

ELVIS THE ZOMBIE  
AND  
THE SUPER SUPPORT GROUP  
IN:  
"THE MOVIE"  
OR  
THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE HAPPENED ON A TUESDAY

Written by  
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"So what that almost all of the city's heroes have been captured and more than likely had their manhood taken by a crazy rhinoceros with abuse issues? You're about to be saved by the greatest super team in New Edmonton! And me. As soon as my ride gets here."  
--Elvis the Zombie.

Based on characters created by  
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EXT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DESERT 2066 B.C. - NIGHT

On the precipice of a large upturned sandstone block in the middle of the desert...

PORNO PETE (O.C.)

Well...

...stands Porno Pete.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

...here goes nothing.

With the moon to his back and his right hand surreptitiously in his sweat pants pocket, Pete raises a rebellious arm and shouts loudly behind his back.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

Come on!

From the darkness of the night's shadows surrounding the tall moonlit block comes an army of masturbating cavemen. The hairy, animal skin wearing men scream an unintelligible battle cry while Pete commands them from above.

PORNO PETE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

If you're *coming*, that is.

Porno Pete watches the cavemen march off and turns to the camera. His eyes cross for a moment of extreme pleasure as he reaches the height of self gratification once again.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

Oh... I love being a hero.

FREEZE:

CAP: PORNO PETE - NOT A HERO.

EXT. ANCIENT ROME 101 B.C. - DAY

In the center of a Roman colosseum, the Annoying Mime emphatically (and annoyingly) gestures invisible walls above and around him. He points an invisible sword forward and an army of Roman legionaries reveals itself, charging from behind the little mime and quickly running to stand in formation on the invisible gargantuan platforms.

As they stand there ready for battle, the Annoying Mime lifts the invisible platforms, struggling at first but ultimately succeeding. The soldiers roar loudly as he walks with them.

FREEZE:

CAP: ANNOYING MIME - STILL NOT A HERO.

INT. ANCIENT EUROPE - DAY

Asleep in a den of Huns, Drunken Mall Santa is awakened by one of them nudging him. He immediately snaps upright into Drunken Monkey stance.

He looks around to his fellow waking drunkards and gestures them to do the same. All at once, they snap to formation.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Cheers.

He takes a tug from his soda bottle and lifts it into the air as if for a toast. The entire den of Huns lift their various packs and pouches and drink.

HUNS

Chee-yah!

Ready for battle now, Drunken Mall Santa's army of Huns attack, charging toward to cave's entrance with primate-like ferocity and war cries.

FREEZE:

CAP: DRUNKEN MALL SANTA - NOT EVEN CLOSE

INT. ANCIENT JAPANESE COURTYARD - DAY

The Homoerotic Commando Twins stand in the entryway of a large Japanese structure. They are holding hands with matching grimaces on their highly made-up faces. Below them is a packed courtyard with many beautiful Japanese geishas.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

How do we do this, brother?

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

We do this... together.

The Homoerotic Commando Twins turn to one another and get close enough to touch noses before lifting their arms and pointing in unison ahead of them toward a giant black hole floating ten yards away. They resemble what might look like a three dimensional mirror image of one person wearing opposing color schemes.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Go!

The women in the courtyard stop walking, talking and fanning themselves with their hand fans and look around to one another in confusion.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES  
Aren't they supposed to be charging  
that black hole over there?

Jacques points to a large wormhole near the courtyard's entrance. The women are now staring at them from below.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE  
They will, brother. Just be  
patient. I think with these  
creatures you have to tell them  
more than once.

The twins breathe heavily and shout once more.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS  
Let's go!

After another long, uncomfortable pause, the courtyard full of Japanese Geishas look around once more, shrug their shoulders and run toward the hole, their fans waving angrily.

FREEZE:

CAP: HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS - NOT A CHANCE IN HELL

INT. CHICAGO PRESS CONFERENCE 1929 - DAY

The Asshole Standup Comic performs for a group of what look like reporters and photographers from the Roarin' Twenties.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
...and the kid says, "Every other  
is a weak day, bitch!"

The audience laughs hysterically.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)  
Yeah my kid's a chip off the old  
block. An asshole after my own  
heart.

They throw flowers and chocolates at his feet as he bows.

CHILD  
Don't know why anyone would call  
you an asshole, Mr.... Why you're  
aces in our book!

PHOTOGRAPHER

We love you, Asshole Standup Comic!

He then points ahead of him at the giant hole in the wall behind the crowd.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

If you love me, you'll go in there  
and make the *real* asshole pay.

They look to one another, shrug and scream at the giant black hole as they run into its inky blackness, cameras flashing the entire time.

FREEZE:

CAP: ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC - ASSHOLE. NOT A HERO.

INT. DEN OF SLEEPING ACHILLOBATORS - LATE CRETACEOUS - DAY

Trapped in a den large sleeping predators, the Ultra-Transvestite slumps her shoulders in disappointment.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Shit.

She looks around and sighs before sneaking through the den of sleeping reptilian beasts. Her eyes grow wide and she makes a disgusted face as she tries to tiptoe around the large droppings littering the den.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)

Dinosaurs...

She stumbles into a sleeping cluster. They hiss loudly, immediately waking the entire den. She stands still in the center of the den, watching them eye her hungrily. She sighs.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)

I hate dinosaurs.

Suddenly, the den is crashed by a gigantic Tyrannosaurus Rex bursting through the thick trees and shrubs to rip into one of the creatures' scaly bodies.

A feral and more animalistic Ultra-Transvestite is now enraged, her upper body grotesquely muscled and taught. With one haymaker punch, she is able to knock the giant lizard backward into a giant black hole that wasn't there moments prior. She charges with the raptors into the hole after it.

FREEZE:

CAP: ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE - CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BATTLE SCENE - NIGHT

The Super Support Group pose in a central position before the black hole.

FREEZE:

CAP: THE SUPER SUPPORT GROUP - DEFINITELY NOT HEROES

UNFREEZE:

The gargantuan army of soldiers, Huns, geishas, reporters and large saurians out of time charges from an equally gargantuan black hole screaming one battle chant in unison.

ARMY

Kill Century!

A shining Century stands before them with a permanent smirk on his twisted face. As the Super Support Group's army gets closer, Century's body begins to open, forming a glowing, multicolored vagina in his midsection.

CENTURY

I will absorb you all and become  
the most powerful being on the  
planet!

The Ultra-Transvestite turns to give Porno Pete a stern look as he stares intently, his hand slowly gravitating toward his pants pocket.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

Stay focused.

He smiles his deviant smile.

PORNO PETE

She shouldn't dress that way if she  
doesn't want me to look.

As the vagina growing from Century's chest absorbs every one of his attackers, he lifts his head to scream victoriously into the night sky.

CENTURY

Yes! Yes! Ahahahahaha!

There is neon electricity traveling across his skin and his eyes glow as the power in his body becomes too much to contain.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
Looks like he's about to blow.

Century abruptly stops glowing while taking a moment to look around and realize that everyone and everything has been absorbed. He belches and holds his stomach a moment...

CENTURY  
Excuse me.

...before exploding with the neon, liquid/electric energy.

FADE TO:

INT. ELVIS' BATHROOM - DAY

A dead hand wipes fog from the surface of a bathroom mirror, revealing the face of Elvis the Zombie. Elvis is staring blankly in his bathroom mirror.

ELVIS  
Strange. I wasn't even *in* that one.

Elvis notices movement out of the corner of his eye. He turns in shock to see a dozen zombies in his overcrowded bathroom.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Now it makes sense. I thought I was out of it, but I'm still in one of my mind things. This one's more like a mind fuck, though. You guys stink. I know I got a can of ZomBoff somewhere in here.

Elvis opens his side mirror's cabinet and closes it with a can of ZomBoff in his hand. He begins spraying it directly in his guests' faces. They cough and quickly subdue him.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1  
You are not in a... *mind thing*.

ELVIS  
How do you know?

ZOMBIE MAID #1  
We waited for you to finish.

ELVIS  
Oh shit. This is real?

Elvis tries to break free from their grasp...

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Must... get to my... utility belt.

...but there are too many of them.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1  
Are you quite finished?

He ultimately gives up.

ELVIS  
You guys are nothing like  
Kirkman's. You fight back.

Elvis struggles once more to break free from the old man's tight grasp before stopping abruptly. Elvis is embarrassed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
I'm done. If you're planning on  
eating my brains, you may want to  
rethink that shit. It's as fucked  
up as the rest of me, you know.

The zombies, all wearing Germotech janitorial staff uniforms, make disgusted faces.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #2  
What do you think we are,  
cannibals?

ZOMBIE JANITOR #3  
When have you known zombies to eat  
one another's flesh, moron?

ZOMBIE MAID #2  
Come on, man. That's just gross.  
Not to mention insulting as hell.

ELVIS  
Then why are you here, fucking up  
my Tuesday night?

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1  
First of all, it's Tuesday morning  
and secondly, you just started  
attacking us!

ZOMBIE MAID #1  
We were even polite enough not to  
interrupt your conversation with  
your mirror!

ELVIS

I didn't know what to think. You showed up in my house! I get... jumpy.

The zombies shrug.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

The door was open.

ELVIS

You were in my bathroom!

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

That door was open, too.

ELVIS

Whatevs. I've been searching for you guys for two seasons, already.

The zombies look around in confusion.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, are you interested in suing Germotech for what they did to us? I just got a good idea. We could all be millionaires in a stupid-short amount of time.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #2

We can only perform the tasks requested of us when we leave. That is not one of our tasks.

ELVIS

You need to think about fist performing Germotech's financial rectal cavity, if you get my meaning.

Elvis taps his temple as the zombies look around in confusion.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Are you sure you've been at Germotech this whole time? Because when I say I've been looking, I mean I have been looking for you--

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

Your presence has been requested.

ELVIS

I figured Demonman leaving would have some consequences. That fucking guy. He's still messing up my afterlife, even though he's a million miles away. I bet they want me to sign the papers to drop my class action. You guys gonna try to force me to sign?

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

Our orders are to bring Elvis the Zombie to the CEO of the New Edmonton branch of Germotech.

ELVIS

You got a new CEO? Who?

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

Giovanni. This way sir.

ELVIS

Heh.

Elvis stands and walks with the polite zombies.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I thought I killed that guy.

INT. GERMOTECH BOARDROOM - DAY

Elvis is led into a large corporate boardroom.

ELVIS

It's pretty weird that two CEO's would both be named Giovan--

No longer engulfed and hidden by dark shadows, the CEO of Germotech turns in his chair to face Elvis.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Damn it! I did *not* see this coming... Although I probably should have.

An undead Giovanni sits in the seat across the desk from Elvis.

GIOVANNI

Yes, it's me, Elvis. I kept my identity hidden until I was ready to destroy you for good. Welcome to the new Germotech, Elvis.

(MORE)

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

We've merged with an entity that will help take us to the next level, thus allowing me the time to slice you open and see how you tick.

ELVIS

What, were you born in a sprocket factory? People don't work that way. They don't tick.

Giovanni turns his attention to the zombies on either side of Elvis.

GIOVANNI

For fuck's sake. You didn't leave in your work uniforms, did you?

He turns back to Elvis, concerned.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Did anyone take any pictures? Last thing we need is the undead popping up before we need them to and in our company clothing, no less; our logo big as day on the back.

ELVIS

I wouldn't worry about it.

GIOVANNI

Good, because that would have put a damper on the whole "rise of the new Germotech" thing we're going for. It's hard to get good help, even when you create them yourself.

ELVIS

I see. They take orders well. Brainwashing?

GIOVANNI

Squeaky clean. The mind altering drugs you've introduced to your system may have saved your brain, saved your soul, but these employees chose to take all the Drug Free Zone signs in the sub levels seriously. You freed your mind and you were able to do so because you lived next door to one of the most impossible to defeat super heroes. I'm so glad to be rid of him.

ELVIS

(to self)  
 Fucking Demonman.  
 (to Giovanni)  
 You look good, man. Very well  
 preserved, like people who've been  
 in prison most of their lives. Have  
 you been to prison, yet?

Giovanni stands up from his chair and begins a slow walk  
 around the lengthy conference table towards Elvis.

GIOVANNI

I look much better than you, Elvis.  
 That much is true and it's by  
 design. You see, you may have  
 bitten me, but I was a zombie long  
 before then. I've been grooming  
 myself for immortality awhile now.  
 You aren't the only military grade  
 zombie in New Edmonton.

ELVIS

I know. I met your maids and stuff.

GIOVANNI

The help? I'm talking about myself.  
 I've been pumping all kinds of  
 chemicals into my body for years.  
 That's why I'm so interested in  
 your progress, Elvis. I wanted to  
 see how you held up over time. I  
 wanted to know why you were still  
 alive even without our formula.

ELVIS

I get why you would do that to  
 me... but why would you do that to  
 yourself? How can you just mix up a  
 bunch of drugs and take them when  
 you don't know what's gonna happen?

Giovanni stops cold to give Elvis an absurdly sarcastic look.

GIOVANNI

Elvis, your hypocrite is showing.

ELVIS

Weed and shrooms are not drugs.  
 They're plants and fungi. Read a  
 book once in a while, Homo Erectus.

He stops the look and continues his slow walk toward the  
 restrained Elvis.

GIOVANNI

I take them so that I never die,  
idiot. I also have no idea what was  
in the syringe the scientist stuck  
me with so I've kept you close.

Giovanni reaches Elvis and stands over him.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Therefore and most unfortunately, I  
cannot allow you safe passage from  
here.

He slaps a heavy hand on Elvis' shoulder and grins a toothy  
grin while gazing into Elvis' eyes.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

This was a nice chat. But you are  
my personal guest. We'll have  
plenty of time for more  
conversation later. I have a  
coroner to meet with in a few  
minutes.

Noticing the look Elvis is giving him, Giovanni explains.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

My interior designer. He only has  
the state job for the benefits. His  
kids needed braces. You know how it  
is.

The air in the room suddenly becomes charged with static  
electricity. Elvis looks around confused. The double doors  
burst open and Century strolls into the boardroom.

CENTURY

Giovanni. Elvis would not be able  
to do me the favor I need of him if  
you do not allow him to leave.

GIOVANNI

He's not doing you any favors. Not  
until I've had a chance to properly  
study him here first.

CENTURY

Elvis, you are to deliver a message  
to the Shrink and the Super Support  
Group for me.

Giovanni angrily bares his teeth.

GIOVANNI

I'm studying Elvis here!

CENTURY

And I'm drawing my nemeses out of hiding. What a dilemma, no? How do we come to some sort of compromise being that we are two all-powerful, ancient evils working with mutual respect towards one another?

Cooling down, Giovanni straightens his collar.

GIOVANNI

The support group is yours to do with what you please, but *I* am running the show as far as Elvis is concerned. He stays here until I isolate certain compounds in his physiology. I already gave you control of my company. I just want to be alone with my research now. I expect you to stick to the terms of our deal.

CENTURY

I see... New deal.

Century turns to Elvis.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Has that been said in a movie or anything yet? I've been gone for quite some time, but I make it a point to stay current. I don't want to come off as the Saturday morning cliché.

ELVIS

Uh... They have "no deal". That's taken, but I actually used it when I killed this dude the first time so I think yours would work just fine. No, I wouldn't worry about--

GIOVANNI

Shut up, Elvis!

(to Century)

"New deal"? What the hell are you talking about, new deal?

Century makes a confused face as he looks back at the heated Giovanni.

CENTURY

I haven't killed you yet? I'd tell you to call your ten o'clock and tell him you have to cancel, but he'll probably have to be here anyway.

GIOVANNI

What the hell are you babbling on ab--

Century sends a powerful bolt of energy through Giovanni's head.

ELVIS

Oh. Because he's a coroner... Nice.

Giovanni collapses to the floor and lies motionless.

CENTURY

He thought I was serious about us both being all powerful and everything. Do people not understand sarcasm anymore?

ELVIS

I don't know, but somebody really hates that guy. They keep bringing him back just to kill him off again. And he's so scared of death... I almost feel sorry for him. Still better than waking up retarded, though, right?

Century steps closer to Elvis to impart his important information.

CENTURY

Elvis, pay close attention; I need you to tell the famed SSG they will never be safe as long as I'm alive. And that I'm immortal. Tell them that. Make it sound menacing.

Elvis has a blank look on his face. A drop of drool is hanging from his bottom lip.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

You should probably be writing this down on something.

ELVIS

I don't actually have any paper or a pen or anything.

Century rolls his eyes.

CENTURY

You get the gist. It's a threat.  
Just tell them I threatened them  
and they'll understand. Now leave.  
I've got an interior designer  
coming by shortly. I want to tidy  
up the place a bit before he shows.

ELVIS

I could just call the Shrink--

Century gestures toward the zombies who brought Elvis into  
the boardroom with a flick of his wrist.

CENTURY

Slaves.

The zombies look at Elvis apologetically.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

Sorry, Elvis.

CUT TO:

EXT. GERMOTECH LOBBY - DAY

Worm's eye view - Elvis crashes through the window, flying  
from the inside of the lobby toward the concrete off screen.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH BOARDROOM - DAY

Century shrugs after having watched the zombies throw Elvis  
out of the lobby.

CENTURY

These windows should be tougher  
than that. Bulletproof windows  
should be the first thing on the  
list of renovations to the  
building.

Hottie Hypno steps from the shadows with a pen and pad.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Bulletproof windows. Yes, sir. I  
have a question, sir.

CENTURY

Ask it.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Why let Elvis leave at the expense of an ally? All Giovanni wanted was to study him.

CENTURY

The man was afraid to die. He became an abomination out of fear. That is no ally, no equal, to me. Elvis leaves to go warn my enemy, to plant the fear seed into his heart so that it grows and grows until I'm ready for the Shrink to finally pay. By then, he will be worse than Giovanni. None of his goals and dreams will have been accomplished or achieved. I want to crush him so completely and I can do so at any time. I want to make sure he knows that.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Like a real arch nemesis...

CENTURY

No... Like *prey*. The counselor is no equal to me, either.

Hottie turns on her heel to leave, calling over her shoulder as she does so.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Yes, sir.

Century turns to gaze down upon Giovanni, a burnt spot on his temple from where the bolt hit him. A perfect head shot. He gestures for the returning zombies to come closer and points.

CENTURY

Get this piece of trash out of here. I'm renovating this into my new throneroom.

They rush to their assigned tasks like ants in a colony, lifting Giovanni up and carrying him out.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Eddy, get me that interior decorator. I want to talk color.

One of the more sophisticated zombies pulls a phone from his pocket and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIS THE ZOMBIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

On the other side of Elvis' front door, a key can be heard entering the lock and turning it. The door opens and Elvis squeezes in, barely opening the door before abruptly slamming it closed again. He immediately smacks his sweating back against it as if to keep it shut. Shards of glass protrude from his arms, chest and neck as he casts his arms out to his sides to grip the doorway with a crazed look in his eye.

ELVIS

Holy fuck, that guy's scary. You guys are fucked.

Reverse shot - The Super Support Group exchange worried glances. The Shrink rolls his eyes in aggravation and groans.

SHRINK

Fuck.

ELVIS THE ZOMBIE AND THE SUPER SUPPORT GROUP IN: "THE MOVIE"

Elvis the Zombie walks into his living room and falls, exhausted into the couch. The SSG stand around in anticipation of what he is going to say next. It is obvious they jumped up from whatever they were doing as soon as they heard the key turn in the door.

ELVIS

So Century just killed my arch nemesis with a lightning bolt that came from his pinky. Do you understand me? He has more power in his pinky than any of us do anywhere! I don't know how you guys plan on going up against something like that, but honestly, I think you guys are pretty well fucked on this one.

The Shrink makes a confused face.

SHRINK

*Us?*

He points toward the television screen in the room.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

You're in this just as much as we  
are, Dead Head.

On the screen, a fancy suit wearing Century is smiling and shaking hands with other men in fancy corporate suits in the Germotech boardroom.

NEWS ANCHOR - DAN (V.O.)

As his first act as chairman he  
decided Germotech should buy New  
Edmonton's financial institutions.

NEWS ANCHOR - KRISTA (V.O.)

He's really helping to reinforce  
the economy in a time we need it  
the most. There are rumors he's in  
talks to buy the station.

NEWS ANCHOR - DAN (V.O.)

One can only hope, Krista. One can  
only hope.

The Shrink turns from watching Century talking to the city's bank owners back to Elvis, who is staring blankly at the screen.

SHRINK

Century's New World Order is in its  
beginning stages. He's smart,  
Elvis. He knows who controls the  
money, controls the country. He's  
going to use that company, which is  
still your responsibility, to shit  
on everything. Including you.

The Ultra-Transvestite points behind Elvis.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Basically, you're stuck with us  
crashing at your house for the time  
being.

Elvis looks behind him at Drunken Mall Santa walking a reindeer from the kitchen toward the back bedroom. In the hand not holding the animal's reins is a jar of peanut butter.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Don't look at me like that, Licker.  
This is what you do best.

The reindeer's face is depressed as it hangs his head in shame.

ELVIS

You want to stay here longer, huh?

Elvis wipes a disgusted look from his face and quickly changes his demeanor.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

You're right. We've got to be the heroes no one expects us to be. Because if this is happening now, we're all fucked and I won't let that happen. I can't. But we're not staying here. The bad guys know where here is. They pay the rent here.

SHRINK

Well, where are we going to go?

Elvis adopts a determined face and squints his eyes mysteriously for his end of scene one liner while the Shrink stares at him with a absurdly confused look on his face.

ELVIS

Guys... It's time to bunker down.

Elvis pauses, holding his mysterious facial expression and waiting for the scene to end.

SHRINK

What the hell does that mean?

ELVIS

Why are you always doing that?

SHRINK

Doing what?

Elvis sighs and throws his hands up as if signifying defeat.

ELVIS

Just come on if you're coming.

Elvis looks over to Pete, who is sitting before the television and paying no mind to Elvis' antics.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Pete, you okay? That one always gets you.

Pete turns around to face Elvis.

PORNO PETE

I've made some progress in my therapy. We all have.

Elvis rolls his eyes and mutters under his breath.

ELVIS

Great. I get them when they're reformed. Maybe they'll pull their own weight now instead of letting me do all the heroing.

FADE TO:

INT. ELVIS' BUNKER - DAY

The Super Support Group and a paranoid Elvis are walking through what looks to be the set of the Dick Van Dyke show.

ELVIS

I started building this bunker last year when I realized how ridiculously difficult it would be for me to actually bring down a corrupt conglomerate like Germotech.

He gestures around the living area, giving them a tour of the bunker, but he appears nervous. He walks over to the door and makes sure it is locked.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

When I found out they were paying my rent, my disposable income increased overnight.

Elvis peeks through the blinds, revealing the concrete wall just beyond them. The Annoying Mime gives Elvis an absurd look. Elvis doesn't notice.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Apparently, evil's got bank.

PORNO PETE

You built a base to fight the evil growing in New Edmonton with their own money?

ELVIS

Genius, right?

SHRINK

Elvis, you're looking out the blinds like a paranoid person.

ELVIS

So? I'm in a pretty high stress situation. What if I was followed home?

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

There's a wall behind the doors and windows. Why do you keep looking through them? Why are they even there in the first place? We're underground.

ELVIS

Hey! I thought it important for my bunker to resemble a nice home setting. Just because we're in hiding doesn't mean we have to live like animals.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Did you mean for it to resemble the living room from the Dick Van Dyke show?

Elvis trips over the ottoman, rolls and has a seat in his comfy chair. He lights his long gentleman's pipe.

SHRINK

Elvis, go easy on that stuff. It's very high potency. We need your head in the game for this.

ELVIS

There's too much going on right now for me not to smoke. Besides, this is how I get my head in the game. And who doesn't love the Dick Van Dyke show? It's nice to be comfortable, especially in the event of a catastrophe like the one we're currently enduring. It's important to feel that stability. Check it out. I've put together a powerpoint presentation so you'll know what we're up against.

Everyone finds a seat and Elvis laser points toward the presentation after dimming the lights with the same pointer.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Germotech is mainly a pharmaceutical company, but they have their hands in almost every industry in New Edmonton and there are branches all over the world. Giovanni tried once to create an army of geriatrics with a drug called Solatol and I single-handedly stopped them.

The Shrink rolls his eyes.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Now that Germotech has a new chairman at its helm, I believe the geriatrics are coming. Sooner than we think.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Shit. How do you know all this?

ELVIS

My second season was basically a detective comedy hour where I split my time between helping the Shrink with you guys' Century stuff, the Mad Machinist with his Operation: Lose Faith stuff and investigating Germotech's hostile takeover stuff.

SHRINK

You helped *me*? I helped *you*!

This surprises the rest of the SSG.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

I thought you didn't even like each other.

ELVIS

We have a strained friendship because he doesn't like it when I call him a shitty therapist.

PORNO PETE

You do that, too?

SHRINK

Century is a whole other kind of crazy. He's aged and evolved throughout his many thousands of years on Earth.

(MORE)

SHRINK (CONT'D)

The public knowledge part of my professional medical opinion I can disclose is that he has PTSD from some unknown event in his past.

The Annoying Mime stands and accepts the laser pointer from Elvis. There is a depiction of King Kong defecating on a city.

ANNOYING MIME

In short, he's gone ape shit.

The Ultra-Transvestite sighs before reluctantly asking the question.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Ape shit?

ANNOYING MIME

There's dog shit, horse shit and ape shit.

SHRINK

Bullshit.

ANNOYING MIME

Hear me out. Dog shit's not so bad. Cleans up easily enough and it doesn't even stain the carpet if you get to it fast enough.

The Ultra-transvestite looks around.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Is he serious?

ANNOYING MIME

Yes, I'm serious. Horse shit's a little worse. Someone going horse shit requires a shovel to clean up the mess because it's a lot bigger.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

And you're saying Century's gone ape shit?

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

I dont know if I believe that.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

What the hell is ape shit?!

The Annoying Mime gives the Ultra-Transvestite a stern look before continuing.

## ANNOYING MIME

Century hates the Shrink so much he let Elvis go just to tell him his time is limited. He could have easily used Elvis to lure us into a trap but he didn't.

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Oh shit. He's playing the long game.

## ANNOYING MIME

Precisely. Those are the most dangerous ones. That's why he has no problems going after friends and family, too.

## ELVIS

Abner must have pissed him off something vicious.

The Ultra-Transvestite looks angrily at the Shrink.

## ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Why'd you make that man go ape shit?!

## ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Now he wants to take a big steaming dump on all of us!

## SHRINK

Listen, Century is the most complicated case I've ever--

## ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

What's so complicated? He had a nervous breakdown and went evil while being counseled by you!

## ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

The man was a hero!

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

How many other heroes have you turned to the dark side with your therapy?

The Shrink lowers his head, growing somber.

## SHRINK

More than I can count. That was the job.

(MORE)

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Apparently, that's the only job a shitty therapist can get in this city. Turning good guys bad.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

So what are we? Your little attempt at redemption? You wanna prove to yourself you still got it? That you can counsel with the best of them and therapy the hell out of some patients? Right... Doc? How about actually fixing someone? How about helping someone? How about quitting thinking everything is about you and righting some wrongs here, Shrink?

SHRINK

You're right. We have a former peace prize winner going ape shit and it's on me. I formed this group out of guilt. I thought - I still think - we can do some good. Besides...

The Shrink stands and walks toward the light switch.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

...at least I didn't rape him.

The Ultra-Transvestite is enraged now, the group holds her back as she claws for the Shrink, who flips the light switch on the wall, turning on the lights.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Getting back on topic. Elvis, you know a little about Century from our sessions together. Yes, he's powerful, but there's a reason I've been putting off dealing with him.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Because you're a pussy?

SHRINK

No, smart ass. Without breaking doctor/patient privilege, I can tell you Century is a thousands year old being who absorbs other beings' power into him. He never wrote it on his application for his hero license so nobody knows this, but Century was absorbing villains into himself.

(MORE)

SHRINK (CONT'D)

I think he did it to gain power,  
but it was never proven. Now that  
he's gone batshit and wants to kill  
me for whatever reason...

The Asshole Standup Comic has an aside to Porno Pete.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

He can't admit it to himself, can  
he?

PORNO PETE

Nope.

Drunken Mall Santa leans in from the ottoman nearby.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Stands to reason a shitty therapist  
wouldn't know he's a shitty  
therapist, though, right?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC AND PORNO PETE

True.

The Shrink continues.

SHRINK (O.C.)

...I think he will continue in his  
recent vein, taking control of the  
city and killing anyone in his way.

The Shrink glares into the support group's eyes meaningfully.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

We've got to figure out the next  
part of his plan and put a stop to  
it. If we don't stop him now, we'll  
never stop him. Nothing will be  
enough. The closer he gets to his  
goal, the closer we get to losing  
our city to that animal.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON SQUARE - DAY

Busy pedestrians walk along the square with briefcase and  
purpose.

Suddenly, a man riding on a horse comes rocketing through the  
Square. He stops in the center and his mare rises, winnying  
loudly to get everyone's attention.

MAN ON HORSE

The geriatrics are coming! The  
geriatrics are coming!

The man continues his ride, a new age Paul Revere shouting to  
wake up a city of ignorance.

MAN ON HORSE (CONT'D)

The geriatrics are coming! The  
geriatrics are coming!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON - DAY

The prison is relatively quiet as the hardcore inmates in the  
yard are playing an intense game of badminton while others  
lift weights near the prison's inner gates. The guards in  
their towers keep a watchful eye on the inmates below them.

Suddenly, the bright sun goes starkly dim. The guards remove  
their shades and look to the skies curiously.

TOWER GUARD #1

The hell?

The inmates stop playing their game to look into the sky at  
what the guards are staring at.

PAKISTANDROID

It's blocking out the sun.

KAZAKHSTANDROID

Is that who I think it is?

Horny Toad smiles, rubbing his hands together.

HORNY TOAD

Oh yeah. It's him.

A large magical cloud filled with rainbows floats over the  
prison, blocking out the sun. The warrior the Shrink missed  
during his roundup of Century's psyches stares in awe at the  
cloud.

PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

So the rumors are true...

HORNY TOAD

Yep.

The multicolored cloud passes the prison yard as it slowly drifts downward. About one hundred yards away, it stops abruptly and immediately rushes back to the prison.

HORNY TOAD (CONT'D)  
Century doesn't disappoint, does he?

The cloud passes through the prison fences and develops into Puff the Homicidal Dragon. He stands there, arms outstretched with a wide, jagged grin across his maniacal face.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
It's Puff the Homicidal Dragon, bitches. Let's cause some chaos!

He turns around and slashes at the gates, tearing them apart with his long talons and essentially freeing the entire yard.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
Go on. Get out of here, you psychopathic killers and worse. Go have some fun with the law abiding citizens of New Edmonton! Century sends his regards.

The uncertain prisoners look around for a moment. Puff breathes flames into the sky, ending the long pause.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
*Go!*

The inmates go wild, losing their inhibitions as they leap over each other to get to the decimated fence. Guards begin blasting buckshots into Puff's magical purplish scales with no effect.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
At the risk of sounding cliche...

The gigantic, pink and purple dragon turns to the guards with a menacing look on his face.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
That tickles.

Puff breathes fire at the towers in the yard, sending flaming guards falling from it.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
What can I say?

Puff looks at a group of uncertain inmates, standing near the fence while watching him.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 If they aren't absolutely flaming,  
 they just aren't funny.

The inmates look to one another in confusion.

INMATE #1  
 I don't get it.

INMATE #2  
 Me neither.

INMATE #3  
 Is he calling the guards gay?

Puff the Homicidal Dragon whips his thick tail at them, knocking them backwards toward the gate. The inmates are smashed into a bloody paste against the prison fence, skin, blood and gore squeezing through the links in the fence and onto the flood of escaping convicts.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
 When I make a joke, you laugh...

Everyone in the prison is rioting and panicking now as more guards with heavier firepower show up aiming shotguns and rocket launchers at the homicidal dragon in the prison yard.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 ...bitches.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAD MACHINIST'S CELL - DAY

In the chaos, the Mad Machinist's glass pops from his cell wall.

MAD MACHINIST  
 Hmm...

He looks at the opening. He looks to the chaos beyond it.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)  
 How did the door just--?

He stands and walks over to the door. He kneels down, picks the glass pane up and fits it back into place, locking himself in securely again.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)  
 This place is really going to hell.

He walks over to where he was sitting with his copy of Journey of Souls by Michael Newton and continues reading calmly while the chaos persists around his cell.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON - DAY

Prison guards are shooting Puff's armor-like scales as he calmly walks toward the prison's main building.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
Should be right about...

Puff rips into the bricks with his broadsword claws, crumbling the wall and exposing a high security prison cell resembling an animal pen not unlike those at the zoo.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
...here.

Puff looks down confusedly at the Insanimals, lying and lounging about in the cage on top of each other comfortably.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
They put you guys in a fucking pen?  
What is this, the New Edmonton Zoo?

CLEOKATRA  
They give us a few hours a day  
together away from the rabble.

The Owl Twins shrug and Horace lies his head back down, nestling in Harriet's bosom.

OWL TWINS  
We're comfortable together.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
Well, I hope you guys ain't too  
comfortable. I'm here to spring  
you. And I'm kinda getting shot in  
the ass here so let's hurry it up.

Puff rips into the cage, clawing the bars to shreds and dropping an arm in for them to climb up.

LA TARANTULA  
Are we sure we want to do this,  
guys? How do you like working for  
the evil version of Century? He was  
an asshole of a hero back in the  
day.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
 Oh, we're not working *for* him.  
 We'll be working *with* him. And it's  
 great, he offers 401K, dental,  
 everything.

The first of the group to climb aboard, White Rhino slides down Puff's tail and heads in the direction of the Mad Machinist's cell as the others situate themselves on Puff's back.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 Where's he going?

ANACONDA  
 I think he's lost it a little bit.  
 Getting sexed in the butt didn't  
 sit too well with him.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON  
 Keeps talking about raping the Mad  
 Machinist to get back at them for  
 what they did to him. His cell's  
 right there.

Puff sighs, fire escaping from his mouth as he calls after White Rhino.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
 You should've done that before I  
 got here. You had plenty of time.

The rest of the Insanimals look to one another uncomfortably.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON  
 He kinda has been. A lot.

Puff rolls his eyes and yells at White Rhino.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
 I didn't free you just so you could  
 stay in prison raping inmates!

White Rhino screams back at Puff.

WHITE RHINO  
 Then we take him with us!

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON  
 Better idea. He's too dangerous and  
 we sorta need to get the fuck out  
 of here so...

Puff the Homicidal Dragon lashes his tail at the smoldering guard tower nearest the entrance White Rhino was looking for.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 ...new plan!

The attack brings large debris down on the Mad Machinist's corner of the building, including his cell and the empty surrounding cells.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 Now that maybe wasn't as gratifying  
 as having an orgasm inside an  
 unwilling participant's body...

He looks from White Rhino to the other Insanimals.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)  
 ...but it worked well within the  
 time constraints. Now, come on!

Puff turns around for the Insanimals to climb onto his back, breathing fire and intimidating the few guards in the vicinity not crushed by rubble or already burned alive. White Rhino looks at the crushed cell for a moment before returning his eyes to Puff.

WHITE RHINO  
 He better be dead. Or it's your  
 magical ass.

Once everyone is on Puff's back, Puff rises up on his haunches and leaps into the air, blowing more fire down at the shooting guards and arriving police, fire and SWAT officers as he flies away with his cargo safe from harm.

ANACONDA  
 Hey, can you do the cloud thing  
 again?

The prison is left a riot area, prisoners stabbing overrun guards, guards shooting escaping prisoners, both sides killing and dying while Puff the Homicidal Dragon and the Insanimals make good their escape inside a magical storm cloud.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIS' BUNKER - DAY

Seated around the Dick Van Dyke show living room, Elvis and the Super Support Group are staring in shock at the TV set.

ELVIS

That's what the fuck we're dealing with?! I'll take Giovanni's hard-to-get approach to villainy any day. He's always in the shadows, making things happen to negatively affect me somehow. *That* I can deal with but *this*? How are we supposed to take on something that can do *this*?!

On the screen is the Channel Six News.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL SIX NEWS DESK - DAY

Dan and Krista are seated with grim expressions on their faces.

DAN

Solatol, the geriatric medication rumored to cure aging, was on its way to be destroyed earlier today when the truck was hijacked. The drug is now being distributed freely throughout New Edmonton.

KRISTA

There have already been close to a hundred reports of adverse reactions. People are reporting in this geriatricide every moment so we'll be with you here at Channel Six to keep you updated.

DAN

What you can do now if you are allergic to any medication is not to take Solatol.

CUT TO:

INT. ELVIS' BUNKER

Elvis throws the remote into the couch in frustration.

ELVIS

Giovanni's original plan was to create an army of super soldier geriatrics, but I stopped him.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Now that Century's in charge,  
instead of being destroyed,  
Solatol's unleashed on the  
population!

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Guess we know his next move now.  
Too bad we were sitting on our  
asses in hiding instead of out  
there doing something about it.

He digs through the couch cushions for the remote.

ELVIS

I can't watch this. I need to see  
if something with a Kardashian is  
on. Those butts always get my head  
straight.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

What's wrong with the TV?

ELVIS

Did the cable company disconnect it  
again? I paid Vargas thirty bucks  
to hook it back up from last time.  
He promised me it would be on for  
*at least* three months before they  
caught it again.

SHRINK

Are you still stealing cable,  
Elvis?

ELVIS

No. Cable's free for all secret  
bunkers. I just have him hook it up  
to the line outside when the  
company accidentally disconnects  
it.

The Shrink rolls his eyes while Pete stares at the  
television.

PORNO PETE

There isn't anything wrong with the  
TV. It's breaking news.

A breaking news bulletin is displaying an aerial view of the  
damage at the New Edmonton Colossamax Prison.

ELVIS

First an elderly zombie outbreak  
and now this?!

They all stare in silence as the escaped prisoners reveal super powers by blowing up the news helicopter and the screen goes blank.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

All the other heroes are going to be fighting to get the prisoners back into jail. We've got to do something. We're the only ones who know Century's true intentions. Everyone else thinks he's a hero.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

We should tell somebody.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Think about it. With all the negative pub we've been getting recently, would you believe us?

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Good point.

SHRINK

We've got to take him down. By any means necessary.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Except for going up against him straight up. Because that would be stupid, right? He's invincible.

PORNO PETE

Plus, the Insanimals, too. If they're loose, we need to take them into account. They're going to be gunning right for us.

Elvis stares at the television screen, a familiar depression in his eyes.

ELVIS

I've been watching that show, Domsday Preppers, so I thought I had a good bunker down here. But those Insanimals... We gotta get out of here.

SHRINK

What the fuck, Elvis? You said this place was safe for us. "Safe as shit" you said.

ELVIS

Not safe enough to stop a *dragon* if he wants in!

Elvis calms himself.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

No. No, we must visit the only person in the city who's truly prepared. We must seek... the best doomsday prepper I can think of at this precise moment in time.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOVERVILLE MISSILE SILO GATE - DAY

Elvis the Zombie and the Super Support Group find themselves at an old missile silo gate.

ULTRA-TRANSESSITE

You sure this is the place?

The group looks around at their surroundings, unimpressed. The sign before them reads, "Hooverville".

BEATNIK MESSIAH

That depends on what you are looking for, miss.

The Shrink clears his throat and introduces them, speaking into an intercom at the gate where the voice came from.

SHRINK

Uh... Okay. We're the group with Elvis. We called earlier but no one picked up.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Elvis? So sorry. We were probably having a free love session. The vibrational humming is always too intense for anyone to hear the phone. Not that anyone would answer until after we came, of course. Anyway, come on in.

There is a loud buzz and the gate opens. The Shrink looks at Elvis as the rest of the group hesitantly walks forward.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVERVILLE BUNKER - DAY

The group is walking through a dark corridor.

PORNO PETE

Dude, I don't know about these surroundings, man.

ELVIS

What are you talking about? This is a missile silo converted to house people during the end of the world. How much cooler and more doomsday prepared can you get?

PORNO PETE

I'm just saying... This scene. It seems pretty rapish.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Oh, I gotta hear this.

PORNO PETE

Think about it. It's dark. It's solitary. Perfect set up for this kind of thing. And what the fuck is a free love session?

Beatnik Messiah answers Pete from off camera, causing everyone to stop.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (O.C.)

It's a thirty minute to an hour gathering in which we all make love.

Beatnik Messiah, dressed in a colorful tie dyed hemp shirt and brown hemp pants with Jesus sandals and Lennon glasses, presents a tray of refreshments to them as they enter a room at the end of the corridor.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Freely.

He smiles as he gestures to his fellow tie dyed shirt and sandals wearing hippie friends in the large room behind him.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Yeah, not to be cynical or anything. I don't think this is going to work out.

ELVIS

Why? This place is perfect.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
Look at him. He's a fucking hippie.

There are dozens of followers in the large mellow living area, smoking from a six armed Shiva shaped hookah and laughing with one another on the puffy red-orange furniture before the end of days. The other hippies look to be around sixty-five years old and obviously stuck in the sixties.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)  
And they're old. This is weird,  
dude. And what the fuck are these  
hors d'ouvres? Is this grass?

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
Seaweed. Try it before you talk  
shit.

The Asshole Standup Comic plucks a long piece of seaweed from the plate Beatnik Messiah offers him and tastes it hesitantly.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
Uh.. It's actually not that bad.  
Just looks like shit.

Insulted once again, Beatnik Messiah looks at Elvis.

ELVIS  
Sorry about them. They're used to  
Dick Van Dyke. It's a lot different  
than... this.

Elvis motions at the hippie party going on around them.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
But they don't understand that this  
place has a big metal door to  
protect us so they should be  
grateful to be here behind it and  
not getting ass pounded by some  
huge rhinoceros who's been in  
prison most of his life!

Elvis once again calms himself and smiles distractedly.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
Oh, look. You even have an actual  
missile we can use if something bad  
happens.

The rest of the support group look to one another, as if taking the temperature of the group. No one complains and they continue on the tour through the silo.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVERVILLE BUNKER LOVE LAB

Beatnik Messiah leads the group into a decent sized laboratory. There are rabbits in cages on most of the counter tops and lab equipment on the rest of the counter space.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

This is our Love Lab.

PORNO PETE

Mmm... Nice to see you've got some rabbits humping in this place.

Everyone looks at Pete disapprovingly.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

What? They're a good sustainable source of food. Back off.

The beatnik opens a cage housing two humping rabbits and places his hand inside, speaking to the rabbit.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

He's a little rough, but sometimes that's what love is about. But you're just a year or so old. What do you know of love?

He pats and rubs the female rabbit, soothing her. She stops fighting her male attacker and allows him to fiercely penetrate her. Beatnik Messiah looks up at Pete.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Oh, these little guys aren't food. They are our friends and our guides. They are here to show us how to love when we lose our way, as all humans do.

Pete eyes the rabbits as if they were on a television screen.

PORNO PETE

Oh... Well, in that case, they're doing a bang up job.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Let me introduce you to some of the other followers.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVERVILLE MISSILE SILO DEN

Beatnik Messiah leads them to a large den area where other hippies are seated in a circle and passing a stick around.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

I realize we were in the middle of a love session, but may I have the speaking stick, please? This is the Shrink and his patients. They're going to hang with us during the end of days.

The beatnik is handed the stick and turns back to his guests, smiling and pointing to the seated members in the den. He points to a pretty blonde girl wearing a lot of yellow first.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Guys, this is Flower Childe, our spiritual healer...

Then to a black man who looks sort of like Bryant Gumble.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Darke Childe, our token black member-- I see you don't have one. They're great. We're very proud ours is one of the tamer ones...

Then to an attractive young woman with a purple-grey shade of skin.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Star Childe is from another world-- She's the one who foresaw all of this so that we might be prepared...

Then to a confident, dark haired rebel hippie...

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

Chief Chef Steff, our living food chef...

... and to another attractive young woman with puffs of white powder on her hands. She stares into Porno Pete's eyes a moment before looking elsewhere.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)  
 MasterBaker, our baker and  
 intuitive healer.

Porno Pete places a hand to his mouth to whisper to the Ultra-Transvestite.

PORNO PETE  
 I'm not eating anything she bakes.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE  
 Why not?

PORNO PETE  
 She's got it, the addiction. She's got it bad and I don't know that she's not using the food ingredients or... Nope. It's the equipment. She uses it to get off and then bakes pies and shit. I'm out.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE  
 She looks like she'd be right up your alley.

PORNO PETE  
 She looks like she's got something you could die from.

Beatnik Messiah is looking around the large dome-like area, oblivious to Pete's insults.

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
 We've also got an acoustic guitar player and some love dancers around here somewhere. Honey and Sugar Childe. My little... proteges.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
 Why do you name everyone "Childe"?

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
 We are all children and followers of the Grand Architect, Yahweh.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE  
 Except you. That make you the leader? I honestly don't know if I can handle another control freak ordering everyone around.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Oh, I may run this place, but I'm  
no leader. My full moniker is  
Beatnik Messiah Childe.

The Asshole Standup Comic looks around the room, unimpressed.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

So you guys don't have any soldiers  
or MacGuyvers or anything? How's a  
group of hippies gonna fend off  
attackers? You got a missile, but  
do you have anyone knows the first  
thing about killing a man? You're  
all about love and shit.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Love is the only engine of  
survival. We've no need for  
violence here. Love is all we need.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Yeah, but how do you defend  
yourselves if someone wants what  
you got?

Elvis exclaims as his gaze rests on a sign for the Spirit  
Bear Room.

ELVIS

You have a spirit bear?!

BEATNIK

Yes, we have a spirit bear here. We  
feed him salmon daily and he keeps  
us protected with his love.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

(to self)  
The people get seaweed and the bear  
gets salmon?

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

How do you know what a spirit bear  
is, Elvis?

ELVIS

From my time in the Amazonian  
jungles as a freelance mercenary.

He looks at the confused looking Homoerotic Commando Twins.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

These guys know what I'm talking about.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Again. No killers here? Looks like you guys really got lucky, having us show up. You guys have absolutely no offense!

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Well... we do have Bill.

Beatnik Messiah leads them with a hand gesture toward a middle aged man in dark dress walking and talking to himself with an intense look on his face toward the open liquor cabinet across the room.

BILL

I'm gonna fuck me up some zombies.

Beatnik Messiah gives a nonchalant wave of the hand, obviously embarrassed that Bill chose that exact moment to come out.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Don't mind Bill.

Everyone minds Bill as he begins soaking a cloth wrapped around the whiskey bottle in his hand.

BILL

Kill. Kill... Kill-kill-kill.  
Kill. Kill... Kill-kill-kill.

Just then, two Asian love dancers, who can't be a day over eighteen, rhythmically move through the room toward Beatnik Messiah.

HONEY CHILDE

Bill likes setting things on fire.

They hang on him very seductively, making everyone but Pete uncomfortable.

SUGAR CHILDE

But he's ultimately harmless.

Beatnik sees the disapproving facial expressions on his group of guests.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Let me introduce you to my proteges. Honey and Sugar Childe.

The Annoying Mime's attention is caught by something outside the window Bill stands before.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA (O.C.)  
How old are those girls?

The Annoying Mime's eyes grow wide as he sees an army of undead janitors and maids climbing the gate.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (O.C.)  
We don't follow man's law at  
Hooverville. We follow Yahweh.  
Besides, we're in the zombie  
apocalypse. Everybody knows...

The Annoying Mime points nervously toward the window and reaches for Pete's phone in his pocket, but his hand is slapped away. Pete is preoccupied, but the two dancers take notice.

BEATNIK MESSIAH AND PORNO PETE  
(in unison)  
...there ain't no rules during the  
zombie apocalypse.

They look out the window the Annoying Mime is pointing at.

HONEY CHILDE  
Oh, my--

SUGAR CHILDE  
God.

Dozens of zombies stagger up to the compound.

HONEY CHILDE  
Are those--

SUGAR CHILDE  
Zombies?

The Annoying Mime wipes painted sweat from his brow as the others finally look outside and witness the zombies.

ELVIS  
Fuck. They must have followed us.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOVERVILLE'S HELIPAD - DAY

Finally ready with his Molotov cocktails, Bill stands atop the base in the center of the helipad and looks back at the rest of the group who are gathering closer to get a look out the open door. Bill points a thumb and laughs at them while he is shaking his head.

BILL

Looks like I win. My doomsday scenario was spot on. The zombie apocalypse has arrived. Hello, lawlessness!

Pete smiles his deviant's smirk.

PORNO PETE

Hello, lawlessness...

BILL

Beatnik, you can finally start banging those underage girls that hang on your every word. Let's do this! Goodbye, modern society.

Bill points to Porno Pete who is still smirking deviously.

BILL (CONT'D)

This guy knows what I'm talking about.

In one hand, Bill holds a flaming Molotov cocktail high above his head while running a finger across his neck in a throat slitting motion with the other hand.

BILL (CONT'D)

The dead rise, but the living will continue to live! We want to live!

Bill begins throwing Molotov cocktails that explode before the staggering zombies' feet. The blue fire on the ground causes the zombies to jump back and glare up at Bill on the helipad. They collectively jerk their heads down at the fire and immediately back at him.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #1

Are you crazy?! You could've really hurt one of us!

The zombies continue their stagger up to the front door.

ZOMBIE JANITOR #2

(to others)

You'd think they'd be a little more careful seeing that Elvis told them we're not bad guys or anything.

The group looks accusingly at Elvis and the Shrink.

PORNO PETE

Come on, man.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Is there something you and Elvis have yet to tell us? Is there anything you think we should know about?

ELVIS

Oh yeah, those zombies are like me--

SHRINK

They're sentient.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Sentient? They're not dead? Bill, don't!

They all look over and see Bill pressing a button on a remote control with a crazy look in his eye.

BILL

Talking zombies?! The end of days really *is* upon us. Say goodbye, godless sons of whores!

Suddenly, four large explosions detonate beneath the zombie's feet, blowing some of them away and causing a large plume of smoke to separate the living, watching from the window, from the undead, hidden behind the smoke.

FLOWER CHILDE

We must help! I can spiritually heal them.

MASTERBAKER

And I can *intuitively* heal them.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Seriously? You don't wanna at least wait til the dust settles before throwing yourselves in harm's way?

The front door is opened and the Children of Yahweh run out to administer aide and love to the hurt zombie parts.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
This isn't gonna end well.

From out of the smoke cloud, a leaping zombie maid bites one of the Children. Poor Darke Childe.

DARKE CHILDE  
Aww, now ain't this some bullshit?  
It's always the black guy that dies  
first in these things!

FLOWER CHILDE  
Don't fret, Darke Childe, for you  
won't be alone.

Now the sentient zombies (some with arms and legs missing) are acting more aggressive and frenzied.

SHRINK  
Guys, we're going to die someday.  
Today is *not* that day, understand?  
We can do this.

Shrink prepares to lead his team into battle to save them.

SHRINK (CONT'D)  
Attack them with your strongest  
weapon!

Drunken Mall Santa begins drinking from his soda bottle; the Ultra-Transvestite begins angrily breathing heavily and growing in upper body size and strength; the Annoying Mime reaches once again for Pete's pocketed smartphone and finds it, to Pete's dismay; the Asshole Standup Comic shrugs and lights a cigarette.

SHRINK (CONT'D)  
Go!

Beatnik Messiah steps before the door, stopping them all with a manic gesture.

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
**No!** There will be no more violence!  
Bill, go sit in the corner!

Behind him, the Children of Yahweh generate love by moving their hands over their hearts in a circular motion while being bitten by the ravenous zombies.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)  
Beam your love at your abusers,  
children! Show them the error of  
their violent ways.

They direct it toward the zombies, who continue ripping them apart and turning them into mindless undead.

SHRINK

We cant let this happen. Let's go,  
guys!

Bill is still standing atop the helipad. He now holds the leash to the spirit bear.

BILL

Sorry, guys.

He unlatches the leash and the spirit bear launches into pummeling the zombies on the Children.

BILL (CONT'D)

I should have opened with the bear.  
Because honestly...

The Super Support Group have pushed past Beatnik Messiah and are in the midst of battling the aggressive zombies while the spirit bear ferociously bats zombie heads from torsos.

BILL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...fuck a Molotov cocktail, by  
comparison.

Beatnik Messiah is furious now. A vein in his forehead pulsates intensely as he screams.

BEATNIK MESSIAH

**HEY!**

Everyone stops fighting mid attack.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

I, like, *heartily* disagree with  
your use of violence against our  
attackers. And the teabagging are  
just...!

Beatnik doesn't know what to say.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (CONT'D)

I have no words for how disgusting  
that is!

Everyone looks toward Pete, who is straightening his sweat pants as he stands above an abused Zombie Maid #1.

PORNO PETE

What? I wanted to humiliate 'em a  
little. Free love, right?

Elvis looks sarcastically to Porno Pete.

ELVIS  
Stay classy, dude.

Beatnik Messiah glares angrily at Elvis.

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
I'm going to need you and your gang  
of perversions to leave my property  
immediately. You're blowing my high  
and I won't have this kind of harsh  
in my mellow.

The Shrink takes offense.

SHRINK  
What? You obviously need us here!

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
Not if you're going to violate our  
one and only law. What part of  
"love everyone" do you not  
understand?

SHRINK  
Come on, you can't really think you  
have a chance against these things  
by fighting them with love! You  
think they understand emotion?

The Shrink motions toward the ravenous zombies decimating  
Beatnik Messiah's friends and the spirit bear batting their  
heads off with its large paws.

SHRINK (CONT'D)  
You think they understand  
*anything?!*

BEATNIK MESSIAH  
Your group consciousness is  
obviously at a different place than  
ours here. If you please.

He holds the door open for them and closes it once they are  
outside again.

PORNO PETE  
Well, that was a bust.

ELVIS  
That was only a bust because of  
you.

(MORE)

## ELVIS (CONT'D)

I did my part in finding a good place to bunker down. You guys grossed him out.

They leave the silo, looking back to see Beatnik Messiah circle-rubbing his heart while being mauled by zombies inside his front door.

## BEATNIK MESSIAH

I love you! I love you! Love everyone and everything! Now that's power! Tolerance and equality!

Turning their backs to the beatnik, they look ahead of them.

## ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Fucking Pete...

## PORNO PETE

Dude, you didn't really think that was gonna work, did you? That guy was fucking crazy. Shouting "I love you" to mindless killers who don't even speak the language.

## SHRINK

It wasn't Pete's fault. He wanted us out as soon as I called the order to fight. The Ultra-Transvestite is right. That would have been way too small an environment for two leaders of our caliber. One of us would have had to go sooner or later. I would've had to snap his neck.

## ELVIS

In what world are you snapping a guy's neck? Anyway, that was my bad. I had only met him the one time. I didn't know he was crazy like that.

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Well, what the hell are we going to do now? Standing out in the open like this is wreaking havoc on my nerves.

## ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

We have nowhere to go.

ELVIS

If we're going to fight back at  
some point, now would probably be a  
good time to do it.

The Annoying Mime smiles proudly, puffing his chest out and holding up a map of Beatnik Messiah's entire compound.

FADE TO:

EXT. OREGANO STREET - DAY

A satisfied with himself Century is walking down the street, arms outstretched and reveling in the chaos around him.

CENTURY (V.O.)

I'm glad I chose to take a walk  
rather than have a slave relax me.

Discord rules the area as pedestrians run screaming in all directions from the geriatric undead swarming the streets.

CENTURY (V.O.)

I don't know what would happen if  
one of those dead things... bit me.

A car swerves to miss an elderly undead woman brandishing her own arm and hits a fire hydrant on the sidewalk.

CENTURY (V.O.)

They're better suited for this,  
anyway. Sexual servitude is not the  
best use for the undead.

The elderly woman goes back to using her arm as a cane and continues hobbling down the street.

CENTURY (V.O.)

I'm sure of it.

Century smiles as he revels in this chaos of his own making.

CENTURY (V.O.)

I love it when everything goes  
according to plan.

CUT TO:

INT. HYPNO'S THERAPY LOBBY - DAY

Geriatric zombies are wreaking havoc outside while Hottie Hypno stands, talking to her sitting receptionist at the front desk. the bell on the front door dings and in walks Century.

CENTURY

Miss Hypno. A moment?

Hottie looks to her receptionist and smiles awkwardly.

HOTTIE HYPNO

You can have the rest of the day,  
Clarice.

Terrified, the young woman looks outside and back to Hottie.

CLARICE

What, you mean now? You want me to  
go out there right now?

HOTTIE HYPNO

Nevermind. Just watch the front,  
okay?

Hottie Hypno gestures for Century to follow her to the back.

FADE TO:

INT. HYPNO'S THERAPY BASEMENT LABORATORY - DAY

Hottie Hypno and Century are standing in the doorway of a massive underground laboratory.

CENTURY

Do you have any Manchurian super  
soldiers ready?

HOTTIE HYPNO

You know about my experiments?

CENTURY

Giovanni isn't one for secrets.  
Relax. I'm not upset. I need the  
use of one of your...

They look down on the large room full of zombified people lying atop beds under deep hypnosis.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

...experiments.

Hottie snaps her fingers and they all rise from their beds and stand at attention.

HOTTIE

I do. And thanks to my hypnosis, they are ready and unwilling to do whatever I want.

CENTURY

So this is how you got Giovanni to keep you around when he killed everyone else he works for. I see you took notes during my lecture on usefulness. How could he have underutilized such an intelligent subordinate?

HOTTIE HYPNO

Flattery will get you nowhere, sir. I work for Germotech, a company you now own. Just tell me what you need from me and I will accommodate.

CENTURY

I need you to put your tits away and go start my zombie apocalypse. Make it really brutal, but don't kill too many civilians. I want people to focus on how I saved them from certain doom, not how I only saved *some* of them, understand?

Clarity washes across Hottie Hypno's face.

HOTTIE

You want to be a hero again.

While Hottie Hypno turns to command the zombie soldiers out of the room, Century looks on in insane glee.

CENTURY

I'm going to be the next messiah of this world. This time I'm not going to fuck it up like I did four thousand years ago.

Hottie Hypno looks confusedly at Century as he turns to oversee the undead Manchurian soldiers below them.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

This time I'm going to exert more... *self control*.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDMONTON LIBRARY - DAY

General Elvis is giving his troops a rousing speech.

ELVIS

In any war, the greatest weapon is information about your enemy. Now, our enemy knows everything about us and yet we know next to nothing about him.

Elvis moves his finger across Beatnik Messiah's map. Some of the rooms are labeled. Aside from the Spirit Bear room, among the labeled rooms are "Fantasy Fun Land", "Rainbow Room" and "Gentle Sodomy is Love, Too".

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, what we have here is a map. And what we have here is the answer to our little problem.

Elvis points toward a room on the map that has the words, "Time Machine Room" under it. The twins squeal excitedly.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Beatnik Messiah has a time machine?

ELVIS

Of course not. He's just some crazy old guy the Shrink knows.

The Shrink begins an outburst but stops when he sees the smirk on Elvis' face. He simply sighs and gives up, knowing Elvis is just goading him into raising his blood pressure.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

We are going to use a time machine to go back in time and kill Century, though. That's the plan.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

There's one hitch in your plan, there, Steers an' Queers. We don't know how to kill an ancient Japanese immortal.

He looks at the Shrink and everyone follows his gaze.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Do we?

ELVIS

Abner, is there anything you can tell us, maybe something in your notes or files, that may be able to give us a clue as to how to kill this guy? We need information.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

We do need to start getting proactive.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Yeah, take the assault to him rather than just trying to survive all this craziness. He probably has an unlimited supply of those zombie fucks by now... No offense, Elvis.

ELVIS

Don't mention it.

The Asshole Standup Comic looks confused as the Shrink throws his arms up in frustration and shakes his head.

SHRINK

I've told you, anything said in my sessions with Century is protected under doctor/patient privilege. I can't violate that. I'm sorry.

ELVIS

Dude, what else are you doing here? I'm coming up with awesome plans, they're kicking undead ass and you're telling us what you won't do.

SHRINK

You know I can't break the law.

Porno Pete looks up from watching his smartphone screen with the Annoying Mime.

PORNO PETE

That's not gonna fly here. Look around you. We're in the zombie apocalypse. Everybody know's there ain't no laws during the--

The Shrink is trying his hardest to convey his outrage, playing it straight faced with a gasp of indignation. His voice gets more stern.

SHRINK

I took *an oath!*

ELVIS

Says the leader of a group of super  
hero rapists.

Elvis looks to the rest of the surprised group and holds his hands up as if in defense.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

No offense, guys. I'm just sayin'.

The Shrink stomps a foot down.

SHRINK

Season one of Super Rehab is going  
to be greenlit any day now!

The Asshole Standup Comic stands and points a finger into the Shrink's chest.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

If you know why this guy's making a bunch of zombies and what he plans to do with the Insanimals, you better tell us before we *all* get raped. You included. Have you ever seen a rhinoceros dick? On the Discovery Channel or something? I bet it's more than even a funboy like you could handle.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Imagine one of those long horse dicks with the thickness of an elephant's trunk. You want that cut of meat in your colon? You go right ahead with your doctor/patient bullshit.

The Shrink appears to be mulling it over.

SHRINK

I resent this line of  
questioning...

The Shrink stops as he hears cowboy boots walking up to him from behind. He turns to see the Annoying Mime in a tan over brown sheriff's uniform stepping up to give his first line.

ANNOYING MIME

Do you want to live and die during  
the zombie apocalypse alone...?

The Annoying Mime pulls his silver magnum pistol from the hip and points it downward in a menacingly subtle manner with a dead glare in his eye in total Rick Grimes fashion.

ANNOYING MIME (CONT'D)

Or are you going to fight with us  
and take this guy and his walkers  
down?

The Shrink rolls his eyes and everyone in the bunker begins to walk toward him menacingly.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

I know how we can make him tell us.

SHRINK

You can't be serious. I'm one of  
you. You're not seriously--

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

If you were one of us, we wouldn't  
have to teabag you to tell us how  
to kill Century. Grab him.

The Shrink protests with his arms outstretched and the group stops.

SHRINK

Okay! Okay! I'll tell you!

(pause)

We have got to find a better way to  
make these decisions.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHRINK'S GERMOTECH OFFICE - BACK THEN - DAY

A therapy session in the Shrink's Germotech office with Century is underway.

CENTURY

I wasn't always the good guy hero  
you know from the television. I  
didn't use to go around saving  
kittens from trees. I had never  
been conflicted... until one day. I  
was once a very powerful king in  
Egypt...

INT. THE SHRINK'S OFFICE (CORNER WITH A CURTAIN) - NOW - DAY

Elvis and the Super Support Group are crammed in the Shrink's incredibly small, basement corner office, struggling to watch a tiny television monitor. Elvis looks to the Shrink.

ELVIS

You really should stop calling this your office. It's a corner of your mom's basement with a hanging curtain for a door.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

That someone needs to open because this is damn weird.

Elvis stares intently at the screen.

SHRINK

Why are you trying so hard to be comical at my expense, Elvis? Why are you so nervous?

ELVIS

I remember this from my past regression.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

What the hell's a past regression?

ULTRA-TRANSESSITE

You remember what? Century blowing up? Jesus, Shrink. What was that you were saying about breaking the doctor/patient thing?

SHRINK

Yes, we all know more than we thought we did about him so we should just turn this off and come up with a plan based on what we know now.

The Shrink reaches for the stop button on the television set, but Elvis smacks his hand away.

ELVIS

Not for the world.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHRINK'S GERMOTECH OFFICE - BACK THEN

Century smiles at a bored Shrink, still jotting in his pad.

CENTURY

At first it was just a sly remark.  
What if I killed this person or  
that person, you know. I would  
laugh. Until it actually happened.  
Until the day my hand was forced.

The Shrink jots something down in his note pad and leans back in his chair, a thoughtful expression plastered on his face.

SHRINK

I see...

Century continues after a moment's hesitation.

CENTURY

I was in the midst of a battle as  
glorious as it was strange,  
fighting gargantuan lizards and  
primitive, beast-like men... I had  
never seen a velociraptor up close  
before. Anyway, that is when the  
voices started. That day.

The Shrink gives Century a strange look and gestures with a shoeing motion for him to go on.

SHRINK

I see.

CENTURY

They... explained things to me.  
Told me how to do things.

SHRINK

Continue.

CENTURY

I was gone, consumed by  
consumption. I began absorbing my  
enemies. I couldn't stop,  
couldn't... I couldn't *help* myself.

After a long pause, Century continues.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

When the great battle was over,  
everyone and everything was gone. I  
had absorbed *everyone*.

(MORE)

CENTURY (CONT'D)

For a long time after, I absorbed powerful beings for sport.

The Shrink eyes him almost nervously as Century stares into oblivion.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

It became a game to me, collecting power. And I was having fun. Sometimes, though... Sometimes I think about everything and I think, "What's the point?" I mean all of my loved ones... are dead because of me.

Century looks up from his hypnotic stare to stare into the Shrink's eyes with a vulnerability his therapist simply isn't used to.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

What's the point in saving people every day when the people I truly love and care about are all so long perished?

The Shrink gives Century a heartfelt smile as he leans in to offer a box of facial tissue.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

That's not true, Century. They live on... *in you*.

Century makes a sour, scrunched up face. The moment is ruined.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Is that your big answer? A *cliche*? I'm sitting here telling you about how I, for all intents and purposes, *ate* my family and you throw a God damned *joke* my way?! You, sir, are a terrible... a terrible...

Century stands and grips the sides of his head in frustration.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

This is why sometimes I get evil. I can't handle this bullshit!

SHRINK

Century?

Century stops, once again caught in his memories.

CENTURY

Wait. I remember...

His interest piqued, the Shrink leans in closer to Century.

SHRINK

What do you remember?

CENTURY

I remember...

Century screams and points a finger at the surprised Shrink, power raging both in and around him and spiderwebbing across his face from his eyes.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

YOU!

INT. THE SHRINK'S OFFICE (CORNER WITH A CURTAIN) - DAY

The intimidated Super Support Group watches as a dozen people seem to explode from Century's powerful body. Elvis points to the now spent sorcerer on the screen looking around him in tired confusion, his eyes still glowing with raw power.

ELVIS

Yeah... So *that* guy? I'm not going up against that guy.

SHRINK

Because of what you're seeing now or because of what you already know about him from our sessions? The big army he has at his command.

The rest of the group looks to one another in absurd anger.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Now there's *another* army involved? What the hell, man?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Would you two quit talking like the rest of us were there?! We have zero clue what the hell you're talking about.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Again, I ask you... What the hell is a past regression?

The Shrink pauses the video on the monitor and sighs.

SHRINK

During one of our recent sessions in which Elvis went deep into his soul memories to relive past lives he's lived, Elvis saw Century being thrown out of Egypt. He also witnessed him returning with an army of his own. In full force.

ELVIS

Apparently, before he was the king of Egypt, he was a rebel for justice or something. I didn't really get the full story.

SHRINK

Either way, he took the entire area by storm and the people loved him so much they made him their ruler. Although...

The Shrink hits the power button on the monitor, turning off the display. He pauses before speaking again.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

In my research, I haven't been able to find any historical evidence he was actually there, at all.

Everyone is in deep thought, thinking out loud.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

If he really is talking about the day he went bat shit...

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

If we're talkin' time frame...

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

We've got to use this.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Right... The only question is how.

As the group brainstorms, the Shrink sits forlornly in his chair.

SHRINK

What are we going to do, go back in time?

Drunken Mall Santa and the Ultra-Transvestite look to one another, smiling. Clarity washing over his face, the Shrink sits up in his chair, wide eyed and open mouthed.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Hey... that's not a bad idea.

Elvis groans and rolls his eyes.

ELVIS

No, I *hate* time travel stories. Everything gets all confusing and shit. I can never understand if Doc McFly goes back in time because of the kid or vice versa. Chicken or the egg, you know?

SHRINK

You heard it yourselves. He *ate* history's supers for sport. You *saw* how overcharged he was back in our session. Imagine how backed up he must be *now*. It's impossible. He's too powerful now. But if we went back in time to before he was so powerful... if we went back to *that* day...

The Shrink leaps into the air from the chair.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

We could stop all this from happening in the first place!

ELVIS

Can't we just look at your notes from that day and try to find something we can use in there?

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

There is always a lot of note taking in our sessions. I'm sure there is value in something so well documented.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

Yes, brother. We just have to find it. Good thinking!

The Shrink stomps his foot.

SHRINK

My foot is firmly in the "down" position on this thing.

(MORE)

SHRINK (CONT'D)

I won't allow the use of my documented notes in this endeavor. I'm sorry. Just... no.

ULTRA-TRANSESSITE

Why not? It's worth a shot.

SHRINK

Doctor/patient privi...

The Shrink's voice trails off as he realizes Elvis and the rest of the support group are staring at him with menacing intent once more. Porno Pete is loosening the drawstring on his sweat pants.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

...lege...

The Shrink swallows hard, sighs and shuffles depressively into his mom's basement's living area.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Come on.

INT. THE SHRINK'S MOM'S BASEMENT - DAY

The Shrink opens a large wall cabinet where one side is home to dozens and dozens of shelves full of DVDs and VHS tapes (the "classic" tapes Pete borrowed earlier are still missing) and the other side houses an equally large library of note pads identical to the one the Shrink used in Century's therapy session tape.

SHRINK

They are catalogued by date so please look in the C's and go backward.

The pads are organized neatly as are the DVDs and tapes. The Shrink digs in, beginning his search.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Don't look through any of my other patient's notes. We only need the book for that patient, that day. I don't need nosey patients reading my private thoughts about them.

The Shrink looks up from his search and witnesses Elvis and the rest of the group indiscriminately poring through his note pads with absurdly confused looks on their faces.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

I... uh...

Elvis is the first to look up.

ELVIS

What the fuck's this?

He places the open note pad in the Shrink's face. There are no actual notes, just doodles and scribbles on the pages.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

There are just doodles in it!

The Shrink shrugs at this fact and mocks his patient.

SHRINK

I mean, it's like, *ah poor me. I was a king and now I'm just crazy, ahh.* Blech. How many notes can a person write about that shit; am I right? Okay, are we done here beca--

The Ultra-Transvestite looks outraged, gripping a few note pads in her hands and angrily dropping them on the basement floor.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

So what about the rest of us? All these note pads have are doodles in any of them! Are these supposed to be of me?

She shoves her note pad into the Shrink's face. The writing above the doodle reads, "The Ultra-Transvestite's post surgery 'vagina'". The doodle looks like a man's penis turned inside out and inserted back into the pelvis to make the vaginal canal.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)

If you think this is how women work, you are **retarded**.

The Asshole Standup Comic holds up the pad he was looking in.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

You don't even pay attention when you counsel us, do you?

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Explains why we're not making as much progress in our therapy as we should be.

The comic points to a crudely depicted drawing of himself and Drunken Mall Santa in a twin bed. The asshole has a gun trained on his alarm clock and Santa is urinating in a soda bottle on his side of the bed.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Is this supposed to be me shooting the alarm clock? And him pissing in a bottle?

PORNO PETE

This whole time he hasn't even been trying. Such a shitty therapist...

Elvis slumps his shoulders.

ELVIS

Great. So... time travel, it is. Confusing, nonsensical time travel.

ULTRA-TRANSESSITE

It can't be that hard. If the Nazis were able to use a bell to warp time and space in the forties, then we should be able to do it, no problem.

ELVIS

Still... I think I'll sit this one out. I've already been back in time once this week. Besides, I can better put my powers of distraction to use long enough for you guys to do what you need to do.

The Annoying Mime scratches his head and frowns inquisitively. The Shrink places a hand on his shoulder.

ANNOYING MIME

So we have to learn how to time travel now?

SHRINK

Of course not... We're going to hitch a ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON STREETS - DAY

On streets across New Edmonton, a lawyer is seen interviewing a young woman and her undead grandmother.

HARRY BALL

And you blame Germotech for the sudden undeath of your Gam-Gam? Join our class action suit against the makers of Solatol and get the compensation you two deserve.

Suddenly, Gam-Gam lifts a jagged finger and scratches Harry Ball, who leaps in surprise and disgust while clutching his neck.

HARRY BALL (CONT'D)

Cut the camera. Let's get the fuck out of here!

INT. NEW EDMONTON MORGUE - DAY

Harry ball stands fixing his collar next to a white sheet covered body in the morgue as he addresses his audience.

HARRY BALL

Have you or a loved one taken the geriatric medication, **Solatol**, and become dead or death-like in nature as a result? Don't be ashamed. You're not alone.

The lawyer, now pale in the face, rests a tired hand on the sheet covered cadaver. It seems to flinch a small amount.

HARRY BALL (CONT'D)

When the company tested the drug on rodents and subsequently chimpanzees, all test subjects died. Sort of.

The camera cuts to a medley of caged animals seen near death. Their bodies move post mortem for a few moments before the camera cuts back to Harry Ball in the morgue.

HARRY BALL (CONT'D)

How was this drug approved for human trials?

Suddenly, the cadaver rises up at a right angle and the white sheet falls, exposing Elvis the Zombie's undead features. Harry jumps back in surprise, a hand over his heart.

HARRY BALL (CONT'D)

Oh, God! I told you not to do that!

Elvis smiles and energetically waves into the camera, pieces of rotted flesh falling from his elbows as he does so.

ELVIS

Hi. I'm Elvis Brewer. Solatol created the undead panache you see before you. Will you stand with me in the fight against the evil conglomerate that is Germotech?

HARRY BALL

With your help--

Harry Ball steps in front of Elvis in order to be the face of the lawsuit, but Elvis pushes him away.

ELVIS

With your help, we're going to class action the shit out of these bastards and stop this plague that's been... plaguing our city for the past few hours.

Elvis points into the camera, a dead glare in his eyes.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

After an extremely hostile takeover, Century now controls Germotech.

Elvis steps off the slab and Harry is appalled at his nudity.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

That's right, folks. Century, the goody two-shoes hero who went crazy and disappeared off the face of the Earth is back. And he wants to turn every single one of you into zombies like me. Well, sort of like me.

Elvis pauses when he catches the absurd look on Harry's face.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

What? I was playing a cadaver. They don't wear...

Harry Ball falls to the floor, clawing at his scratch marks.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

...clothes. Aw, shit.

He rises an undead lawyer and looks at Elvis with indifference. A stake impales Harry Ball's head and he falls back down, unmoving as Elvis drops the stake at his feet and looks back into the camera and points to Harry's remains.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 Don't let this be you or a loved  
 one.

With a stern look on his face, Elvis points directly into the camera and delivers his slogan.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
 Don't let Gam-Gam get brained.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON - DAY

The New Edmonton prison for super humans and violent offenders has been decimated. There are signs of super human activity everywhere, it having destroyed much the building.

INT. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON

The two guards outside of the Mad Machinist's cell are staring at the television screen across the room from their post, paying no mind at all to the rubble topped cell behind them and how one of it's walls seems to be rebuilding itself.

GUARD #1  
 What the hell's a Elvis the Zombie?  
 This guy can't be legit... Right?

GUARD #2  
 My mom lives right down the street  
 from G-Tech. I'm gonna go call her.

The guard stands to leave, calling over his shoulder as he does so.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)  
 If this guy is for real, she  
 shouldn't be taking that Solatol  
 crap. Especially not off the street  
 like that.

The cell is rebuilding itself and going from rubble topped mess to immaculate jail cell once again.

GUARD #1  
 I'm gonna go call mine, too.

The other guard leaves as figures step toward the Mad Machinist's newly rebuilt jail cell.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAD MACHINIST'S CELL - DAY

Inside his cell, the Mad Machinist is posing in his briefs, admiring his tall, thin body in a full length mirror.

MAD MACHINIST

You are one insanely elegant motherfucker. Graceful, brilliant, yet... still so goddamned *manly*.

The machinist points a nonchalant finger into his mirror double's face.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

And when you get out of this. When you prove to yourself and everyone watching that you did your time, then you'll be free. Then and only then can you move forward. Stay strong, brother.

He steps back to admire himself once more.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

So goddamned *manly*...

His face lights up as he sees his group in the reflection.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Guys?

At his cell door, the group looks at him oddly. He follows their gaze to his underwear.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

What? It's Tightly Whitey Tuesday.

Porno Pete and the Shrink look around at the rubble topped cells on either side of the Mad Machinist's cleaned up cell.

SHRINK

Why's yours the only one without rubble on it? Didn't that tower fall on this entire row of cells?

PORNO PETE

What the hell did all this? There's like, zero security now. We just walked in through the front door.

Drunken Mall Santa points through the large hole in the prison wall toward the hole in the fence Puff made.

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

There's a big, gaping hole in the fence there, too.

## MAD MACHINIST

White Rhino was about to SSPSA me, but Puff knocked that tower down. Puff saved me. I don't think I could've called Droid here soon enough.

Leaning on the newly rebuilt wall, Porno Pete accidentally brings down a large piece of it. He looks up at the Mad Machinist.

## PORNO PETE

Sorry.

## ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

This thing's barely holding together. Are you sure you're okay in here?

## MAD MACHINIST

Don't worry. My nanos will get everything back in order. They'll rebuild it better than before, actually. Had I known you were coming, they would have been done by now.

They all stop and stare intensely as the large part of the wall Pete was leaning on rebuilds itself.

## MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Look, I know why you're here. I have a space/time machine back at my lair-- Does it make me sound too villainous if I say "lair"?

Drunken Mall Santa turns his head to look at the machinist.

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

How'd you know we needed a time machine? Are you psychic?

## MAD MACHINIST

No. I'm just smart. And it's not a bad plan. It's what I would do. You go back in time, you stop Century from doing all this shit.

The Shrink is obviously proud of himself.

SHRINK

Great minds think alike.

MAD MACHINIST

It's just the most obvious way to kill an unkillable. I just put the call in to Droid so he'll be here in a sec.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

A bunch of fuck-ups bumbling through the past. You people do know that what happens back there changes shit here, right? History is vulnerable that way. If we fuck something up, we could change the world and not in a Martin Luther King type way.

MAD MACHINIST

With stakes this high, we have to be willing to risk it. When Droid arrives, I'll set the coordinates for you so you don't wind up in a velociraptor nest or something. Other than that, try not to sexually assault anyone and you should be fine.

ELVIS

Droid? Your phone has a time machine app?

The Mad Machinist smiles slyly at Elvis.

MAD MACHINIST

Trust me. Droid does.

The Mad Machinist snaps his fingers and a humanoid machine appears inside the cell with him. It is a replicate of himself...

DROID

I'm a mad machine, mothafucka!

...if the Mad Machinist were an angry black man. The group looks confused and uncomfortable.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

He's... he's you.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

He's black.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

You're taking self love to a whole new level, man.

Drunken Mall Santa smiles.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA (CONT'D)

Glad to know you're a deviant like the rest of us. They thought you weren't, but I always knew.

He winks at the disturbed and disgusted Mad Machinist.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA (CONT'D)

I knew...

The Mad Machinist fixes the collar of Droid's costume.

MAD MACHINIST

His outward appearance normally matches his mood. Sometimes I switch places with Droid here for a little "me" time at home. Usually when I think there's going to be an attempt by White Rhino.

Suddenly, Droid's alarms go off and his arms flail wildly.

DROID

White Rhino?! I'll kill that mothafucka!

MAD MACHINIST

Calm yourself, Droid.  
(to group)  
I think he likes having an excuse to be the angry black man versus someone white. Makes him feel important or something.

The Mad Machinist looks at Pete and the Ultra-Transvestite.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

What did you do to that guy? Droid has never been so upset. He won't even talk about it. After our first switch, he just started going black and being angry when I summon him.

The Ultra-Transvestite has an aside to Porno Pete.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Is he saying--

PORNO PETE

Yep. The Rhino's been making jailhouse love to our time machine. I'm feeling better and better about this by the minute. Jesus, that's our fault, too, right?

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Just another in a long list of consequences we can attribute to our little... slip-up.

Pete smiles deviously to himself.

PORNO PETE

Well... our slip-*in*.

The Ultra-Transvestite facepalms as the Mad Machinist types some lines of code into a keypad on the now open android's arm. The angry black machine walks through the cell, causing a large section of it to fall to pieces once more. The Mad Machinist buries his head in his hands.

MAD MACHINIST

Now I have to start all over again.

SHRINK

Are you sure you won't come with us?

MAD MACHINIST

I'm serving my time. If I don't, then all this was for nothing.

The Mad Machinist waves his hand and nanos appear to be building a similar keypad on the Shrink's arm.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Listen, it's easy to get lost in time. Don't. Get in and get out. Plus, I need you to hurry back with Droid in case the rhino returns.

Droid has an alarmed look on his face.

DROID

The *White* Rhino?! Not again! Not today!

An eight foot tall multicolored glowing vagina appears above the angry machine and Droid poses before it.

PORNO PETE

Is that...?

DROID  
It's my wormhole.

PORNO PETE  
Sweet!

DROID  
Step inside the transport area.

Everyone steps closer to the angry black machine.

In the air above them, Droid's glowing vagina trembles with anticipation before slowly settling itself around the group cozily. The colorful sex organ throbs with delight as it squeezes itself around the group, sinking down and rising back up a few moments...

PORNO PETE  
I've always wanted to know what  
this would be like!

...before engulfing them entirely and then completely disappearing from the cell in a flash of light.

MAD MACHINIST  
Please find some way to take this  
seriously, guys.

The Mad Machinist rubs his temples and sighs, talking to himself.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)  
Just don't fuck up history.

CUT TO:

INT. DROID'S WORMHOLE

Inside the wormhole, the Homoerotic Commando Twins look extremely uncomfortable.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES  
I feel... *violated*.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE  
So do I, brother. So do I.

DROID  
Violated, huh? Being inside my  
wormhole makes you feel violated.  
Spend some time in the Colossamax  
with a rhinoceros. *That's* a  
violation.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

Is that...?

PORNO PETE

Oh, yeah.

The light of their destination shines through an enlarging, puckering hole.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

Best. Ride. Ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON HISTORICAL SQUARE - DAY

Inside the Square, there are many hurried people bustling along. The sky becomes dark and everyone in the Square looks up to see a glowing, multicolored anus spewing a super dump of eight disgraced heroes from itself. It hesitates to pucker like sour lips before spitting out the screaming Super Support Group in a manner akin to explosive diarrhea, very loud and all at once.

SSG

Ahhhh!

The group stops screaming as each of them smacks into a historical statue of Bill Bixby. He is smiling and wearing a bath robe as he points to the sky before him.

The embarrassed Super Support Group cling to the twenty foot tall statue for dear life. Porno Pete and Drunken Mall Santa grip either of Bill's arms; the twins straddle his chest (and each other); the Annoying Mime hangs horizontally on to the statue's pointing hand; the Ultra-Transvestite, directly above a disgusted Asshole Standup Comic, has her legs wrapped around Bill's face; and the Shrink clings unhappily to Bill's groin.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

*Does **no one** know how our plumbing works?!*

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

*Our? You're not even a chick, yet.*

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

*And Santa doesn't exist, skinny boy. Your point?*

Pete happily looks up at the disappearing anus in the sky.

PORNO PETE

Jerry O'Connell, eat your heart  
out.

The Shrink looks from the oversized junk in his face to the gathering crowd and rolls his eyes.

SHRINK

Let's try to climb down before  
anyone can get a picture of this  
clusterfuck.

They attempt a "straddle and slide" approach down but look awkward cautiously descending Bill Bixby's limbs and torso.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

The last thing we need right now is  
to look like--

WOMAN IN CROWD (O.C.)

Hey! Those villains are humping a  
hero!

The Shrink sighs.

SHRINK

Deviants.

Nearly everyone in the always crowded historical square is now stopped and standing to watch them intently. One guy in the crowd is filming with his iPhone.

MAN IN CROWD

Did they just... Were they just  
shitted out of another dimension?

ANOTHER MAN IN CROWD

No, can't you see? They're  
emissaries of some huge cosmic  
being! Now they're here to... hump  
our statues, apparently.

YET ANOTHER MAN IN CROWD

I recognize these fuckers! They're  
those deviants we've been seeing on  
the news!

As they all reach the statue's feet, a thirteen year old kid pushes to the front of the angry and indignant crowd.

KID

I know you're not deviants. Show  
them you're heroes, guys!

The Annoying Mime looks questioningly to Porno Pete, who nods.

PORNO PETE

We might as well just do it. He's a kid. If we didn't, we'd look like a bunch of assholes.

The mime smiles and the Super Support Group poses before the backdrop of Bill Bixby heroically pointing toward the sky.

ANNOYING MIME

We're the Super Support Group!

The kid is awestruck.

KID

The Super Support Group... I bet you save us from some cosmic asshole every day. They don't know you, but I get it...

The kid nods his head knowingly and taps his temple.

KID (CONT'D)

I get it.

Ignoring the kid, the Shrink checks out their surroundings and keys some digits into the transponder the Mad Machinist created for his arm.

SHRINK

I opt to skip "the anus and vagina none of us understand" conversation and go straight to "what the hell are we doing *here?*". This looks like Downtown New Edmonton, not the distant past.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Some time/space machine. We traveled across town.

The angry black machine fades into their reality like a blurry subject coming into a camera's focus. He obviously takes the comment personal, replying in a sarcastic tone.

DROID

Oh, I'm sorry. All I can do is bend the very fabric of space, allowing you to travel back in time to save the world from a megalomaniac former super hero whose head you fucked up.

(MORE)

DROID (CONT'D)

I didn't realize that wouldn't be enough for yo Wonderbread ass.

SHRINK

Wonderbread? What does Wonderbread have anything to do with this?

DROID

You can't use the entrance every time! There's an entrance and an exit. Crazy, white bread mothafucka.

The Shrink sighs, defeated once more.

SHRINK

We'll just try again.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

We need a plan.

SHRINK

I've got a plan.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Clusterfucking our way through time in search of some big event in an immortal's life?

SHRINK

Exactly. We go to the time periods where I know him to have influenced and we take him out.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

What about my plan, finding him and taking him to the distant future? Let someone else deal with him.

The group isn't sold.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Not a fan of it.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Too simplistic.

PORNO PETE

No points for style.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Seen it on a Lifetime TV movie.

Drunken Mall Santa "harrumphs" loudly.

## DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Fine. We do his plan... My way.

Droid keys the coordinates into his arm once more, still upset and muttering under his breath.

## DROID

Pimpin' ain't easy, shit. And *time travel* pimpin'? Shiiit, that sho' ain't easy. That's the hardest kind.

The vagina shaped wormhole engulfs them once more in its overtly sexualized manner and the crowd is once again disgusted, wincing and shielding their children's eyes.

## DROID (CONT'D)

But I got you covered like a rubber. Ancient mystical battle scene coming up.

The kid stares up at the group as they are whisked away. The guy with the iPhone stands next to him, smiling like a deviant as he continues to film.

## KID

*That's* the way a hero of New Edmonton travels. With Samuel L. Jackson in a psychedelically glowing snatch.

## GUY WITH THE IPHONE

They'll definitely get the recognition they deserve if they keep this up.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM - DAY

Century is seated on his newly commissioned Germotech throne.

## CENTURY

Does he really think he can do anything to harm me or my seat of power...

The insulted sorcerer gestures erratically at the large TV before him. Elvis is on screen at the morgue, waving into the camera and smiling his goofy dead grin.

## CENTURY (CONT'D)

...with an infomercial?

Hottie Hypno enters the throneroom and presents the monitor in her hand to Century.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
Sir, they've been spotted.

CENTURY  
Where?

On the display is the iPhone video footage of the Super Support Group tangled up in the Bill Bixby statue.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
New Edmonton Square. Here's cell phone video of them doing something sexual to the Bill Bixby statue before being sucked into what looks like a giant vagina. I gave it to the guys in IT to make sure it's not some weird hoax or fan film or something.

Century makes a suspicious face.

CENTURY  
It isn't. Send one of your special groups to the Square. Send one to wherever they're spotted next, too.

Hottie looks down at her monitor.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
Oh, it looks like they've just been seen at the New Edmonton Zoo, sir.

Century smirks slyly and flicks his wrist in a gesture expressing his desire for Hottie to leave. She turns to exit.

CENTURY  
Exactly. Odd's are, whatever the hell they're doing... they've *no idea* what the hell they're doing.

Before Hottie Hypno is gone, Century calls after her.

CENTURY (CONT'D)  
Hottie. Now's a good time to bring the Insanimals into the fray.

Hottie's monitor blips again. She looks down at it and back up at her employer.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
Another sighting, sir. The fair.

CENTURY  
Insanimals. Go.

Century goes back to watching Elvis the Zombie's infomercial on his television screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON SQUARE - DAY

Everything is back to normal in the Square and the people are back to their usual hustle and bustle.

HOTTIE HYPNO (V.O.)  
Yes, sir.

A large group of Hottie Hypno's Manchurian zombie soldiers staggers toward the busied people.

PARANOID MAN  
The zombie holocaust! It's finally here!

Everyone in the Square begins running from the undead, but they are stopped. All the outlets to other streets have been blocked off by a sticky white substance.

TERRIFIED MAN  
We're trapped by this sticky stuff!

LA TARANTULA (O.C.)  
Like flies in a spider's web.

Cleokatra and La Tarantula stand and pose before the zombie soldiers behind them.

TERRIFIED WOMAN (O.C.)  
Oh, my God! Is it cum?!

CLEOKATRA  
Don' worry, fair citizens. It isn't the real zombie apocalypse. You should still scream and panic and run for your lives, though.

La Tarantula nonchalantly points to the cornered citizenry.

LA TARANTULA  
Feast.

The controlled zombies leap forward and into the crowd of panicked people.

CLEOKATRA  
I'm gonna go have a little fun.

LA TARANTULA  
Fine. I'll comm. everyone for check-in.

While Cleokatra leaps into the chaos to assault the pedestrians, La Tarantula presses something behind her ear.

LA TARANTULA (CONT'D)  
Team Two, how are you coming along?

La Tarantula glances upward and sees Hottie Hypno gazing at her from a nearby rooftop in the Square.

ANACONDA (V.O.)  
Good. Zombies are loose and people are being infected. Not a lot. Just enough to make this believable.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON ZOO - DAY

Anaconda and Grizzly Bear Jackson's regiment of undead soldiers are devouring panicked people at the zoo while their commanders attempt to break a lock on the domed chimpanzee habitat with a crowbar.

ANACONDA  
We're also about thirty percent complete on our secondary task.

LA TARANTULA (V.O.)  
Secondary task?

Grizzly Bear Jackson swipes the crowbar from his teammate's hand and pries at the lock himself.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON  
Freeing all the locked up animals!

The lock breaks and the cage door opens, freeing two dozen chimpanzees who try to avoid being eaten by zombies as they make good their escape from captivity. Anaconda throws his hands up in celebratory fashion.

ANACONDA  
Thirty-five percent!

LA TARANTULA (V.O.)  
 Guys, that is not a priority. Focus  
 on your assigned tasks and complete  
 those first, *then* do whatever the  
 hell else you want to do. *Focus!*

Anaconda and Grizzly Bear Jackson look at each other  
 disappointedly.

ANACONDA  
 K, but I'm at least breaking all  
 the lizards and bears out.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON  
 Damn skippy.

LA TARANTULA (V.O.)  
 Team Three?

CUT TO:

NEW EDMONTON FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

The Owl Twins fly high above the crowds of people at the New  
 Edmonton Fair, dropping white and brown bird-dropping bombs  
 on them.

HORACE THE HOO  
 The Homicidal Dragon should have  
 told us how much fun we were going  
 to have working for Century!

HOWLING HARRIET  
 I only wish there were more people  
 here to terrorize. The zombies got  
 most of them already.

HORACE THE HOO  
 Shitting on zombies is still fun.

HOWLING HARRIET  
 True.

The Owl Twins continue dropping massive bombs on top of  
 running people and leaping zombies indiscriminately.

LA TARANTULA (V.O.)  
 Team Four? Rhino, are you good for  
 check-in?

There is a pause before an ice cold voice replies.

WHITE RHINO (V.O.)  
 This disease we're supposed to be  
 passin' around, they can get it  
 through any bodily secretion,  
 right? Not just bites or scratches?

Eyebrows raised, the Owl Twins look to one another.

OWL TWINS  
 Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVERVILLE MISSILE SILO DEN - DAY

White Rhino stands with folded arms, watching something with intense focus in Beatnik Messiah's den.

WHITE RHINO  
 I don't know what they're snifflin'  
 for Tarantula.

His Manchurian zombies sexually assault the sobbing and snotting Children of Yahweh.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON HISTORICAL SQUARE - DAY

On the roof, Hottie Hypno gives a stern look to La Tarantula.

WHITE RHINO (V.O.)  
 I thought these people practiced  
 free love.

La Tarantula removes her hand from her ear and ends the group communique.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
 I knew it wasn't a good idea to let  
 him have a squad to himself.

La Tarantula scowls and turns to watch Cleokatra at home in the chaos, slashing at people's faces and kicking them into her undead charges.

LA TARANTULA  
 Fuck that. Any city that gives  
 those *perverts* hero licenses after  
 what they did to us...

An angry tear streams down La Tarantula's scowling face.

LA TARANTULA (CONT'D)

This city deserves what's coming to it. This is them getting it. Up the ass. Like we did. Like Rhino did. You don't know what we went through. You weren't there.

La Tarantula leaps down from the building into the fray while Hottie stands there looking down at the teardrop stain on the concrete.

HOTTIE HYPNO

No... I wasn't.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDMONTON MORGUE - DAY

Elvis is working on another taping of his infomercial.

ELVIS

We're gonna class action the shit out of these bastards.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

CUT!

A loud clap is heard from off camera and Elvis looks in its direction.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

All right, people. Listen up. I'm going to go have myself a shit break. Something in the chilli I had for lunch.

The director gestures toward his stomach and then addresses his assistant.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Fab, remind me never to order from Chuckie's again. "Gourmet chilli", my leaking asshole.

He continues addressing the rest of the set.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

When I come back in five min--

He holds his loudly roaring stomach and rocks for a moment.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Make that fifteen minutes, I'll  
want everyone ready to shoot. Okay?

The crew hurriedly departs for their fifteen minute breaks, some of them holding their upset stomachs, as well. They have obviously tried the chilli, too.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Okay.

Stan walks through one of his hellfire portals just as everyone but Elvis has gone.

STAN  
Why are you the only one who isn't  
shedding pounds in the can right  
now, Elvis?

Elvis smiles to himself.

ELVIS  
I used to work at Chuckie's. I know  
not to eat the chilli.

Stan looks around the morgue a bit before addressing Elvis without looking at him.

STAN  
You really think this - all this -  
is going to stop him?

ELVIS  
Not meant to. It's a distraction.  
Which by now has served its first  
purpose so it's time to get down to  
the second one.

STAN  
Which is...?

ELVIS  
I needed to talk to you.

STAN  
You didn't have to go on TV to do  
it...

Stan smiles while eyeing Elvis' through the reflection in the metallic, square doors in the morgue.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Just say my name three times.

Elvis gives Stan an odd look before starting.

ELVIS

I need to find out what you know of the changing of power at Germotech and what you know of Century. He's ancient so I'm sure you've come across him some time or another.

STAN

Why?

ELVIS

I need to find a way to stop this madness from a legal, if not supernatural, standpoint. I don't really trust the guys to defeat him with their back in time bullsh--

STAN

No. Why should I help you? You don't even have a soul to sell me, Elvis.

ELVIS

We need to stop this thing!

STAN

What if we don't want to stop it?

ELVIS

What?

STAN

In fact, I'm having one hell of a time. In hell.

Elvis is slowly piecing things together.

ELVIS

All the new souls... You must feel like a nympho at a gangbang. Just scratching that itch, huh, Stan?

STAN

I've never felt so good. New souls clashing with the old ones-- These are exciting times, to say the least.

ELVIS

You got Giovanni's soul, too.

STAN

This is true. When he was alive, I was given Giovanni's soul in return for making your life a bit more... difficult.

Elvis sits down, thinking to himself.

ELVIS

(to self)  
Son of a bitch...

STAN

"A living Hell", he called it. A bit melodramatic for my taste, but you get the idea.

ELVIS

Well, he's dead now so what's the big secret plan he was working on all this time?

STAN

Oh yes. Giovanni is dead. In a way.

Elvis lowers his eyes in suspicion as Stan immediately walks into his portal of fire.

STAN (CONT'D)

But he isn't in hell, yet, and so I'm still under contract. But *she* isn't. And she's in love with you so I'm sure she'll tell you anything you want to know at this point. I wouldn't fault her for it. You should know it was designed to crush you, his plan.

Stan's portal closes and he disappears, leaving Elvis alone with his questions...

ELVIS

If Giovanni isn't in Hell, where is he?

...and the cameraman, who is giving Elvis a worried look.

CAMERAMAN

Um... I don't think I needed to be here for that.

The director walks into the otherwise empty room and looks around impatiently.

DIRECTOR

Hey! Why the hell aren't we ready  
to shoot?

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH SUB BASEMENT

In the dark depths of a Germotech sub level, Giovanni broods.

GIOVANNI

I wish I had never seen a friend in  
that mongrel beast. I've been  
blinded by my hatred for Elvis--

Suddenly, his still loyal subordinate, Hottie Hypno bursts  
into the laboratory.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Sir, I have information pointing to  
the support group going back in  
time.

Giovanni looks up in surprise as Hottie sits down at an empty  
computer and begins typing furiously on the keyboard.

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)

Look here. A cave painting  
depicting a woman with clear  
breasts making love to a caveman  
from behind.

GIOVANNI

Actually, she's fucking the shit  
out of him. Well...

Giovanni's demeanor changes as he chuckles to himself.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

It *is* the obvious fix.

HOTTIE HYPNO

I thought the same thing, sir. If  
they go back in time, they can kill  
Century before he does any of this.  
Would the Super Support Group be  
that smart?

GIOVANNI

I don't know. I suppose it's  
possible if the machinist came up  
with it.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Sir, this is a man with breasts and... and an obvious penis because she's banging the shit out of this man on this cave painting from Brazil. It's thousands of years old. I don't think they had transvestites back then.

GIOVANNI

I suppose this drawing does look pretty ultra... but it's still not conclusive evidence of time traveling fuck-ups.

Hottie continues typing and brings up several more pictures.

HOTTIE HYPNO

I thought you'd say that so I did some more research. I found these ancient depictions from all over the world. This one, for example.

Hottie points at the screen. There is a picture of a cave painting where one man is touching himself before a group.

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)

Here's a guy showing a bunch of people what looks like a smart phone. Now look at the figures here. I think he's teaching them how to...

GIOVANNI

How to what, Hypno?

HOTTIE HYPNO

How to jerk off, sir.

Giovanni smiles as Hottie Hypno begins going down the list.

GIOVANNI

You can count on Porno Pete to stay consistent. That's probably why the human race is so intent on fucking each other into oblivion.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Look at this pot here from Europe. Sir, it looks like a mime doing his invisible wall technique in front of soldiers in ancient Rome. And look here. This one is... performing.

(MORE)

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)

He's got a microphone and everything. This one's shrinking. This one's *drinking*. Could be how the Santa Claus tradition got started in the first place. I don't know they can't change the present by going into the past unless it was like this all along. Time is relative. So is space. Do you understand what this means? Sir? Sir, are you listening?

GIOVANNI

They're splitting up... searching through the centuries... for Century.

HOTTIE HYPNO

What do you think they'll do when they find him, sir?

GIOVANNI

I don't know...

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOWER 2066 B.C. - NIGHT

A gargantuan obelisk tower somewhere in Egypt has screams emanating from one of its higher floors.

GIOVANNI (V.O.)

...but I hope they kill the son of a bitch.

VOICES (O.C.)

Ah! Ahh! *Ahhh!!!*

INT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN THRONE ROOM 2066 B.C. - NIGHT

Century is being worshipped as a thousand year old god, obviously regarded as a pharaoh. He has just finished with one of his servants and another waits to offer her services.

SERVANT WOMAN #1

You are to be exalted with praise and pleasure, wise one.

She wipes her mouth and bows to Century before limping away.

SERVANT WOMAN #2

If you need to think, I will gladly  
take her place, my lord.

CENTURY

Yes... I need you to clear my mind  
and help me to think... to relax.

The second slave kneels at Century's feet as he sits up on  
his large bed.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

But first, I require cloths to  
clean the fluids of the last.

A servant walks toward the corridor as Century steps from his  
large bed to sit at his throne.

INT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOWER CORRIDOR 2066 B.C.

Growing from the size of a battery, the Shrink stands in the  
corridor connected to Century's throne room.

CENTURY (O.C.)

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

SHRINK

Ew, gross. How do I--

The Shrink hurriedly looks around the corridor, trying to  
figure out a way to Century, until he eyes the towel tray  
just next to him and smiles to himself.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Bingo.

INT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN THRONE ROOM 2066 B.C.

The Shrink enters Century's stronghold with a satin slave  
covering over his costume and carrying the tray of towels. He  
witnesses dozens of half nude female servants waiting around  
Century, relaxing happily on his throne with his eyes closed.

SHRINK

Your towels, my lord.

Century's eyes pop open and the Shrink winces a bit.

CENTURY

Here, here.

Century eyes the Shrink suspiciously, almost as if recognizing him.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

I've been waiting on these for the longest.

As Century snatches a cloth from the tray the Shrink holds before him and begins wiping himself, the Shrink looks to a couple of the half nude servants, who are looking more and more like slaves to him at this point. He points to his mouth and presses his tongue against his cheek. The girls nod, changing gears to relax Century with their mouths.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Oh... Well, if you insist.

As Century becomes more relaxed and the slurping sounds more prevalent, the Shrink offers the girls a thumbs up and begins his therapy.

SHRINK

You're Centurion, the pleasure god of the sands... but what if you weren't? What if you were simply a young boy from the 'burbs?

The Shrink begins massaging Century's temples as he drops a few mental cues in his mind.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

One day you will be, my lord. And I want you to remember these words we're having when you are.

Century's therapy is momentarily interrupted by a large crash outside the tower walls.

CENTURY

Who beats upon the door?

The Shrink tries hard to keep him from snapping out of his hypnosis induced trance.

SHRINK

Uh... No one, oh mighty Centurion. That was an explosion of pleasure you just felt. All good gods get them.

He points furiously toward the girls and back at his mouth, making rapid, angry fellating gestures with his fist and tongue. The girls continue.

CENTURY

Yes... I love my servants. Dearly.

SHRINK

So now and forever, you will be a positive force in the universe. You will save lives and you will enjoy it. In fact, every time you even *think* positively, you will feel what you are feeling at this precise moment.

Another loud crash rocks the tower to its foundation.

CENTURY

Ahh! I feel like... I feel like my penis was just bitten... and it hurts!

The Shrink looks down at the slaves as if to verify Century's statement. One of them shrugs apologetically.

SHRINK

Oh, for fuck's sake!

Century awakens from hypnosis, angrily looking down at his slave until another tremor rocks the tower.

CENTURY

What is this disturbance?

He runs to the window to see what the commotion is and stares at something he's never seen before. At least not all at the same time.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

In my thousand years...

A large, glowing vagina has appeared in the middle of his city.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

...I've never seen something so--  
so beautiful.

Suddenly, a pained look comes over Century's face and he holds his groin with both hands.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Ow!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOWER 2066 B.C.

Wrestling a half dozen dinosaurs of varying species near the base of the tower is the Ultra-Transvestite.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE  
I don't know what crawled up  
Droid's ass, but this shit is *not*  
cool!

Her ripped, bulging upper body glistens and reflects the multicolored glow of an anus shaped wormhole as she swings a prehistoric rhinoceros by the horns into the side of the tower and rocks it to the foundation once more.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE (CONT'D)  
Oh wait. Yes I do.

Droid stands in the center of the chaos as anus shaped wormholes spew individual members of the Super Support Group into ancient Egypt, each with an army behind them.

DROID  
You ain't takin' my manhood,  
mothafucka!

Porno Pete is running from masturbating cavemen chasing him from his now dim and disappearing anus around the tower.

PORNO PETE  
Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

The Annoying Mime is being followed from his glowing vagina by an angry Roman army with their swords drawn down on him.

ANNOYING MIME  
>O

Porno Pete and the Annoying Mime run past each other, causing the two groups to clash with one another and begin fighting, swords versus erections.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
Not a bad idea.

Drunken Mall Santa comes running from the enlarging vaginal shaped wormhole followed by a large army of drunken Huns.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA (CONT'D)  
I'll see your Romans and raise you  
some Huns.

He leads them into the fray where they all do battle without rhyme or reason. Watching the melee, the now safe Pete, Santa and the Annoying Mime all pant near one another.

ANNOYING MIME

Are we in Egypt?

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

This looks like the right place.  
Big battle and everything.

PORNO PETE

We gotta find a place to rest.

The Homoerotic Commando Twins are holding hands while running from a glowing anus spewing beautiful Geisha women from it. They call (in Japanese) to the commandos as they chase them.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

What are they saying, brother?

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

I think they're professing their  
love for us.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

Do we not want love? Why are we  
running from them?

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

Because we are afraid!

The Asshole Standup Comic is being pelted with tomatoes from his angry followers, what looks to be the contents of a 1920's press conference. There are reporters with old camera equipment and men dressed up with pencils and pads.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

You and me both, but we gotta do  
something about these guys on our  
asses!

The Asshole Standup Comic and the Homoerotic Commando Twins run parallel to each other, exposing the people from the Roarin' Twenties to the ancient Geisha women from Japan.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

Do you think it worked?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Only time will tell.

The two groups stop and stare at one another for a few moments before the photographers begin flashing their cameras and the reporters start asking unintelligible questions. The Geishas nod and smile with fans covering their mouths.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)

Like a charm.

Back at the base of the tower, the Ultra-Transvestite has lost all sense of reason now. She flexes her muscles and screams at the remaining Tyrannosaurus Rex before her.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

*I won't lose to you!!!*

She leaps into the air toward gnashing teeth and punches the beast in the jaw. She then grips its neck and the Ultra-Transvestite throws the gargantuan lizard into the side of the tower, rocking it to its foundation for the last time.

CUT TO:

INT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN THRONE ROOM 2066 B.C.

Century looks back toward his surreptitious hypnotist, but the strange little man is gone.

CENTURY

What manner of trickery is...

Century is furious.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOWER 2066 B.C.

Outside, the Shrink meets up with the other members of the group behind some large sandstone blocks for construction.

SHRINK

Shit, guys. I was almost there!

They watch the ensuing chaos together from the safety of their hiding spot.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Uh... Nevermind this. Tell us what's happening with you. You kill him or not?

SHRINK

Well, I was performing the procedure with surgical accuracy when--

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

I'm sorry. Is no one gonna object to that description of what he was doing?

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

And what procedure are you talking about? You were supposed to kill him!

SHRINK

I thought I could hypnotize him to do good rather than just kill him.

The Annoying Mime, dressed as a Red Sock, is chewing a gob of bubble gum and holding a bat over his shoulder.

ANNOYING MIME

That's a big change in the plan. You can't just go throwing curve balls into the mix like that, guy.

SHRINK

Look, I was hypnotizing him the best I could with all this craziness going on right outside his perception when...

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

When what?

SHRINK

He woke up in the middle.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

How?

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Why?

SHRINK

His dick was bitten.

The Shrink looks accusingly at the Ultra-Transvestite.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Someone kept throwing dinosaurs into the building.

Porno Pete smiles while Santa and the asshole look both disgusted and thoughtful.

PORNO PETE

So, basically, you took one for the team.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

In the mouth. He took one in the mouth for us.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

I don't know how I feel about that. I mean, we're a team and all, but I wouldn't take one in the mouth for any of you guys.

PORNO PETE

You like us more than you let on if you're willing to go that far. Good job, Shrink.

Drunken Mall Santa shrugs his disgust off his shoulders.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

He did say "by any means necessary"...

The Shrink is staring in outraged shock a moment.

SHRINK

I didn't bite it!

He sighs.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Look we're done here. We should get going. The only way this would have worked is if we had the element of surprise and that's shot to shit. That angry machine will just have to come back and deal with this mess later.

The Shrink appears to be deep in thought.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

If he goes back to before we split up to search the different time periods, he can keep us together and keep any of this crap from happening in the first place.

(MORE)

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Then I will have had the time to more fully hypnotize Century and all will be fixed.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Don't you think that's a smidge irresponsible?

The Shrink presses a button on his forearm transponder and Droid is materializing next to him moments later.

SHRINK

When have we ever been a very responsible group? Now come on... before one of us receives death by masturbating caveman.

The group reluctantly gets in close to the Shrink behind the sandstones, allowing for Droid to once again bend space and time around them with his mammoth glowing vagina snugly dropping down around them.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

I kinda like this part now.

PORNO PETE

I like what happens after more.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

What, when we get shitted out? Gross, dude.

Before the past completely disappears in the mists of time, the Super Support Group watch as Century, dressed in extravagant shining robes and jewels, floats from his tower window to wage a one man war with the time travelling interlopers.

CENTURY

Back, vile beasts, cretins and aberrations! This tower and its inhabitants are under *my* protection! So sayeth the God of Pleasurable Acts... *Centurion!*

The chaotic fighting stops as everything and everyone turns their attention to Century.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Ow! I feel like my dick was just bitten!

The cavemen, Huns, legionnaires and dinosaurs all scowl. The Geishas have hearts in their eyes and the reporters' cameras begins flashing pictures of Century. They all leap at him.

PORNO PETE

What's he doing? Is he *saving* those people? I thought he was evil.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Yes. He's saving his people from threats we brought here.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Okay, now I feel like an asshole.

SHRINK

No, I do. I wasn't able to finish Century's hypnosis in time, but I shouldn't be messing with people's minds like this. No, whatever happens...

Having ridden the group for awhile, the glowing vagina finally engulfs them completely.

SHRINK (V.O.)

This all completely my fault.

They disappear in a great flash of light, leaving the warring factions to destroy their common enemy.

ELVIS (V.O.)

Bloody Mary...

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDMONTON MORGUE - DAY

Elvis is before the reflective surface of one of the morgue doors, staring into it intensely and calling Bloody Mary's name.

ELVIS

Bloody Mary...

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAD HILL - NIGHT

On their romantically dead hill, she appears before him. Bloody Mary has an uncharacteristically genuine smile on her face.

ELVIS  
Bloody M-- Oh.

BLOODY MARY  
Finally ready for our second date?  
I figured you'd call sooner, but--

ELVIS  
What does Stan have on you?

BLOODY MARY  
What? Stan?

ELVIS  
Yeah, *Stan*. You know, ruler of  
Hell, tall, tan and still creepier  
than I am? He knows you and he  
knows something about you. Tell me  
what he has on you.

Bloody Mary hesitates only for a moment before speaking.

BLOODY MARY  
Stan was my boss.

Elvis is genuinely curious now.

BLOODY MARY (CONT'D)  
I have done work for him.

ELVIS  
What... What kind of work?

Bloody Mary hesitates once more before speaking, longer this  
time as there is hurt in her heart.

BLOODY MARY  
I began appearing in your visions  
to get your attention... to  
distract you while he was blocking  
the other woman's attempts at  
contact with you. Giovanni wanted  
you crushed... emotionally, also. I  
feel relieved to tell you this. Now  
there are no secrets between us.

ELVIS  
You've been working for Giovanni  
and the devil this whole time and  
you think we can just bounce back  
from this?

BLOODY MARY

I quit that, Elvis. Just after I created this place for us. I have never done this... never *had* this before. I'm not ready for it to end.

Bloody Mary moves closer to Elvis, reaching for his hand. He quickly moves away.

ELVIS

Sorry, Mary. I'm just not interested in fucking someone who can lie so easily to me. Shows you got no conscience, no compassion. You can't place yourself in other peoples' shoes. My shrink would say this is definitely a red flag situation.

Bloody Mary stomps her foot down hard and steps closer to Elvis, face to face with him now.

BLOODY MARY

I *am* evil, Elvis. You knew that when you met me. I'm going to tell you something: Most other women are, too.

ELVIS

Meaning what?

BLOODY MARY

Meaning if you do have the good fortune or dumb luck of the idiot savant and happen to stumble into finding a good one, you keep her. You don't let anyone, not even Hell, itself, keep you from her.

Bloody Mary falls backward into the hill and vanishes in a large plume of pale white smoke that drifts up to meet Elvis.

BLOODY MARY (V.O.)

Sometimes, Elvis... Sometimes you don't get a second chance.

Elvis stands on the top of the center of the hill in the plume of beautifully wispy fog around him, almost cocooning him in itself. Bloody Mary is holding Elvis for the first and last time.

ELVIS

Out of all the chicks I know, you were my best bet at happiness. Now you want to tell me it was just a lie you told... What the fuck, man?

BLOODY MARY (V.O.)

It wasn't all a lie. I'm truly sorry it didn't work out, Elvis. I was getting used to the notion of getting to know you, but I'm afraid that path isn't for creatures like us. We are destined to be alone and I think you know that. I'll always be of use to you, though.

Bloody Mary's wispy remains blow away on a lazy wind, needy puffs of smoke cling to Elvis' outstretched hands before they are ultimately whisked away, as well.

BLOODY MARY (V.O.)

The world needs you.

Now Elvis is truly alone on the dead hill. His demeanor turns from sorrowful to upset.

ELVIS

I really do hate this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDMONTON MORGUE - DAY

Back before the reflective surfaces of the morgue, Elvis hangs his head in shame.

ELVIS (V.O.)

Do I really need this? Couldn't I just jack off all the time and be a lot less stressed? It works for Pete.

(pause)

Of course, then I'd still need a woman to sew it back on when it... detached.

One single tear drops from Elvis' eye onto the ground. He quickly wipes his face with the back of his hand.

ELVIS (V.O.)

Fuck that. I could just learn to sew. The real question is: Did she really mean what she said?

Elvis lifts his head up as someone speaks up from behind him.

CAMERAMAN

Yeah, so, uh... I don't think I  
needed to be here for that.

Elvis rolls his eyes and breathes a heavy sigh of  
frustration.

EXT. NEW EDMONTON MORGUE - NIGHT

Elvis is walking alone from the morgue.

ELVIS (V.O.)

Does the world really need an Elvis  
the Zombie?

CUT TO:

INT. DROID'S VAGINA SHAPED WORMHOLE

In Droid's colorful wormhole canal, each of the group members  
gets a chance to think to themselves about their situation  
and what they're facing when they get back. They sit in  
silence as they do so.

PORNO PETE (V.O.)

I was a public masturbator... once.  
But there's only one of me. Imagine  
if all everyone thought about was  
getting a nut. Nothing would ever  
get done.

He finishes his thoughts aloud.

PORNO PETE

Oh my God, what if I've created the  
world in my image!

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

You talking about the caveman  
thing? Everyone already wants a  
nut, Pete. Men and women, both. The  
entire world is ruled by people  
trying to impress the opposite sex  
for sex.

Pete adopts a thoughtful expression.

## PORNO PETE

That's true... and you actually introduced homemade alcohol to an army of ancient barbarian murderers and rapists so in the grand scheme of things... yours is a little worse than mine. A lot worse, if you really think about it.

The Asshole Standup Comic laughs.

## ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Give a man a drink and get him drunk one night, but teach a man how to homebrew and ruin his life. When we get back, everyone will almost definitely have addiction problems and half the innovations of the past hundred years will not have been invented. We'll be lucky to have cars when we get back.

Drunken Mall Santa's face turns red and scrunches up in anger. The Annoying Mime interjects, raising his hand to speak.

## ANNOYING MIME

Alcoholism? That's your big worry? Think of the effects of an entire ancient army not only being lost in time but also thinking my marvelous mime machinations were magic. Remember reading about the Salem witch hunts in school? That's where we're headed when we get back.

The Homoerotic Commando Twins raise their hands and speak up at this point.

## HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

I suppose we did the least trauma to the time continuum.

## HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE

Yes, all we did was receive pampering from beautiful ancient Geishas.

## ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Yeah, right. Why were you guys running from them?

## HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES

Things got a little too hot.

They release each other from a tight grasp and sit alone in deep thought.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE  
We always push away the women who  
love us the most...

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES  
...while holding each other close.

The rest of the group watches with amusement and curiosity, both.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS  
Maybe we really *are* gay.

The twins sit in silence, thinking to themselves as Drunken Mall Santa raises his hand.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
Relax guys. All men do that.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE  
Women, too.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
So, Frank, what about your act? Why  
do you think it was so poorly  
received?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
It wasn't poorly received! I shut  
shit down every time I go on.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA  
Is that what that was? Shutting  
shit down? You've still got some  
tomato in your hair.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
The world just wasn't ready for me  
in 1929.

Everyone looks at the asshole sarcastically, forcing him to evaluate his statement more truthfully. He raises his hand slowly before speaking, more to himself than the others.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)  
Come to think of it, they're *never*  
ready for my comedy.

The Ultra-Transvestite slaps the Asshole Standup Comic's hand down and raises hers.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

I wrestled the fucking king of the  
giant lizards a little while ago.  
That has to have some weird life  
changing effect on history, right?

She buries her head in her hands.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE (CONT'D)

What if I turned the world into a  
planet of lizard men or something?

Everyone sits in silence for a moment as they shuttle on  
through space, feeling their insecurities growing the closer  
they get to their own time. The Shrink raises his hand.

SHRINK (V.O.)

I'm a terrible therapist. Those  
servants loved him. And he made  
love to them every day, I bet. No  
wonder he hates me. No wonder he's  
doing all this back in New  
Edmonton. He really *was* a good guy.  
Until I came along and ruined his  
mind.

The Ultra-Transvestite raises her hand as the Shrink shuts  
his eyes and lowers his head.

ULTRA-TRANSEVESTITE

So whenever he even *thinks* of doing  
something good, he feels his dick  
getting bitten? That's harsh. I'd  
be evil, too.

The Shrink lifts his head to look up at his support group.

SHRINK

He tried to save them there at the  
end.

Pete raises his hand once more.

PORNO PETE

From what you told us, it sounds  
like he was just saving his sex  
life.

SHRINK

No, Pete. No more rationalizations.  
We're the villains here.

He sighs.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

We always have been. We beat up two thieves. Then we steal the TV they were stealing.

The Homoerotic Commando Twins look to one another.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

We beat up diamond thieves - something we should have been very proud of - before abusing them.

Porno Pete and the Ultra-Transvestite look away in shame.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

However well our intentions, we're the villains of this story. And since we've gone back in time and started this whole mess... we always have been.

The group once again sits in thoughtful silence on their ride back to New Edmonton.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

Above the center of a corn field in the middle of nowhere, the glowing anus appears. It puckers twice before spewing the screaming Super Support Group from it.

They stand, dust themselves off and look around them.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Great, there's nothing around us at all. No cabs, no car. How are we supposed to know who fucked up worse now?

Drunken Mall Santa chugs the rest of his soda bottle and starts on another after fishing it from his stomach stuffing.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Only one way to find out.

EXT. NEW EDMONTON SKIES - DUSK

The cramped Super Support Group is flying above the city in Drunken Mall Santa's hot rod sleigh. The Asshole Standup comic and Drunken Mall Santa are seated in its cab while the others are riding the reindeer guiding it.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Well...

Fires from the riots light the decimated city.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)

I don't notice anything different.

PORNO PETE

I know, right? No masturbators. No lizard people. No gay bashers. No magic hunters. From up here, I don't see any drunkards.

In addition to undead walking the streets, they witness regular living citizens rioting and looting stores and setting automobiles ablaze.

ANNOYING MIME

People are just as greedy, selfish and violent as they always have been.

ULTRA-TRANSESSITITE

Everything's just like we left it.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Did we have *no* effect on history?

SHRINK

Or did we have a more profound effect than we realize?

Drunken Mall Santa points down toward New Edmonton Square.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Look who it is. Should we help them or just watch them fall one by one from up here?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

They did speak ill of us at our trial.

Below them, they see that Dancing Baby and MonsterBum are helping to quell the rioting.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON SQUARE - DUSK

Dancing Baby is dancing a group of geriatric undead into a stupor, some of them cheering him as he does the Macarena.

MonsterBum extends his long arms to his sides and runs through the group, a clothesline of intensity knocking their heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUNKEN MALL SANTA'S SLEIGH - DUSK

In the sleigh, everyone is surprised.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

They probably don't even need our help.

PORNO PETE

They really do make a great team.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

All they need is a few more people to round one out and they'll be set.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON SQUARE - DUSK

Rob leaps into action, protecting Dancing Baby from an escaped prisoner exhibiting bird-like features and tendencies.

ROB

Find your own baby. I'm the only man getting down with this one!

MonsterBum hammers the escaped convict in the back of the head and the bird man crumbles to the ground, unconscious.

MONSTERBUM

Time to go back to jail, bird!  
(to Rob and DB)  
You guys see what I did there? Get it? Jailbird?

Dancing Baby and Rob look at one another lovingly before going back to the battle, Rob brandishing a large kitchen knife in one hand and a metal spatula in the other.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUNKEN MALL SANTA'S SLEIGH - DUSK

The group in the sleigh looks down at the chaos below.

SHRINK

Let's do it.

The Super Support Group leaps into action from the low flying sleigh, forcefully tackling looters, convicts and zombies indiscriminately.

MONSTERBUM

The SSG? We don't need any help.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

You don't have to worry about us stealing your thunder there, movie star. There won't be any news cameras for you to pose for.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

I haven't seen a working vehicle in miles, much less a news van or chopper.

SHRINK

Well, one thing does need a resolution.

They all look to the craziness going on all over the city. There are looters robbing stores, geriatrics eating people's flesh and escaped Collossomax prisoners flying around and shooting freeze rays and laser cannons.

DANCING BABY

He means we don't need help *here*.

ROB

Yeah... We got this, guys. You need to stop this weird ass zombie apocalypse from where it started.

MONSTERBUM

Germotech.

The group is confused.

SHRINK

How do you guys know about--

DANCING BABY

Where've you guys been? Elvis has been on the TV for the past few days.

(MORE)

## DANCING BABY (CONT'D)

Everybody knows about Germotech and what Century's doing. It's just no one can get in the building without being expressly invited.

## ROB

Aside from all the looting and indiscriminate fucking, I think our guy's really got the city behind him.

The Shrink's cell phone buzzes in his pocket.

## SHRINK

Speak of the devil.

He answers with his phone on speaker.

## ELVIS (V.O.)

You're finally back. I've been trying your cell for days. Listen, I need you guys to meet me. It's time to end this thing.

## ROB

Like I said, we got all this--

Rob gestures to the ruined city around them.

## ROB (CONT'D)

We got all this covered. Go fix this place. He'll let you guys in and you can get the drop on him.

The Shrink looks at his support group.

## SHRINK

This is it, people. No more running. We all helped to create this monster. Are you ready to go put him down?

The Super Support Group once again crams into the sleigh, some members climbing atop the reindeer while the commandos grab hold of the sleigh's helicopter style undercarriage.

## HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

Ready!

The heroic trio watches as the odd looking group flies away in their cramped sleigh. Rob turns to his friends.

ROB

Let's work our way down Oregano and  
come back around--

Before they take more than a few steps in any direction, they stop, realizing they are surrounded by dozens of Manchurian zombie soldiers, in formation and standing at attention.

MONSTERBUM

Are those the soldiers?

The undead Germotech soldiers are trained, but glare hungrily at the trio before them as they await their orders with clear anticipation.

ROB

Oh shit. They got that look in  
their eyes. That hungry but not for  
food look. This is fucked. This is  
so fu--

Before Rob finishes his expletive, a large figure parts the assembled zombies roughly and steps forward.

WHITE RHINO (O.C.)

Looks like I just missed 'em.

White Rhino and his rapist zombie squad are standing menacingly behind Dancing Baby, MonsterBum and Rob.

WHITE RHINO (CONT'D)

Looks like that's too bad for you.

The trio look toward one another with worried faces.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM - NIGHT

Using his sentient zombie slaves as furniture, Century relaxes and monitors his feeds from all over the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S CHICKEN AND BURRITOS ROOFTOP - DUSK

Elvis is on television once again. This time he is at Chuckie's Chicken and Burritos, standing atop the sign and proclaiming to the city's citizens as hordes of elderly undead climb on top of each other to reach him.

ELVIS

So what that almost all of the city's heroes have been captured and more than likely had their manhood taken by a crazy rhinoceros with abuse issues? You're about to be saved by the greatest super team in New Edmonton! And me. As soon as my ride gets here.

As the geriatric zombies finally begin reaching Elvis, Drunken Mall Santa's sleigh flies low overhead, allowing the commandos to spread their legs wide in anticipation of grabbing Elvis from their position under the sleigh.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Trust me. I've got a plan.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWINS

We've got you, Elvis!

The Homoerotic Commando Twins grip an uncomfortable Elvis with their legs, saving him from the now overrun building.

ELVIS

Listen, guys. I appreciate the save, I really do...

Elvis slips away from the zombies' grasping hands just in time.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

...but did you have to make it so gay?

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM - NIGHT

Watching his geriatric zombies fall over themselves as they destroy the Chuckie's sign, Century is unimpressed.

CENTURY

I could really go for a blowjob right now. But I'll never be caught unawares again. Not ever again.

He clicks a button on the remote and repositions himself on his undead armchair.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

I'll simply have to enjoy another form of domination and objectification of lesser beings.

Century places a finger to his chin and begins stroking his ancient Japanese silky beard.

CENTURY (V.O.)

How Giovanni had planned to control an army of geriatric undead, I will never know. They are wild animals.

On nearly the entire wall of screens before him, there are heroes fighting super powered prisoners throughout New Edmonton.

CENTURY (V.O.)

I just let them loose on an unsuspecting population. Makes things easier that way.

The Insanimals have gathered together once more. No one has defeated the Insanimal led Manchurian zombie squads.

CENTURY (V.O.)

Send some out with a few handlers and I can watch what happens and enjoy the festivities. I've always been more of a delegating homebody.

At their feet are dozens of bound and unconscious heroes. The Insanimals have already captured most of them.

CENTURY (V.O.)

Too bad I can't ask him.

He smiles and kicks his feet up on a zombie bent on all fours, playing the role of ottoman.

CENTURY (V.O.)

An army would be perfect for what I have planned next.

Suddenly, Hottie Hypno bursts into the throneroom. She eyes Century's slave furniture a moment before speaking hurriedly.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Sir, they're here. The SSG is here.

Century looks on the monitor for the front lobby and sees the Super Support Group standing around waiting while Elvis waves into the camera and smiles.

ELVIS

Yoo-hoo! Avon calling!

CENTURY

It appears they're not as pussy as I thought. Do let them up and tell them to make themselves at home. I'll only be a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH LOBBY - NIGHT

Elvis and the Super Support Group are walking around the lobby, taking notice of all that has changed due to Century's likings. The building resembles Century's ancient Egyptian obelisk tower now.

SHRINK

It's just like his tower...

ELVIS

All I have to do is take away his seat of power. If he doesn't have Germotech to use against us anymore, all he'll be is a pissed off ancient with unimaginable...

SHRINK

Power, yeah. Nice try, but--

Elvis disappears down a corridor.

ELVIS (O.C.)

I'm gonna hit him where it hurts. Beating him up and stuff, that's your job...

The group continues walking through the lobby.

SHRINK

Fuck! Where did he go?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

He's right. We don't really need him. We dish out the beatings and he's just kinda the comic relief.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Isn't that what we have you for, Mr. Nice Guy?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC  
 Hey, I'm bustin' my ass here with  
 the rest of you--

HOTTIE HYPNO (O.C.)  
 Shut up! Is bicker all you ever do?

They look around for the origin of the disembodied voice and finally see Hottie Hypno in a doorway.

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)  
 This way.

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM

Century, dressed in similar jewels and fancy robes as he had back in Egypt, sits at his large golden throne.

CENTURY  
 I don't care how many commercial  
 hours Elvis buys. By the time the  
 revolution starts, I will be  
 finished.

SHRINK  
 Doing what?

CENTURY  
 Saving the city, of course.

SHRINK  
 You're going to save New Edmonton  
 from your own zombies. Isn't this  
 the plot from... Don't say it. I  
 know this one.

Everyone waits for the Shrink to think of what movie Century ripped off his plan from. He gets frustrated thinking about it.

SHRINK (CONT'D)  
 It's on the tip of my tongue!

Century breathes heavily and continues.

CENTURY  
 I even have a cure for the  
 chemically induced undead.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE  
 You have a cure for Solatol?

CENTURY

Think of how everyone will see me after I save Nana and Paw-Paw from being braindead flesh eaters. I will be hailed as a savior.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

He's gonna be the new Jesus...

CENTURY

I am going to kill you and blame this entire mess on you deviants. The undead ghouls, the prison riot, everything. I've already bought a station for the big unveiling. I now own Century Unlimited Network Television. Channel Six. Check your local listings.

The Shrink thinks a moment.

SHRINK

I know something about you, Century.

CENTURY

Ah, the prodigal therapist, come to get inside my head once more before I ruin his hopes of becoming famous from my works. Tell me, ant. Tell me what it is you think you know.

SHRINK

Listen, I lied to the group about where Billy came from because I wanted to bring your personality back... but only when it was ready. By allowing Billy to shadow the group and by treating him like a real member, I helped you prepare mentally to be a hero again.

CENTURY

This is only your most recent mistake. What of our short time together in Egypt?

SHRINK

What happened in Egypt was a mistake. Your slave bit you when I was talking to the psyche that would one day become Billy.

CENTURY

Chicken or the egg. Did you...  
create me?

Century holds his head in frustration similarly to the way he did in the Shrink's session video before he bursted.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Who am I, really? Am I Billy or am  
I Century?

He looks like the Shrink is getting through to him. He looks deeply into the Shrink's eyes.

SHRINK

I honestly don't know, but I will  
continue to try to help you figure  
it out. I won't give up on you.  
Therapy, after all, is a long term  
thing. You aren't ever really done  
with it. You just make progress and  
sometimes...

Century lowers his head and the Shrink places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

SHRINK (CONT'D)

Sometimes you make a breakthrough.

Century smiles to himself before blasting the Super Support Group backwards. He stands, displaying his immense power.

CENTURY

I understand you're trying to  
tamper with my mind again. It won't  
work. Not this time. My mind isn't  
the only one open to tampering.

The Shrink has a worried look on his face as Century slowly floats toward them a few feet off the air.

SHRINK

Oh, shit.

CENTURY

Isn't it humorous? The entire time  
you spent counseling "Billy", he  
was actually counseling you. Let me  
see. What was the codeword again?  
Oh yes. Shitty therapist.

The Shrink immediately adopts a blank look on his face. The rest of the group looks at him curiously.

The Annoying Mime waves a hand in front of the Shrink's face, but the blank stare doesn't go away. The Shrink's stature diminishes rapidly and he is gone.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE

Uh... What the hell's going on here?

The Shrink appears before the Ultra-Transvestite and smacks a fist into her face before shrinking again.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE (CONT'D)

Oh. Great. We had a sleeper in the group.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

But our counselor?

The asshole is the next member to receive an attack, getting kicked in the groin without ever seeing the actual foot.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuck!

Century stands before the group and laughs as the Shrink continues to use guerrilla warfare style tactics against his support group.

CENTURY

See, therapy really doesn't work all that well. Hypnosis, on the other hand, works just fine if you know what the hell you're doing.

He looks up from the battle to nod to Hottie Hypno in the rafters, her aura giving away her position in the shadows.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Thank God my predecessor realized the necessity of a long term plan and had a good hypnotherapist to carry it out.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH SECRET CORRIDOR NUMBER SEVEN - NIGHT

Hottie Hypno is leaving the throneroom in disgust when Elvis the Zombie abruptly stops her gait, grabbing her from behind and menacingly placing his teeth near her throat.

ELVIS

Take me to him.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Take you to who? Aren't you worried about your friends' safety? They're going up against a supreme being as well as their own counselor.

Elvis stares blankly through Hottie.

ELVIS

I don't get it.

HOTTIE HYPNO

You didn't really think your friend, Giovanni, would let the Shrink keep working here out of the goodness of his heart, did you?

Elvis still isn't making the connection.

ELVIS

I'm still not making a connection.

HOTTIE HYPNO

You blew up the place!

Elvis shrugs.

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)

The Shrink is a Manchurian candidate, Elvis. He was against you the entire time. Not that he knew it, of course.

Hottie eyes Elvis scrutinizingly.

HOTTIE HYPNO (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying to you, Elvis?

ELVIS

Oh! Manchurian! Like that Denzel Washington movie!

Elvis stops to consider the situation a moment. He frowns, wagging a decrepit finger at her.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

The Shrink is no Denzel, Hottie.

HOTTIE HYPNO

Elvis, are you serious right now?

ELVIS

Yeah. Now take me to him.

Hottie sighs and leads the way.

HOTTIE HYPNO  
Can't argue with stupid...

ELVIS  
Can't fix it, either. Let's go.

They walk down the corridor together, Elvis cautiously behind Hottie Hypno.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH SUB BASEMENT SUBLEVEL - DARK

In the sub basement where Elvis was doused with experimental Solatol and first became a zombie, Giovanni broods.

GIOVANNI  
My company, my plans...

Giovanni places a hand on a rusty vat and eyes his reflection in a shiny area not covered in rust.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)  
...ruined.

Suddenly, Bloody Mary's face appears in the metallic reflection, superimposing itself over his. She steps from the vat's metallic surface and stands before Giovanni the zombie.

BLOODY MARY  
You need to sign your company and  
all its holdings over to Elvis or  
I'll take you straight to Hell.

GIOVANNI  
I'm not going to Hell any time  
soon, Mary.

BLOODY MARY  
Think about it. You were used. It  
happens to everyone. Get over what  
Century did to you by truly hurting  
him. Put away your petty rivalry  
with Elvis and help him.

She melts once more into a vat's reflective surface as Elvis enters the sub level with Hottie Hypno. Elvis is surprised.

ELVIS

Well, this is an interesting turn of events. Stan was telling the truth for once. Weird.

Elvis and Giovanni stand before each other, looking away like two children whose mother is making them shake hands after a fight.

GIOVANNI

Hottie, what the hell is he doing here?

HOTTIE HYPNO

Sir, Elvis has a plan. I think it could work. Hear him out?

INT. GERMOTECH SUB BASEMENT SUBLEVEL - ONE PLAN RUNDOWN LATER

Giovanni gives Elvis an inquisitive look.

GIOVANNI

You think taking the company away from him will defeat him?

ELVIS

It's worth a shot. I don't see you doing anything to stop him other than sitting on your ass complaining about shit.

The two undead men stand face to face. Giovanni relents.

GIOVANNI

The thing is, Elvis, I couldn't publicly own the company after my death. I lost everything when you bit me.

Elvis stares blankly at Giovanni and Hottie interjects.

ELVIS

I don't get it.

HOTTIE HYPNO

That's the grudge he held against you, Elvis. It's why he hated you so much and devoted so much of his afterlife toward your demise. You stole everything he'd worked so hard for when he died.

Elvis understands now.

ELVIS

Ohhh...

Giovanni walks over toward one of the Solatol vats and bangs a fist on it roughly. A compartment opens and a document portfolio falls from it.

GIOVANNI

Century isn't the CEO of Germotech, Elvis. His documents were faked to give me time to figure out what I was going to do about him.

Giovanni opens the portfolio and pulls a pen and paper from it.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

I would never entrust my company to a maniac like him. What the hell does he know of business, anyway?

He gestures for Hottie to take the pen and paper from him. She does so and signs.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Hottie is my most trusted subordinate. I put the company in her name.

Elvis looks confused.

ELVIS

Well, shit. I can't put it in my name, either, then. I'm dead, too.

Elvis looks around suspiciously.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

You can come out now.

Elvis looks at Bloody Mary as she reveals herself in a vat's reflective metal surface.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

So? Any ideas?

BLOODY MARY

Do I look like an eligible candidate to run a company?

Elvis' face lights up.

ELVIS

I know!

Elvis jumps up in excitement and something falls from his pocket. Bloody Mary lifts an Abreva pack from the ground, eyeing Elvis suspiciously.

BLOODY MARY  
What's this?

ELVIS  
Abreva. Cold sore cream.

BLOODY MARY  
I know. I'm asking what you're doing with it. You don't get cold sores.

Elvis smirks.

ELVIS  
Well... not on my mouth.

Giovanni and Hottie Hypno look to one another in surprise.

GIOVANNI  
So *she* was used...

HOTTIE HYPNO  
Happens to everyone.

Bloody Mary makes a disgusted face as Elvis plucks the medicine from her grasp and continues.

ELVIS  
Yeah, I started using this stuff around the same time I started needing ZomBoff. Looks like we both kept a few things close to the chest, huh? No hard feelings? You'll have to get your own Abreva, of course. This shit ain't cheap.

Bloody Mary scowls and lunges for Elvis before disappearing in a furious, wispy explosion.

BLOODY MARY  
*I should never have slept with you!*

Elvis shakes his head and looks at Giovanni and Hottie Hypno.

ELVIS  
Chicks, right?

Giovanni and Hottie Hypno look at one another in confusion and disgust before watching Elvis depart with the paperwork.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MAD MACHINIST'S CELL - NIGHT

Monitoring a large screen displaying the news in his now immaculate cell, the Mad Machinist rolls his eyes.

MAD MACHINIST

Are you kidding me with this shit?

He watches his friends being bested by the Shrink while Century watches and slams a fist against the floating nano table next to his seat.

I/E. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON - DAY

The Mad Machinist's cell door opens and he walks from it, fully suited with nano bots swarming lightly around him.

GUARD #1 (O.C.)

Ah-ah!

One of the guards still patrolling what few prisoners are still housed in the facility has a shotgun trained on him.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Just what do you think you're doing, Mr. Machinist?

MAD MACHINIST

I can't exactly save the world from a prison cell... bossman. Freedom isn't free, you know.

The guard shrugs, gripping the gun nervously.

GUARD #1

I'm sorry. I still can't let you leave.

The machinist looks at the aftermath of all the chaos around them and the gaping hole in the prison yard gate.

MAD MACHINIST

Did you know that my nano bots can multiply at a substantially increased rate if they are given easy to process source material?

He then looks sympathetically to the guard.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Did you know my nano bots just love your prison? The shale with which the cells are made, especially.

As his entire cell shatters into its individual microscopic nano bots and swarms onto his person like bees to a keeper, the Mad Machinist lifts his arms to welcome more nanos fitting themselves onto his body.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Do you really think you can stop me?

The guard lowers his weapon and allows the Machinist to elevate himself high above the prison and leave, a large black cloud following and swarming around him.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM

Floating above an epic battle, Century laughs a maniacal cackle. Below him, the Super Support Group is engaged in a battle with their mentor.

The Shrink has sneak attacked every member but the Annoying Mime, who stands tall as the others lie beaten on the ground. The Shrink enlarges, appearing directly before the mime and cocks back a fist with intense emotion in his face.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Is he...?

PORNO PETE

Yep. He's smiling.

The Shrink unleashes his haymaker, but before reaching its intended target his fist splinters as if hitting a wall. An invisible wall. Still hypnotized, the Shrink continues fighting as if nothing had happened, shrinking back down and enlarging for another attempt.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Oh. Oh, damn.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Fuckin' hamfisted Shrink. Always trying to force shit that just won't work.

Again, his fist slams into the invisible object in front of the mime, who is now a little perturbed as blood spatter is on display just before his face. Not knowing what to do, he looks back at the rest of the group in alarm.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

We gotta help him.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

The mime? He looks like he's holding his own.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

That's not who I'm talking about.

From their position a few feet away, Drunken Mall Santa and the Asshole Standup Comic complain.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

Look, I've got a hangover, I'm hungry... I'm in no shape to be fighting right now.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Yeah, I gotta tell ya, I'm pretty tired, too. Fuckin' exhausted, really.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Get up. We're saving this man's life. He saved ours.

The group leaps into action and Century waves a hand toward them, sending lightning bolts to the ground around them.

SSG

Ahhh!

When the smoke settles, the Super Support Group has fallen...

CENTURY

Don't go saving the Shrink just yet. He and I have a lot of therapy to get to later. I just needed to give our friends a little time to get here. They've been keeping up their end so well, I knew I couldn't destroy the rest of you myself. No matter...

...and it is the Insanimals who are standing over them.

CENTURY (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 ...the Insanimals will destroy you  
 for me.

WHITE RHINO  
 Only took us a few days and already  
 we've got most of the city's heroes  
 to swear fealty to Century. The  
 ones that didn't are dead... or in  
 my private quarters wishing they  
 were. Like you will be.

He eyes the downed Porno Pete and Ultra-Transvestite hungrily  
 and with lust in his loins.

WHITE RHINO (CONT'D)  
 Especially the two of you.

Pete looks knowingly to the Ultra-Transvestite.

PORNO PETE  
 We knew this was going to happen  
 eventually.

ULTRA-TRANSESTITE  
 Rhino, me and Pete are the ones  
 that hurt you. You can have us,  
 okay? No one else needs to get hurt  
 here.

WHITE RHINO  
 You know better than that. We're  
 going to kill you. All of you.

White Rhino steps to face the Annoying Mime, who glares  
 angrily at him. He cocks back a sledgehammer sized fist and  
 launches it through the Annoying Mime's face, shattering his  
 invisible wall and sending the little mime sprawling.

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUE  
 Oh...

HOMOEROTIC COMMANDO TWIN JACQUES  
 Shit...

The rest of the downed support group stay down as the  
 Insanimals walk toward the the entrance of the throneroom.  
 The male members look somewhat uncomfortable as White Rhino  
 stands, watching the women dig through a duffel.

ANACONDA  
 Wait-- Before we kill them, I was  
 thinking we could get them to admit  
 what they did on live TV.

WHITE RHINO

We're meting out *our own* justice.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON

Rhino, I'm tired of the other criminals thinking we was raped and I'm tired of everyone else thinking we're some kind of pushovers now.

ANACONDA

Yeah, them admitting what they did in front of everybody... *that* would be some good justice. Everyone would stop thinking what they saw in that courtroom was the truth.

White Rhino turns from observing with a beet red face, La Tarantula, Cleokatra and Howling Harriet still behind him lifting cylindrical objects from the duffel bag.

WHITE RHINO

I don't care what anyone *thinks*. I care about getting what I came here for, getting what we were promised.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON

What?

ANACONDA

What were you promised?

The Super Support Group are all but defeated, lying on the ground of Century's throneroom as White Rhino and the women menacingly walk toward them.

LA TARANTULA

*Revenge...*

The women tying their strap-ons to their pelvises and White Rhino undoing a front facing two button flap on his costume.

WHITE RHINO

...and some use out of this new cockflap in my uniform.

Suddenly, the flames of the throneroom flicker as if a stray wind had licked at them. When everything comes back to full visibility, the Mad Machinist, accompanied by what must be trillions of nanos, swarms the Insanimals. He appears to them as he did in prison to intimidate them while they were in jail the first time around, large, powerful and surrounded by trillions of microscopic backup. Cleokatra isn't afraid.

CLEOKATRA

There's a dragon behind you. You're about to get burned.

The Mad Machinist turns around. Sure enough, Puff the Homicidal Dragon stands behind him, mouth ready to spew flames and tiny wisps of smoke ribboning from his nose.

MAD MACHINIST

You mean Puffington? Yeah, he told me where I could find you all. He's my oldest friend and seeing as he's got my back, behind me is where he belongs.

The Insanimals prepare for a battle with the Mad Machinist.

WHITE RHINO

You two against us. Hardly seems fair.

HORACE THE HOO

Right? They need at least twenty or thirty more men to make this even.

Puff the Homicidal Dragon breathes his breath and men made of flame appear on either side of the Mad Machinist.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

How's this?

HORACE THE HOO

I--

MAD MACHINIST

But wait-- There's more.

The Mad Machinist jerks his arms upward and dozens of fighters comprised of nano bots are built from the ground up to stand with the fire men, Puff and the Mad Machinist. They all pose for a badass shot together as Puff spreads his wings and smiles in the background.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

How 'bout now?

The Insanimals are incredulous.

GRIZZLY BEAR JACKSON

How the hell are you doing that?

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

I'm Puff the Homicidal Dragon... but I'm still magic, bitches.

Still watching from high above them all, Century floats back toward his throne, raining lightning down upon the battleground as Puff the Homicidal Dragon and the Mad Machinist fight the Insanimals.

INT. GERMOTECH THRONEROOM

While the Century is occupied with watching the Insanimals battle the Mad Machinist and Puff the Homicidal Dragon, Elvis kneels next to the Shrink, a pen and paper in his hands. They both stare blankly at the events unfolding before them.

ELVIS

What'd I miss?

SHRINK

Nuh-uh. You can't wait until half the movie is over and then come back in asking what happened while you were gone. Where were you, anyway?

Elvis snaps out of his daze.

ELVIS

Oh, yeah.. I need you to sign this.

Century watches as La Tarantula sprays webbing from her backside and diminishes some of the flame men.

SHRINK

Sure, I've just got to ask Century first.

Cleokatra claws at a cypher of nanobot men, ripping them to ribbons and watching as they form back into men.

ELVIS

What?!

Elvis tries to get the Shrink to wake up by slapping him.

SHRINK

It's nothing personal. I just do what he says, is all.

ELVIS

I didn't wanna have to do this.

Elvis uses his Dead Man's Grin on the Shrink to no avail. The Shrink is still staring blankly at La Tarantula spewing a gob of projectile webbing at Puff's mouth just before he breathes flames at her.

With Puff's mouth webbed up and nowhere to go, the fire launches itself from his rear, decimating the machinist's nanos into a fraction of their numbers. Puff rips the webbing from his mouth and rubs his backside.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

The hot ones are the worst ones.

Elvis breathes a heavy sigh of frustration before starting.

ELVIS

Look, Abner. You're wildest dreams are about to come true. You sign this and you acquire Germotech. You can finally realize your dream of...

Elvis glances toward the other members of the Super Support Group for some help. They all shrug, looking at each other and back at him.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

...all that stuff you want to do that would never happen without the help of a huge company with money... *like Germotech*. Now, I can do this for you. I just need you to sign this document and it's all yours.

Finally taking note of the other battle in the room, Century is hovering over them.

CENTURY

The Shrink will destroy you, Elvis. He hates you. You are always taking away his support group, always destroying his dreams, undercutting him at every turn. Would you consider him a friend if he were always doing the same to you?

ELVIS

I never did any of that on purpose.

CENTURY

I suppose in your mind that should make it hurt less for him, right?

Elvis turns back to the Shrink, glaring intensely into his eyes.

ELVIS

Look, you're not that good a therapist, but you can be a great motivational speaker.

The SSG make faces as if they are not so sure Elvis is right.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

I don't think public speaking is his strong point.

ELVIS

Or maybe write an awesome book.

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Writing, either. Remember the note pad thing?

Elvis sighs.

ELVIS

Look, you'll be good at *something*. All you have to do to find out what is sign here for your multibillion dollar corporation. Finance your dreams and don't let this fucking guy win, already!

The Shrink snaps out of the trance he was in, his motivation for getting his life together and his greed for being famous beating out Hottie Hypno and Billy's hypnotism. He looks at the paper in Elvis' hand and plucks the pen away.

SHRINK

Where do I sign?

Elvis points to various places for the Shrink to sign.

ELVIS

Here, here, here... Initial here. And we're done. Now Century has absolutely zero allies on his side.

CENTURY

What do you mean? The Insanimals are--

Elvis points behind Century. He turns to look at the battlefield where Puff and the Mad Machinist are now standing menacingly over the fallen Insanimals. White Rhino has shit himself once again.

MAD MACHINIST

He should have just kept it a buttflap. He would've gotten way more use out of it that way. So your balls would probably crush these guys, huh?

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

Yeah. Although, the rhino would probably survive it...

Century turns back to Elvis and the Super Support Group, now beginning to stand as they get their second wind.

CENTURY

Oh.

ELVIS

Yep. The Insanimals just got their asses beat and one of them is about to get sexually assaulted by a giant, magical dragon. Go us, huh?

Now with the Insanimals beaten by Puff the Homicidal Dragon and the Mad Machinist and the Shrink back on the right side, the Super Support Group stand against Century for the soul of the city.

CENTURY

Do you understand how much power is in my nut sack, much less my fists? I will eviscerate you!

ELVIS

Big words. What are you overcompensating for?

Century explodes with power, electric energy bursting from every pore in his body as he eyes his attackers.

CENTURY

This battle, as well as that paper, means nothing! As long as I live, I will hold control of the Germotech company and use it to destroy you!

GIOVANNI (O.C.)

As long as you live.

Giovanni pops up from behind Century's back.

GIOVANNI (CONT'D)

Exactly.

He bites him on the neck, drawing a lot of blood. Century cries out in pain, his power already leaving his body as he plummets to the floor.

CENTURY

Ack!

The battle is over. Elvis and the Super Support Group walking up to a downed Century.

ELVIS

You'll turn in a day or two. Fever and uncontrollable diarrhea come first. Course that could also be the herpes.

Bleeding out, Century scrunches his face up as Giovanni looms over him.

GIOVANNI

Nobody uses me in my own house. Not even you.

CENTURY

I'll-- I'll heal myself.

Century's face becomes surprised, the blood flowing from his neck continues uncontrollably.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

I--! What manner of sorcery..?

The Shrink rolls his eyes.

SHRINK

You'd know about sorcery.

CENTURY

I cannot stop the virus... I refuse to become undead. I can already feel my power waned. My only option... accelerate the process.

Century looks up at Elvis and Giovanni with a look of gratitude.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Death... I never knew it would be so... *beautiful*.

A pained look scrunches Century's face again.

CENTURY (CONT'D)

Ow! My dick!

Century speeds through the rest of his life and subsequently his death, quickly rotting and decaying until becoming dust and blowing away on Puff's hot, sticky breath.

ELVIS

That was the biggest insult ever.  
He chose to actually die than to be  
a zombie. Even for just five  
minutes.

PORNO PETE

Burn, dude.

The Shrink stares at the contract in his hands.

SHRINK

Does this mean...?

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

You're a good choice to take the  
reins. You've worked here all your  
life for no recognition. Now you  
can take this place in a new  
direction and get rid of all the  
black projects. No more villain  
creation from this evil empire.

Puff eyes the Shrink harshly.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON (CONT'D)

I still hate you, though.

SHRINK

Are you still upset because I  
wouldn't sell to you? You're a  
magic dragon, for Christ's sake.  
Way out of my league but don't  
worry. Now I can hire the best and  
brightest to grow for me. We'll get  
you the help you need, Puffington.

While he and the Asshole Standup Comic help the Annoying Mime to his feet, Drunken Mall Santa looks over at the Insanimals.

DRUNKEN MALL SANTA

These aren't all of them. Where's  
the rhino?

ASSHOLE STANDUP COMIC

Aw, shit. He escaped? He's the  
worst one!

ANNOYING MIME

Wait-- Where's Pete?

The Ultra-Transvestite rolls her eyes and shakes her head, smiling as Porno Pete walks out from behind a large pillar, fixing his sweatpants and smiling as if just finishing up.

ULTRA-TRANSVESTITE

Oh, Pete.

PORNO PETE

What? I told you guys. The rhinoceros is my favorite animal.

They all have a good, end of movie laugh. Until Pete stops them.

PORNO PETE (CONT'D)

No, I'm kidding; I just had to piss. I have no clue where he is. I'm ninety-nine percent sure he got away during Century's Dust in the Wind rendition.

The group lets out exasperated sighs and groans.

SHRINK

Fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEW GERMOTECH - LOBBY - DAY

The Shrink is on television for the first time.

SHRINK

Come on down to the new and improved Germotech. I've got the cure for everyone's NaNa and Paw-Paw. We also have a lot of job openings... um... open. If you don't want the cure and love your immortality, come work for us! We don't discriminate. We hire the undead!

FADE TO BLACK.

EPILOGUE: A MOVIE SCRIPT ENDING - SIX MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW EDMONTON COLOSSAMAX SUPER PRISON - DAY

The Mad Machinist steps out of the newly rebuilt New Edmonton Colossamax Prison with his property bag in hand. He looks into the bright sunlight, nanos escaping from his emptying bag to cover his body and form a newly designed uniform.

MAD MACHINIST

Ahh... Much better.

Guard #1 steps up to the closed gate behind him to speak through the chain link.

GUARD #1

Congratulations on the pardon.

MAD MACHINIST

Thanks for your testimony.

GUARD #1

I think your redesigns on the prison helped more than a few positive words from a lowly prison guard.

The Mad Machinist smiles as the Annoying Mime rolls up in the Super Support Group muscle car.

MAD MACHINIST

Thanks, just the same.

He steps away from the guard at the gate, opens the car door and gets inside the yellow and white Super Support Group '71 Chevy.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Nice car.

ANNOYING MIME

Nice suit.

MAD MACHINIST

Going with something that has a little more "good guy" feel to it. Thinking about another name change to go with it, but I don't know what to call myself if I'm not the "Mad Machinist".

ANNOYING MIME

How about just... "the Machinist"?

MAD MACHINIST

That's actually not bad. It's like  
"the Pianist" without the sexual  
undertones. So...

He looks to his little mime friend.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

Have they burned it to the ground,  
yet?

The mime smiles to himself, looking forward before driving  
off.

ANNOYING MIME

You'll see.

EXT. GERMOTECH PARKING LOT - DAY

The Annoying Mime and the Mad Machinist step from the car to  
stare at the newly designed Germotech building. It looks  
nothing like the ominous building it once was. Now it is a  
beacon for good in the center of insanity that is New  
Edmonton.

INT. GERMOTECH LOBBY - DAY

The Annoying Mime calls out the names of some of the new  
patients and undead employees, high fiving and finger  
pointing (extremely annoyingly) as they walk through the  
newly rebuilt Germotech building.

ANNOYING MIME

The Shrink decided to hire  
therapists of higher quality who  
were less... let's say "ethically  
challenged" to take care of the  
heroes and villains who need help.  
Plus, he's got a ton of new undead  
employees helping out round the  
clock. They don't need sleep or  
anything so they're pretty much the  
best and cheapest labor force in  
the world.

MAD MACHINIST

Sounds like it. Who are those guys  
over there? Are they on crack or  
something?

The Mad Machinist points toward a small group of timid looking men and women in capes and tights. One jumps when a zombie tries to offer him a lunch tray.

ANNOYING MIME

No, that's the PTSD wing. Those are the heroes White Rhino went POW on. They're having a... tough time adjusting.

MAD MACHINIST

No heroing for them for awhile. I still haven't found my Droid.

ANNOYING MIME

You think he's still pissed at you for allowing him to be your rape double?

MAD MACHINIST

He's a machine. That's what he's for. Anyway, you said we were going to see the guys. Where are they?

The Annoying Mime leads the Mad Machinist through a large door.

ANNOYING MIME

Right through there.

INT. GERMOTECH SUB BASEMENT

Elvis and the Super Support Group yell as the Mad Machinist walks through the double doors.

ELVIS AND THE SSG

SURPRISE!

The Mad Machinist jumps in surprise, nanos at the ready. Elvis steps forward and wraps an arm around his shoulder.

ELVIS

Happy get out of jail in six months on a four year sentence, buddy!

The Mad Machinist is relieved, if a little perturbed.

MAD MACHINIST

I hate surprises.

ELVIS

Well, you're gonna hate this. Welcome to your new line of work.

MAD MACHINIST

What?

ELVIS

Yeah, we all work here now.  
Different departments, of course.  
Surprise.

The machinist looks at Puff, standing over a group of undead janitors toiling in a field of ten foot tall marijuana plants.

MAD MACHINIST

Puff, too?

ANNOYING MIME

Puff, too. He and Giovanni run the processing of New Pharmaceuticals through Herbal Representation department.

ELVIS

It's my favorite one.

BEATNIK MESSIAH (O.C.)

Mine, too.

Beatnik Messiah is revealed to not have been killed by zombies, after all.

MAD MACHINIST

So you guys have mindless slaves growing weed for people to use as medicine. How is this legal?

BEATNIK MESSIAH

Oh, no. They're not slaves. I preach my loving message and they listen. I'm teaching the reformed Giovanni how to love, too.

The undead workers look a lot like mindless slaves.

MAD MACHINIST

So it's not an entirely legal venture. Still... drug sales aren't bad. Victimless crime and all that.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

This isn't for sale. It's for consumption.

MAD MACHINIST

Whose? Yours?

Puff smiles.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

We do some research, too. Cannabis pills are going to make us all rich one day.

MAD MACHINIST

They grow all this weed for one person? There has to be a hundred plants here.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

You know how much of this I need to burn in order to get high, man? Besides, they get paid a lot better now. Some of them make up to two grams an hour. You're welcome for helping you not get raped by an anthropomorphic rhinoceros. Just by the by.

ELVIS

Yep, and I teach them to use the creative centers of their brains when they're high so that one day they can be super zombies like myself.

PUFF THE HOMICIDAL DRAGON

Turns out weed really does cure everything.

The Mad Machinist looks around, impressed.

MAD MACHINIST

So... Where's my lab located, again?

FADE TO:

INT. GERMOTECH CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Elvis and the Shrink are meeting with the Mad Machinist in the newly designed CEO's office.

ELVIS

Now that the worst is over, maybe I can go back and talk to some of my past selves. The zombie hunter, specifically.

SHRINK

You can always do that later.

The Mad Machinist will probably let you if you ask nicely.

MAD MACHINIST

Uh... yeah. Not so much.

SHRINK

What?

MAD MACHINIST

Droid is gone. I think he went mad from dealing with whatever it was you had him doing back in time. In short, you broke him.

The machinist hesitates a moment.

MAD MACHINIST (CONT'D)

And he'll probably be coming after us next.

The Shrink and Elvis look at one another, worry on their faces.

ELVIS AND THE SHRINK

Fuck!

THE END OF

ELVIS THE ZOMBIE AND THE SUPER SUPPORT GROUP IN: "THE MOVIE"

NEXT:

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELVIS THE ZOMBIE SEASON 3

AND

THE SUPER SUPPORT GROUP SEASON 2!