

ASS KICKER

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

THREE MEN headbang around a metal trash can, while drinking beer in a vacant parking lot.

Cars pass by on the nearby highway, forcing them to turn up their 80's metal music.

Crushing two beer cans at the same time on his head is GRODY. He's young, in his 20's, wears a cheap hat with the words "Double Team Donny" on it. His t-shirt reads the same but written in what looks to be Sharpie Marker.

Across from him is DEAN SMITS. He's in his 30's, holds an old 80's VHS camcorder in one hand and a beer can in the other. He too wears a shirt and hat that reads "Double Team Donny".

DONNY "THE GREATEST" MILFER, 36 years old, shows off his high kicks for the camera. He's pudgy, has long curly hair, wears a denim jacket with an eagle on the back with the words "ASS KICKER" underneath.

DONNY

You gettin' this shit? You catchin' all my badass moves?

DEAN

I'm gettin' somethin'.

Dean takes a sip of beer, spills it on his shirt.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

He wipes his shirt, smearing the words written in black Sharpie Marker.

DONNY

Goddamn it, Smits.

DEAN

Sorry, Donny.

Dean tosses his beer into the trash can.

Grody walks over, looks inside the trash, tosses his two crushed beer cans inside.

GRODY

You think it's heavy enough now?

DONNY

Almost.

Donny kicks the beer can in his hand, as it flies up into the air, he karate chops it.

The can flies into the trash can.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Grody, let's kill the music.

Grody hits STOP on the boom box.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Dean?

DEAN

Hold on.

Dean lowers the camera, chugs down another beer, tosses the empty can in the trash.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Okay, try it now.

Grody picks up the trash can with one hand.

GRODY

Damn. Still not heavy enough.

Donny angrily kicks the trash can.

DONNY

Fuck!

DEAN

I told y'all we shoulda used bottles instead of cans.

DONNY

Do I look like I'm made of money, Dean?

GRODY

Maybe we shouldn't have drank them first.

DONNY

You don't buy beer and not drink it. Get your head out of your ass, Grody.

GRODY

I guess you got a point. What do we do now then?

DONNY

Fuck it. I'm tired of waiting and I'm sick of drinking. Let's do this shit.

GRODY

Let's fuckin' do this shit!

DONNY

That's what I'm talkin' about. Are you guys pumped?!

GRODY

Fuckin' pumped, Donny!

DEAN

Yeah, let's do this, man.

DONNY

Need some excitement here, Dean.

DEAN

Let's do this!

DONNY

There you go! What about you, Grody? Are you fuckin' pumped?!

GRODY

Fuck yeah! What about you?

DONNY

Read my fuckin' jacket. It say Ass Licker on it?

GRODY

No.

DONNY

It say Ass Walker Awayer?

GRODY

No, says Ass Kicker, Donny.

DONNY

What does it say?

GRODY

Ass Kicker!

DONNY

So, let's kick some fuckin' ass!

Donny grabs the trash can.

GRODY
This is fuckin' nuts!

DONNY
Dean, start recording.

EXT. KARATE DOJO - CONTINUOUS

Dean films Donny as they walk past a giant sign overhead that reads "KARATE GUNS TANNING".

They walk over to a building in the strip mall that has a tiny sign over it that reads "DOJO".

Donny picks up the trash can, runs up to the building, SLAMS the trash can against the large window. The trash can bounces off the glass, hits Donny over the head, knocks him on his ass.

INT. KARATE DOJO - CONTINUOUS

SENSEI MIKE, a karate instructor, trains a bunch of little kids how to punch. He wears a white karate gi with yellow strips on his black belt.

A SLAM against their large glass window stops all training.

SENSEI MIKE
What the hell is he doing?

OUTSIDE - Donny tirelessly throws the trash can up against the window.

The whole class looks over at Donny.

One kid stands out. JR, short, has red hair, wears a yellow belt.

JR
What is that guy doing, sensei?

SENSEI MIKE
I'm not sure, JR.

JR
Maybe he's on meth.

EXT. KARATE DOJO - CONTINUOUS

Donny puts down the trash can. He's out of breath, sweat pours down his face.

DONNY
This window is a bitch!

He takes off his denim jacket, tosses it to Grody.

GRODY
Make it your bitch, Donny.

DONNY
I'm trying, she won't break.

DEAN
Looks like we lost our element of surprise.

DONNY
Our what?

Dean points to the kids looking at them from inside the dojo.

Donny puts his hands on his hips as he tries to catch his breath.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

DEAN
You want me to keep filming?

DONNY
No. Let's cut it.
(points to Grody)
Grody, hit play.

GRODY
Gotcha.
(beat)
Play what?

DONNY
Grody, where's the boom box?

GRODY
I left it back there.

He points to the parking lot.

DONNY
Why the fuck did you do that?

GRODY
Didn't think we needed it anymore.

DONNY
Go back and get it.

GRODY
Right back.

Grody runs off down the parking lot to retrieve the outdated boom box.

DONNY
Fuck. This is not a great start. I kinda saw things going differently.

GRODY (O.C.)
I got it!

DEAN
It's kind of creepy having them stare at us like that.

They watch as the kids in the karate class stare at them through the window.

DONNY
I know.

DEAN
What do we do?

DONNY
Ignore them.

The kids keep staring, Dean and Donny stand there awkwardly.

DONNY (CONT'D)
What the hell is taking Grody so long?

Grody finally runs up to them.

GRODY
What's up?

DONNY
Christ, Grody, what took you so damn long? You were gone forever.

GRODY

Look what I found.

He shows Donny a brick.

DONNY

Shit, where did you find that?

GRODY

Right next to the boom box, dude. Also found a cool ass dead bird.

DEAN

Donny, can I film the dead bird?

Donny grabs the brick.

DONNY

What the fuck, guys, we're in the middle of something.

DEAN

But the bird.

DONNY

You think I don't wanna check out this cool ass dead bird? You're wrong. I wanna see that shit. I wanna see that shit all day. But right now, we got history to make.

DEAN

Sorry, Donny.

GRODY

Yeah, sorry.

DONNY

Seriously, what the fuck, guys.

DEAN

But I can film it later, right?

DONNY

Jesus Christ, Dean. Forget about the fuckin' bird. We got work to do.

(points to Grody)

Grody, let's try this again. Hit play.

Grody presses down on the PLAY button. 80's heavy metal music blasts at our ears.

Donny points to Dean.

DEAN

We're rollin'.

DONNY

Good. I wanna make sure you capture this.

Donny tosses the brick into the trash, lifts the trash can up over his head, runs for the window.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Window, you're my bitch!

INT. KARATE DOJO - CONTINUOUS

Donny crashes through the dojo's window. Empty beer cans, sharp broken glass and a brick fly through the air, raining down hell on the children spectators.

The trash can hits JR in the face, knocking him out.

Grody and Dean run inside behind Donny.

Dean keeps filming, while Grody pulls out some nunchucks he keeps tucked behind his waistband. He swings them around, frightening off the kids.

Donny makes his way over to Sensei Mike.

SENSEI MIKE

What the hell is wrong with you? Who are you?

DONNY

Name's Donny "The Greatest" Milfer.

SENSEI MIKE

What do you want?

DONNY

Sensei Mike, I'm here to challenge your dojo. If I win, you close up shop and leave this town in defeat like a fuckin' coward ass bitch.

SENSEI MIKE

Lausanne, call the cops!

In the front desk is LAUSANNE, she's in her 40's, has poodle hair, wears a tight leopard dress.

She runs out into the practice area, sees the broken glass and flees back into the lobby.

DONNY
Grody, stop her!

GRODY
I'm on it!

Grody quickly runs after her.

DONNY
My style against your inferior karate
style, Sensei Mike.

SENSEI MIKE
Are you fuckin' serious?

DONNY
As serious as you are about suckin' dick.

SENSEI MIKE
What does that even mean?

DONNY
It means shut the hell up and fight me!

Donny strikes a battle pose.

SENSEI MIKE
I'm calling the cops.

DONNY
Can't let you do that, cuntface. Not
until I defeat you.

SENSEI MIKE
What did you call me? Defeat me? What
world are you living in?

DONNY
The one where I beat that little
dicksucker face of yours to a pulp.

INT. KARATE DOJO LOBBY - DAY

Lausanne runs for the phone at her desk. Grody quickly runs up, rolls over on her desk, grabs the phone and yanks it from the wall.

Lausanne punches him in the face, knocking him out.

She grabs the cord to the phone, sees the end has been snapped off.

LAUSANNE

Shit!

She tosses the useless phone to the floor, pulls out her Bedazzled cellphone.

INT. KARATE DOJO - DAY

Donny runs over to Sensei Mike, does a fat guy spin-kick. Sensei Mike grabs Donny's leg and punches him in the nuts.

Donny falls to his knees.

DONNY

You cheating motherfucker!

SENSEI MIKE

You ran at me, what did you expect me to do?

Donny gets back on his feet, holding his groin in pain.

DONNY

And it fuckin' begins.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

KARATE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONNIE'S POOL - DAY

Grody and Dean stand around, looking down into a large inground swimming pool.

GRODY

What is it?

DEAN

It's shit.

GRODY

I know that, but how did it get in there?

DEAN

How do you think?

GRODY

Is it yours?

DEAN

What? Fuck no.

GRODY

So someone took a shit in the pool?

DEAN

Looks like it.

GRODY

You think it could be a dog?

DEAN

I don't see many dogs shitting in pools.

GRODY

Yeah, but I don't see that many humans shitting in pools either.

DEAN

You do have a point, I guess.

GRODY

Dude, so what do we do? Donny would shit if you found out someone shit in his pool.

DEAN

Get the skimmer, let's try to fish this bad boy out.

GRODY

Me? Why do I haveta do it?

DEAN

Because I said not it.

GRODY

No you didn't-

DEAN

Not it!

GRODY

--Fuck!

DEAN

Now go get the skimmer.

GRODY

Fine, I got it.

Grody runs over to the other side of the pool, picks up a pool skimmer, walks over, plunges the skimmer in, reaches for the large brown turd floating in the middle of the pool.

DEAN

Almost got it... reach out.

GRODY

I'm trying.

BRUCE, a muscular man in his late 20's, wears a pink Polo shirt, sneaks up behind Grody and kicks him into the pool.

Grody lands on the turd. He bobs up and down, splashing around furiously.

Bruce laughs as Grody pushes the turd away from him.

DEAN

Grody, are you okay?!

GRODY

Help! It got in my mouth!

Bruce laughs.

BRUCE

He said he got it in his mouth! That's hilarious!

DEAN

He could drown!

BRUCE

Or choke.

GRODY

Help!

BRUCE

Pool is like only four feet deep.

DEAN

It doesn't matter, he can't swim!

Donny runs out of the house, swinging his nunchucks above his head.

BRUCE

Oh, look. Here comes the king of tards to the rescue.

DONNY

Don't worry, Grody! I'm comin'!

Donny slips in the wet grass, falls backwards, smacks himself in the face with the nunchucks, hits his head on the ground.

Bruce laughs uncontrollably.

BRUCE

You guys are a bunch of grade A fuckin' retards!

Donny slowly gets up, limps his way over to them.

Grody paddles his way over to the edge of the pool, Dean quickly runs over and helps him out.

Donny holds his side in pain, looks over at Bruce.

DONNY

What the hell is going on?

BRUCE

Your buddy ate a bunch of my shit.

Donny looks down at Grody as Dean gives him mouth-to-mouth.

DONNY

Really? That's gross.

Grody coughs up some pool water, looks up at Donny.

GRODY

Kickass nunchucks, Donny.

DONNY

Yeah, I got them at the mall. You really eat Bruce's poo?

GRODY

A little.

Dean spits, wipes his mouth.

DEAN

Nasty.

BRUCE

You two are so fuckin' gay now.

GRODY

Is that true, Dean? Are we fuckin' gay now?

DEAN

Don't listen to him, Grody, he's an asshole. An asshole who shits in people's pools!

DONNY

You shit in my pool, Bruce?

BRUCE

Cool it, Milfer. First, it's your sister's pool. And second, fuck off.

DONNY

What the hell do you want, anyway?

BRUCE

To hang out with you three fuckin' morons.

DONNY

Really?

BRUCE

No, Milfer, not really. I'm here to see your hot ass sister, moron. She home?

DONNY

Yeah, she's in her room changing.

BRUCE

You peeping at her again?

DONNY

Fuck no. Gross. She's my sister.

BRUCE

Like that would stop you. Not that it wasn't fun catching up with you three fuckwhits, but I got someone's sister to fuck.

Bruce punches Donny on the arm and walks off laughing.

INT. CONNIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Grody sits at the kitchen table with an orange beach towel wrapped around him.

The bell to the microwave dings. Donny opens the door, takes out a bowl of hot soup, places it down in front of Grody.

GRODY

Thanks, Donny.

DONNY

Least I could do since my sister is dating such a fuckin' asshole.

Grody takes a sip of the soup, smiles.

GRODY

It's good.

Donny walks over and slides a glass of milk over for Grody to drink.

Dean walks in chugging mouthwash.

DEAN

Bruce is such an asshole. You should kick his ass, Donny.

GRODY

He's right, you gotta use that new style you've been workin' on on him.

Dean takes a seat at the kitchen table across from Grody.

DONNY

I can't, it wouldn't be fair to my sister if I fucked his shit up.

Donny looks over at Grody.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to say shit.

GRODY

That's okay.

He looks down depressingly at his soup.

Dean clears his throat to break the awkward silence.

DEAN

I saw you got some new Jet Li posters in your room. Pretty kickass, Donny.

Donny smiles.

DONNY

I got something else that's extra kickass. Somethin' I've been workin' on for a while now. Wanna see?

DEAN

Sure.

GRODY

Yeah.

DONNY

Good. Grody, hurry up and clean the shit taste out of your mouth.

GRODY

Got it.

Grody quickly drinks his glass of milk.

DONNY

Dean, your dad still got that video camera?

DEAN

Yeah, I think so.

DONNY

Excellent. We're gonna need it.

DEAN

What for?

GRODY

Yeah, what for?

DONNY

Because people are gonna wanna see how it all began.

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

The garage walls are covered with action movie posters. It's filled with workout equipment, a weight lifting bench, a beat up punching bag hangs from the ceiling, a couch sits in the middle with an old computer off to the side.

Grody looks at a sheet covering up something on the wall, he walks over to it and lifts it up.

GRODY

What's this?

Donny walks in dragging a giant cardboard box.

DONNY
Don't touch that!

Grody quickly backs away from it.

GRODY
Where's Dean?

DONNY
Getting his camera. You seriously have
the memory of a fuckin' goldfish. Help me
with this damn box.

Grody runs over, opens the box, pulls out a denim jacket
with "ASS KICKER" embroidered on the back.

GRODY
Wow, what is this?

DONNY
Every dojo needs a uniform, right?

GRODY
Does this mean I get one too?

DONNY
You get something even cooler.

He takes the jacket away and hands him a cheap hat
instead.

DONNY (CONT'D)
You like it?

Grody takes it, reads the writing.

GRODY
Double Team Donny? What does that mean?

The garage door opens.

Dean walks in with his video camera.

DONNY
We all set?

DEAN
Got the camera. Took me a while to find
an old VHS tape to use for it though.

He walks over to Grody.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What's with the hat?

GRODY

Donny gave it to me.

DONNY

Okay, it's time I tell you guys my ninja way.

DEAN

What about me, Donny? Don't I get a hat?

DONNY

Here.

Donny reaches into the box, pulls out another hat.

He holds it out, reads it.

DEAN

Double Team Donny? What does that mean?

DONNY

There are two of you. And you're on Team Donny. Double Team Donny.

DEAN

That's...

DONNY

What?

DEAN

Never mind.

DONNY

As I was saying. My ninja way. I saw it. It came to me in a vision, while I was meditating.

GRODY

You meditate, Donny? That's pretty cool.

DONNY

I know it's cool, that's why I do it. Shut up for a second. So I was meditating when I saw a giant eagle fly down off of mount Fuji.

GRODY

You sure it was an eagle?

DONNY
What?

DEAN
Yeah, you do get your birds mixed up
sometimes.

DONNY
No I don't.

DEAN
Remember when you saw that duck and
called it a goose?

DONNY
No.

GRODY
Or when you saw that pigeon and thought
it was an albino crow.

DONNY
Albino crows are fuckin' rare, man! Not
the fuckin' point! Jesus!

GRODY
Sorry.

DEAN
Sorry, Donny. Continue.

GRODY
Yeah, we won't say another word.

DEAN
Promise.

GRODY
Promise.

They laugh.

GRODY (CONT'D)
Cool, we said it at the same time. You
owe me a Coke.

Grody and Dean high-five.

DONNY
What the fuck, guys?! What I have to say
is really important.
(pause)
Which reminds me, start recording.

DEAN
Record what?

DONNY

This, what we are doing right now.

DEAN

We're standing around talking about birds.

DONNY

Film it, Dean!

DEAN

If you say so.

Dean aims the camera at Donny.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Now what?

DONNY

Shut up and listen to my story.

DEAN

Got it.

DONNY

In this vision, the eagle spoke to me. He told me what I must do.

DEAN

Get a job?

DONNY

No.

GRODY

Learn how to drive?

DONNY

No.

DEAN

Move out of your sister's garage?

DONNY

Would you two shut the fuck up?!

GRODY

Sorry.

DEAN

Sorry, Donny.

They snicker.

Donny walks over to the sheet hanging on the wall. He swings on his jacket, dramatically turns around, pulls the sheet down to reveal...

A bulletin board with pictures of Sensei Mike and his dojo pinned to it.

GRODY

Who is that guy?

DONNY

This is our first target. It's also the only karate instructor I could find in our county. Meet Sensei Mike. He teaches kids 6 through 12.

DEAN

Should I really be filming this?

DONNY

Yes, Dean. Film everything.

Dean aims his camera at Donny and the bulletin board.

DONNY (CONT'D)

In feudal Japan, a master martial artist would travel around to dojo to dojo, challenging their style against his. If the dojo lost, they would have to stop practicing their style forever. This is my path.

GRODY

You're gonna fight people?

DONNY

Yes. Four to be exact. One for each discipline. Karate, Taekwondo, Judo and finally Kung fu.

DEAN

That's crazy, Donny. They'll kill you.

DONNY

I never said it would be easy. I'm gonna fight them one on one, my style against theirs.

GRODY

This is fuckin' awesome!

DONNY

See, Grody is excited.

DEAN

He also gets excited about the McRib.

DONNY

What the hell, Dean. You're sucking all the excitement out of this for everyone.

DEAN

Sorry, Donny. I'm worried you might get fucked up.

DONNY

I don't get fucked up, I fuck people up.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

FIGHT!

CUT TO:

INT. KARATE DOJO - DAY

Sensei Mike punches Donny hard in the face. He stumbles back, braces himself with a fake plastic ficus plant by the wall.

SENSEI MIKE

You like that, fatboy?

DONNY

Fatboy? Fatboy?!

Donny grabs the plant, BASHES Sensei Mike over the head with it.

The clay pot shatters on impact.

DONNY (CONT'D)

How you like getting fucked by a plant?!

Sensei Mike charges at him, punches him in the stomach.

SENSEI MIKE

Die, you fat piece of shit!

DONNY

Fuck you! Paralyzer!

Donny karate chops him on the side of his neck. Sensei Mike quickly drops to the floor, completely unconscious.

DEAN

Holy shit! Grody! You fuckin' missed it!

Donny throws his hands up in victory.

DONNY

Did you fuckin' see that shit?! I can't believe that fuckin' worked.

DEAN

Grody! What are you doing in there?! Donny used the Paralyzer!

Dean aims the camera at his feet.

DONNY

What's wrong?

DEAN

Somethin' is up with Grody. I should check it out.

DONNY

Okay. But tell me, did it look cool?

DEAN

Looked awesome.

Dean runs off to Grody's direction.

DONNY

One day, kids. One day you will all be training in Donny "The Greatest" Milfer dojos.

JR wakes up, pushes the trash can off of him.

INT. KARATE DOJO LOBBY - DAY

Dean runs into the lobby, sees Grody passed out on the desk.

DEAN

Grody? You okay, man?

Lausanne comes around the corner armed with the telephone.

Dean sees her and quickly squeals as she bashes him over the head.

He drops to the floor like a ton of bricks.

LAUSANNE

Fuckin' idiots.

INT. KARATE DOJO - DAY

Donny shows the kids his amazing muscles as he flexes for them.

DONNY

Yeah, you like that? It's called being awesome.

JR runs over to Donny and kicks him in the balls.

Donny goes down holding himself in pain.

JR

That's for Sensei Mike!

DONNY

You little shit!

JR points.

JR

Get this fat fucking loser!

The kids all run after Donny, jump on his back, beat his head and pull at his hair.

Donny gets to his feet with the kids hanging off his arms as they bite him.

Donny screams out.

DONNY

Help!

He spins around, knocks some of the kids off him.

JR points and laughs.

Donny kicks JR in the face, his nose explodes, erupting blood.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Laughin' now, you little shit?!

Donny swings the rest of the kids off him.

JR lies on the floor crying, holding his face as blood stains his white karate gi.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Brats! All of you! None of you turds are allowed into any of my dojos! Ever! You're all banned for life!

Sensei Mike slowly gets back on his feet.

Donny holds his neck as it bleeds.

DONNY (CONT'D)

That fuckin' hurt, you little booger eating motherfuckers.

Sensei Mike grabs Donny by the neck, spins him around into the glass row of practice mirrors on the wall.

Donny SLAMS hard into the glass, spiderwebbing around him.

Sensei Mike swings a powerful punch for Donny's head.

Donny quickly avoids it. Sensei Mike's hand SMASHES right through the mirror, bringing the glass down around them.

Donny punches Sensei Mike in the ribs.

Sensei Mike grabs Donny by the neck again, gets him in a headlock.

Donny flops around trying to get free.

SENSEI MIKE

Got you, fatfuck.

DONNY

Fuck you! I'll show you fat!

Donny goes limp. The weight is too much for Sensei Mike, he drops Donny and they tumble to the floor.

Police sirens scream in the background.

Donny climbs up Sensei Mike, jabs his elbow into his side.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Call that my Dead Weight Surprise move. How'd you like it? This one is called Baby Arm Punches.

Sensei Mike blocks one of Donny's elbow jabs and punches him in the face.

Donny falls on top of him.

The kids all jump on Donny, beat and bite him, pull at his hair.

TWO COPS storm in through the shattered window with their guns aimed.

Lausanne walks in.

The cops aim their guns at her. She quickly throws her hands up.

COP #1

Freeze!

Donny knocks all the kids off him, stands up roaring like a wild beast.

DONNY

I'm the greatest!

Cop #2 pulls out his taser gun, tasers him. Donny shakes around, falls over on his back.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Donny, Grody, and Dean all sit on a bench handcuffed together.

Grody sits at the end. He has bloody tissue paper shoved up his nose.

On the opposite end, rests Donny. He looks like shit, his face is red, bleeding, has bite marks all over his hands and neck.

Dean is stuck in the middle, passed out.

DONNY

This did not go well.

GRODY

How do you mean?

Donny holds up his handcuffed wrist.

DONNY

Like this.

Donny looks over at Dean, nudges his shoulder to wake him up.

It does nothing.

GRODY

Easy, he got hit pretty hard by that woman chick.

DONNY

All the more reason to wake his sorry ass up.

Donny slaps Dean across the face. Dean snaps back to life.

He tries to stand up but is shot back down by his metal tether.

He holds his head in pain.

GRODY

You okay?

DEAN

Holy shit, my head feels like it was beaten in by a bunch of retarded school children.

Dean looks over at Donny.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

DONNY

Retarded school children.

GRODY

He lost.

DEAN

You lost, Donny? How?

DONNY

Wasn't a one man fight. That asshole had his fuckin' minions helping him out.

DEAN

You mean those kids?

DONNY

Yeah. Those little evil assfuckers.

DEAN

You lost to a bunch of kids?

DONNY

I can't fight a six year old. It goes against my ninja way.

DEAN

What's the story? We arrested?

DONNY

Waiting to get bailed out.

Donny points to his sister CONNIE MILFER, late 20's, at the front desk, talking to an officer. She's beautiful, has brown hair, tall, wears a tank top and sexy short cutoff jeans.

GRODY

Your sister is so fuckin' hot.

DEAN

It sucks you guys are related.

DONNY

Yeah, I know.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Connie furiously storms out of the police station. Donny, Dean and Grody follow.

CONNIE

I can't fuckin' believe this!

DONNY

I know, those cuffs left a mark on my wrists.

She stops, turns around and shoves her scolding finger into his chest.

CONNIE

I'm talking about you!

DONNY

Me? What did I do?

CONNIE

You tossed a fuckin' trash can through a window and assaulted a bunch of children!

DONNY

Can you not yell out in front of a police station that I assaulted a bunch of children? They might get the wrong idea.

CONNIE

Well, that's what happened!

DONNY

Have you looked at me, Connie? Have you seen my face? I should be the one that's pressing charges.

She walks away from him.

CONNIE

I can't believe this shit! Mom and dad are going to freak the fuck out when they hear about this!

Donny quickly runs after her.

DONNY

Shit, Connie, you're not gonna tell mom and dad are you?

CONNIE

You wanna know how much it cost to bail you three fuckin' idiots out of jail?

DONNY

Like a hundred bucks or something?

CONNIE

Try five hundred.

DONNY

That's not so bad.

CONNIE

Each!

DONNY

Shit.

CONNIE

Shit is right!

DONNY

Could you stop yelling? Like I said, we are out in front of a police station. And you swear like a fuckin' crackhead.

CONNIE

Fuck you, motherfucker! Grow the fuck up, Donny!

She storms away.

Dean and Grody walk over to Donny.

DONNY
Fuckin' hell.

DEAN
She seemed really pissed.

GRODY
Maybe she's like having her period or something.

DONNY
I don't know. Women troubles are stupid.

DEAN
So now what?

They stand there looking at each other.

DONNY
I don't know. But she's our ride.

They run after Connie.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Hey! Wait up!

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - MORNING

Donny punches the punching bag that hangs from the wall. He wears a red shirt with the word "FIREFIGHTER" on it. The "FIRE" part has been crossed out and replaced with the words "KICK ASS". He wears a yellow head band to stop the sweat from dripping into his eyes.

Dean sits at the computer looking at porn.

DONNY
This sucks.

Donny punches the bag.

DEAN
She really gonna make you pay her back?

DONNY
I don't have that kinda cash, man.

DEAN
You could get a job.

DONNY
A job? Fuck that.

He punches the bag again.

DEAN

If you have a job, you could get a new computer.

DONNY

Nothing wrong with that one.

DEAN

It's old. Porn looks all pixilated on here.

DONNY

Look at porn on your own damn computer.

DEAN

You know I can't do that. Sonya would kill me. Pregnancy does weird things to women, dude.

Donny takes a breather.

DONNY

Where's Grody? He was supposed to help me train this morning.

DEAN

Sent him to go look for my dad's camera.

Dean turns around to face Donny.

DEAN (CONT'D)

So what's the plan? You still gonna fight the others?

DONNY

The whole point was to win. I don't know what to do now.

DEAN

You could try fighting him again.

Donny halfheartedly punches the bag.

DONNY

The whole thing was stupid, I guess.

The garage door opens. Grody runs into the makeshift dojo.

GRODY

You guys aren't gonna fuckin' believe this!

EXT. KARATE DOJO - MORNING

Donny, Dean and Grody gaze at a boarded up window to the dojo with a sign nailed to it that reads: CLOSED.

DEAN

Holy shit.

DONNY

I can't believe this.

GRODY

This is so fuckin' awesome! Can you believe it?!

DONNY

It's closed. I won.

GRODY

You fuckin' won!

Grody hugs Donny as he stands there in amazement.

DONNY

I fuckin' won. I really can't believe it.

GRODY

You kicked his ass and he closed up shop!

DONNY

Grody? Please stop hugging me.

GRODY

Sorry, Donny.

Grody lets go.

DEAN

So now what?

GRODY

We fight, right Donny?

DONNY

Yeah. We fight.

GRODY

Oh! I almost forgot!

Grody runs off into the parking lot, comes back with a trash can.

DEAN

What's that?

GRODY

Take a look.

Grody pulls out the video camera.

DEAN

Cool, my dad's camera.

Dean grabs his camera, checks it.

GRODY

That's not all.

Grody pulls out the nunchucks.

GRODY (CONT'D)

Here you go, Donny.

DONNY

That's okay. You can keep them.

Grody smiles.

GRODY

Really? Awesome!

DEAN

I'm gonna go film that dead bird, be right back.

Dean runs off.

Grody walks over to Donny. They both stare at the boarded up window.

GRODY

Donny? You okay?

DEAN (O.C.)

This is fuckin' awesome!

DONNY

Yeah, I'm thinking.

DEAN (O.C.)

I wonder if birds shit themselves when they die, like people do!

GRODY

Thinking about what?

DONNY

It took so long for me to find my calling. Here it is. Right here.

Grody stand there awkwardly.

GRODY

So... I'm gonna go check out that dead
bird, you coming?

DONNY

No. I wanna think for a little bit more.

GRODY

Sure thing, Donny.

Grody runs off to join Dean filming the dead bird.

Donny stays behind to look at the closed sign.

DONNY

(to himself)

This is it. I can do it.

Donny makes a fist.

BACKGROUND - Dean chases after Grody with the dead bird
on a stick. He uses kung fu punches and kicks to get Dean
to back off. Dean tosses the bird at him.

DONNY (CONT'D)

And I can win.

INT. DO-JANG - DAY

Donny looks broken and bleeding. A cut over both eyes
bleeds down his face, into his mouth. A mouth that's
busted open, gushing blood.

His eyes are swollen, puffy. Sweat pours from him like a
fire hydrant.

A foot comes out of nowhere, SMASHES into his face.

Donny drops back, falls out of a small arena, surrounded
by a group of small Korean men.

Donny falls into the crowd, on top of two spectators, who
struggle to get free.

GRODY (O.C.)

Donny! Get up, man!

Donny shakes his head, looks over at the two men he's
toppled on to.

DONNY

Sorry, little dudes.

Donny rolls off them, looks over at THE GRANDMASTER. He's small, Korean, bald, shirtless, has muscles on top of muscles. And boy does he look pissed.

GRANDMASTER

Is that all you got, fatboy?

DONNY

What did you call me, you little rice turd?

GRANDMASTER

You come into my do-jang and threaten me?
Are you crazy or really stupid?

DONNY

Neither! I'm Donny "The Greatest" Milfer!
And I'm going to beat your little yellow
ass!

Donny runs at him yelling a battle cry. The Grandmaster gets into a taekwondo fight stance, ready to kick.

Donny readies a fist.

They reach each other-

The Grandmaster kicks Donny in the face. Donny takes the force of the kick, grabs the leg, and punches the kneecap.

DONNY (CONT'D)

One leg down!

The Grandmaster lifts up with the other leg, spins around, kicks Donny in the chest.

Donny lets go of the foot, stumbles back, gets kicked again in the face.

Donny stumbles around before falling over on his back.

Grody and Dean rush to his aid. Grody slaps his face to wake him up.

Donny looks dazed.

DONNY (CONT'D)

What's going on, guys?

He sounds like he's drunk off his ass.

DEAN

You got your ass kicked. And you're also being overtly racist.

GRODY

Shut up, Dean.

DEAN

It's true.

DONNY

My face hurts.

GRODY

What, Donny?

Donny points to his broken face.

DONNY

My face, it really fuckin' hurts, guys. How does it look?

DEAN

About as good as it feels, I guess.

GRODY

Goddamn it, Dean. You ain't helpin' at all.

Grody props Donny's head up into his lap.

DEAN

Sorry. But I think if this goes on, Donny is going to seriously fuckin' die.

DONNY

I don't wanna die, guys.

Grody pets Donny's head.

GRODY

Remember your training.

DONNY

My training?

DEAN

Look at him. He's in fuckin' LaLa Land.

Donny smiles.

DONNY

LaLa Land is a great name for a strip club.

GRODY

We gotta get you on your feet.

DONNY

Feet. That would be a horrible name for a strip club. Guys, let's all go to Feet later. See some titties!

Donny laughs.

DEAN

He could have brain damage or something.

Grody helps Donny to his feet. Dean grabs his arm and helps prop him up.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm calling it. Let's get the fuck out of here before they call the cops on us.

DONNY

No. Wait. I can beat this guy.

DEAN

How?

DONNY

Easy. I know his weakness.

DEAN

How? You don't even remember your own fuckin' name.

DONNY

I know who I am. I'm the greatest. And I didn't come here to lose.

Donny pushes Dean off him.

He stumbles around on his own two feet, makes his way toward the Grandmaster.

GRODY

That's it. You can do it.

DEAN

What the hell are you doing, Donny?

DONNY

Get the camera ready. We're watching this later tonight at Feet.

DEAN

Whatever you say, man.

Donny walks over to the Grandmaster, points to him.

DONNY
I'm gonna fuck you like a Taiwanese
tranny.

The Grandmaster yells, runs at Donny with a fist ready to be swung.

Donny smiles, gets in a defensive stance.

The Grandmaster punches Donny in the face as hard as he can.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

TAEKWONDO

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

Donny practices on his punching bag. His face looks better, his wounds have healed since his fight with Sensei Mike.

He wears a workout shirt with an American eagle on it. His shorts are sweat pants that have been cut so short, they look like daisy dukes.

He does a high kick on the punching bag.

Dean sits at the computer looking at videos of taekwondo tournaments.

DEAN
These guys are really good.

DONNY
Doesn't matter.

DEAN
No, I mean, like really damn good.

DONNY
I'm still gonna kick their asses.

Donny does another kick. He holds his side in pain, wipes sweat from his neck.

DEAN

Apparently, they got these grandmasters called kwan-jang-nims. But they also have like masters, which are like instructors.

DONNY

No, grandmasters sounds like what we're looking for. See if you can find any of their dojos around here.

DEAN

Actually, they call them do-jangs, not dojos.

DONNY

Whatever they call them, find me one.

Donny delivers another kick to the punching bag.

DEAN

I think I found something. It's even close by.

DONNY

I like close by.

Donny walks over, puts his hands on his hips and leans over Dean's shoulder.

Dean looks over and sees Donny's crotch in his face.

DEAN

Seriously?

DONNY

What?

DEAN

Your junk doesn't have to be right in my face, dude.

DONNY

Computer screen is small.

DEAN

Not that small. Back up some so I can't smell your nuts.

DONNY

Fine.

Donny pouts, walks back over to his punching bag, feebly gives it a tap.

Dean clicks around on the keyboard, an image pops up on the screen.

DEAN

This is the guy.

DONNY

Is it okay if I come over there to look at it?

DEAN

Sure, as long as you don't put your balls on my shoulder.

DONNY

You prefer them on your chest?

DEAN

Man, fuck you. I'm trying to help you out and you're acting like a cunt right now.

DONNY

Relax.

Donny walks over, rests his balls on Dean's shoulder.

DONNY (CONT'D)

So this is the guy?

Dean takes notice, immediately bolts up, runs over to the couch.

DEAN

Fuckin' hell! Goddamn it, Donny! That wasn't cool!

Donny sits down at the computer, clicks around on a cheaply made taekwondo home page.

DONNY

Sometimes balls gotta be free.

DEAN

Two can play that game!

Dean wrestles with his belt buckle, trying his best to take off his pants.

Grody walks in holding two giant watermelons under each arm.

Dean freezes in place when he sees Grody gawking at him.

GRODY

What are you doing?

Donny turns around, sees Dean with his pants down.

DEAN

Nothing. I wasn't doing anything.

Donny gets up, walks over to Grody, takes one of the watermelons.

DONNY

Cool, they did have watermelons.

GRODY

Why wasn't Dean wearing any pants?

Dean puts his pants back on, awkwardly sits back down at the computer.

DONNY

Yeah, Dean. Why weren't you wearing any pants?

DEAN

My belt was loose. I was adjusting it. That's all.

Grody sits down on the couch with a watermelon on his lap.

GRODY

Why are we training with these again?

EXT. CONNIE'S POOL - DAY

Donny swims around in the pool. He dives under, comes back up to the surface with a watermelon held high above his head.

He shimmies over to the edge of the pool.

Dean points his camera down at the pool, filming Donny's every move.

Donny drops the watermelon poolside on the ground next to Grody.

Grody picks it up.

DONNY

Taekwondo is all about kicks. So I gotta prepare myself for getting kicked. It's inevitable.

GRODY

So what do you want me to do?

DONNY

I want you to throw that watermelon as hard as you can at my head.

GRODY

Seriously? That doesn't sound like a very good idea.

DONNY

Shut up and toss it.

GRODY

Okay. If you insist. Here goes.

Grody raises the watermelon high above his head, closes his eyes, tosses the watermelon at Donny.

The watermelon BASHES Donny over the head.

The Watermelon EXPLODES on impact.

Donny flips back, sinks to the bottom of the pool.

Dean lowers his camera, looks over at Grody.

DEAN

What the fuck did you do?

GRODY

You heard him. What he told me to.

DEAN

Do we go in after him?

GRODY

I can't swim, remember?

DEAN

And I just ate, so...

Beat.

GRODY

He's not coming back up. We really should do something.

DEAN

Okay! Fine! I'll go in after him.

Dean takes his shoes off, jumps into the pool after Donny.

GRODY

Watch out for turds.

Grody chuckles to himself.

EXT. CONNIE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Donny gets in a battle stance, fists up.

Dean aims his camera at him.

Grody holds a watermelon high above his head.

GRODY

Ready?

DONNY

Do it.

Grody tosses the watermelon at his head.

Donny head-butts it.

The watermelon splits in half.

GRODY

That was awesome!

DONNY

Do another one. I'm going to kick it this time.

Grody grabs another watermelon, brings it to his shoulder, throws it.

Donny swings around, kicks high in the air, the watermelon flies past his leg, hits him in the crotch.

Donny falls to the ground, holding his groin, squirming around in the grass in agony.

DEAN

That will teach you to put your balls on people's shoulders!

DONNY

Fuck you, Dean! This fuckin' hurts!

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

FIGHT!

CUT TO:

INT. DO-JANG - DAY

The Grandmaster punches Donny in the forehead, cracking his wrist.

Donny grabs the Grandmaster's arm, punches him in the throat.

The Grandmaster stumbles back, gasping for air.

Donny quickly runs up to him, pinches the Grandmaster's nipples.

DONNY

I call this move my Ultimate Nipple
Torture Grande. How you like it?!

The Grandmaster breaks free, makes some distance between them.

He holds his wrist in pain.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Sounded like you broke your wrist, pops.

GRODY (O.C.)

Way to go, Donny!

GRANDMASTER

Don't celebrate yet, you idiots. I'm
still standing.

DONNY

Yeah, but not for much longer.

GRANDMASTER

You come in here, wipe your ass with the
Korean flag. Piss on our carpet. Talk
about my daughter like she's a whore. You
are not a man. You are shit! Your style
is shit! Everything about you is shit!

Donny looks over at the wadded up Korean flag by the wall
and the wet stain on the carpet.

DONNY

I guess I did go a little overboard. But I needed you to fight me.

GRANDMASTER

Why?

DONNY

Like I said, I'm challenging you. I win, you close up shop and leave town like a little bitch.

GRANDMASTER

I'll make you my little bitch.

Donny gets in a fight stance.

The Grandmaster does the same.

Dean readies the camera.

GRODY

You can do it, Donny. Remember your training.

DONNY

I remember.

Donny smiles.

The Grandmaster runs after him, jumps up, elbows Donny in the face.

Donny drops to his knees.

The Grandmaster steadies Donny's head, readies another punch.

GRANDMASTER

Pathetic fool.

GRODY

Now!

Donny punches the Grandmaster as hard as he can in the crotch.

The Grandmaster hunches over.

Donny bolts up, head-butts him.

The Grandmaster flies back spitting teeth, hits the mat hard.

Donny runs over, spins around, brings both his fists down on the Grandmaster's balls.

The Grandmaster has been defeated.

Donny stands up, walks over to face him.

DONNY

How you like that? Call that my Super Nut Buster move.

Donny unzips his pants, lowers them, stands over the Grandmaster's face.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Now, what were you saying about me and my style being shit?

Donny squats over the Grandmaster's head.

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

Grody practices his nunchaku skills. Donny rests on the couch, his face still beaten and swollen from the fight.

Dean sits at the computer, doing web searches.

On the bulletin board, the word "JUDO" and nothing else.

Grody misses a catch and hits himself in the head with the nunchucks.

GRODY

Fuckin' hell.

He holds his forehead in pain.

DONNY

You hit yourself again?

GRODY

Yeah. Shit, nunchuckin' is hard.

Grody swings the nunchucks around above his head.

DONNY

Two down, two to go. Who we got next?

DEAN

Nobody.

DONNY

Nobody?

DEAN

Can't find anyone that runs a Judo gym or even teaches it.

DONNY

Seriously? There's gotta be somebody.

DEAN

Nothing that I could find. But I'll keep looking.

GRODY

Donny, you sure you're up for another fight?

DONNY

Don't worry, when it's time to throw down, I'll be ready.

DEAN

Wait! I think I found somebody.

Donny gets off the couch and walks over.

DONNY

Who's the victim?

DEAN

Wilkins "Mad Dog" Wallis.

DONNY

Who?

GRODY

Holy shit! Are you serious?

Grody runs over.

DONNY

Who is this guy? You guys know him?

GRODY

Yeah! It's Mad Dog, dude!

DONNY

I don't know who that is.

DEAN

Sure you do. Remember back in the 80's when he tried to make Judo popular? He did a couple of low budget badass movies.

GRODY

Remember Judo Assassin? Undercover Judo Cop? Or the classic, Judo Dog. Where he died and came back as a crime fighting police dog!

DONNY

That Mad Dog?

GRODY

The one and fuckin' only!

Grody jumps around in excitement, punching the air.

DONNY

What's he doing here?

GRODY

Dude! He fuckin' lives here. He has like kids here and shit.

DEAN

Yeah, and an ex-wife. She moved the kids here and he followed.

DONNY

I don't know, guys. I'm not sure he fits all the requirements.

DEAN

He still does low budget direct to video movies. So in a way, he's kinda like a Judo master.

DONNY

I guess that counts. But I'd hate to beat up a celebrity, you know?

DEAN

Kinda seems like our only option. I did like three Google searches and got nothing. I'm afraid he's our best bet.

GRODY

C'mon, Donny! Please! I wanna meet Wilkins "Mad Dog" Wallis!

DONNY

Think about it, guys. If I win, that means he can't practice Judo anymore. Probably even stop making movies.

GRODY

Shit, I didn't think about that.

DEAN

But winning against him in a fight would really bring some legitimacy to what you've been doing here.

DONNY

Legitimacy? You don't think I'm legit? Motherfucker, I'm too legit. I'm too legit to quit. We're doing this.

GRODY

This is going to be... epic!

INT. ELEVATOR(MOVING) - DAY

Donny wears all black. He looks like a white trash ninja. Casting a giant shadow down on him stands WILKINS MAD DOG WALLIS. He's black, bald, has muscles on his arms that look bigger than Donny's head.

He wears expensive clothing, gold chains, and a gargantuan sized diamond ring on his pinky finger.

Donny looks up at him nervously, sweat drips from his brow.

MAD DOG

Fuckin' lawyers, right?

DONNY

Yeah.

MAD DOG

You got kids?

DONNY

Me? No way.

Mad Dog laughs.

MAD DOG

I got two. A boy and a little girl. Twins. Best thing to ever happen to me. Except for that evil bitch of an ex-wife. They're kind of a packaged deal, you know?

DONNY

Fuckin' bitches.

MAD DOG

Hey, that's the mother of my children you're talkin' about.

DONNY
I'm sorry. I didn't-

MAD DOG
I'm messin' with you.

Mad Dog smiles.

Donny nervously laughs.

DONNY
--You got me.

Mad Dog presents his giant hand for Donny to shake.

MAD DOG
Name's Mad Dog.

Donny shakes his hand.

DONNY
I'm a fan. Robo Judo Cop is a
masterpiece.

Mad Dog laughs.

MAD DOG
I wouldn't go that far but I'm glad you
enjoyed it.

Donny notices the giant diamond ring on his pinky.

MAD DOG (CONT'D)
I bet you ain't seen nothin' like that
before. Back in the day, I'd get pussy
just by flashing my pinky ring.

He wiggles his pinky ring in front of Donny's face.

The elevator dings and the door slides open.

MAD DOG (CONT'D)
This you?

Donny looks over, sees Grody hiding behind one of the
plants out in the hallway.

DONNY
Yeah. That's me.

MAD DOG
Put her there, buddy.

Mad Dog holds out a fist. Donny bumps it, exits the elevator.

The elevator doors slowly close behind him.

HALLWAY

Grody runs over to Donny. He too wears all black.

GRODY
What happened?

DONNY
I don't know. It's like I was hypnotized or something.

GRODY
Wow, his judo powers are really strong. What now?

Donny looks over at the staircase.

DONNY
We run like hell.

Donny bolts to the staircase.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Donny and Grody run as fast as they can to the next floor below.

GRODY
5th floor!

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Donny quickly storms out of the stairwell entrance, heads for the elevator, hits the button.

Grody runs in behind him.

They're both out of breath.

GRODY
You think we made it?

DONNY
We're about to find out.

The elevator door dings, opens. There stands Mad Dog.

MAD DOG

You again?

DONNY

Me again.

Donny runs at him, punches him in the face.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

JUDO

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Dean and Donny sneak around a long towering stairwell.

Dean wears all black, holds a cheap plastic walkie-talkie in his hand.

They climb the stairs together.

DEAN

Tell me again why we're doing this here?

DONNY

Judo is all about throws. I figure he can't throw me if we're in a tight spot.

DEAN

Like a lawyer's office?

DONNY

No. Like in an elevator.

GRODY (O.S.)

You guys reading me?

The two stop climbing the stairs. Dean brings the walkie-talkie to his mouth upside down.

DONNY

You're doing it wrong.

DEAN

I know how to do it.

DONNY

What's with this thing? Is this a kiddy toy?

DEAN

I got it from my cousin.

DONNY

Your cousin is like five years old.

DEAN

He's eight. And this works perfectly fine.

Dean fidgets with the buttons on the walkie-talkie, turns it right side up.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Grody stealthily keeps himself hidden behind a giant plant, peeping at Mad Dog as he sits talking to his lawyer.

GRODY

Guys?

DEAN

Grody, can you hear me?

GRODY

I hear ya..

DONNY

Ask him if he sees Mad Dog.

DEAN

Grody, you see Mad Dog?

GRODY

Yeah, I'm looking right at him. This is so fuckin' awesome. I'm going to ask him for an autograph.

Donny quickly grabs the walkie-talkie.

DONNY

Damn it, Grody! Don't talk to him! And definitely don't ask him for a fuckin' autograph!

GRODY

Fine. I won't then.

(pause)

You don't have to be so mean about it.

DONNY

I know the guy is like a hero to you. But keep your distance. Tell me what floor he's on.

GRODY

We're on the tenth floor.

Donny hands Dean back the walkie-talkie.

DEAN

Good job. Keep an eye on him. Let us know when he steps into the elevator to leave.

GRODY

Copy that. Grody out.

END ON DEAN AND DONNY

DEAN

Are you sure about this, Donny?

DONNY

You're the one that recommended him.

DEAN

I know, but now that I think about it. Like really think about it. It kinda seems mean. The guy has had it bad enough. But now having to fight you...

DONNY

I get it. I feel bad for him, too. I do. But I won't let anything get in the way of what I am destined to do.

DEAN

Why are you so convinced this is what you're destined to do?

DONNY

Are you fuckin' serious right now?

DEAN

Yeah. Don't get me wrong. What you're doing is awesome. But it's also completely fuckin' nuts.

DONNY

If believing in yourself is fuckin' nuts, then I don't wanna be fuckin' sane.

DEAN

A lot of people follow their dreams. But hardly ever does it include shitting on people's faces.

DONNY

Are you still on that?

DEAN

You shit on his face! That's something I can't unsee, dude. Believe me, I've tried.

DONNY

I beat two fuckin' masters of martial arts and you're still not on board?

DEAN

I'm on board. I'm not a groupie like Grody is. But I'm on board.

DONNY

No, you're not. You've been holding me back.

DEAN

Holding you back? Are you fuckin' serious? I've been with you, supporting you since fuckin' preschool, Donny.

DONNY

I finally found something I'm good at. Finally found a reason to get up in the morning. A reason to stand proud. And you're shitting all over it the way I shit all over that guy's face.

DEAN

Fine.

Dean turns around, walks down the staircase.

DONNY

Where are you fuckin' going?!

DEAN

I'm done. If you don't want me here, then I won't be.

DONNY

So you're leaving?

DEAN

Yeah, Donny.

DONNY

But you're our ride.

DEAN

Tough titty. Walk home.

DONNY

Fuck you, Smits! You can't leave Team Donny! With only Grody behind me, it won't be a Double Team!

Dean runs off.

Donny looks up at the staircase. He has a long climb ahead of him.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Donny runs out of the stairway entrance.

He looks around, spots Grody hiding behind a plant.

Donny quietly crouch-runs over.

DONNY

Hey.

Grody points to Mad Dog sitting with his lawyer across the hall.

GRODY

There he is, man. In the flesh.

A lawyer walks by holding a bunch of papers. He spots Donny and Grody hiding behind the plant.

DONNY

Hi. We're janitors.

GRODY

This plant is... really dirty.

The lawyer looks at them oddly and keeps walking.

GRODY (CONT'D)

Shit. That was close. You think he bought our story?

Donny punches Grody's arm.

GRODY (CONT'D)

Ow! What was that for?

DONNY

Cleaning plants? Really? You're going to get us kicked out of here before I even get close to Mad Dog.

Grody rubs his arm.

GRODY

Sorry. Where's Dean? I've been trying to reach you guys.

DONNY

Dean got pissy and took off.

GRODY

But he's our ride.

DONNY

He's dead to us. Forget about him.

GRODY

You guys fight?

DONNY

I don't wanna talk about it. How long has Mad Dog been in there?

GRODY

Awhile. He looks pissed.

DONNY

He always looks pissed. Maybe it won't take much for him to wanna fight me.

GRODY

Why don't you walk up to him and punch him in the face?

DONNY

That won't work.

GRODY

Sure it will. If you punch someone in the face, chances are they'll try to punch you back. No one likes to be punched.

DONNY

There doesn't seem to be much honor in that.

GRODY

Better than wiping your ass with a flag.

DONNY

It did the trick, didn't it?

GRODY

I guess. But it wasn't very honorable.
Especially when you shit on that guy's
face afterwards.

MAD DOG (O.C.)

Tell that bitch she can see my black ass
in court!

Mad Dog SLAMS shut the door to his lawyer's office.

He heads to the elevators, pushes the button, waits...

DONNY

It's go time.

GRODY

What are you going to do?

DONNY

I don't know yet. Meet me on the lobby
floor.

GRODY

Got it.

Grody and Donny high-five.

The elevator doors ding, open.

Mad Dog steps inside.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

FIGHT!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR(STOPPED) - DAY

Donny punches Mad Dog square in the face. He stumbles,
hits the back of the elevator.

DONNY

Sorry, Mad Dog. But I challenge you to a
fight. Your style against mine.

Mad Dog holds his nose as it bleeds down his lips.

MAD DOG

Bitch, you don't know the hell I'm about
to bring to your stupid fuckin' ass.

Donny takes another swing.

Mad Dog dodges, Donny misses, hits the wall.

Mad Dog grabs Donny by the throat, picks him up.

Donny's feet dangle off the floor. He grabs Mad Dog by
the ear, pulls...

MAD DOG (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!

DONNY

Trying to pull your fuckin' ear off!

Mad Dog punches him in the stomach.

Donny lets go of the ear, grabs the wrist to the hand
choking him.

Mad Dog punches him in the gut again.

Donny karate chops his thick neck, having zero effect.

MAD DOG

What the fuck you tryin' to do now,
motherfucker?

DONNY

Double Paralyzer!

He karate chops him on both sides of the neck.

Still nothing.

Mad Dog tosses Donny to the other side of the elevator.

Donny kicks Mad Dog in the crotch.

He loosens his grip around Donny's throat.

Donny wiggles free, swipes his hand across all the
buttons in the elevator.

Donny quickly jumps on Mad Dog, crawls up on his back,
wraps his arm around his neck and squeezes.

Mad Dog RAMS Donny against the wall of the elevator.
Donny lets go, holds his chest in pain.

Mad Dog grabs Donny by the gullet, throws him to the other side of the elevator.

Donny catches himself, turns around, punches Mad Dog in the stomach. His wrist bounces off.

MAD DOG

It's called having muscles, motherfucker!

DONNY

I got something better.

MAD DOG

Flab ain't better.

DONNY

But hands are. Fuckin' Claw Strike!

Donny runs over, jumps up, CLAW STRIKES, scratching Mad Dog's face with his fingernails.

MAD DOG

Fuck!

Mad Dog holds his face in pain.

Donny SLAPS his hands against Mad Dog's ears.

Mad Dog wobbles back.

Donny runs over, elbows him in the face, moves in to karate kick Mad Dog in the stomach.

Mad Dog grabs Donny's leg.

MAD DOG (CONT'D)

You gotta do better than that, stretch mark.

He picks Donny up, SLAMS him up on the ceiling of the elevator.

Sparks fly, the lights flicker on and off.

Donny punches the top of Mad Dog's bald head.

DONNY

Die, you big bald ass motherfucker!

MAD DOG

Stop punching me!

Donny gets tossed to the floor, the elevator jumps, and stops moving.

Mad Dog stumbles back, gets his balance.

MAD DOG (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that?

Donny squirms around on the floor in agony.

DONNY
Wait.

Mad Dog hits the alarm button on the elevator.

Donny gets back on his feet.

MAD DOG
Back for more?

Mad Dog takes a swing at Donny, misses.

The elevator starts moving again, knocking Mad Dog off balance.

Donny gets behind him, punches him in the kidneys.

Mad Dog falls to his knees in pain.

Donny walks up behind him, wraps his arm around his neck, squeezes.

Mad Dog struggles.

Donny BASHES Mad Dog's head up against the side of the metal sliding doors.

The elevator stops, Mad Dog falls over unconscious.

The doors open-

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Grody stands in the lobby holding a picture of Mad Dog with a giant smile on his face.

Donny steps out of the elevator.

GRODY
Did you do it? Did you win?

DONNY
Fuck-yeah I did.
(looks at the picture)
What's that for?

GRODY

I thought maybe he might autograph it for me.

DONNY

I don't know, Grody. I think he might be kinda pissed off when he wakes up.

Grody walks into the elevator.

GRODY

That's okay, I don't mind.

DONNY

Hurry up, I gotta try to find us a ride back home.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Donny and Grody walk jovially out of the office building.

Grody holds his signed picture up.

He jumps down the steps and proudly shows it off to Donny.

GRODY

Can you believe it?!

DONNY

I can't. He did write go fuck yourself, but still. That's pretty cool.

GRODY

I know, right?! This is the greatest day of my entire life!

DONNY

And Dean missed it because he was being an asshole.

They stop at the benches up front, Donny takes a seat and rests for a few seconds.

GRODY

So what happened to you guys?

DONNY

Nothing. He doesn't believe in me. He doesn't think I can do it.

GRODY

I think you can, Donny. I'm pretty sure you could beat up the entire world.

DONNY

I know! I don't get why he can't see that.

Grody takes a seat next to him.

GRODY

I had this hamster once. Remember?

DONNY

Yeah.

GRODY

I begged my parents to let me get him. I mean, I would have sucked their dicks, I wanted that hamster so bad.

DONNY

Your point?

GRODY

I'm getting to it. The point is, they didn't believe in me. I knew I could take care of it. But they were afraid I'd kill it.

DONNY

Yeah, but Grody, you did. You like forgot to feed the damn thing and it died.

GRODY

You're missing the point.

DONNY

I see your point. But the fact you did exactly what your parents were afraid of you doing, defeats the purpose of you telling me this story. Unless you're saying Dean is right and I should stop.

GRODY

No, that's not what I'm saying. You're mixing my words up.

MAD DOG (O.C.)

That's the motherfuckers over there!

Donny and Grody look over at Mad Dog pointing at them. Grody waves to him with a big dumb smile on his face.

A SECURITY GUARD radios-in on his walkie-talkie. He points at Donny and Grody.

Donny stops Grody from waving.

SECURITY GUARD
You two! I need to talk with you!

DONNY
Shit, let's get the fuck out of here!

Donny and Grody quickly get up and run away as fast as they can.

SECURITY GUARD
Stop right there!

The Security Guard runs after them.

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - MORNING

Donny snores and drools as he sleeps on his couch.

Laughter is heard in the background.

Donny opens his eyes, slowly sits up.

Still sleepy eyed, he looks around then goes back to sleep.

The laughing gets louder and more intense.

He covers his head with his pillow.

BRUCE (O.C.)
Holy shit! Did you see that?!

Donny tosses the pillow off his head, sits up.

DONNY
Oh, shit. Burglars.

Donny jumps up, runs out of the garage.

INT. CONNIE'S LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Bruce and THREE FRIENDS sit around watching TV. Donny bolts in swinging his nunchucks, only wearing his tighty-whities.

BRUCE
What the hell, Donny?!

DONNY
Shit, Bruce. What the hell are you doing here?

BRUCE
Watching some home movies.

DONNY
Could you keep it the fuck down, people are trying to sleep here.

Donny walks over, sees what is playing on the television.
It's his fight with the Grandmaster.

DONNY (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

BRUCE
Oh shit is right.

DONNY
You gotta turn this off.

BRUCE
Or what, we're going to see you shitting on some Asian dude's face?

DONNY
You've already seen it?

BRUCE
This is like our sixth time watching it.

FRIEND #1
You need to eat more fiber, less chocolate donuts, dude.

Donny runs over, grabs the remote control to the VCR.

BRUCE
What the fuck, Donny?

FRIEND #2
We were getting to the part where you yell see some titties.

BRUCE
See some titties!

FRIEND #2
See some titties!

FRIEND #3
See some titties!

DONNY

Okay, enough, guys. Keep your voices down.

BRUCE

You worried your sister might find out about this?

DONNY

No.

BRUCE

You should.

DONNY

You can't tell her. She would freak.

BRUCE

Fuck yeah she would. She might even kick your fat freeloading ass out.

DONNY

You wouldn't.

BRUCE

I would.

Bruce smiles.

DONNY

Don't.

BRUCE

Hey, honey! Check this out!

DONNY

Goddamn you, Bruce. You fuckin' suck.

Connie walks in wearing a bathrobe.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Go back to bed.

CONNIE

What's going on?

DONNY

Nothing.

BRUCE

Donny wants to show you something.

CONNIE

Show me what?

DONNY

It's really nothing. Bruce is fuckin' around.

CONNIE

Unless it's a paycheck for rent, I really don't care what it is you have to show me.

Connie scratches her sleepy head, walks away.

Bruce gets up, runs over to her, wraps his arm around her.

BRUCE

Hold on, honey. You should check this out. I promise you'll get a kick out of it.

FRIEND #1

Yeah, it's full of shits and giggles.

The Three Friends laugh.

Bruce walks Connie over to the couch, sits her down.

CONNIE

Okay, now what?

Bruce grabs the controller away from Donny.

BRUCE

Now we watch.

DONNY

Bruce, don't.

He hits play.

EXT. CONNIE'S BACKYARD - LATER

Donny dodges lawn furniture being thrown at him. He dances around in his underwear, gets hit by a lawn chair.

DONNY

Damn it, Connie! That fuckin' hurt!

Connie grabs another chair and an ashtray, she bolts the ashtray at him, hits him dead center on the forehead.

Donny falls over on the grass holding his head in pain.

CONNIE

I can't fuckin' believe you! You're like a fuckin' child!

DONNY

And you're a crazy woman!

CONNIE

Crazy?! You haven't even seen fuckin' crazy yet!

A cut on Donny's forehead bleeds down his face.

DONNY

I found something I'm good at!

CONNIE

Shitting on people?!

DONNY

Fighting them!

CONNIE

Look at you, Donny. You can't even stop your little sister from beating you up.

DONNY

That's different. You're a girl.

She tosses the chair at him.

Donny gets to his feet, brushes the grass off his butt.

CONNIE

You can't live here.

DONNY

What?

CONNIE

I want you out.

DONNY

Out? You're kicking me out? Where am I going to live?

CONNIE

You're thirty six years old, Donny! You live on your own!

Connie storms back into the house.

Donny stands there in his underwear.

DONNY
Can I at least get some clothes?!

EXT. GRODY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Donny, still in his underwear, climbs over a tall wooden fence. He falls over, hits the ground HARD.

Slowly, he gets back up, dusts himself off, limps over to a nice suburban home.

He sneaks around to the side.

DONNY
(whispers)
Grody? You awake?

EXT. GRODY'S WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Donny walks over to Grody's window, taps on the glass.

He lifts up the windowsill, peeks inside.

DONNY
(whispers)
Grody?

GRODY'S NEIGHBOR (O.C.)
Hey! What the hell are you doing over there?! You damn pervert, I see you!

DONNY
Shit!

Donny ducks, hides...

GRODY'S NEIGHBOR (O.C.)
I know you're the one that keeps stealing my cats!

Donny quickly runs over to the fence, jumps over, grunts as he hits the ground.

EXT. DEAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Donny crouch-runs from bush to bush. He pops his head up, looks around...

He quickly runs over to another suburban home.

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donny climbs in through the window, looks around the bedroom.

He grabs a walkie-talkie on the dresser by the window.

DONNY

(whispers)

Grody, can you hear me? Grody, come in, damn it!

GRODY (O.C.)

Donny?

DONNY

Grody? Where are you?

GRODY (O.C.)

Behind you.

Donny turns around to find Grody standing behind him.

DONNY

What the fuck are you doing here?

GRODY

Eating breakfast.

DONNY

But this is Dean's house.

GRODY

I always eat breakfast at Dean's house. What are you doing here? And why are you in your underwear?

INT. DEAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Dean and his pregnant wife SONYA SMITS sit at the dinner table having breakfast as Grody walks in with a distraught looking Donny.

Dean puts down his cup of coffee, looks over Donny.

DEAN

You look like shit.

DONNY

I need a beer.

Sonya gets up, waddles over to the refrigerator.

Donny takes a seat at the table with Dean.

DEAN
(sarcastic)
Sure, have a seat.

Sonya hands Donny a beer bottle.

DONNY
Can! I need something to crush.

Dean hits the table.

DEAN
Hey! No yelling around the pregnant lady!

SONYA
It's fine, honey.

She goes back to the fridge, comes back with a beer can.
Donny takes it and downs it in one gulp, crushing the can afterwards.

DEAN
What you doin' here?

Donny grabs Dean's plate, eats his eggs.

DONNY
Connie found our tape. She completely freaked. She hates me forever now.

SONYA
Your karate tape?

He stops shoveling food into his mouth.

DONNY
(to Dean)
You told her?

DEAN
She's my wife, Donny. I tell her everything.

DONNY
(whispers)
Everything?

SONYA
Oh, you mean your poop accident? Yeah, Dean told me.

DONNY

Damn it, Dean! This is why we aren't friends anymore!

DEAN

Feel free to fuckin' leave anytime you want!

Sonya grabs a swear jar off the kitchen counter. It's already loaded with money stuffed inside.

She shakes it around, getting Dean's attention.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh hell.

He reaches into his wallet, stuffs in a couple of bills.

DONNY

What the hell is that?

DEAN

Swear jar.

Sonya rubs her belly.

SONYA

This baby has ears. Last thing I want is for it to be hearing F words before it's even born.

She sits down at the table.

SONYA (CONT'D)

So that's enough fighting and cursin' at each other. Got it?

DONNY

Yeah. But it wasn't an accident. I shit on him on purpose.

DEAN

That makes it so much better, doesn't it?

SONYA

You guys have been friends since middle school.

DEAN

Not anymore.

SONYA

I know you're both mad.

DONNY
Damn right.

DEAN
Damn right.

GRODY
Jinx. Someone owes somebody a Coke.

DEAN
Not the time, Grody.

GRODY
Sorry.

SONYA
Donny, I know you're mad because you think Dean doesn't believe in you, right?

DONNY
Something like that.

SONYA
Honey, you're mad at Donny because he's being an asshole.

DONNY
Hey!

DEAN
Yeah. Pretty much.

SONYA
Donny, Dean believes in you. He's been with you for ages. He doesn't want to see you get hurt or killed is all.
(to Dean)
Right, honey?

DEAN
Yeah.

SONYA
It's called being a friend.

Donny is touched by the sentiment, not sure what to say.

DONNY
You did totally miss me kicking Mad Dog's ass.

DEAN
I know. Grody showed me the autograph.

SONYA
Honey, Donny is an asshole.

DONNY

Hey!!

SONYA

He's been an asshole since the day you met him.

DEAN

Yeah, I know.

DONNY

What the fuck, guys?

SONYA

Language.

DONNY

Sorry.

SONYA

You two all made up? Good. Now help me clean the dishes.

DEAN

Thanks, babe.

They kiss.

DONNY

(sarcastic)

Yeah, thanks, Sonya.

(mumbles)

He's the asshole, I'm awesome.

SONYA

Heard that.

Sonya takes their plates.

Grody helps her.

DEAN

So what are you going to do?

DONNY

I don't know. Live off the land. Eat wild berries. Be one with nature.

DEAN

So sleep in Connie's pool shed?

DONNY

Yeah, pretty much.

Grody helps Sonya clean the dishes.

SONYA

You've got one more to go, right? To fight, I mean.

She washes off a dish, hands it to Grody to put in the dishwasher.

GRODY

You don't think she kicked you out for good do you, Donny?

DONNY

She seemed pretty pissed. Fuckin' Bruce was the one that showed her the tape.

GRODY

Fuckin' Bruce.

DEAN

Fuckin' hate that guy.

SONYA

Damn it, guys. Swear jar. All of you.

Grody reaches into his pockets, pulls out a few bucks and stuffs it in the swear jar.

DONNY

Can you cover me?

GRODY

I guess.

Grody stuffs a couple more bucks in the jar for Donny.

DONNY

First thing we need to do is sneak back in there.

DEAN

How?

DONNY

I got a plan.

GRODY

Kill Bruce?

DONNY

What? No. A better plan.

DEAN

Does this plan involve pants?

EXT. CONNIE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Dean, Donny and Grody hide in the bushes. Through the window, Connie gets ready to leave, grabbing her purse and car keys.

DONNY

Okay, it looks like she's taking off.
That gives us a few hours.

GRODY

How are we going to get in there?

DONNY

Easy, I got a key.

Connie leaves the house.

GRODY

Okay, she's leaving. Let's go.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They run over to the back patio. Grody tests the glass sliding door.

GRODY

Locked. Where's the key?

DONNY

Right here.

Donny picks up a rock and throws it through the glass door.

Donny quickly runs inside.

DEAN

Jesus, Donny! I think she'll notice this!

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

Donny struggles trying to get his pants on. Dean and Grody are at the computer.

DEAN

So what are we looking for?

DONNY
Local kung fu martial artists.

DEAN
Not seeing much.

DONNY
Keep looking. While you guys do that, I'm
going to see if I can't find our tape.

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Donny rummages through Connie's closet. He pulls out a
VHS tape.

DONNY
Got it!

CONNIE (O.C.)
Hello?

DONNY
Shit!

Donny quickly jumps into the closet.

INT. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

Grody and Dean lie on top of each other on the couch.

Connie walks in. All she sees is an empty room and the
back of the couch.

CONNIE
Donny? Are you in here?

Dean and Grody lay face-to-face.

Connie turns off the lights and closes the door.

Grody lies on top. He's chewing gum.

DEAN
Where did you get gum?

GRODY
Found it.

DEAN
I want some.

GRODY

I only have this one piece.

DEAN

Have you never heard of sharing?

GRODY

Sorry.

(chews)

You think Donny's okay?

DEAN

Hope so.

GRODY

You think it's safe to get up now?

Their mouths are close to touching.

DEAN

I really fuckin' hope so.

The garage door opens.

GRODY

Oh shit.

Grody accidentally spits his gum into Dean's mouth.

Dean gags as they fall to the floor.

Connie walks in, sees them on top of each other.

CONNIE

What the hell are you two doing in here?

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Connie opens the door to her closet. Donny hides behind a mini-skirt.

CONNIE

What the hell are you doing, Donny?

DONNY

Hey, Connie. What's up?

CONNIE

Out!

Connie grabs his ear and forces him out of the closet.

INT. CONNIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Connie drags Donny by the ear into the kitchen. Dean and Grody sit at the kitchen table. They look like a couple of puppies that got scolded for peeing on the floor.

DONNY

Damn it, Connie! That fuckin' hurts!

She lets go of his ear.

CONNIE

Which one of you fuckin' retards did this to my sliding glass door?

Dean and Grody instantly point to Donny.

DONNY

Way to sell me out, you fuckin' traitors.

GRODY

Sorry, Donny. But she really scares me.

DONNY

(points to Dean)

Judas.

(points to Grody)

Judas.

(points to Connie)

Cunt.

She punches his shoulder.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuckin' hell, Connie.

CONNIE

I can't fuckin' believe you. After all I've done for you.

DONNY

I have every right to be here.

She holds up her hand. There's a ring on her finger.

CONNIE

You see this?

DONNY

What the fuck is that thing?!

CONNIE

Bruce proposed to me last week. I finally gave him an answer.

DONNY

He did what?! What did you say?

Beat.

CONNIE

Are you serious? I'm wearing the ring,
what do you think I said?

DONNY

You said yes?!

CONNIE

Why not?!

DONNY

Because he's an asshole! Even Grody
thinks so.

CONNIE

Grody also thinks all cats are female.

GRODY

They are!

DONNY

What the hell do you even see in him?

CONNIE

For one, he has a job. And two, he
doesn't live with his fuckin' sister!

DEAN

You two sound like you're breaking up.

CONNIE

Fuck you, Smits.

DONNY

Yeah, shut it, Dean.

DEAN

Sorry.

DONNY

I can't fuckin' believe you, Connie. You
actually wanna marry that stupid puddle
of homeless man piss?

CONNIE

Yeah, Donny. I do. And we can't have you
around. Not anymore.

DONNY
But I'm your big brother.

CONNIE
Then maybe you should start acting like
it.

DONNY
I am. What I'm doing is important.

CONNIE
No, Donny. It's not. It's stupid and
insane. Get out.

DONNY
But-

CONNIE
Leave!

She points to the smashed in sliding door to the back
porch.

DONNY
Fine. I'm gone.

Dean and Grody stand up.

CONNIE
Good.

DONNY
But you're wrong. What I am doing is
important. You'll see.

Donny walks out of the kitchen, through the sliding door.

DEAN
Sorry about the sliding door.

CONNIE
Fuck you, Smits. Out!

Dean and Grody quickly follow after Donny.

EXT. CONNIE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Dean and Grody run over to Donny, he's crying.

DEAN
You crying, dude?

DONNY

No!

Donny wipes some tears away.

GRODY

You look like you're crying.

DONNY

I'm not! Fuck you guys, you didn't even have my back back there.

DEAN

Grody is right, your sister is scary as hell. I was afraid she might punch me or something too.

DONNY

Forget it.

GRODY

Wait, Donny. Look.

Grody pulls a bunch of printed out papers from his pants, hands them to Donny.

DONNY

What's this?

GRODY

We found one.

DONNY

One what?

Donny takes a piece of paper, looks it over.

DEAN

A kung fu master.

DONNY

What's his name?

DEAN

Emerson Sage.

DONNY

That's kind of a badass name.

DEAN

I know, right?

GRODY

This is it. The final boss battle.

DONNY

I need to get my head back in the game.

GRODY

What now?

DONNY

We go pay this Emerson Sage a little surprise visit.

INT. YMCA GYM - DAY

Donny, Dean and Grody stand in a wide open gym. Elderly women run the course around the room. Bodybuilders lift weights off to the side.

In the middle, a fight ring. A bunch of school children sit on bleachers, cheer as a woman climbs on to the ring.

GRODY

So who is he?

DONNY

Emerson Sage... You think he's Chinese?

DEAN

Maybe he's up there about to fight.

DONNY

Maybe. Let's split up. Grody, go ask some of those guys lifting weights. See if they know anything.

GRODY

On it, Donny.

Grody runs off over to the bodybuilders.

DEAN

What about me?

GRODY

Ask those old ladies.

DEAN

What? Why? They won't know anything.

DONNY

Don't know if you don't try.

DEAN

What about you?

DONNY

Guess I'll ask that chick fighter. She might be his girlfriend or something.

EXT. YMCA FIGHT RING - DAY

Donny watches the FEMALE FIGHTER's butt as she warms up, bends down to do a couple of stretches.

DONNY

Hey. You ever hear of this guy Emerson Sage? I heard he was here.

She keeps warming up.

FEMALE FIGHTER

Try the other side of the ring, pal.

In the other corner, TWO MALE FIGHTERS enter the ring.

DONNY

Thanks.

Donny walks over to the other corner. The Two Male Fighters wear blue head guards and gloves.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys ever hear of Emerson Sage? I heard he trains here or something.

They laugh.

MALE FIGHTER #1

Yeah, man. We heard of him.

DONNY

Really?

MALE FIGHTER #2

Yeah, we're about to beat her ass.

Donny looks over at the other end of the ring. Sees the Female Fighter putting on her red head guard and gloves.

DONNY

Her?

Meet EMERSON SAGE. She's a Chinese American, young and stunningly beautiful.

DONNY (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

MALE FIGHTER #2

Bitch keyed my car last week. Would be illegal to punch her anywhere else, but in the ring we can pound away.

MALE FIGHTER #1

Yeah, bitch broke a beer bottle over my head in some damn bar a few weeks back. Time for a little payback.

They hit their gloves together.

MALE FIGHTER #2

You ready to do this, bitch?!

EMERSON

Hurry up already.

MALE FIGHTER #1

Bitch is asking for it.

Donny stands back in astonishment, mouth left wide open.

INT. YMCA FIGHT RING - CONTINUOUS

Emerson gets down low, spreads her arms out. The Two Male Fighters surround her.

Her arm movements are quick but slow at the same time.

Male Fighter #1 moves in closer.

MALE FIGHTER #1

I got this.

Emerson quickly punches him in the stomach. He stumbles back, high kicks him in the face.

He falls to the floor of the ring.

Male Fighter #2 runs at her-

With both fists, she punches him in the chest.

He takes a swing at her-

She spins away.

MALE FIGHTER #2

Come back here, bitch!

She stops spinning, runs after him, jumps super high up into the air, kicks him in the face. As she lands, she punches him again in the stomach.

The Male Fighter #2 falls to the floor.

EMERSON

Is that it?

And like that the match is all over.

EXT. YMCA FIGHT RING - MOMENTS LATER

The school children clap and cheer. Emerson steps out of the ring. She grabs a towel laying over a folding chair.

Donny runs over to her.

DONNY

That was Dragon style!

She smiles and wipes the sweat from her beautiful body.

She takes off her head gear and gloves.

EMERSON

If you're friends with those guys...

Donny looks over at the two beaten up Male Fighters still picking themselves up.

DONNY

Those asshole? No way.

She tosses Donny her towel. He catches it and smiles.

EMERSON

You were asking about me later. What can I do you for?

DONNY

Are you really Emerson Sage?

EMERSON

Last time I checked.

DONNY

But you're a girl.

EMERSON

I do have one more operation left.

His smile drops.

DONNY

What?

EMERSON

I'm kidding.

She grabs a bottle of water and squirts it in her mouth.

DONNY

Girl or not, you were so damn awesome.

EMERSON

You really are a fan, huh? Anyways, I gotta go drop the kids off at the pool.

DONNY

I get it. You gotta go take a shit.

She laughs.

EMERSON

No, the kids. I need to take them to the pool for their swimming lessons.

Donny looks at all the kids lining up behind her.

DONNY

Those kids are all yours?

EMERSON

Yeah, all abandoned little adopted bastards. They look good on my tax reform.

DONNY

Holy shit, you serious?

She laughs.

EMERSON

I'm kidding. No, I'm a teacher. My students wanted to see me beat up some punks.

DONNY

You're a teacher? And you're a kung fu master? That's so cool.

EMERSON

I'm glad you're so impressed. I should get going.

DONNY

Okay.

She walks off and her students follow.

Dean and Grody walk over.

DEAN
Nobody knew anything.

GRODY
Yeah, got nothing but a couple of phone numbers.

DEAN
Phone numbers? From the bodybuilders?

GRODY
They said they could help me work on my core.

DEAN
Sounds like they were hitting on you.

GRODY
What? No way. That would mean they're...

He looks over at them. The bodybuilders wink at him and mouths "CALL ME".

GRODY (CONT'D)
Shit. I completely misread that whole situation.

DEAN
What about you, Donny? You find him?
(pause)
Donny?

DONNY
I think I'm in love.

Donny creepily smells her sweat towel.

INT. GRODY'S MOM'S VAN - DAY

Grody sits behind the wheel of a brown creepy windowless van. Donny leans over his shoulder to look out the window.

Dean sits in the back loading a VHS tape into his camcorder.

DONNY
There she is!

Donny points out of the window.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Emerson leads her students outside to play on the playground.

EMERSON

Okay, guys. If you got drinks, drink'em.
If you got sandwiches, hand them over
because I'm hungry.

They run off laughing.

INT. GRODY'S MOM'S VAN - DAY

Donny leans in closer, Grody looks uncomfortable with Donny hunched over his lap.

DONNY

Look at her. She is so damn beautiful.

GRODY

You want me to switch places with you?

DONNY

What? Why?

Donny looks over at Grody. Their noses touch.

GRODY

No reason.

DEAN (O.C.)

Donny?

Donny sits back in his seat, looks over at Dean sitting in the back.

DONNY

What now?

DEAN

I don't think this is the right tape.

DONNY

You sure?

DEAN

Pretty sure. Seeing as there's porn on this.

DONNY

Shit. I must have grabbed the wrong tape.

(pause)

What kind of porn?

DEAN

The kind that stars your sister.

DONNY

What?

GRODY

Let me see!

Donny grabs the camera, rips the tape out and tosses it out the window.

DEAN

We could have recorded over it.

DONNY

No, you'll forget you even saw it... What was she doing exactly?

DEAN

Donny, are you really gonna fight this lady?

DONNY

That's why we're here, right?

DEAN

We aren't here to stalk her?

DONNY

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not stalking anyone.

GRODY

This does seem kind of stalkery.

DONNY

This isn't stalkery, this is homework. I'm studying her.

GRODY

I think she's looking over here.

DONNY

What?

Donny reaches over Grody, looks out the window.

Emerson looks over at them.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Donny ducks his head into Grody's lap.

GRODY

She see us?

DONNY

I don't know.

GRODY

What do I do?

DONNY

Act normal.

GRODY

Sure.

Grody puts his hands on the steering wheel, looks nervously over at the school playground.

DONNY

Is she looking?

GRODY

I don't know, I can't see.

DONNY

Okay. I'm gonna take a look.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Emerson shades her eyes from the sun. She looks over at the brown creepy van across the street.

Donny's head bobs up, looks around, then goes back down.

EMERSON

(to herself)

Bunch of sex pervs.

She pulls out a cellphone from her purse, dials 911.

INT. GRODY'S MOM'S VAN - DAY

Donny sits back up.

DONNY

Is she calling the cops? I think she's calling the cops.

GRODY

We should get out of here.

DONNY

Good idea.

Grody turns the key...

Nothing.

GRODY

C'mon!

DONNY

What's going on?

GRODY

It won't start!

DONNY

This is all your fault, Dean!

GRODY

Start!

DEAN

How is this my fault?!

DONNY

We should be in your car, not Grody's
mom's creepy ass van!

GRODY

It's her church van! It isn't creepy!

DEAN

My wife had to go get groceries! You
wouldn't understand that because the only
relationship you've ever had was with
your hand!

DONNY

Fuck you! I told you that shit in
private!

The car starts up.

GRODY

Got it!

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

The van burns rubber down the road.

Emerson puts her phone away, goes back to watching the kids play.

INT. CONNIE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Connie sits on the couch with her hands covering her eyes.

She peeks out through her fingers.

CONNIE

Holy shit!

She slams her fist into her hand.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' take that, bitch!

She jumps up and cheers.

She's watching Donny's fight tape.

Connie notices an orange extension cable in the outlet.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She gets up to investigate.

INT. CONNIE'S POOL SHED - DAY

Donny lies on the ground wearing nothing but a pair of tighty-whitey underwear.

Empty candy wrappers scatter the floor around him.

He's in a small shed, pool supplies hang from the walls.

A small TV rests next to him. The power to it suddenly goes off.

CONNIE (O.C.)

Donny?

He quickly jolts up.

DONNY

Shit.

CONNIE (O.C.)

Donny, are you in there?

Donny quickly grabs the door handle.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Connie holds an orange extension cable in one hand as she tries to push open the door to the shed with the other.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Come out here, Donny. You can't live in the damn pool shed.

DONNY

That mean I can move back into the garage?

CONNIE

No, Donny. You need to find a place of your own.

DONNY

I don't have any money.

CONNIE

Get a job.

DONNY

I'm a bum! A dirty fuckin' bum! Who would give me a job?! I only have one pair of underwear!

CONNIE

I watched your tape.

DONNY

What tape?

CONNIE

You know what tape. You can sure take a hit.

DONNY

You think so?

CONNIE

It was pretty hard to watch at first, but then you started winning.

DONNY

I won all my fights.

CONNIE

I have to say... it was pretty impressive.

DONNY

You think so?

CONNIE

Sure. You really saying the guy on that video is afraid of anything?

END ON CONNIE

Connie walks away from the shed.

The door slowly opens, Donny walks out.

DONNY

I'm not.

CONNIE

There's a big world out there, Donny. Time to face it and kick its ass.

DONNY

You're right. It's time I kick her ass. No matter what.

CONNIE

Exactly. Wait... what?

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Donny wears his Ass Kicker denim jacket. He walks quickly down the school hallway, past classroom after classroom...

INT. EMERSON'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donny kicks open the door to Emerson's classroom. She stands by her desk with a ruler in her hand.

EMERSON

Back again? Forget your vagina?

Donny punches her in the face, she flies across the room, lands on her desk.

He quickly runs over to her, she kicks him in the gut with her high heel.

She swiftly gets to her feet, SMACKS Donny across the face with her wooden ruler, it splinters apart on impact.

Donny grabs her, swings her around, tosses her up against the blackboard.

She grabs some chalkboard erasers, slaps him across the ears with them.

Donny staggers back, holds his head in pain. Chalk dust flies around his head.

She jumps up, kicks him in the face.

Donny braces himself, kicks Emerson in the stomach, quickly runs at her, elbows her in the mouth.

She falls back, steps away from Donny.

They circle each other, each taking a battle stance. She smiles and wipes some blood from her mouth.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

I'm so fuckin' wet right now. Let's do this, fatboy!

They run at each other yelling a battle cry.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

KUNG FU

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Donny, Dean and Grody stand outside the school entrance.

Grody grabs his nunchucks, Dean raises his camera.

Donny stops them, lowers their instruments.

DONNY

Not this time, guys. I need to do this one alone.

DEAN

You sure?

DONNY

Yeah, I gotta do this by myself.

GRODY

But you didn't train this time.

DONNY

I know.

DEAN

You're going to haveta hit a girl.

DONNY

Most likely.

DEAN

Why at her school?

DONNY

Element of surprise.

DEAN

You sure you don't want me to document this?

Donny puts his hand on Dean's shoulder.

DONNY

I don't think I'm gonna want this one filmed. Incriminating evidence and all.

DEAN

I understand.

DONNY

Listen, I know I piss you off sometimes-

DEAN

That's what friends do.

They hug.

Grody wipes away a few tears.

DONNY

Grody, if I don't come back, I want you to keep those nunchucks.

GRODY

But you already said I could have them.

DONNY

Shut up, Grody. You're ruining the moment.

GRODY

Sorry, Donny.

DONNY

Get in here.

Grody grabs Donny and gives him a giant hug.

GRODY

I love you, Donny!

The three of them stand around, hugging.

DONNY

Okay, guys. We can't stand outside a middle school hugging each other.

They let go, look away from each other.

Donny fixes his jacket.

DEAN

See ya, Donny.

GRODY

Yeah, kick her ass.

Donny walks into the school.

INT. EMERSON'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Donny slowly peeks in, sees Emerson sitting at her desk as a student reads out loud from a book.

Donny walks in.

The student reading is JR, the foulmouthed redhead from Sensei Mike's dojo that Donny kicked in the face.

He stops reading as soon as he sees Donny.

He points...

JR

It's fatass!

Donny points right back at him.

DONNY

It's you!

JR

Back for more, you fat bastard!

Emerson gets up from her desk, walks over to Donny.

EMERSON

What are you doing here?

JR

That's him! That's the methhead that beat up Sensei Mike! And kicked me in the face!

EMERSON

Is any of that true?

DONNY

I guess... Wait, you knew Sensei Mike?

EMERSON

He was my boyfriend until I found out someone kicked his ass.

DONNY

So you're single?

EMERSON

That why you're here, to ask me out?

DONNY

No. I mean, it could be if you wanted me to.

She laughs.

EMERSON

I don't date pussies.

DONNY

I'm no fuckin' pussy! My name is Donny "The Greatest" Milfer! I'm here to make you my woman and kick your ass!

EMERSON

Is that so? How could you beat up Mike? You're not even winning the fight with those jeans.

DONNY

I will make you mine.

EMERSON

You ever hit a girl before?

Donny points to JR.

DONNY

Does he count?

JR breaks a pencil out of anger, grabs a pair of scissors and runs after Donny.

Emerson stops him.

EMERSON

Hold it, JR. Look at him, he's nothing.
You'd be wasting your time.

He hands Emerson the scissors.

JR

Yeah, maybe you're right.

He kicks Donny in the shin, walks back to his desk.

Donny grabs his leg in pain.

DONNY

What the fuck, kid?!
(to Emerson)
You got some crazy ass students.

He rubs his knee until it doesn't seem to bother him anymore.

EMERSON

Leave.

DONNY

You serious? What about that moment we shared?

EMERSON

What moment?

DONNY

You smiled at me in the gym.

EMERSON

What are you, Autistic? It's called being friendly. Now leave, I got a class to teach.

She walks back to her desk.

DONNY

But...

EMERSON

I said leave.

She points to the door.

Donny lowers his head in disappointment, turns around, walks out the door.

JR
You lose again, fatass!

Her students laugh at him as he walks away, head hung low.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Donny walks down the hall with a pathetically sad look on his face.

He stops, looks up, sees Grody and Dean horsing around out front by the school entrance.

He looks back at Emerson's classroom.

DONNY
Fuck you. I'm the greatest. You hear me,
I said I'm the greatest!

He tightens his fists, walks back over.

INT. EMERSON'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Donny kicks open the door to her classroom. He walks over to her with fury in his eyes and rage in his fists.

EMERSON
Forget your vagina?

Donny punches her in the mouth, she flies across the room, lands on her desk.

DONNY
The name is Donny "The Greatest" Milfer
and I'm here to challenge you to a fight!
And make you my girlfriend!

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

FIGHT!

CUT TO:

INT. EMERSON'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Emerson punches Donny in the throat. He stumbles back, gasping for air.

She grabs a pencil off her desk and jabs it into Donny's shoulder.

He winces in pain.

DONNY

Bitch!

Donny pulls the pencil out, runs at her with it.

She jumps up, high kicks him in the face.

Donny flies back, hits the floor.

She runs over, kicks him in the crotch.

Donny grabs her leg, looks up her dress.

DONNY (CONT'D)

I see London, I see France. I see your fuckin' silky underpants.

Donny brings her done on top of him. He punches her boobs.

She grabs his face, pulls at his skin.

DONNY (CONT'D)

No fuckin' Tiger style for you!

Donny tosses her off him. She bounces off her desk, braces herself.

Donny gets up, readies his fists.

She grabs a pencil for each hand.

Donny runs at her, she stabs him in the back. Donny grabs her by the throat, squeezes...

DONNY (CONT'D)

Agree to go out with me!

EMERSON

Never!

She punches him in the face repeatedly.

DONNY

I'll break your fuckin' neck if you don't agree to be my girlfriend!

EMERSON

Break it!

Donny picks her up, brings her close...

He kisses her.

She pushes away from him, punches him in the mouth.

Donny spits blood.

She grabs his face and shoves her tongue down his throat.

Donny rips her blouse open, slams her up against her desk.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Look away kids, things are about to get really messy.

DONNY

Not you, JR! You watch.

They shove their mouths together, entangle their tongues.

All the kids but JR quickly turn their desks around as Donny and Emerson have sex on her desk.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Donny walks out of the school. He's bleeding, has a few pencils still stuck in his back.

A giant smile spreads across his stupid beaten face.

Dean and Grody stop horsing around.

They notice Donny and jump for joy. They quickly run over to him and hug him in celebration.

I/E. DONNY'S DOJO/CONNIE'S GARAGE - DAY

Bruce and his THREE Friends from before, pull down the martial arts posters from the garage walls.

BRUCE

Pull all that shit down. I'm gonna turn this into my own personal stripclub. Connie's gonna be dancin' for me every fuckin' night!

His friends laugh.

Donny walks up the driveway.

DONNY

Bruce!

Bruce turns around.

BRUCE

What the fuck do you want?

DONNY

I'm here to challenge you to a fight! I win, you leave Connie and this town in defeat like the little bitch you are.

BRUCE

And if I win?

DONNY

You never see me again. But that ain't gonna happen.

BRUCE

It ain't, huh?

He laughs.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Bring it!

His Three Friends stop destroying Donny's dojo and walk over.

Grody stands by Donny's side, pulls out his nunchucks.

Dean aims his camera.

DONNY

Dean, you ready?

DEAN

We're filmin'.

DONNY

Good. I got a feelin' like I'm gonna want to watch this later.

Bruce walks over with a smug look on his face.

BRUCE

You know what, I'm feelin' charitable. How about I give you one free shot.

Bruce taps on his chin.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Right here. What do you say?

Donny smirks, quickly runs up and punches Bruce so hard in the face, his jaw shatters. His teeth fly out of his mouth as he skyrockets back, hits the driveway pavement hard.

Bruce has been defeated.

Donny stands in a battle stance.

DONNY

Who's next?

Bruce's Three Friends yell and run for Donny.

All he can do is smile.

BLACK FRAME:
TITLE CARD

FIGHT!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE BEGINNING