

DETRACTORS: A COMICSGATE FABLE

Screenplay by
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Adapted from the comic book
"D Tractor"

rayrayishAPPY.com
First draft

NOTE ON THE ADAPTATION

Every line of dialogue in this screenplay is taken word for word from the lettering on the twenty-five pages, in the order the book runs, with Ray's own spelling and punctuation left exactly as he drew it -- VAMINOS, GOTDAM, BIDNESS, FUKIN. Nothing has been smoothed or invented. The scene headings and the action lines are the adaptation; the voices are not.

The characters are caricatures. The plot, the dialogue and everything that happens here are invention. Nothing in it occurred, and no character is a claim about any real person's life.

The names are the author's. Every balloon in the book is spoken by somebody named: the four passes it took to get there, and what each one settled, are at the end.

The two cards that open this script are not Ray's. They are the front matter of the reading machine on the website -- a starfield and a crawl, set in type in the manner of the thing the book is ribbing -- and they are reproduced here because they are the only part of the production written as words rather than drawn. Everything after them is off the pages.

CAST

DICK -- Dick Masterson. A head with two small arms of its own, riding in a window set into Vito's chest. Long hair, moustache, aviators. Drives the Cadillac from in there, talks the entire way, and writes critiques.

VITO -- Black ballcap with a gold emblem, wire glasses, heavy beard, built like a door. Carries Dick, runs the analysis, and carries the guns when guns are called for. Does the worrying.

ETHAN -- Ethan Van Sciver. Silver horned helmet, white beard, purple cape, and a grey knitted beanie the one time the helmet comes off. A mug of something hot in the early scenes and a pair of blades in the late ones. Shouts for the others from his own doorway. A big guy.

MANGE -- Mange Davis. White hair, cowboy hat, striped visor, tiger-stripe jacket, gold chain, no shirt. Drinks what he has just been told not to drink, has his own lettering for it, and owns the boot that ends the zombie who got José. Cannot reach his wife.

CLIPPA -- Bearded, grey beanie, dark glasses, a FREE RILEY

tank and a pair of garden shears, on inline skates. The only one who sees it coming, and the only one arrested for it.

MINT SALAD -- Star-spangled beanie, flag bikini, roller skates. Phone always up. Narrates the entire disaster to a live chat, and is still holding the phone up in handcuffs.

ANNA -- Channel 6. Red hair, yellow jumpsuit, microphone. Goes live from the launch, stays live through the massacre, and is still on the grass at the arrest.

JOSÉ -- Anna's cameraman. Pink shirt, Channel 6 cap. Got her best side. Does not make it off the field.

MERSH -- Orange cap, heavy beard, an ROTC RADIO tank top. Stands well back from all of it and sends regards to the family.

NINA INFINITY -- A mass of curly red hair, sunglasses, an infinity symbol on her shirt. Reviews the ice cream without having had any.

NICK -- A great shock of hair. In the middle of the worst of it and entirely calm, with a question for the room about powder.

ERIC -- Black cap, full beard, a mantle of feathers, a fruit smoothie permanently in hand. Called MASTER by everyone who works for him.

GARY -- Nerdrotic. The turtle in the black-framed glasses, belt G. Enormous, lactose intolerant, readies the forklifts. Comes in every Friday.

AZ -- HeelVersusBabyface. Blue shirt, belt A, a chain wound round one green fist.

YELLOWFLASH -- Belt F. JEREMY -- Belt J. The other two. The book calls the four of them reptiles.

JON MALIN -- Never leaves the couch. Invited once, from the kerb, by name, and lettered JOHN. Answers from inside the house and is never drawn.

YANZI -- Mange's wife. Spoken of twice, reached neither time, never seen.

THE TINY HORSEMAN -- Gold armour, gold wings, a purple pony. Likes to party.

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

A starfield. Two cards, set in type, one after the other.

CARD 1

A LONG TIME AGO, IN A WAREHOUSE DISTRICT FAR, FAR AWAY....

CARD 2

DETRACTORS
A COMICSGATE FABLE

The crawl goes up the starfield behind it.

It is a season of unrest in the ice cream trade. A new line, BLAZIN, has launched upon an unsuspecting public, and its makers have gone out to NORTHSHORE PARK to celebrate in the open, where anyone at all can reach them.

But word is spreading of the formula: printed ingredients, corn syrup, an incoherent flavor profile, and two findings nobody will read aloud. From every corner of the timeline the DETRACTORS are rising, armed with reviews.

Beyond the camera crews, a man who has reviewed the same parlor every Friday for a year is loading his critique. He cannot digest dairy.

He has come anyway....

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - THE COUNTER - FRIDAY

A hand-lettered menu board runs the width of the shop. A footprint logo: THE GOOD FOOT. Beneath it, the flavours.

CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRY, VANILLA, MOOSE NUT, WORLD DOMINATION,
PEACH CHOCOLATE CHIP, OOZE BLUES BLAST, PINEAPPLE LAVA FLOW

BOWL - CONE - WAFFLE - KIDDY CLOWN CONE -- ICE CREAM MADE
DAILY

A broad blond CUSTOMER leans on the glass in a knight's harness. Behind it, a young woman in a paper hat. A small heart floats off her and nobody sees it.

THE CUSTOMER
Waffle cone looks good

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

A window set into a man's chest, up at the counter. Behind the pane, a head -- long hair, moustache, aviators -- delighted, holding a cone up to the glass in one of its own small hands. The head is DICK. The body carrying him belongs to VITO, who has not said anything yet.

DICK
Awe shit... look who's here! Is it
Friday already!?

Beside him, tall, green, beaked, in black spectacles the size of saucers -- GARY. One finger up. His last word arrives as display lettering, pink and red, three letterforms stacked.

GARY
You know Dick... this ice cream
is... M SHE U

DICK
I dunno Gary... I think it's pretty
good...

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

A cone goes across the counter to a child. A turtle in a green shell watches it go. Gary has not finished.

GARY
Are you kidding!? The cones are
stale. No glitter. Mid vanilla.

Vito has carried Dick further down the counter. Same window,

same head, mid-cone.

DICK
If it's so bad, why are you here
every Friday!?

Nobody answers. A MAN IN A CAP, off to the side, answers something else.

THE MAN IN THE CAP
My fans, my fans need me!

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, the street. The argument has found its shape.

DICK
You negatively review the same ice
cream shop every week... why not
something new?

The window again, close. Dick has gone pink to the ears. He has been waiting all week for this.

DICK (CONT'D)
Dont' ye dare take the piss outta
me mate!!

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - THE DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The doorway blacks out.

A turtle is standing in it, arms wide, filling the frame, entirely in silhouette.

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

Full colour on him now. Blue shirt. An A on the belt. A chain wound round one green fist, and he is winding it tighter. AZ.

AZ
Or I'll give your knob a proper
twist!!

Dick, unbothered, cone still up. Pizza Packer is what he calls Az.

DICK
Calm down Pizza Packer! He's just
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)
askin why not platform new shops?!

A smaller turtle, pizza slice in hand, backing out of it.

THE TURTLE WITH THE PIZZA
Oh shit, not the fatty

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

A turtle's face comes up until it fills the whole bottom of the shop. Two blue eyes, magnified to the size of plates behind black frames.

GARY
Peep game... nothing generates
superchats like tearing down others

DICK
So it's not about making better ice
cream?

GARY
Vito... I'm lactose... intolerant!

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

Az, teeth bared.

AZ
You won't be so smug when we roll
out our own ice cream brand and
take over the WORLD

Gary lunges across the shop, mouth open, a green arm going past the camera.

GARY
Bite your tongue you bariatric
blood biscuit!

VITO
What!? You're going into the ice
cream business?? Why??

INT. THE GOOD FOOT - CONTINUOUS

A sword comes down past Dick's window. On the wall behind, broken by the panel edge, the lettering ICE PACK.

AZ

Move different! Soft roll out is
next week at the warehouse... pull
up if you dare!

EXT. A STREET - DAY

A long pink Cadillac convertible, top down, a turquoise footprint across the hood. Palms. A low civic building sliding past. DICK is at the wheel with his own small hands on it, VITO beside him, a third man behind them, and none of them looking at each other. Vito's lines come in square boxes and Dick's in ovals, all the way down the page.

VITO

You think he was serious about the
ice cream?

VITO (CONT'D)

What did he mean by "pull up"? For
ice cream or a fight?

VITO (CONT'D)

You mean you're actually thinking
about going?

DICK

Turtles are hard to read, being the
cold-blooded bastards they are!

DICK (CONT'D)

Only one way to find out!

Vito's arm goes over the door, cap low. Dick, at the wheel,
is enjoying this.

DICK (CONT'D)

Damn right!

VITO (CONT'D)

That's SUICIDE!

INT. THE CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

A phone held up inside the window in Vito's chest, in one of
Dick's small hands. It reads CALLING ETHAN... and the air
round it is full of lettering.

RING. RING. RING. RING.

DICK

Not if we roll in HEAVY!

ACT TWO

EXT. R.B.F.W. (RIPPAVERSE FULFILLMENT WAREHOUSE) - DAY

AT THE WAREHOUSE

A long two-storey industrial building, yellow trim, one tree out front, a pink box truck at the dock. The sign on the kerb reads R.B.F.W. -- the Rippaverse Fulfillment Warehouse.

INT. R.B.F.W. - THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Forklifts in a row down a wall the length of a street. Somebody is running the centre line of it, very small, and still a long way off.

THE RUNNER

Master! Detractors are ambushing
the ice cream launch!

INT. R.B.F.W. - CONTINUOUS

ERIC reaches toward us, fingers spread, a cup marked FRUITY SMOOTHIE in the other hand. He is the calmest man in the building.

ERIC

Pull up, air out, move different
and I'm fine with that!

INT. R.B.F.W. - A SIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Two turtles. One small and grey-beaked. GARY, enormous, grinning with every tooth he owns.

GARY

Very wise master! Have the 3-D
printed ingredients arrived from
Brazil?

THE SMALL GREY TURTLE

It is!

GARY

Fantastic! I'll ready the
forklifts!

INT. R.B.F.W. - THE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Nobody speaks for five shots. The machine does the talking.

A hopper and an armature, tubes coiled overhead. A great angular head is pressed into the machinery, green-eyed, a tray in its mouth holding cans. One can is labelled 3-D PRINTED.

A paddle turns slop in a pink drum.

SHHH.

A hose banded black and gold swings in. The pipe above it is stencilled NITROGEN.

Under the nozzle, blue cups go past on a belt. One of them fills.

PFFFTT.

At the end of the line ERIC and GARY raise a sample cup each, and Gary's arm goes straight up.

GARY
Shipping it is READY!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK, THE WOODLANDS, TEXAS - MORNING

A yellow jumpsuit fills the left of the shot. JOSÉ shoulders a Channel 6 camera and holds out a mic flag numbered 6.

JOSÉ
Anna, we are live in 3... 2... 1...

ANNA, mic up, the park opening out behind her.

ANNA
We're live here at Northshore Park
in Woodlands Texas for a day of fun
sponsored by the launch of BLAZIN
ice cream!

ANNA (CONT'D)
It's early but people are already
arriving...

ANNA (CONT'D)
Let's see if we can speak to a
few...

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Two men. MERSH, in an orange cap and a tank top printed ROTC RADIO. Beside him a man in a cat-print shirt lettered HI, cigarette going, entirely elsewhere.

ANNA

Are you excited for ice cream?

THE MAN IN THE CAT SHIRT

Ice cream?

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE PATH - CONTINUOUS

CLIPPA comes down the path on inline skates with a pair of garden shears held over his head. Grey beanie, dark glasses, a tank top reading FREE RILEY.

ANNA

What's your favorite part?

Behind him, on roller skates, phone up, filming the lot of it -- MINT SALAD.

MINT SALAD

Chat... Clippa is skating!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Anna moves on to a family group. A woman, a bearded man in a lilac shirt, a blonde who would rather not.

ANNA

This one likes nut crunch...

ANNA (CONT'D)

And this one gulps down the pineapple froth!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

NINA INFINITY -- a mass of curly red hair, sunglasses, a shirt with an infinity symbol on it.

NINA INFINITY

It's super good ice cream!

ANNA

So you've had some?

NINA INFINITY

No

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Anna, small, signing off.

ANNA

There you have it... the ice cream
will be rolling out soon. If you're
in the area come get some indie ice
cream!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE CARTS - CONTINUOUS

Four turtles walk abreast toward the camera and block the
whole width of the shot. Buckles, left to right: F, J, A, G
-- YELLOWFLASH, JEREMY, AZ and GARY. A blade, a pizza slice,
a bat, a chain. Gary, on the right, holds up a tub printed
FRUITY BLAZIN ICE CREAM.

GARY

MASTER! The ice cream carts are
loaded... product ready to deploy!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

ERIC, arms spread, the four of them ranged behind him on the
grass.

ERIC

No outside investors, bidness and
move different... put out
product... take over WORLD

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

The Cadillac from below, climbing a rise, cloud behind it.

DICK

We gotta pick up Ethan...

VITO

You think he'll have pie? I missed
breakfast!

EXT. A HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A doorway. ETHAN in his helmet and a fur-trimmed vest, a
steaming green mug in one hand, calling back into his own

house. The car waits at the kerb with the engine running.

ETHAN
Mange you comin?

MANGE (O.S.)
Yeahhh!

ETHAN (CONT'D)
John?

JON MALIN (O.S.)
Nah, I'll stay on the couch

VITO (O.S.)
You got any pie Ethan?

INT. THE CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

ETHAN takes the back seat with his green mug and fills most of it. MANGE is somewhere behind him, out of frame. In front, VITO works through a donut without hurrying, Dick's window riding in his chest below the wheel.

ETHAN
Sorry Mange I'm a big guy

MANGE (O.S.)
ETHAN scoot over!

EXT. A PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Straight down. The Cadillac is parked across two bays, nose out. Every other car in the lot is between its lines.

MANGE
You're taking up two spots!?

DICK
Mange... he's a big guy...

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE RISE - CONTINUOUS

Four of them from behind, in silhouette, looking down a slope at a park that is already full. Vito with the window glowing in his chest, Mange's hat, Ethan's cape.

VITO
Damn! This place is packed!

MANGE
Where the ice cream at!?

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE QUEUE - DAY

A red umbrella over a cart, BLAZIN sprayed across it in blue. The crowd is eight deep. A bald man. A man with a halo. A man in a totoro hood. A man smoking in a floral shirt. A green helmet with FROG lettered on the side. Children. A pram.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD
Awe shit! It's Gary and the zeros.
They hate my guts!

ANOTHER VOICE
Don't worry. I'll get the ice
cream...

Up the slope behind them, the turtles are setting up.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE CART - CONTINUOUS

The machine, close. Green hands on a lever. Blue cups going past.

WIZZZ. CLICK. CLICK. ZZZZ.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

They have got their ice cream and are eating it at a bench. VITO at the end. MANGE in his cowboy hat with a spoon. ETHAN with a cup. Dick's window propped on the table between them, Dick eating out of it.

Behind, on the path, skaters.

NNO O O O O.

Ethan sees it coming first and puts a hand up.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE PATH - CONTINUOUS

CLIPPA comes in flat and fast with his arms out, off the skates entirely by now, going for the spoon in Ethan's hand. Display lettering goes across the whole lower half of the shot.

NN

SMACK.

0 0 0 0 0.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

ETHAN comes up over the bench, horns, cape, the cup tiny in one hand. Down in the corner of the frame, flat on his back in the grass where the dive put him, CLIPPA has a finger up.

CLIPPA (O.S.)
Don't eat that!

Ethan, who does not yet understand that he has just been saved.

ETHAN
What the hell man!!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

VITO holds the cup under an instrument.

VITO
Analyzing...

A readout unspools. A chart. A dial.

BEEP BEEP.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

The printout runs out across the table, headed RESULTS.

VITO
According to my analysis...
contents include... 3D printed
ingredients. Incoherent flavor
profile. High-fructose corn syrup.
Brain worms. Shoulder hair.

Round the table, one line each.

MANGE
High fructose corn syrup!?

MINT SALAD
3-D assets?

ETHAN
Brain worms?

DICK
Shoulder hair!?

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

MANGE, head back, pouring the cup straight down his throat.
His name goes across the shot in orange.

THE MANGE

MANGE
Don't do corn syrup! His body is a
temple!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

A brain, drawn in section. A worm in a little green cap
curled up inside it. An arrow points off to a second worm,
waving.

VITO
While syrup is terrible, the
parasitic brain worms are the real
threat! They take over the brain
removing taste and motor control...
the host is left a zombie...

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - THE BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Dick, in his window, appalled.

DICK
My God! That'll change the indie
ice cream space forever! Tasteless
zombie sundays will become the
norm!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

ETHAN, a black silhouette against the grass, two eyes
burning in it.

ETHAN
We can't let that HAPPEN

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

MINT SALAD, phone up, eyes wide. Behind her, a worm is
hanging out of a man's mouth and the man has not noticed.

MINT SALAD

Uh guys... I don't think ice cream
is our biggest problem right now...
chat... help!

DICK

No shit! He just said it's the
brainworms in the ice cream keep
up!

MINT SALAD

Ok DICK... what about them!?

MANGE

Gotdam!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The whole field, out to the water, and every figure standing
in it coming apart at once. They speak in fragments, one
short balloon each, scattered over the grass.

THE CROWD

Private driveway. Move different.
Bad faith critique. Forklift. Print
50k more. Whats your favorite part?
Detractor. We will win. Be a mac.
Death blow! It is. You asked for
it. Squarefeet.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A phone held up in the middle of it. The chat is still
going.

FLOSSY57: RUN!!!

P.MONEY: GET OUT!

@rayrayisHAPPY: UR HOT!

Closest to the lens, a man in a yellow vest with his jaw
hanging off, coming for the phone.

THE MAN IN THE YELLOW VEST

We will win!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

VITO rises on a cart and points past the camera.

VITO
Your biggest problem is...

VITO (CONT'D)
The ice cream fukin sucks!!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

DICK, beside him on the cart, waving a sheet of paper in one small hand.

DICK
I actually wrote a critique!

A zombie comes over the rail at them with half a face.

THE ZOMBIE
No! AAAAAAAAAAA

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Ethan's gauntleted fist. A blade as long as a man.

SHINK.

SHHWOOOSH HH.

CHACK.

It goes through four of them at once and keeps going.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A turtle's face, mouth open to the back of its throat.

RUN

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Everything at once. The crowd breaking. Somebody hauled off by one arm. MANGE swinging. A man firing something from a prone position. Bodies in the air.

PEW PEW.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

JOSÉ gets the camera up. ANNA finds her mark in front of the wreckage with a blue cup still in her hand.

ANNA
 We are live as absolute mayhem has
 broken out at the Blazin ice cream
 launch

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A zombie, close, grey, roaring.

AAAA.

A single enormous eye fills the frame. A green-and-orange
 boot comes into it.

A VOICE
 ¡José! Lookout!!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The bite. JOSÉ's face opens -- tendons, an eye off its
 stalk, blood across the lens. Purple lettering behind him.

NNN0000.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A white boot comes in at speed across a field of orange
 speed-lines, a tiger-stripe sleeve behind it. Mange's.

IRON HEEL

SPLATT.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

MANGE in his jacket. ANNA with a notebook. The camera dead
 on the grass between them.

MANGE
 Do you want to say a few words for
 José?

ANNA
 He always got my best side

Two men further off -- MERSH in the ROTC RADIO tank, and the
 cat shirt.

MERSH
 Shoutout to his family...

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Backs to a wall. ETHAN, the helmet off and a knitted beanie in its place. ANNA. MANGE under his hat.

ETHAN
There's too many of em!

ANNA
Can we make it to the car?

MANGE
I'm too pretty to die!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dick's window in close-up. Aviators, moustache, teeth bared.

DICK
Vito! RICKY configuration now!

VITO fills the right of the frame, cap low.

VITO
FULL RICKY?

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Vito hauls Dick up bodily by the shoulders, arms spread, screaming, and seats him where he belongs. The docking is the Ricky configuration.

FULL RICKY RETARDO ¡VAMINOS!

Two M134 miniguns swing up on their mounts either side of the window, and Dick's tentacle arms come out and curl round the trigger buttons.

DICK
Gimme both MI34's!

ACT THREE

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

One shot, wide as the field, and the horde is on them. Knives, a shoe and a severed hand go up out of the scrum. Faces, dozens of them, teeth first.

ETHAN
We need full MANGE!

MANGE
I can't reach Yanzi!

ETHAN (CONT'D)
DICK! A lil help!

ANNA
I'm too fertile to die!!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Bottom right of the scrum, NICK -- a great shock of hair, and the only face in the panel at rest -- looks straight down the lens.

NICK
Who's got powder?

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

VITO. White-lensed glasses. A six-barrelled minigun braced across his body, barrels running the full width of the frame. Muzzle flash off the right edge. Spent casings pouring out to the left. A small armoured knight and a dog at his heel.

The window in his chest with DICK in it, both small hands on the controls.

BBRRRRRRRR.

TING. TING. PING. TING. PING.

VITO
GET DOWN!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Four of them standing in the open while the fire goes through everything behind them.

POP. POP. POP. BBRRR.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A hand comes down on ANNA's head and puts her under the line of fire.

BBBRRR. BBBRRR.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A knife goes in and something lets go in a spray that takes a third of the frame.

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Two rocket tubes come up over a shoulder.

PEW PEW.

MANGE

Hey... Yanzi, nevermind

VITO

That'll work!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - LATER

ETHAN stands in a field of bodies with his blades out.

ETHAN

Those damn reptiles have absconded!

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

MANGE holds up a worm between two fingers with a specimen jar under his arm.

MANGE

I'll take a sample back to the
lab... maybe I can make an antidote

Dick's window is lying face up on the ground beside him.

DICK

God help us if you can't

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

ANNA, up on something, phone to her ear, the camera still rolling beside her.

ANNA

Well the cops are finally here!

EXT. NORTHSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

CLIPPA is being walked to a cruiser. MINT SALAD has the phone up on it, and puts a hand out at the officer going past her.

CAPTION

CHAT! They're arresting Clippa

MINT SALAD

Why!?

THE OFFICER

Warrant ma'am

THE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Intimidation, bunny money,
rollerblading

Clippa, face down on the hood, red tank top, beanie still on.

CLIPPA

Fuk!

EXT. NORTHSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

MINT SALAD on her knees in the grass, cuffed, make-up running, holding the phone up with both hands.

CHAT! HELP

ANNA

Don't worry hun! We'll call my bail
bondsman when we get to the
station.

EXT. NORTHSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The two of them from behind, walking out toward the water at sunset.

MINT SALAD

Chat?

DICK

Anna you gotta get that footage on
air and warn people

ANNA

Right

EXT. NORTSHORE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Foreground, huge: ERIC, sunglasses, beard. In front of him a specimen jar with a worm in a little green cap sitting in it.

ETHAN

Let's get back to the lab! We've
gotta find their next target!

EXT. A HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The Cadillac, purple in the low light, going away from us down a road past a burning field.

VVRRROOM!

MANGE

Ethan... scoot over!

ETHAN

Sorry Mange, I'm a big guy...

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The field end to end, and what is left on it. A small figure stands away in the distance with its arms out.

THE SMALL FIGURE

I found my stash! Where you going?

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A bearded man crouches among the bodies and points.

THE CROUCHING MAN

Whoa! A tiny horseman!

A horseman the size of a cat, in gold armour with gold wings, sitting on a purple pony, looks back at him.

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The horseman, close, all gold.

THE TINY HORSEMAN

I like to Party

FADE OUT.

THE END

BACK MATTER

SHOUT OUT AND SPECIAL THANKS TO: twenty-five heads in ovals
-- DICK, VITO, GARY, AZ, ERIC, ANNA, MERSH, ROYCE, RILEY,
MINT SALAD, NICK, KAYLA, APRIL, NINA INFINITY, YELLOW FLASH,
JEREMY, SHANE, ETHAN, LOWLY WORM, BILL DAUTERIVE, KIM
JUNGGI, STURGIS, TOTORO, QUARTERING, MARDUK WANDERING
KNIGHT.

THE DEVICE -- the tractor whose front end forms the D of the
title.