH TWO KNIVES attacks. Bravefart grabs his wrists and twists an arm behind his back.

Bravefart forces the clown to stab himself repeatedly. Clown With Two Knives slashes his own throat.

Bravefart forces Clown With Two Knives to spear his head through his eyeball, yank the head off the neck, spin the head on the knife, and toss the head to the side.

The head lies on the ground, spurting blood out and below. The crowd CHEERS. Bravefart waves them off. DING. "97".

PUKUK CLOWN attacks with a PUKUK. Bravefart grabs the pukuk, but can't figure it out.

He throws it away and headbutts the clown, who falls hard. DING. "96".

THREE CLOWNS attack at once.

With super kung fu fighting, Bravefart kills them all. Kick. PUNCH. Hold Throw STOMP.

DING! DING! DING! "93".

Ten clowns rush in and start to overpower Bravefart.

SICKBOY  
Bravefart! Over here!

Sickboy and the women escape through a window as clowns watch the fight. Bravefart breaks free to join them.

He overturns a couch onto his pursuers, killing five clowns.

DINGDINGDINGDINGDING! "88".

EXT. POOL -- DAY

A large backyard SWIMMING POOL, with deck chairs, tiki torches, a barbecue.

The women and Sickboy rush out, followed by Bravefart, followed by HORDES OF EVIL CLOWNS.

Bravefart, in flight, pushes a lawn chair into the path, causing clowns to trip and pile up like Keystone Kops.

Three fall into the pool. The ones on land jump back up again and attack Bravefart, who has grabbed a TIKI TORCH.

Two of the clowns climb up the side of the pool, but the third struggles in the middle, his head bobbing below water.

The two clowns look back at their buddy and leave him.

Bravefart fights clowns off with a tiki torch as the wet clowns join in the fray.

In the background, the clown in the pool goes under.

DING. "87".

Bravefart manages to get the tiki torch into a clown's mouth. The head bursts into flames. DING. "86".

Bravefart is attacked by a clown with a CHARITY BOX.

Bravefart takes it and beats him to death. DING. "85".

Bravefart pulls out another TIKI TORCH and goes to work. He thwacks another clown over the head. DING. "84".

Bravefart hurls the torch like a javelin, transfixing a clown, who lands point in earth, torch still burning. DING. "83".

EXT. BBQ -- DAY

Bravefart runs up to a barbecue, where SHISH KEBABS cook.

Bravefart grabs several SKEWERS, shakes the food off of them, and hurls them at the advancing clowns.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SKEWERED CLOWNS

- 1) The first skewer hits a clown in the eye. DING. "82".
- 2) The second skewer goes straight through a clown's throat. The clown grasps at it but falls. DING. "81".
- 3) The next skewer spears a clown's heart. DING. "80".
- 4) The fourth skewer hits the clown in the stomach. The skewer protrudes out of the clowns back, exposing spine.  
The fourth clown falls clutching his stomach. DING. "79".
- 5) The fifth skewer hits a clown in the groin. The clown doubles over and falls to the floor. DING. "78".
- 6) The sixth skewer hits a clown in the groin. The clown doubles over and falls to the floor. DING. "77".

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. BBQ -- DAY

Bravefart pauses to eat a bite of meat off the final skewer.

Mmmm, Bravefart nods approvingly, then rams it through an  
ATTACKING CLOWN'S heart. DING. "76."

Bravefart jams CORNCOB HOLDERS into a clown's ears. DING.  
"75".

Bravefart frisbees a GRILL TRAY, catches a clown in the head,  
knocking him down. DING. "74".

Bravefart picks out burning coals and throws them, lighting  
clowns on fire, causing agonizing death for three clowns.

DING. DING. DING. "71".

EXT. BACK DECK -- DAY

Bravefart runs to a COOLER and starts chucking beer bottles.

A bottle breaks on a clown's head.

A bottle breaks on a clown's head.

A bottle breaks on a clown's head.

A bottle breaks on a clown's head.

A bottle breaks on a clown's head.

DINGDINGDINGDINGDING. "66".

Three clowns overwhelm Bravefart, grab the cooler and dump it, beer bottles and ice, onto him.

Yelping from cold, he shakes himself, kicks free and scrambles into the sliding back door of the house.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

A large kitchen filled with pots and pans and gadgets. Bravefart grabs a CLEAVER. A clown opens the door in pursuit.

Bravefart turns and throws the cleaver, hard. The cleaver splits the clown's skull and he drops. DING. "65".

Bravefart fills a POT with water and puts it on the stove. He turns the fire on the stove as two more clowns enter.

Bravefart grabs a FRYING PAN and hurls it at the clowns, killing one. DING. "64".

A clown grabs a ROLLING PIN and swings at Bravefart, but Bravefart GARLIC PRESSES his hand. The clown drops the club, and Bravefart bangs him with a CROCK POT. DING. "63".

A clown attacks with a long KNIFE. Bravefart escapes and gets to the other side of the kitchen.

Bravefart grabs a CORKSCREW. The clown attacks but Bravefart catches the knife with the corkscrew and knees his groin.

Bravefart corkscrews the crippled clown's neck. DING. "62".

Bravefart picks up an electric BLENDER, startled when it starts up. Then he smiles wickedly, revs it with his finger.

Bravefart shoves it into a clown's eye. The blender scrambles his brains, scattering bits everywhere. DING. "61".

Bravefart finds a stack of PLATES and kills three clowns with flying saucers. DINGDINGDING. "58".

INT. PARLOR -- DAY

Bravefart runs in and up the stairs, pursued by twenty clowns. Bravefart goes kung fu, repeatedly flogging the clowns.

Bravefart overwhelmed, is held and beaten. Bravefart breaks free, does a vicious groin attack on a clown. DING. "57".

Bravefart breaks a PENDULUM off of a grandfather clock and throws it, skewering a clown. "56".

Four clowns follow Bravefart up the stairs. He kung fus three off the balcony. DING. DING. DING. "53".

The fourth clown backs off. Bravefart runs as clowns regroup.

INT. HOME LIBRARY- DAY

Bravefart runs into a library, with a desk, and bookshelves. He opens the desk drawer and finds a GUN. Clowns rush in.

Bravefart pistolwhips a clown in the face. DING. "52".

Bravefart grabs a FIREPLACE POKER, and battles a clown with a big POOFY MALLET. Bravefart hooks the clown by the groin and twists it around. The clown falls. DING. "51".

Bravefart kills a clown by throwing a BOOKEND. DING. "50".

INSERT CARD: "HALFWAY HOME"

BACK TO SCENE

Bravefart grabs a PENCIL off the desk and stabs a clown through the neck a la Joe Pesci. "49".

Clowns surround Bravefart, who throws PAPER into the air. In the confusion, Bravefart escapes, clowns in hot pursuit.

INT. PARTY -- DAY

Bravefart bursts through doors to the original party room. Clowns enter behind Bravefart, who is pushed to the center.

GONGS CLASH. The crowd splits as JUJITSU CLOWN steps forward.

Jujitsu Clown does some showy moves, and the crowd cheers. Sickboy and the partiers watch, horrorstruck, held by clowns.

SANDY

Watch out Ronnie! He knows Jujitsu!

The band, now dressed as clowns, switches to ORIENTAL MUSIC. Jujitsu Clown and Bravefart square off.

Jujitsu Clown kicks Bravefart several times. Bravefart reels.

Bravefart catches Jujitsu Clown by the hand and bites his knuckles hard, drawing blood. Jujitsu Clown screams in pain.

Bravefart stomps on his foot and headbutts him. DING. "48".

Bravefart tries to pump up the crowd. The clowns HISS. As Bravefart stomps on the corpse, another GONG CLASHES.

TAE KWON DO CLOWN steps forward, doing showy moves.

SUNNY

Watch out, Ronnie! He knows Tae  
Kwon Do!

Tai Kwon Do Clown kicks at Bravefart, but Bravefart grabs him by the ankle. Bravefart spins the clown by the ankle.

He spins him over his head and dashes the clown's head against the ground (played by a dummy).

Then he throws his body through the air, taking three other clowns out in the process: DINGDINGDINGDING. "44".

SANDY  
Hooray for Ronnie!

Another GONG sounds, and Bravefart groans and rolls his eyes.

TAI CH'I CLOWN advances, doing painfully slow Tai ch'i moves. He moves so slowly it's hard to tell what he's doing.

CANDI  
Watch out Ronnie! He knows Tai Ch'i!

Tai Ch'i Clown does "White Crane Sunrise." Bravefart yawns.

Bored with Tai Ch'i Clown, Bravefart tries to punch him. Tai Ch'i Clown, calmly, effortlessly, throws him.

Bravefart, enraged, rushes Tai Ch'i Clown, who gracefully, nay, poetically, tosses him aside.

BRAVEFART  
(struggles up)  
How can this be? Ah'm fast, and  
your slow! How can the slow beat  
the fast?

TAI CHI CLOWN  
Ah so, grasshopper! Very good koan!  
I must consider this.

Tai Ch'i Clown ponders the koan. His eyes show deep wisdom.

Bravefart's fist crashes in, knocking Tai Ch'i Clowns head from the frame. DING. "43".

The remaining clowns BOO and HISS. They pull out PEACOCK FEATHERS and advance on Bravefart, tickling him.

Bravefart tries to retreat, but his back is against the wall.

BRAVEFART  
Hoo! Hee hee! Stop it! Ach, if  
only Ah had me Mighty Haggis!

Bravefart is surrounded by tickling clowns. He manages to climb onto a table, but the clowns advance.

A door opens, and Professor Nancie enters, her HAND BANDAGED. She carries a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER. The mighty haggis.

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Ronnie!

BRAVEFART

Ach, but yeer in the nick o' time,  
Perfesser! But lass, what's happened  
to yer hand?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Oh, it's nothing. Here, take the  
Mighty Haggis!

She throws the mighty haggis like a football. It flies SLOW-MOTION over the clowns.

Bravefart catches it and opens the container.

BRAVEFART

(dubious)  
And what am Ah supposed to dae noo?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Eat it! You eat it!

BRAVEFART

What? Withoot any tatties and neeps?  
You caint eat haggis withoot tatties  
and neeps!

Clowns swarm. Bravefart dodges feathers and eats the Haggis.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Aye, Mighty Haggis! Ah can feel it  
working already!

Suspenseful MUSIC. Clowns CLAMOR at Bravefart.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

You can do it, Ronnie!

SUNNY

Fer sure!

Bravefart turns his back, kilt swaying in SLOW-MOTION. Clowns riot and press forward.

Bravefart bends over and clenches his teeth.

BRAVEFART

Heere's a taste of hell for ye, lads!

INT. PARTY FRONT DOOR -- DAY

The door opens (normal speed). Pong enters with JELL-O SHOTS.

PONG

Jell-O shots!

A ripping FART, which rumbles slowly, gets louder, seems to peter out, then explodes with a tremendous BOOM!



INT. PARTY -- MOMENTS LATER

Bravefart grimaces. Behind him, his kilt flies up in the back and a glowing yellow-green blast covers the clowns.

Clowns disintegrate as if eaten by acid.

Thirty eight clowns and Pong melt. A long BEEP. "5".

Silence. The survivors take in the devastation. Even Bravefart seems surprised at himself.

The five remaining clowns who'd been holding the women and Sickboy, let go their prisoners and skedaddle.

Bravefart sees them trying to escape.

BRAVEFART  
Come back, ye chicken McEnglish!

Bravefart chucks a LAMP, braining a clown. DING. "4".

Bravefart flings a COASTER that embeds itself in a clown's skull. DING. "3".

Bravefart makes a PAPER AIRPLANE and throws it. It impales a fleeing clown through the back like an arrow. DING. "2".

Bravefart casts about, can't find anything, and stares at his empty hands.

Bravefart chews off a FINGERNAIL and spits at the last clown.

It spins through the air WHOOSH WHOOSH like a boomerang.

The nail decapitates the clown. His headless body sinks to its knees, neck spurting blood, then collapses to the floor.

DING. "1".

Bravefart faces the terrified FINAL CLOWN. The clown has a heart attack and falls to the ground.

With triumphal music, a big flashing "0" fills the screen. Everybody still alive CHEERS.

The band plays "Acid Rain Dance."

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Oh my God! Pong! And she brought  
Jello shots!

Professor Nancie stands next to a pile of burning ash next to a tray of Jell-O shots. Bravefart rushes to them.

BRAVEFART  
Ach, It can nae be! No! Sensei!

Candi, Sandy and Sunny, and a few other survivors rush up.

CANDI

There's nothing left of her! Ick.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Oh, Ronnie, how are we to make sense of this tragedy?

Professor Nancie expects an answer.

BRAVEFART

Och, lass, surely, she died as she lived.

SICKBOY

What does that mean?

BRAVEFART

Um, she was a good lass but she trifled with the Dark Side of the Force.

SANDY

No, she didn't!

SUNNY

Yeah. She turned us down.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Yeah! Pong was always nice and perfect! And you're the one who killed her, Ronald McDonald! It was your fault!

BRAVEFART

(sobs)

Och, but I know it! Ah, Pong, ye were my teacher, and I killed ye!

SICKBOY

(consoles him)

But she always hated evil, and would have gladly given her life to defeat those clowns, had she had the choice!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

I guess you're right. She died the way she lived! Fighting evil!

BRAVEFART

That's right lad. Let's all have a drink for Pong!

Bravefart passes out Jell-O shots, handing one to everyone.

They suck them down as the band breaks into SURF ROCK.

INT. PARTY STAGE -- NIGHT

The band plays, somber.

BAND

Life's a Beach, and then you die,  
and go to the beach party in the  
sky, you can laugh, or you can cry,  
it wouldn't even matter if you knew  
why, the ocean's deep, the ocean's  
wide and you gotta drown to reach  
the other side, so live and learn,  
die and burn, got a complaint, well,  
just wait your turn...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PARTY -- NIGHT

The band plays instrumental RUSSIAN FOLK MUSIC.

Professor Nancie and Sickboy are passed out at a table.

Bravefart staggers, drinking from a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

The other survivors, the few not passed out or vegetative,  
listlessly nod to the music.

The band finishes their slow song.

BAND

This is a song denouncing capitalism  
and encouraging everyone to be less  
of an asshole.

No response from the crowd. The guitarist starts a shredding  
HEAVY METAL SOLO.

Professor Nancie and Sickboy are passed out at a table.

Bravefart staggers, drinking from a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

The other survivors, the few not passed out or vegetative,  
listlessly nod to the music, which builds.

BAND (CONT'D)

Life's a Beach, and then you die,  
and go to the beach party in the  
sky, you can laugh, or you can cry,  
it wouldn't even matter if you knew  
why, the ocean's deep, the ocean's  
wide and you gotta drown to reach  
the other side, so live and learn,  
die and burn, got a complaint, well,  
just wait your turn...

Bravefart drops the empty bottle and stumbles outside.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Music fades as Bravefart, drunk, stumbles down the street toward a bar. He stops to pee on the street.

A young punk prostitute, KEVIN, 16, sits on the corner. He waits for Bravefart to finish.

KEVIN

Hey man, spare any change?

BRAVEFART

Ah course.

Bravefart hands Kevin a few DOUBLOONS.

KEVIN

Thanks, man. I'm having a really tough time of it, lately.

BRAVEFART

I wish ye luck, lad.

Bravefart stumbles into a bar as Kevin gets up, staring at the doubloons. Mesmerized, Kevin wanders into the street.

SCREECHCRASH. A car blasts through Kevin.

INT. PLANET 7 HARVESTING ROOM

Kevin lies on a futuristic hospital bed dressed like an ice dancing space ranger.

ALIENS surround him, purple reptile bipeds with big teeth.

A walking iguana NURSE in a foil unitard rushes in, CLICKING her teeth and making POPS and SCREECHES.

The other aliens, startled, rush off, drawing big SPACEGUNS. The Alien Nurse leans over Kevin and HISSES.

She runs a claw across Kevin's chest. She presses a BUTTON and Kevin's straps come off.

ALIEN NURSE

We haven't much time. You're the one meant to escape. You are so beautiful.

He rolls off a bed in a huge room filled with NAKED HUMANS strapped to tables. The Nurse licks her pointed teeth.

ALIEN NURSE (CONT'D)

Go out the back.

Kevin walks to the only door, which flickers with static, and walks through.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Kevin's body lies in a widening pool of blood. The DRIVER of the car looks around and BURNS RUBBER away.

GAWKERS gather and surround the body. A COP, 30, worried, blows a POLICE WHISTLE and runs toward the scene.

The gawkers see the cop and all turn and briskly walk away.

One passes the cop, who pulls out his RADIO.

GAWKER  
I didn't see nothing, man.

COP  
Aw, geez...

The cop sees that nobody is watching, and strolls past.

COP (CONT'D)  
(rehearses)  
Accident? Where? Must've been after  
I left...

The cop turns the corner as Bravefart exits from a bar.

Bravefart, shocked to encounter the body, kneels down and cradles Kevin's lifeless head in his arms.

PASSERS-BY cringe and hurry past.

BRAVEFART  
Och, the poor laddie! Tae think  
this is that lad Ah only just gave a  
shillin tae! Who was jist noo, a  
leevin, braythin young lad wi a future  
before him, an a spring in his step!  
An noo he lies here, aw deid an the  
bluid runnin all ootay him, and nowt  
in his eyen but tha grrrave! By the  
Gods!

Bravefart drops Kevin and stands, disconsolate.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Fer shite's sake, McDonald, but its  
a sick, violent time Ah seem to have  
woken up in! No a sherd ah beauty  
in it aw! Look at this shite! You  
call this a way to leeve? All shut  
up in filthy stone like a prrison!  
Och, noo, Ah remember how it used  
tae be...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. BONNY HEADLANDS- DAY

A gorgeous day by the sea, with waves crashing on rocks below. Bravefart stands on a bluff, overlooking it all. Harp music.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)  
 Scotland the Beautiful! Scotland  
 the free! We leaved not aw cooped  
 up in cities, but lived on the land,  
 and knew how tae appreciate the  
 glorious boonty of Nature heerself!

EXT. HILLTOP- DAY

A green hilltop dense with flowers and fog.

Bravefart skips through the mist like a woodland fairie.

He dances between several papier-mâché STANDING STONES.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)  
 In those days af auld lang syne, we  
 was attooned tae our inner bairns!  
 We had nae need of taichnology, fast  
 food, or mickle skyscrapers! We  
 could communicate wi nature, and in  
 retarn, nature revealed to us the  
 froots of her passin!

Bravefart stops between the Standing Stones.

He raps mischievously on the stones and does a tap step.

Arms poke out of the Standing Stones and mockingly shake  
 their fists at him.

Bravefart does a big belly laugh.

The stones shake and twirl with joy and laughter.

BRAVEFART (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Aye. The Golden Age of Mankind.

Bravefart slaps his thighs, sticks a daisy between his teeth  
 and, in time to music, dances a jig.

The Standing Stones join in.

They dance together happily.

Suddenly, the sky darkens.

The flowers wither, and everything becomes grey and cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. URBAN SPRAWL- NIGHT

Bravefart passes boarded up buildings and homeless JUNKIES in a dirty part of San Francisco.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)

Ah dinna ken what exactly happened  
while Ah was asleep, but somehow,  
the world took a turn for tha worse!  
People have lost all understanding  
of the meaning of life! They've  
lost their pride in their clan! And  
worst of aw, they've lost their heart!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD- DAY

Bravefart picks through a junkyard, sad and saintly.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)

And wi nowt in man's heart but self-  
pity, and self-contempt, he lost all  
his respect for the land! No  
conquering army could ever wreak  
such devastation on the Earth! These  
modern men, with their arrogance and  
their greed, treat their felloo men  
like cattle, and their ain homeland  
as a trash heap!

Bravefart stands near a landfill, tears in his eyes.

The landfill is full of processed TRASH.

BRAVEFART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And fer what? Property? Land?  
Some mickle or stone? To think that  
the sufferin of the people is  
justifiable as long as you get yours?  
Shame on this sad age of humanity.  
To robbery, butchery, and rape, they  
give the lying name of "government;"  
they create a desolation, and they  
call it peace!

Bravefart grabs a handful of dirt and rubs it on his face.

The tears make the dirt muddy. Bravefart smears his face,  
tasting the mud. Yummy.

END FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET- DAY

The street. Bravefart stands over Kevin's body.

Bravefart holds his blood-smeared hands before his eyes, then buries his face in them, and sobs.

TOURISTS pass by, gawking.

Bravefart recovers and looks up.

BRAVEFART (V.O.)

But what is the use o this? Me paltry tears'll never wash away the woes of the world! Like me mother used ta say, an ocean of tears is haird tae make, but an ocean of bluid is easy as cake!

Bravefart GROWLS at the tourists, sobs, and builds to a fury.

BRAVEFART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Och, me ain Mother! The way she used tae weild tha battle-axe! She was a guid woman! And a canny! No, mother! Ah'll no gie oop! Nae son o yourn will e'er abandon Scotland! I'll stand up strong! Braw and bold! Ah'll fight tae the death, wi' claymore in hand!

Bravefart rises over Kevin.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

(yells)  
Freedom!

People on the street stare at Bravefart, scared.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

There's ainly one thing that weel never change! Scotland is free! Scotland can never be defeated! And neither can I! All cloons take heed! Ye can yodel up yer kilts! MacDonald's comin fer ye! Tae rip yer heads off! Scotland the Brave! Clan Donald!

Bravefart charges up the street.

A ROCKER DUDE wearing a British flag t-shirt saunters by at the wrong moment.

Bravefart punches him out, and continues up the street.



EXT. MCDONALDS #1 -- DAY

Our original McDonalds. A HOMELESS GUY begs for change outside. A "100" blinks in the corner of the screen.

Bravefart approaches and stands next to him.

HOMELESS GUY  
Any change?

Bravefart hands the guy a few doubloons from his purse.

BRAVEFART  
Ye doont want ta be aetin' heer.

Bravefart pulls a small BUNDLE OF PAPER from under his kilt.

HOMELESS GUY  
I know, man. McDonalds is really  
bad for you. I just get sodas.  
(checks doubloons)  
Thanks, man. Whatcha got there?

Bravefart opens the paper, pulls out some haggis and chews.

BRAVEFART  
(offers to guy)  
Haggis?

HOMELESS GUY  
(looks and sniffs)  
No fuckin' way. That's crazy. And  
I do heroin.

A CUSTOMER passes, headed for the entrance.

BRAVEFART  
(swallows)  
Ye may want to wait a bit.

CUSTOMER  
What?

BRAVEFART  
I would nea go in there right now.

CUSTOMER  
Fuck you, buddy.

The Customer turns and enters McDonalds. Bravefart shrugs, turns and lifts his kilt.

BOOM! The McDonalds goes up in a fiery ball.

'99' appears in the corner of the screen.

Bravefart walks off. Homeless Guy walks off the other way.

## MONTAGE OF EXPLODING MCDONALDS

A quick cut montage of identical exploding McDonalds restaurants.

- A) A replay of the previous explosion. BOOM. "98".
- B) Split screen (two panes) shows explosions. BOOM. "96".
- C) Split screen (four panes) shows explosions. BOOM. "92".
- D) Four exploding restaurants. "88".
- E) Four exploding restaurants. "84".
- F) Four exploding restaurants. "80".
- G) Split screen again (sixteen panes). Boom. "64".
- H) Sixteen exploding restaurants. "48".
- I) Sixteen exploding restaurants. "32".
- J) Sixteen exploding restaurants. "16".
- K) Sixteen exploding restaurants. "0".

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bravefart stands in the street next to a burning McDonalds.

A BURNING CASHIER busts through broken glass doors and SCREAMS down the street. FIRE ALARMS RING.

BRAVEFART  
(does a jig)  
That ought to do it.

ZHOOM. Ronald McSatan appears, also admiring the fire.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
And who do ye think ye are?

McSatan waves his hand and the restaurant stops burning.

MCSATAN  
Ronald McSatan, Lord of Hell.

McSatan gestures at Bravefart, and he is invisibly bound.

BRAVEFART  
What the--?

MCSATAN  
I've had just about enough of you.

BLINK. They disappear.

EXT. BARN ON MARS -- DAY

Titles: "Mars: McSatan's summer residence."

A red filter on what might otherwise be Kansas. A large McDonalds logo stands in the middle of a CLOWN PLANT field.

Tall, leafy plants, like corn, grow one CLOWN each. Thousands of these plants surround a big, red-tinted BARN.

A BALL OF LIGHT falls and disappears through the barn roof.

INT. BARN ON MARS -- DAY

McSatan and Bravefart (now shackled) appear in a FLASH of light, surrounded by CRATES marked "McGERMANS" and "McJEWS."

Bravefart struggles against his restraints.

BRAVEFART

What're ye doin', ye darty cloon?

A HAMBURGLER runs up and silently, obsequiously, takes lead of Bravefart from McSatan. Bravefart glares at him.

MCSATAN

Here we are! Mars, the red planet!

BRAVEFART

(struggling)

Ah thought ye was Laird af Hell!

McSatan points and ZAPS Bravefart with electricity. Hamburgler mimes giggling. Bravefart boils.

MCSATAN

No escaping. Hell's a little overcrowded, what with all the Catholics. We needed extra space, so we annexed Heaven. That got full, so we annexed Mars. Next is Omaha. It's already awfully close to Hell.

BRAVEFART

Well there's one place ye'll nivver be welcome! And that's Scotland!

MCSATAN

Funny you should mention that annoying little province. I've got big plans for Scotland, and they involve you!

BRAVEFART

Ah dinna ken what ye mean.

MCSATAN

Hamburglar, bring him over here.

INT. SCOTAPULT ROOM -- DAY

Hamburgler leads Bravefart and McSatan into a large room.

The SCOTAPULT, a huge contraption, dominates the room.

MCSATAN

This, my dear Bravefart, is my  
greatest, most diabolical invention.  
And when I say diabolical, that's to  
be taken quite literally. Behold,  
the Scotapult!

BRAVEFART

Scotapult?

MCSATAN

Aye. I mean, yes. Strap him into  
it, Hamburglar!

Hamburglar straps Bravefart into the catapult with SCOTCH  
TAPE, removing his iron shackles.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

How'd you like to see the bonny bonny  
banks of Loch Lomond again, where  
the moon shines brightly in the  
gloamin'?

BRAVEFART

Sounds lovely.

MCSATAN

Well then, let me explain how my  
invention works. The Scotapult...

BRAVEFART

Scotapult?

MCSATAN

Aye. Goddamn it, I mean yes! The  
Scotapult!

McSatan continues to point out the features of his device  
throughout his description of it.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

See this candle, with the string  
tied around it? When this candle  
burns down, it releases the string,  
which releases this ax--

McSatan lights a huge, thick CANDLE near Bravefart's head.

BRAVEFART

So that's it! Ye plan tae behead  
me!

MCSATAN

(intrigued)

Hmmm... No. The ax beheads this sheep. The head falls in this basket, which pulls on this rope, which causes these bagpipes to play "Charlie is My Darling."

BRAVEFART

Who tha fook is Charlie?

MCSATAN

This monkey, like any intelligent beast, cannot stand bagpipes, so he'll start howling and shitting. He throws his shit, it will hit this target, releasing this tethered lion.

McSatan pulls the cover off the LION'S CAGE with a flourish. A huge LION ROARS inside the cage. Bravefart recoils.

McSatan SHUSHES the lion, who stops roaring.

Pleased, McSatan pulls a small MOUSE out of his pocket and tosses it at the lion, who snaps and swallows in one bite.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

Good kitty. The lion tries to get the sheep, pulling on this chain on his ankle, causing sparks which will light this fire here, which heats up this teapot. As soon as the teapot begins to whistle, this Englishman--

McSatan indicates a well dressed ENGLISHMAN, who sits on a chair reading the Times.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

--Will jump up for tea. By jumping up he releases the chair, which holds this rope, attached to this weight, which swings out releasing this latch, which releases this catapult, flinging you at, if my calculations are correct, over six hundred million miles an hour, to crash directly into the planet Earth with a force equaling ten hundred megatons, completely demolishing the country you land in, which will be none other than Scotland, land of the brave. Let's hope they're feeling brave today. If I timed it right...

(checks his Rolex)

You'll be landing smackdab in a turtle hatching facility in suburban Edinburgh.

BRAVEFART

Och! The wee turtles! Ye evil  
bastard!

MCSATAN

(sings)

Oh, you take the high road and I'll  
take the low road, and you'll get to  
Scotland before me!

(does a jig)

Watching you get flung to your death  
would be immensely satisfying.  
Nothing beats a Scotch on the rocks!  
Ha ha! But I have a party to throw  
for my foundation for special kids.  
Yummy. So, instead, your death will  
be observed by those you love! Or,  
at least, the people you know.

McSatan snaps his fingers and a curtain drops. Nancie, Sandy,  
Sunny and Candi are chained to the wall.

CANDI

Ronnie! Help! Like, save us!

SUNNY

Fer sure!

BRAVEFART

(struggles futilely)

Och, lasses. Hold on, Ah'll get ye!  
If I could just--

\*

SANDY

You can do it, Ronnie!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Forget us, Ronnie! Save yourself!  
You're the Earth's only hope!

MCSATAN

You can kiss your sweet Earth goodbye,  
lady. There's no chance in Hell  
that you can escape my sinister  
contraption. And since we are in  
Hell, or the annex of Hell, in any  
event, therefore, there is no way he  
can escape, since it is impossible,  
as was previously stated. Quad erat  
demonstratum. So there.

McSatan opens a door. A party rages inside.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I think I  
smell the barbecue starting up.  
Mmmmm, chubby toddlers, my favorite!

McSatan and Hamburglar exit.

Bravefart struggles, bound with scotch tape. He eyes the burning candle, inches from him. He could just blow it out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What's next for our hero? How will he escape this perilous contraption? Is Scotland doomed? Will Bravefart thwart the evil McDonald, and defeat the combined legions of Hell, Mars, and Corporate Homogeneity? Or will he be hurtled through space only to be dashed to death against the very country that he loves, killing lots of turtles and bringing doom to the Earth? And what about the Professor?

Professor Nancie struggles with her chains. The other women line the wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And Marianne?

Candi hangs with a pouty expression and the title: "Marianne Rosenberg. FBI Agent."

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Stay tuned for the exciting conclusion of "Scotland's Burning!" Or "Comet Through the Rye!"

(sings theme)

Duh! Duh, duh, dum, dum dumduh duh!  
Doop doop. Do do--

Narrator cuts out as if volume quickly turned off.

FADE OUT:

COLORBAR

FILM SPLICE countdown, grey focus circles 8-7-6-5-4-3-2--

FADE IN:

INT. BARN ON MARS- DAY

Scene has not changed. Anxious MUSIC. Bravefart struggles. The women line the wall.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

C'mon Ronnie! You can do it! Don't give up!

BRAVEFART

Och, Perfessor, I'm doin the best I can! I just need more time!

PROFESSOR NANCIE  
Time's the one thing we haven't got,  
Ronnie!

SANDY  
This so sucks.

SUNNY  
Fer sure.

CANDI  
We're doomed! Like, doomed!

BRAVEFART  
Don't lose hope lass, Ah'll-- well,  
fer the love ah shite, lass, ye're  
not even chained tae the wall!

Candi, arms held up as if tied, lacks actual restraints.

CANDI  
He ran out. He said to stay here.  
Like, how'm I supposed to remember  
everything under all this pressure!

BRAVEFART  
Well come on, lass, put out that  
candle and let me free!

CANDI  
Oh yeah, okay!

Candi walks over and blows out the candle. She untapes  
Bravefart, who stretches with relief.

Bravefart goes to the women on the wall as Candi lingers  
dangerously close to the Scotapult.

CANDI (CONT'D)  
You wanna tape me up?

BRAVEFART  
Later, lass. Later. Where'd that  
swindlin' Sassenach go? Ah'll tear  
'im limb fra limb! Ah'll rip his  
heart oot and stomp on it!

SANDY  
Gosh, do we have to do it right now?  
I've got a date tonight, and I'm not  
even ready. It's already six o'clock!

The Englishman jumps up from his chair.

ENGLISHMAN  
What, what? I say, tea-time!



The Englishman's chair is yanked up by the rope, and the Scotapult catches and flings Candi toward the planet earth.

She breaks through the roof.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Marianne!

BRAVEFART

Poor lass! And poor the land where  
she hits! Thank the gods, it won't  
be Scotland!

SERIES OF SHOTS -- CANDY STRIKING THE EARTH.

1) A Barbie doll flies through space.

2) Earth.

3) A MAP of Europe.

4) A PAPER MAP of Scotland. Barbie falls, ripping through  
to the sound of an EXPLOSION and BAGPIPES DEFLATING.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BARN ON MARS -- DAY

Bravefart tries to set Professor Nancie free. Sandy and  
Sunny hang next to her.

SANDY

Whoops.

SUNNY

Yeah, like, bummer.

BRAVEFART

As Ah said, thank the gods we're  
safe here in Scotland!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

But this isn't Scotland, this is  
Mars! Scotland was just destroyed!

Bravefart struggles with Professor Nancie's chains.

BRAVEFART

Don't be daft, lass. If there wasnae  
any Scotland, there wouldnae be any  
Scots! Yet here we are. Now hold  
still while I break yer chains off.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Don't worry about me, Ronnie! There  
isn't any time! You've got to defeat  
McSatan!

BRAVEFART

It's noo use. I need more power.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

But you can do it, Ronnie.

BRAVEFART

(strains, gives up)

Och, lass, but how? If ah only had  
me Mighty Haggis! But Ah'm all oot!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Ronnie, you don't need the Mighty  
Haggis. All the power of the Brave  
Fart comes from one secret ingredient.

BRAVEFART

One ingredient? And what's that?

Anguished, Professor Nancie holds out her bandaged hand.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

This! Human flesh!

BRAVEFART

(shocked)

Human flesh? I cannae believe it!

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Human flesh, Ronnie, and it has to  
be fresh.

BRAVEFART

Ye cut off ye finger fer me, lass?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Now that I have you, I don't need  
the finger. And I did it to fight  
capitalism! I did it for the Earth!  
Oh, Ronnie, I did it for love!

BRAVEFART

Oh, lass, no one's ever done a thing  
like that fer me, cuttin' off a  
finger. Someone else's finger, sure--

PROFESSOR NANCIE

No time for sentiment now, Ronnie.  
You've got to find some fresh human  
flesh to eat, and then destroy your  
enemies, and save what's left of us!

BRAVEFART

Aye, lass, ye're right! Ah've got a  
cloon tae kill!

Bravefart charges out.

INT. HALLWAY ON MARS -- DAY

MUZAK. Bravefart runs down a long hallway.

He opens a door and goes inside.

Bravefart hums "The Running Song".

INT. KITCHEN ON MARS -- DAY

A mess of hamburger buns, containers, and HUMAN BODY PARTS.

A huge MEATGRINDER, from which MOANS are audible.

Bravefart inches through the kitchen.

SICKBOY (O.S.)  
Ohhhhhhhhh. Owwwwwww...

BRAVEFART  
Who's that?

Bravefart rushes to the noise and sees Sickboy stuck halfway into the grinder.

His lower body has been ground away, and he is barely alive.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)  
Sickboy! What's happened to ye,  
lad?

SICKBOY  
Oh! Bravefart, is that you? Oh  
thank God, you've come to save me!

Bravefart circles the meatgrinder.

BRAVEFART  
That's right lad, never fear! But  
who's done this to ye? And what's  
happened to the rest of ye?

SICKBOY  
The Martians did it! They ground up  
my legs into Sickboy McNuggets!

Sickboy spasms and coughs up a little blood.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)  
They're monsters! But thank God you  
came to save me, Ronnie.

BRAVEFART  
Aye lad, I'll set ye free. But first  
Ah've got tae kill a cloon! Ah only  
need--

SICKBOY

I guess I'll never walk again, but  
 anyway, I'll live. Thank God I've  
 got a friend like you, Ronnie. You  
 came to save me!

Bravefart walks around Sickboy and the grinder.

BRAVEFART

--One thing. Well lad, I'm sorry Ah  
 have to do this. Must defeat evil,  
 ye knoo.

Sickboy groans in pain.

Sickboy coughs and laughs.

Bravefart looks around, considers, and starts slowly grinding.

SICKBOY

Augh! No!

Bravefart looks away but continues to crank the grinder.

SICKBOY (CONT'D)

Wait! Ronnie! What are you doing!  
 Aaaauughhh!

Bravefart cranks some more, but is bothered by the yells.

Bravefart pushes a button and GRRRRRRRRRRRR.

GRRRRRRRRRRRR.

The machine spits out a huge plate of HAMBURGER.

Bravefart cringes, giving a moment of silence.

BRAVEFART

Ah, Sickboy. Ye were a good lad.

Bravefart eats a handful of the ground up flesh.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Though a bit stringy.

(adds salt, eats more)

Ah promise ye, lad, yer death shall  
 not be in vain! By all the winds  
 that blow, and by a sartain wind in  
 particular, ye shall be avenged!  
 Now if ye'll excuse me, Ah've got a  
 cloon to kill. Clan Donald!

Bravefart charges out.

EXT. MARS- DAY

The eerie landscape of the red planet.

A large BBQ party. CLOWNS boogie while a BAND (Yellow #5 all as The Hamburgler) rocks to "Burn It Down."

GRIMACE hangs over a SADDLEHORSE under a "Free Pussy" sign.

McSatan smokes a big JOINT, attended by TWO HOT ALIEN GIRLS.

Bravefart moves through the crowd.

BAND

Burn it down, tear it down, smash  
the pieces all around, any piece  
that can be found, just stamp it  
down into the ground and burn it  
down. Burn the churches, burn the  
schools, burn the buildings where  
they write the rules, burn the  
policeman, burn the fireman, burn  
everybody but the good people, yeah!

Bravefart sees McSatan from across the party and approaches.

BRAVEFART

Step away, ye devil.

McSatan smiles as Bravefart turns and bends over.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

This one's for Sickboy.

Bravefart grimaces, and BOOM!

EXT. MARS FROM SPACE -- DAY

A huge EXPLOSION, like a nuclear mushroom cloud, is visible on the surface of the planet.

The explosion BLASTS out into space.

EXT. MARS- DAY

Bravefart and McSatan stand together on the otherwise destroyed landscape.

The alien girls and most of the party are SMOKING PILES.

A few surviving GREMLINS and the Hamburgler Band watch from the edge of the scarred crater.

Bravefart stares at McSatan in disbelief.

MCSATAN

Ha, boy. I make fast food. You  
really thought that would hurt me?

McSatan ZAPS Bravefart in the butt with a THUNDERBOLT.

Bravefart YOWLS and falls but scrambles back up.

Shaken, he strikes a kung fu pose. McSatan smiles.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

Submit to me, and I'll spare your  
life!

McSatan ZAPS him again, suppressing giggles.

BRAVEFART

Spare me life! Then tell me why  
ye're tryin ta kill me, at this very  
moment?

MCSATAN

(uncertain)

Hmmmm... Force of habit?

McSatan zaps Bravefart again. ZAP. Giggles.

Bravefart convulses on the ground.

BRAVEFART

Ow! Watch where ye shoot those  
things. That's a tender instrument!

MCSATAN

Don't say tender! You're making me  
hungry. You know I have a weakness  
for tender, roasted ass! Mmmm, ass.  
Scrum-diddly-umptious. Ha ha ha ha!  
You'd go well with my special sauce!

McSatan produces a giant BOTTLE labeled "Special Sauce."

He squirts Bravefart, who reacts as if it were burning acid.

BRAVEFART

(rises and runs)

Aaaaaiiiieeeee!

McSatan chases Bravefart, alternating the ZAPS with squirts  
of the special sauce.

McSatan chases Bravefart around a rock.

Bravefart doubles back, fakes him out, and runs off.

EXT. CLIFF ON MARS -- DAY

Bravefart runs along the edge of a high cliffs.

He stops short on the cliff's edge. At the bottom of the cliff are huge sharps rocks.

Wind howls from the abyss. Bravefart stands at the edge. McSatan laughs and approaches Bravefart.

BRAVEFART  
What're ye laughin at, cloon?

MCSATAN  
Face it, kiltboy. You're more shit  
out of luck than a rat in a deep  
fryer. Sorry, that's a work joke.  
Now, surrender to me!

McSatan ZAPS at Bravefart's feet and the ground melts away.

The cliff disintegrates and Bravefart scrambles to grab hold of the remaining edge with both hands.

EXT. CLIFF ROCKS -- DAY

Perilous music. A from-below shot of a different person, not even in a kilt, clinging to a totally different cliff.

EXT. CLIFF ON MARS -- DAY

McSatan stands over the dangling Bravefart.

MCSATAN  
Now you see! That was inevitable.  
You're dealing with gravity, and if  
you try to fight gravity, you're  
gonna end up donkey meat. It's like  
fighting the devil. That's me. I'm  
the devil, and you're donkey meat.  
Unless you give up and join me.

BRAVEFART  
Join you! Never! Ye're... ye're  
evil! And... and ye're a cannibal!

MCSATAN  
Cannibal? Who isn't a cannibal these  
days? These days, who wouldn't eat  
his own best friend, especially if  
he thought it would make the world a  
better place?

BRAVEFART  
Och! Sickboy!

MCSATAN

We have a lot in common. Together, we could conquer the universe and rule in splendor, squashing whole planets like they were mom-and-pop-owned Dairy Queens. Join me, young Bravefart. Come to the dark side!

BRAVEFART

Nae! I'll never join ye! Fer one thing, ye're a cloon! And I hate cloons!

Bravefart shakes his fist at McSatan, losing hold. Dangling precariously, he continues his rant.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

And fer another thing! Another thing! And this is what irks me more than any other thing! Ye're a loo-doon, nae-good, keks-wearin name stealer! Stealer of my name!

Bravefart swings, hanging by one hand.

MCSATAN

I didn't steal your name!

BRAVEFART

Yes, ye did! That's my name! Ah'm Ronald MacDonald! That refers tae me! Ronald MacDonald! Me! Me! Who do ye think ye are!

MCSATAN

Everybody knows who I am. I'm Ronald McDonald.

BRAVEFART

Noo ye're not! Look at ye! Ye're not even a MacDonald!

MCSATAN

Of course I am. I'm your father.

Bravefart, getting tired, switches hanging hands.

BRAVEFART

Me father? Noo! I dinna believe it!

MCSATAN

It's true, son. I am your father, Ronald MacDonald. I named you after myself. Now take my hand.



BRAVEFART

Never! Ye're no my father!

MCSATAN

Obviously, you either take my hand,  
or fall to your death. Unless you  
can fly.

Bravefart considers, confused.

MCSATAN (CONT'D)

Of course, you know that Scots can't  
fly because if Scots could fly, the  
English would wear shit for hats.

BRAVEFART

Da?

Bravefart grasps McSatan's hand, and is hauled up. Bravefart  
and McSatan, safe on the cliff, embrace.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

Da!

MCSATAN

Son!

Bravefart can't believe it. He looks his father up and down.

BRAVEFART

But Da, why do ye dress like a cloon?  
And how do ye come to be still aleeve  
these seven hoondred years? And  
how'd ye get to be Lord of Hell, not  
tae mention a Martian? And fer the  
love ah shite, Da, what happened tae  
yer accent?

MCSATAN

Well... that's all a very long,  
complicated story. Let's just live  
in the now.

BRAVEFART

Oh, Da, Ah haven't seen ye syne ah  
was just a wee bairn.

Bravefart embraces McSatan, who hugs him back.

MCSATAN

Yes, son. I've missed you.

BRAVEFART

I've missed ye too, Da! Why, Ah  
haven't laid eyen on ye syne...  
syne Ah was only eight years auld...  
when ye left me and me Ma--

MCSATAN

Yes, son, it was wrong of me to leave you, but that's all water under the bridge by now--

Bravefart breaks the hug, deeply emotional.

BRAVEFART

(sobs)

Ye left Ma with five children. I was the auldest, Ah had to support the family, Ah never got a real childhood. Poor little Fiona. Wastin' away wi' the consumption and aaa--

MCSATAN

Hmmm, yes... But this was all over seven hundred years ago.

BRAVEFART

And wee Maggie, she'll never walk again! An me dear brother Fergal, poor Fergal, who never grue tae be a man. Och, it breaks me heart!

(anger builds)

And Ma most of all! She loved ye, ye devil! She always thocht ye were comin back, all those many long, horrible, starvin' years! She died waitin' fer you! Ye killed her, ye monster! Ye killed me mother!

Bravefart tries to punch McSatan, who easily pushes him back.

Bravefart stumbles backwards, next to a table on which sits a large, extra-hot cup of McDonald's COFFEE.

Bravefart tosses the coffee onto McSatan, who SHRIEKS in horrible, scalding agony.

MCSATAN

I'm melting. I'm melting.

McSatan HISSES and melts.

BRAVEFART

Da!

McSatan folds into himself and melts to liquid.

MCSATAN

(weakly)

I'll be back.

Bravefart sobs as he stands over the red, white and yellow SLUDGE that was his father.

EXT. MARS -- DAY

From near the barn, in rushes Mayor McCheese with a GREMLIN, a HAMBURGER HEAD, and TWO FLYING MONKEYS.

McCheese kneels beside the puddle of his former master.

MCCHEESE

He's dead! You killed him! Hail  
Bravefart! The Wicked Clown is dead!

A happy MURMUR between the gremlin and hamburger head. The monkeys "Eee" and "Oooh."

GREMLIN

Hail Bravefart! The Wicked Clown is  
dead!

HAMBERGER HEAD

Huzzah! McSatan's dead.

The gremlins and hamburger head APPLAUD. The monkeys jump up and down and throw their feces.

Bravefart spins.

BRAVEFART

How dare ye celebrate? That wicked  
cloon was me father!

Bravefart kills Mayor McCheese with a quick series of kung fu chops.

He rips off Hamburger Heads' head and kicks the gremlin's groin. Both fall.

He catches both monkeys by the tail. He swings them and beats them against the ground. THWACK. THWACK.

He hurls them off the cliff like a hammer-throw. Bravefart stands alone on the plain. He looks out into space.

Professor Nancie comes rushing out from the barn.

She runs in SLOW-MOTION (like Bo Derek) toward Bravefart. Bravefart waits for her, overcome.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Ronnie? You're alive? You're alive!

She grabs him and hugs him. He stands distraught.

PROFESSOR NANCIE (CONT'D)

Ronnie! You did it! You defeated  
the legions of Hell!

BRAVEFART

Aye. But at what a price! Ah had to kill me ain father to do it.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

Your own father! So Ronald McDonald really was Ronald McDonald?

BRAVEFART

Aye, lass, that he was. He was, at heart, a guid man. But a very, very bad cloon.

Bravefart sheds a tear, then takes her by the arm.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

So what do ye plan to do now, Professor?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

I don't know. I lost my house and everything when San Francisco sank into the ocean. I guess I have no plans. You wouldn't mind if I hung around with you a bit, would you?

BRAVEFART

Dear lass, I wouldnae want anything more. A beautiful, intelligent lass such as yersel shall always be welcome wherever Ah go.

They walk. Bravefart smiles, broadly.

PROFESSOR NANCIE

So where do you want to go? What do you want to do?

BRAVEFART

Whist! Who cares? Ah have no need of plans. Ah've got me health, Ah've got me lass, and it's a beautiful day in Scotland!

They stroll off hand in hand toward the Martian sunset.

BRAVEFART (CONT'D)

And the other lasses?

PROFESSOR NANCIE

I left them tied up. We can eat them if we have to.

FADE OUT