

**FUCK YOU, MICHAEL VICK!**



by

Adam Rocke

**EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Massive - the full moon casting a spooky glow.

Very old, judging by the weed overgrowth, and multitude of cracks in headstones and ivy-covered mausoleums.

Leafless trees scattered throughout - apparently everything here is dead. After a beat...

A MAN comes running, repeatedly looking back over his shoulder, eyes wide with terror - obviously being chased.

When he hides behind a gnarled tree, we see him clearly...

MICHAEL VICK -- piece-of-shit former NFL QB who tortured and murdered innumerable dogs for sport and profit.

Vick clasps his hands together, looks towards the heavens...

VICK  
God, please help me.

GOD (O.S.)  
(booming voice)  
Fuck you, Michael Vick!

Well he wasn't expecting that! Vick is off and running again, heading deeper into the cemetery.

A LARGE, SHADOWY FIGURE appears in the distance, moving with purposeful strides after the fleeing dog-murderer.

Vick takes refuge behind a mausoleum. Out of breath and panting, he collapses back against the wall.

The sound of SNAPPING STICKS alerts him to something approaching. About to run off again...

A MASSIVE FIGURE WEARING A LEATHERFACE MASK - holding a CHAINSAW - blocks his escape.

VRRRRRRRRRANG! goes the chainsaw.

PISSSSSS! goes Vick's bladder.

Vick turns to run the other way...

Path gets blocked by a MASSIVE FIGURE WEARING A JASON VOORHEES HOCKEY MASK, holding an AXE.

Trapped, Vick tries to climb onto the mausoleum's roof...

Winds up grabbing the ankles of a MASSIVE FIGURE WEARING A MICHAEL MEYERS MASK, holding a wicked BUTCHER KNIFE.

Vick drops to his knees, begging for his life.

Michael Meyers jumps down from the mausoleum, so now all three famous horror movie killers are standing over Vick.

VICK  
Please don't kill me!

The three killers share a look. All shrug, start to walk away. Vick cannot believe his eyes.

Suddenly, all three whip back around...

LEATHERFACE  
Psych!

...resume standing over Vick.

They raise their weapons, but pause as if they have the same thought.

With their free hand, each makes a fist-pumping counting motion (one - two - three) before putting out a symbol...

All three killers put out SCISSORS - and get a good laugh.

They do it again (one - two - three)... SCISSORS.

Shared looks all around: *C'mon, really?*

Third time's the charm (one - two - three)...

Leatherface: ROCK  
Jason: PAPER  
Michael Meyers: SCISSORS

Confusion - each killer has both won and lost.

Another shared look: *Fuck it.*

They pick up their weapons and go to town on Vick. Soon, all that's left of Vick is a bloody, mangled mess.

Leatherface removes its mask -- TOY POODLE.

Jason takes off the hockey mask -- PUG.

And finally, MICHAEL MEYERS -- PEKINGESE.

Pug looks at the Pekingese, cringes.

PUG  
Honey, if I were you, I'd put the  
mask back on.

PEKINGESE  
If that's not the pot calling the  
kettle black.

PUG  
Why you gotta play the race card?

PEKINGESE  
Okay, Omarosa.

PUG  
Who?

TOY POODLE  
Didn't you ever see *The Apprentice*?  
(Donald Trump imitation)  
You're fired.

Pug is clueless.

TOY POODLE  
Never-mind.

PUG  
Let's go grab a beer.

TOY POODLE  
I'm down.

PEKINGESE  
You buyin'?

PUG  
Why do I always buy?

TOY POODLE  
Duh. You've got the most sequels.

As they walk off...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. APOTHECARY - NIGHT**

Serious VOODOO VIBE, like stepping into the mind of a HAITIAN  
WITCH DOCTOR.

Floor-to-ceiling cubicles hold bottles and jars of all shapes  
and sizes, filled with EXOTIC POWDERS and POTIONS.

Candles and trinkets galore - everything you need to make spiritual offerings or cast spells.

Behind the counter, EMMANUEL -- a large PULI DOG, its thick black coat resembling a mass of DREADLOCKS -- puts a SILKIE BANTAM CHICKEN into a cage filled with other pretty chickens.

**SUPER: 24 HOURS EARLIER**

Just as Emmanuel locks the cage door...

FOUR MASSIVE PITBULLS enter the apothecary. All muscled beyond comprehension, covered with RUNIC TATTOOS.

These are the FOUR PITBULLS of the APOCALYPSE --

JUSTICE - VENGEANCE - PAIN - DAMNATION.

Though fearsome looking, there's a profound CALMNESS about them - absolute power that transcends ferocity.

Emmanuel hurries from behind the counter, changes the shop's door sign from OPEN to CLOSED, and motions for the Pit Bulls to follow him into a...

**INT. APOTHECARY - ALTAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A massive ALTAR dominates the room. Adorning the altar...

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS - DOGS, the vast majority PIT BULLS.

Large DOG BOWL at the altar's base. Standing before it...

CASSANDRA -- ancient PAPILLION, fur long and gray -- wearing a BLACK ROBE made of heavy fibrous cloth.

CASSANDRA

Welcome. Do you have what I asked for?

From a leather satchel, Vengeance removes...

- ATLANTA FALCONS FOOTBALL JERSEY; 7 - **VICK** on the back.
- VICK ACTION FIGURE DOLL, wearing an identical jersey.
- Ziploc bag containing a small clump of CURLY BLACK HAIR.
- Another Ziploc containing old, bloody bandages.

CASSANDRA

Excellent.

She takes the items, places them all in the dog bowl, turns, squats and URINATES on them.

After stepping back, she motions toward the dog bowl. One by one, each of the Pit Bulls lifts its leg, pisses in the bowl.

Cassandra dumps an entire JAR OF POWDER into the bowl, lights a match, drops it in...

POOF! As the flame burns, consuming the items in the bowl...

Cassandra chants something in a language we can't understand. When finished, only ash remains in the bowl.

CASSANDRA

The spell is cast. Tonight's Wolf  
Moon is the beginning of his end.

PAIN

Will he suffer?

Cassandra's old eyes light up.

CASSANDRA

Not as much as he should, but  
there's only so much I can do.

JUSTICE

How does it work?

CASSANDRA

His soul has been fractured. When  
his corporeal form can take no  
more, his spirit will pay the final  
price.

VENGEANCE

Which is?

CASSANDRA

Damnation for all eternity.

DAMNATION

Paybacks are a bitch!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

Picture perfect clear blue skies. Great day for flying.

WHOOOSH! F-14 TOMCAT FIGHTER JET rips past, going Mach 2.

The PILOT, MAVERICK -- a SCHNAUZER.

His REAR-SEATER, GOOSE -- FRENCH BULLDOG.

MAVERICK  
Yee-ha! This never gets old!

GOOSE  
Maverick, you're never happy unless  
you're going Mach Two with your  
hair on fire.

Suddenly, BEEP!BOOP!BEEP! as the F-14's GAUGE CLUSTER goes  
apeshit with WARNING LIGHTS.

MAVERICK  
Someone's got lock on us! Do we  
have a trailer?

GOOSE  
Negative, Mav. There's noth-- Oh  
shit! Bogey, three o'clock.

**ANGLE ON - RUSSIAN MIG FIGHTER JET**

Banking hard, trying to get position on Maverick and Goose.

MAVERICK  
Hang on, Goose!

Maverick INVERTS the F-14, comes in UPSIDE-DOWN - directly  
above the Russian Mig's Lexan canopy.

GOOSE  
Watch the birdie!

Goose snaps a picture with a POLAROID CAMERA.

MAVERICK  
You get the picture?

Goose looks at the Polaroid - slowly developing. When it's  
perfectly clear...

GOOSE  
Goodness gracious, great balls of  
fire!

MAVERICK  
Talk to me, Goose.

GOOSE  
See for yourself.

Goose hands the picture ahead. Maverick reaches back, grabs  
it, sees...

MICHAEL VICK in the cockpit of the Mig.

MAVERICK  
I've lost that lovin' feeling.

GOOSE  
I hate it when that happens.

A MISSILE streaks in, causing Maverick to do some fancy stick-work to dodge it.

MAVERICK  
This guy's pissing me off! I'm gonna slow down, bring him in close.

GOOSE  
You're gonna do what?!

MAVERICK  
Then I'll hit the brakes and he'll fly right by us.

GOOSE  
That's risky, Mav.

MAVERICK  
It's the only way to protect Ice Man, Merlin and Cougar.

GOOSE  
Mav, we're alone up here. I think the altitude's messin' with you.

But Maverick does exactly what he said he'd do...

F-14 slows... Mig closes fast... F-14 opens its flaps full, like a mid-air brake slam...

Mig shoots past and the F-14 drops in directly behind it.

MAVERICK  
Too close for missiles, I'm switching to guns.

BRRRRRAAAAPPPP! F-14 opens up with its VULCAN MACHINE GUN, stitching the Mig across its fuselage.

Smoke spews from the Mig as it spirals down...

EXPLODES in a fireball when it hits the rocky ground.

**SMASH TO:**



**INT. TOWER CONTROL - CONTINUOUS**

Filled with RADAR EQUIPMENT.

The AIR BOSS, COMMANDER OSTRACZK -- old and venerable YELLOW LAB -- paces back and forth with a steaming mug of coffee when Maverick's voice comes over the com.

MAVERICK (V.O.)  
Tower, this is Maverick.  
Requesting fly-by.

Air Boss hits 'TRANSMIT' on the com unit.

COMMANDER OSTRACZK  
Negative, Maverick. The pattern is  
flown.

Moments later...

WHOOOSH! F-14 blasts past the tower, creating a SONIC BOOM, causing the Air Boss to spill coffee all over his chest.

COMMANER OSTRACZK  
Dammit! I'm gonna crate-train that  
sonofabitch!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT**

A stretch of old and majestic VICTORIAN MANSIONS.

**INT. FRENCH QUARTER - VICTORIAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Decorated with impeccable taste in opulent Victorian finery - color scheme a perfect meld of gold, mauves and creams.

Lounging on a bed of massive crimson pillows with gold brocade are THREE CANINE VAMPIRES...

LESTAT -- old but youngish SCHNAUZER; looks scarily similar to Maverick from the previous scene.

CLAUDIA -- SHIBA INU PUPPY; so adorable, you forget how dangerous she is.

LOUIS -- handsome bordering on pretty COLLIE; might just be the most attractive vampire dog that ever existed.

They lie there, casually passing around a SEMI-CONSCIOUS MICHAEL VICK - drinking from him like a communal wine bottle.

With each blood-sucking, Vick's SKIN BECOMES A LITTLE LOOSER, like a goatskin flask being drained of all its liquid.

Currently sucking blood from Vick's neck is Lestat...

LOUIS

Dammit Lestat, stop being a pig.

Lestat disengages - wipes blood off his mouth with the back of his hand, passes Vick to Claudia.

LESTAT

Seniority has its privileges.

Claudia struggles to get her fangs lined up with the neck holes Lestat made.

Louis sees her plight - twists Vick's head a bit, exposing a different neck area, giving her access to unpunctured skin.

LOUIS

Here darling, try now.

Claudia sinks her fangs in, starts sucking.

Lestat shakes his head in disgust.

LESTAT

You coddle that child. You won't always be around to play nursemaid.

LOUIS

I'm here now. That's all that matters.

Claudia finishes suckling, hands Vick off to Louis.

Louis flips Vick around, buries his fangs in the back of his neck and sucks powerfully. Soon, Vick's eyes roll back, and his skin shrivels down to a RAISIN-LIKE CONSISTENCY.

Lestat sees this - PINCHES VICK'S SKIN. Skin doesn't rebound at all, just stays pinched.

LESTAT

He's empty! Now who's the pig?

After an annoying final SLUURRRRP! - getting every drop of fluid from Vick's body - Louis disengages from Vick's neck, chucks away what is now little more than a VICK SKIN BAG.

Louis gives a LOUD BELCH!

LESTAT

Classy.

Louis flicks open his FLIP-PHONE.

LESTAT

Who you calling?

LOUIS

Dominos. Figured we'd split a pizza guy.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. UPSCALE MEN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY**

Located amid a row of high-end stores.

MICHAEL VICK exits, a shopping bag in each hand.

JAYWALKS across the street, heading for a black G-Wagen with gaudy, oversized red rims when...

SMASH! SPLAT!

Speeding 18-WHEELER turns him into grotesque ROAD PIZZA, although his face remains eerily intact.

**INT. 18-WHEELER'S CAB - CONTINUOUS**

SMASH! SPLAT!

Tidal wave-sized spray of blood and gore Jackson Pollack's the windshield.

The driver, BUTCH -- stocky ENGLISH BULLDOG with a pronounced underbite, wearing a black leather newsboy cap -- jerks his head up from the radio and NAILS THE BRAKES, bringing the 18-wheeler to a screeching halt.

BUTCH

What the fuck was that?!

Riding shotgun, CARLY -- petite POMERANIAN with two glittery barrettes -- has a look of absolute disbelief.

CARLY

That was my Bellagio fountain wish coming true!

Butch looks at Carly in horrified disbelief.

BUTCH  
We just hit something!

Carly smiles wide, on the verge of jumping for joy.

CARLY  
Look in your mirror.

Butch scowls. Carly motions excitedly.

CARLY  
Trust me.

Butch looks with trepidation, afraid of what he'll see. After a beat, his face contorts and he squints for a closer look. Eyes bulge. *Holy shit!* He turns back to Carly...

BUTCH  
Is that who I think it is?

Carly nods excitedly.

CARLY  
Michael. Fucking. Vick.

Butch looks again. Jaw drops. Drool cascades.

BUTCH  
Son of a you, it is him!

Carly's beaming smile gets even beamier. She raises her paw.

CARLY  
You da man!

After their high-four, Butch pops open his door and jumps down from the cab.

BUTCH  
Be right back.

CARLY  
Where you goin'?

Butch holds up his iPhone.

BUTCH  
Gotta get one for the 'Gram!

As Butch scampers to take a pic...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ELLIOTT'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

Modest-sized garage for a modest-sized home.

Behind the 1980's-era station wagon - a tall stack of boxes, and mounds of other household items stored for later use.

ELLIOTT -- BORDER COLLIE PUPPY -- enters the garage holding a bag of REESE'S PIECES, pours some candies behind the boxes.

Pours another pile of candies at the very end of the boxes, just out of view.

Dumps the bag's remaining candies beyond the storage items, fully out in the open.

Elliott settles in the corner of the garage to watch and wait. Soon...

THE SOUND OF MUNCHING from behind the boxes.

When the munching stops, we hear a SHUFFLING MOVEMENT, followed by MORE MUNCHING.

We can see some movement at the end of the storage pile, but not clearly enough to fully view what's there.

When the munching stops, the candy-eater comes from behind the boxes, settles over the last pile of Reese's Pieces...

HOLY SHIT! An EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL! Let's call it E.T.

Just as E.T. is about to start munching...

MICHAEL VICK comes into frame, snatches up the candies and begins popping them in his mouth.

As E.T. looks on in surprise, Elliott comes racing over.

ELLIOTT

Those aren't for you!

VICK

Too bad, I'm hungry. Besides, he ain't even from around here.

ELLIOTT

But--

VICK

Tough noogies, kid. I take what I want.

As Vick eats the Reese's Pieces, popping each one into his mouth in an overly dramatic fashion...

Elliott looks at E.T. with sadness, shows him the EMPTY BAG.

ELLIOTT  
Sorry, E.T., that's all I had.

E.T.  
Elliott, Elliott, Elliott.

E.T. glowers, looks up at Vick with hatred in his eyes.

VICK  
The fuck you lookin' at, freak-show?

Just as Vick is about to eat another candy...

E.T. lunges - shockingly fast - grabbing Vick with his left hand, RAMMING HIS LONG RIGHT INDEX FINGER UP VICK'S ASS!

As Vick's eyes bulge, his ENTIRE CHEST CAVITY LIGHTS UP FROM WITHIN, GROWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER...

Nodding victoriously, E.T. smiles malevolently...

E.T.  
Ouch.

SSSPLATTT!

Vick EXPLODES - covering the garage walls with his innards.

E.T. retrieves the fallen Reese's Pieces, casually begins munching again. As he eats...

Elliott notices VICK'S BLOWN-OFF NOSE on E.T.'s shoulder, flicks it away.

E.T.  
Yuck.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. DECREPIT INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT**

Long abandoned judging by the crumbling structures, broken glass and rampant weed overgrowth.

LIGHT seeps from under the sliding door of a LARGE WAREHOUSE - the only building that's fully intact.

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dank and moldy, filled with cobwebs and pigeon shit.

TWELVE YORKSHIRE TERRIERS -- wearing STREET GANG JACKETS emblazoned with the logo of a DOG PEEING ON A FIRE HYDRANT, **WICKED PISSAHS** written above it -- form a circle around...

MICHAEL VICK -- NAKED and UNCONSCIOUS, ARMS and LEGS SPREAD-EAGLED -- secured with flex-cuffs to a FRAME of 2x6s.

Looks like human porn art ready to be mounted on the wall.

Two Yorkies come forward carrying a BUCKET OF WATER...

SPLASH! Vick wakes with a startled gasp.

YORKIE #1  
Wakey-wakey.

Terrified, Vick's bladder lets go - the Yorkies jump back.

YORKIE #2  
It's not a party 'til the asshole  
dog murderer pisses himself.

YORKIE #3  
Then it's definitely a party!

VICK  
Please! Don't hurt me! I'm sorry!

DAISY -- smallest, most angelic Yorkie of the pack -- gets in Vick's face and growls...

DAISY  
Maybe God forgives, but we don't.

Daisy holds up a CLEAR PLASTIC TUBE corked at one end.

Inside the tube - DOZENS OF FIRE ANTS.

DAISY  
Wanna guess why these little  
bastards are called fire ants?

With Vick's body trembling, lips quivering and voice cracking, his false bravado is downright laughable.

VICK  
Go ahead, put 'em on me. I played  
pro football. I can handle it.

Daisy gives him an impish grin.

DAISY  
Who said anything about on you?

She holds up a SQUEEZE TUBE OF VASELINE.

DAISY  
Boys.

As Vick fights like mad against his restraints, the other Yorkies lift the 2x6 frame and place it face down atop FOUR 55-GALLON DRUMS - providing easy access to Vick's naked ass.

As Daisy LUBES the ant tube...

DAISY  
You know that saying about this  
hurting me more than it hurts you?  
Well, that's a crock 'o shit.

Daisy pops the tube's cork, turns it HORIZONTAL and begins working it between Vick's clenched butt cheeks.

Vick SQUEEZES his cheeks, desperately trying to prevent penetration, but it's no use...

Daisy angles the tube and JAMS IT HOME!

Vick's eyes bulge - he SHRIEKS in pain.

Fire ants disappear from view, and Vick cries, screams and contorts...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. DEATH STAR - GARBAGE ROOM - DAY**

Huge, befitting the size of the Death Star, filled with the Empire's refuse - everything from food wrappers to broken pipes to twisted sheets of metal.

Nearly two feet of brackish water and muck on the floor, making the room akin to an enclosed swamp.

If the conditions aren't problematic enough, factor in the COMPACTOR WALLS - which squeeze in a few more inches every couple of beats. Talk about a FUBAR salad!

Meanwhile, our FOUR HEROES are busy searching for an exit...

HAN SOLO -- GERMAN SHEPHERD.

CHEWBACCA -- TIBETAN MASTIFF.



PRINCESS LEIA -- LHASA APSO.

LUKE SKYWALKER -- YELLOW LAB.

Finding nothing obvious, Hans draws his hip-holstered  
BLASTER, fires at the wall...

BA-ZANG-ZING-ZING-ZING!

Blaster blast RICOCHETS off the impenetrable wall, zinging  
back and forth a few times - causing them all to duck -  
before blowing a swampy chunk of garbage to smithereens.

PRINCESS LEIA  
Put that thing away. You're gonna  
get us all killed.

HAN SOLO  
(big-time sarcastic)  
Absolutely, your Worship.  
(evil eye)  
I don't take orders from Lhasas.

PRINCESS LEIA  
And I typically wouldn't be caught  
dead with a Shepherd.

Chewbacca gives TWO LOUD BARKS, followed by a growl.

HAN SOLO  
You're right, Chewy.  
(holsters the Blaster)  
Let's all just try to get along.

A SPLASH! behind Luke causes him to spin around.

LUKE SKYWALKER  
There's something alive in here!

HAN SOLO  
That's just your imagination.

LUKE SKYWALKER  
Something just moved past my leg.

SPLASH! as Luke quickly DISAPPEARS beneath the garbage  
flotsam surface.

Everyone begins searching for him - reaching into the murky  
water, hoping to feel him. After a beat...

Chewbacca gives a VICTORIOUS BARK and comes up with...

MICHAEL VICK -- holding him upside-down by the ankle.

PRINCESS LEIA  
What the fuck is that?

HAN SOLO  
I think it's one of those Dianoga  
sewer worm things.

At which, Luke surfaces a few feet away, spits out a mouthful  
of brackish water.

LUKE SKYWALKER  
Sorry. Slipped.  
(sees Vick)  
How'd you find that?

HAN SOLO  
Looking for you.

Luke comes closer, inspects Vick up and down, scoffs.

LUKE SKYWALKER  
What's a goddamn dog murderer from  
Earth doing up here?

PRINCESS LEIA  
This is a garbage room.

LUKE SKYWALKER  
Good point.

Chewy growls menacingly, then gives three quick barks.

HAN SOLO  
Be my guest.

Chewy THROWS Vick against the far wall with all his might.

SMASH! SPLATTER!

When Vick hits the wall, it's like a blueberry was shot from  
an air cannon, splattering the wall.

But the impact BREAKS THE WALL - creating a hole big enough  
for them to escape through.

PRINCESS LEIA  
That piece of shit proved useful  
after all.

As they make their escape from the garbage room...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SWISS ALPS - DAY**

Picturesque windswept mountain heavy with fir trees, covered with a deep tuft of fresh powder. Suddenly...

MASSIVE AVALANCHE blitzes down the mountain, obliterating everything in its path. A SPECK OF ELECTRIC GREEN gets gobbled up in the roiling snow.

MOUNTAIN RESCUE (V.O.)

Base to Sven... Avalanche, sector six. One victim, maybe more.

SVEN -- huge ST. BERNARD with a miniature BRANDY BARREL around its neck -- bounds through the snow, racing for the disaster zone.

SVEN (V.O.)

I'm on it.

Passing snapped and uprooted trees, Sven soon arrives at the site where the tumult of snow came to rest - finds the TIP OF A SKI protruding... Begins DIGGING like mad.

Uncovers the ski... a bent ski pole... broken goggles...

Spots a fleck of ELECTRIC GREEN buried under more snow.

Digging at a frenzied pace, Sven soon uncovers...

MICHAEL VICK -- imprisoned under packed snow from the neck down -- the collar of an uglier-than-sin electric green ski jacket poking up.

VICK

(weak)

Help...me.

SVEN

Don't worry, I'll...

Sven's voice trails off as recognition sets in.

SVEN

It's you.

Vick realizes his savior is a dog. He gulps.

VICK

No hard feelings?

Sven looks around and, seeing no one else, LIFTS HIS LEG and PEES all over Vick's face. Considering Sven's size, we're talking a near minute-long stream of urine.

VICK  
I deserved that.

SVEN  
I'd shit on you if I could.  
Fucking cheese stops me up.

Sven unscrews the cap of the barrel around his neck, gets into position to deliver the brandy.

VICK  
Thank you.

Sven POURS, filling Vick's mouth...

KEEPS POURING long after Vick's mouth is full... Over-filling Vick's throat, becoming a BRANDY WATERBOARDING session, creating a brandy puddle around Vick's head.

Vick sputters and coughs.

VICK  
Please. No more.

The barrel around his neck now empty, Sven steps back and takes out a small tin of SURVIVAL MATCHES.

Vick looks at the match with confusion - then TERROR.

VICK  
No!

SVEN  
Yes!

Sven drags the match oh-so-slow against the tin's strip...

Match ignites with a POOF!

Vick tries to pull himself from the icy imprisonment but it ain't happening.

Sven tosses the match... Slow end-over-end tumble...

Fuckin' BIG POOF! as the BRANDY IGNITES. Vick flambé.

As Vick burns and screams, Sven removes his specialized boots and warms his paws on the Vick fire.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. 1950'S-ERA CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOTEL SHOWROOM - NIGHT**

DOGS OF ALL AGES AND BREEDS in their seats, anxious for the final show of the year to begin.

MICHAEL VICK enters, pulling BABY -- pretty but demure MORKIE-POO, wearing a thick leather collar -- by a long leash.

He loops the leash around a wall bracket beside a table in the corner of the room.

VICK

Sit!

Baby quickly obeys, settling on her haunches.

Vick pompously throws a pathetically small treat at Baby's feet, then takes his seat at the table.

Just as MUSIC starts to play - "The Time of My Life" by Bill Medley and Jennifer Warnes"...

Showroom's doors fly open and a PACK OF THE COOLEST, WILDEST-LOOKING MUTTS enter. Their leader is...

JOHNNY -- fiery WHIPPET with jet black hair and blue eyes.

Johnny scampers over to Vick's table, growls at him.

JOHNNY

Nobody puts Baby in the corner.

Johnny looks long and hard into Baby's eyes, removes her collar.

BABY

You sure?

JOHNNY

Damn right, I'm sure.

BABY

But we haven't practiced enough.

JOHNNY

Trust me. Trust us.

Johnny backs off a few paces, motions for Baby to come.

Baby barks, runs, LEAPS... Sails through the air...

Johnny puts up his paws to catch her...

Baby OVERSHOTS THE MARK by a wide margin.

BABY

Sorry.

JOHNNY

That's okay. Try it again.

Baby leaps... Jumps over Johnny again - like one of those goofy dog-jumping-dog acts you see on *America's Got Talent*.

BABY

Maybe we could just dance, you know, dirty?

JOHNNY

I'd like that. But there's something I gotta do first.

Johnny and his wild pack of mutts trot back over to Vick - still seated at the corner table.

VICK

What's your problem now?

JOHNNY

I'm lookin' at it.

VICK

That's original.

JOHNNY

Stand up.

VICK

And if I don't.

JOHNNY

Fuck it.

Johnny gives his pack the signal and they ALL ATTACK VICK, mauling him beyond recognition.

When Vick is a quivering, bloody mess - Baby comes over, wipes some of Vick's blood off Johnny's fur.

BABY

Kellerman's will never be the same.

JOHNNY

I know. Their dog bite insurance is gonna go through the roof.

As the music rises, and Johnny, Baby and the wild pack of mutts begin dirty dancing...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MMA CAGE - NIGHT**

Inside a packed arena - could be the MGM Grand...

The famous Octagon surrounded by a sellout crowd, all delighting at the action in the cage where MICHAEL VICK is getting the ABSOLUTE SHIT BEATEN OUT OF HIM by...

PAULO -- hulking and chiseled BRAZILIAN DOGO.

SMASH! from a SPINNING BACK-PAW sends a stream of blood flying from Vick's mouth.

WHOMP! from a FLYING KNEE sends Vick sprawling back against the cage.

BAM!BAM! from a brutal LEFT-RIGHT COMBO rocks Vick's head from side to side.

THUMP! from a devastating LIVER PUNCH doubles Vick over.

Paulo SHOOTs in impressively fast - nails Vick with a perfect DOUBLE-LEG TAKEDOWN.

In moments, Paulo circles around and TAKES VICK'S BACK - instantly locks in a python-like REAR NAKED CHOKE.

Vick's face contorts, eyes bulge as his blood-flow is cut off. Tries with all his might to break Paulo's chokehold...

No dice. Locked in like a vice.

Eyes fluttering, consciousness fading, Vick TAPS OUT...

But Paulo disregards the tap, KEEPS ON SQUEEZING and...

POP! Vick's HEAD COMES OFF, spraying the mat with blood.

PAULO

Oopsie.

Silence throughout the arena - all onlookers stunned.

Paulo looks at the REFEREE - as confused as everyone else.

After a long beat, referee RAISES PAULO'S PAW in victory and the crowd goes freakin' apeshit.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Stained floor. Sticky menus. Cooks who think Michelin stars are stickers you put on tires.

Seated at a long table are MICHAEL VICK'S FORMER TEAMMATES -- all casually dressed.

MICHAEL VICK sits at the table's head wearing a putrid, piss yellow Zoot suit with fringe dangling from the sleeves.

Vick stands, taps his Shirley Temple glass with a spoon.

VICK

I wanna propose a toast.

One of Vick's ex-teammates nudges his neighbor, leans in...

FORMER TEAMMATE

(sotto)

It was bad enough we had to listen to this asshole in the huddle.

VICK

To my former teammates--

Suddenly, Vick begins CONVULSING like an epileptic getting electrocuted - body jangling, teeth chattering...

PROJECTILE VOMITS a torrent of blood, then falls atop the table and flops around like a hooked bass on a boat's deck.

As his ex-teammates jump to their feet and back away...

Vick's STOMACH BEGINS TO RISE, like a Jiffy-Pop on high heat. Shirt buttons POP! as the stomach keeps rising until...

SPPLLAATT!

Erupts like a volcano - blood and guts covering the room, and everyone in it. Rising out of Vick's stomach cavity...

A MINIATURE PINSCHER -- fur slick with viscera and gore -- takes stock of its surroundings.

The horrified ex-NFL'ers stare at the Min-Pin in disbelief. Some cry, some vomit, some pass out. After a long beat...



MIN-PIN

What? You were expecting a Great  
Dane?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY**

Towering above the city, with views to the edge of forever  
and beyond. After a beat...

ROOFTOP DOOR flies open and MICHAEL VICK races out -- covered  
in sweat, eyes wide -- running for his life.

Quick look around before running to the roof's edge.

*Shit. Now what? That's when...*

ZOMBIE DOGS -- all shapes and sizes, every imaginable breed --  
spill onto the roof from the same door.

Hundreds of 'em, drawn like moths to a flame - heading  
towards the only living thing on the roof... Vick.

Jaws chomping, canines gnashing, drool dripping...  
Accompanied by an ear-splitting undead barking.

Vick looks at the ground 60 stories below... No way to climb  
down - tall glass window-walls have no hand- or foot-holds.

Either stay and die slow, or take the quick way out.

With *The Wagging Dead* closing in, Vick opts for a concrete  
swan dive. Leaps...

ZOMBIE GREAT DANE LUNGES at the last possible moment -  
extending its long frame as far as possible and...

CHOMP! Grabs Vick's foot - FLINGS HIM BACK ONTO THE ROOF.

Vick lands dead center in the massive zombie dog pack...  
They're on him like flies on shit.

MUNCH!CRUNCH!CHOMP! barrage until a bloody skeleton remains.

We focus on TWO ZOMBIE DOGS -- medium-sized WEIMARANER and a  
small MALTESE. When they're done chewing...

WEIMARANER

So? What'd you think?

Maltese belches impressively loud for such a dainty dog.

MALTESE  
Tastes like chicken.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. OLD FISHING BOAT - DAY**

Looking like it could sink at any moment, the rust-bucket that is the **DOGFISH** cruises far offshore, no land in sight.

Piloting the vessel from the flybridge, **HOOPER** -- a fluffy-faced **BRUSSELS GRIFFON** wearing wire-framed glasses.

Sitting in the fighting chair with a big game fishing rod locked in the gimbal between his legs, **QUINT** -- stocky **OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG** with black mutton chops -- drinking a beer.

Standing in the stern, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else, **CHIEF BRODY** -- a **SHORT-HAIRED POINTER**.

CHIEF BRODY  
You're gonna need a bigger boat.

QUINT  
Fuck that noise. I can barely afford this one.

Quint kills his beer, chucks the can over his shoulder. It lands on deck amid a dozen other empties. He pops open another, takes a mighty swig.

CHIEF BRODY  
How 'bout you let me drive for a while?

QUINT  
Hooper drives the boat.

After another slug of beer, Quint breaks into song...

QUINT  
(singing)  
Fairwell and adieu to you, fair  
Spanish ladies. Fairwell and  
adieu, you ladies of Spain. For--

HOOPER (O.S.)  
Oh, boys!

**ANGLE ON - HOOPER - IN THE BOAT'S FLYBRIDGE**

Pointing off into the distance.

Quint and Chief Brody look where Hooper is pointing.

MICHAEL VICK floats atop the sea, a pink unicorn inner-tube around his waist - THREE LARGE RED BARRELS connected to the inner-tube with thin ropes.

QUINT

He can't go down with three barrels... Not with three barrels on he can't.

Hooper and Chief Brody give Quint a *WTF* look.

QUINT

It's in the script. I'm just giving the screenwriter his moment.

Chief Brody rolls his eyes, motions to Hooper.

CHIEF BRODY

Swing us around.

Chief Brody runs into the pilot house, comes out with an old M1 GARAND rifle, races up onto the bow pulpit.

QUINT

Whattya doin', Chief? We have a deal. For \$10,000, you get the head, the tail, the whole damn thing.

Chief Brody racks the Garand's bolt, chambering a round.

CHIEF BRODY

This is my charter!

QUINT

It's my boat, Chief.

CHIEF BRODY

I don't give a shit. I'm not bringing that fuckleberry back alive.

Quint throws up his hands in disgust, drops back into his fighting chair and slurps his beer.

QUINT

That's why I don't trust cops. Or dog-catchers.

Hooper has swung the boat around and is rapidly closing in on the floating Vick.

Chief Brody - now in a semi-prone shooting position, using the rail of the bow pulpit to steady the rifle - takes aim.

BANG! First shot misses by a mile, bullet zipping harmlessly through the water.

Chief Brody looks at his paw with disgust.

CHIEF BRODY  
Fucking dew claw.

Repositions his paw within the trigger guard.

Vick waves at him - kinda dainty for a former NFL'er.

Chief Brody growls, FIRES AGAIN...

BANG! Another miss, but this time much closer - the geyser from the bullet just a few inches from Vick's foot.

Realizing they're playing for keeps, Vick starts paddling, turning the inner-tube away from the oncoming vessel. He gets a few yards before looking back...

CHIEF BRODY  
Smile you sonofa...

BANG! KA-BOOM! Bullet hits the inner-tube and EXPLODES!

A million pieces of Vick rain down on the sea.

HOOPER  
Helluva shot, Marty.

QUINT  
You just cost me \$10K.

CHIEF BRODY  
Tell me it wasn't worth it.

Quint thinks for a beat, shrugs, finishes his beer.

That's when all realize... BOAT IS SINKING - FAST!

HOOPER  
We're not gonna make it home in  
this pig.

Quint is giddy.

CHIEF BRODY  
That's a good thing?

QUINT

I've got this old girl insured for  
three times what she's worth.

That's when the THREE RED BARRELS bump against the stern.

Quint and Hooper eye the barrels, nod in agreement. Chief Brody knows exactly what they're thinking - hates it!

CHIEF BRODY

Really?

HOOPER

You got a better idea?

All three dogs mount the barrels, start paddling for home.

HOOPER/QUINT/CHIEF BRODY

(singing)

Show me the way to go home.  
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed.  
Cuz I had a little drink about an  
hour ago...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. COUR NAPOLÉON - PARIS, FRANCE - DAY**

Main courtyard of the Louvre Palace - home to the large pyramid designed by architect I.M. Pei that marks the entrance to the Louvre Museum.

HUNDREDS OF DOGS have gathered -- the vast majority BRIARDS, FRENCH POODLES, PORCELAINES and PAPILLONS.

Canine crowd parts as two massive, ferocious-looking DOGUES DE BORDEAX (French Mastiffs) walk through, dragging MICHAEL VICK - clapped in irons - between them.

They stop in the center of the courtyard, where a vintage GUILLOTINE awaits.

Vick, on his knees, looks up at the suspended gleaming blade and begins to weep.

VICK

This is crazy! I'm an American  
citizen!

PIERRE -- FRENCH BULLDOG, wearing a magistrate's wig -- laughs mockingly.

PIERRE  
Indeed, but you're an international  
fuckstick.

Pierre motions to the Mastiffs.

PIERRE  
(subtitled French)  
Prepare the prisoner.

Mastiffs lock Vick's neck in the guillotine's *lunette*,  
leaving his head sticking out.

PIERRE  
Any last words from the condemned?

VICK  
Yes! I--

PIERRE  
Too bad.

Pierre quick-draws a DAGGER and THWACK! slices the rope  
holding the blade in place, sending it speeding downward.

CHOP! Vick's SEVERED HEAD tumbles end over end, stopping at  
Pierre's feet.

Pierre hoists Vick's head like a jack o'lantern - all the  
dogs whoop and cheer approvingly.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. EGYPTIAN BAZAAR - DAY**

Slew of old tents beneath which vendors sell every imaginable  
trinket and tchotchke - cheap shit that appeals to tourists.

INDIANA JONES -- GERMAN SHEPHERD wearing a felt-brimmed hat  
with a dark feather stuck in the band -- and...

MARION RAVENWOOD -- COCKER SPANIEL with gorgeous flowing  
locks -- browse the offerings.

Marion picks up an unusual bottle.

MARION  
I bet there's a genie in here.

INDIANA JONES  
My luck, he'll be allergic to dogs.

MARION

Indy, you're so negative.

INDIANA JONES

I teach history. Most stories  
don't have a happy ending.

LOUD COMMOTION draws their attention to...

An EGYPTIAN WARRIOR - face hidden by his tunic's wrapping -  
twirling a massive SCIMITAR SWORD with reckless abandon.

MARION

Friend of yours?

INDIANA JONES

After four movies, who can  
remember?

Warrior does another twirling sequence with the scimitar,  
DISLODGING his face covering...

MICHAEL VICK.

Indy and Marion do a double-take.

MARION

What the hell's that asshole doing  
here?

INDIANA JONES

Maybe he's covering camel racing  
for Fox Sports.

MARION

After what he did, I can't believe  
they hired him.

INDIANA JONES

Tell me about it. I'm sending the  
Ark to Eric Shank's house.

MARION

Who's that?

INDIANA JONES

The network's president.

MARION

I hope he gets an eyeful.

INDIANA JONES

Woof that.

Vick launches into another SCIMITAR TWIRLING SEQUENCE.

Indy casually draws his REVOLVER, thumbs back the hammer...

Vick LOSES CONTROL of his big sword...

It flies up into the air, comes down awkwardly...

SLICES HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF.

Vick's body goes down in a heap, blood spurting from the headless torso.

VICK'S HEAD rolls to...

A PACK OF SALUKI and BASENJI PUPPIES - who treat it like a SOCCER BALL, kicking it down the main stretch of the bazaar.

Indy reholsters the revolver, puts his arm around Marion.

INDIANA JONES

Now that's what I call a Hollywood ending.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY**

MICHAEL VICK lies face-down on a treatment table as...

DOUG, the TATTOO ARTIST -- (30s) shaved head, ears and nose pierced, covered head to toe in colorful tats -- works on a HUGE TATTOO covering Vick's entire back.

After a final needle buzz and a wipe of the blood towel...

DOUG

That's it. You're done.

Vick jumps up, looks at his back in the full-length mirror. His jaw drops - the look on his face sure ain't elation.

VICK

Doug, what the fuck?

DOUG

I know, right? My best work yet.

Vick spins around to look Doug in the eyes, giving us a closer look at his MASSIVE NEW BACK TATTOO...

FACES OF PITBULLS - dozens of them. Incredibly lifelike, as if miniature dogs are literally coming out of Vick's back.



VICK  
That's not what I wanted.

DOUG  
Yeah, well, I called an audible.

Vick is fuming - on the verge of a hissy-fit.

VICK  
Take it off. Now!

DOUG  
Sure.

Doug reaches up, begins pulling at the base of his neck...

Pulling at the FULL-FACE MASK he's wearing. When it comes off, Vick finds himself staring at an ALASKAN MALAMUTE.

In complete shock, Vick stumbles backward.

DOUG THE ALASKAN MALAMUTE  
Now, for the pièce de résistance...

SMASH! Doug JAMS the point of the TATTOO MACHINE into Vick's LEFT EYE - pushes it as far as it'll go, coring his brain.

Vick - deader than Elvis - remains standing for a long beat before toppling to the floor.

DOUG THE ALASKAN MALAMUTE  
I'm glad we finally saw eye to eye.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

MICHAEL VICK sits at a table with friends, eating a big bowl of spaghetti marinara.

SAUCE EVERYWHERE! Face, bib, hands... This chump is a messy eater. At the neighboring table...

MIKEY -- young ITALIAN GREYHOUND; very nervous, sweating profusely -- gets up from the table, hurries to the bathroom.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Three urinals, three stalls.

A man pees in the far left urinal.

Mikey bursts into the bathroom, hurries to the far right urinal, lifts his leg...

PEES EVERYWHERE - urinal, floor, wall... It ain't pretty.

The man peeing in the other urinal looks at Mikey, aghast.

MIKEY

Sorry. I'm allergic to Chianti.

Man finishes fast, zips up - leaves without washing hands.

Mikey finishes peeing, enters the MIDDLE STALL...

**INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - MIDDLE STALL - CONTINUOUS**

Mikey removes the toilet tank's PORCELAIN LID, finds...

PLASTIC BAG WITH SOMETHING INSIDE, duct-taped to the tank's wall.

Removes the clandestine package, opens the bag, takes out...

A .38 REVOLVER.

Flips open the cylinder - all six chambers loaded.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Vick is still chowing down brutishly on his pasta when Mikey exits the bathroom and casually walks back to his table.

Instead of returning to his seat, he stops - STARES AT VICK.

A few messy mouthfuls before Vick notices the eye-fucking.

VICK

(mouth full)

Take a picture, why don'cha?

Mikey just continues to stand there - the hint of a tremble in his entire body.

VICK

Lemme guess, you want an autograph?

Mikey draws the .38 and, with a trembling hand, EMPTIES THE CYLINDER - BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!

Terrified, Vick jumps to his feet - mouth full of pasta...

Opens his eyes to realize he's still among the living. Not a single bullet struck him.

Mikey stands there in disbelief, wisps of smoke still curling from the revolver's stubby barrel.

Patrons look on in shock and awe. And then...

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER - from Vick. A freakish cackle, oddly distorted due to his PASTA-FILLED MOUTH.

VICK

Ha! You missed! You didn't hit--!

AAAAAK!

Vick grabs at his throat with both hands - CHOKING!

Panicking now - throat blocked, air totally cut off.

Eyes desperately searching the other patrons, motioning wildly, begging for someone to come to his rescue...

But nobody moves a muscle.

Vick drops to his knees, falls onto his back...

A few final shudders and it's over. Body still, splattered with marinara sauce.

Mikey tosses the revolver, races for the door.

**EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Just as Mikey exits, runs down the street...

A black MAYBACH with tinted windows screeches to a halt in front of the restaurant. All four doors open...

The Four Pit Bulls of the Apocalypse step out, followed by Cassandra - her robe's hood up, covering most of her head.

Moving as a single unit - Cassandra in the center, protected on all sides - the pack enters the restaurant.

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Pit Bulls and Cassandra cut a swath through the patrons - all gathered around Vick's corpse.

Cassandra drops down beside the dead Vick, takes out a small, strange-looking apparatus resembling a MEAT THERMOMETER.

She jabs the pronged lead into Vick's ear, pushing hard enough to produce an audible CRUNCH!

METER NEEDLE jumps a third of the way across the dial.

CASSANDRA

Long way to go.

PAIN

The more he suffers, the better.

She removes the prong from Vick's ear, wipes it on his head.

Pit Bulls and Cassandra exit in the exact same manner by which they came.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY**

Single window. Plastic tarp on the floor. Loud music playing... Stealers Wheel's "Stuck in the Middle With You."

MUFFLED SCREAMING under the music leads to the reveal of...

MICHAEL VICK -- shirtless, bound to a chair with rope, duct tape over his mouth, blood dripping down his body as...

MR. FLUFFY -- SIBERIAN HUSKY -- carves him up with a straight-razor.

Mr. Fluffy is clearly enjoying himself, dancing around Vick as he slices, singing along...

MR. FLUFFY

Clowns to the left of me!

Jokers to the right!

Here I am...

SLICES OFF VICK'S EAR and sings into it...

MR. FLUFFY

Stuck in the middle with you.

About to start slicing Vick's other ear when...

MOVEMENT AT THE WINDOW.

MR. FLUFFY

Squirrel!

Runs to the window, looks out, tail wagging excitedly. After a beat, he dances his way back over to Vick.

MR. FLUFFY  
 Where was I...  
 (picks up the song)  
 Slap you on the back and say...  
 Please...  
 Please...

As Mr. Fluffy starts slicing off Vick's other ear...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY**

Surrounded by azure waters, giving way to a pristine beach.

Palm trees above the tide line, a lush jungle beyond.

A NORTHROP F-5 FIGHTER JET rockets into frame, dropping a BIG BOMB into the jungle. Moments later...

KA-BOOOOOOOM!

TOWERING WALL OF FLAME rips through the jungle, setting everything ablaze.

MICHAEL VICK comes running out, ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

Makes his way down the beach, dives into the ocean. When he surfaces...

HE'S STILL BURNING! Water doesn't extinguish NAPALM.

Flops and flails around for a few beats, screaming in agony as the chemical fire eats down to his bones.

His suffering ends far too soon - his charred corpse akin to a piece of burnt driftwood floating amid the waves.

On the beach, KILGORE -- WHITE BOXER, wearing a STETSON HAT with a cavalry insignia -- looks at Vick's remains and grins.

KILGORE  
 I love the smell of napalm in the morning. Smells like...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY**

Plain Jane simple, furnished on a bargain basement budget.

MICHAEL VICK sits at a table eating burgers and fries, drinking sodas with...

The THREE MEN who continued his NFL career post-prison...

JEFFREY LURIE -- owner of the Philadelphia Eagles.

WOODY JOHNSON -- owner of the New York Jets.

DAN ROONEY -- owner of the Pittsburgh Steelers.

The door flies open and TWO LARGE DOGS enter, wearing identical long, black overcoats. Meet...

JULES -- badass DOBERMAN (wallet reads "BAD MOTHERFUCKER").

VINCENT -- handsome but no-nonsense CANE CORSO.

This scene looks oddly familiar.

Confused, Vick and his pals remain seated. Annoyed by the newcomers' presence, Jeffrey motions toward the door.

JEFFREY

Ever hear of knocking?

Jules and Vincent DRAW .45 AUTOS - BLOW JEFFREY AWAY.

Scared shitless, Woody and Dan beat feet for the door...

A volley of .45 ACP rounds sends both men to their graves.

Vick, frozen in fear, trembles where he sits.

JULES

It appears we interrupted your breakfast.

VINCENT

Not very nutritious eatin' burgers for breakfast. It's the most important meal of the day.

VICK

We were outta waffles and--

JULES

Shut the fuck up.

VICK

Yes, sir.

JULES  
Yes, sir, huh? Check out the  
manners on Mike.

Jules picks up Vick's burger, takes a big bite.

JULES  
Mmm-mmm. That's a tasty burger.  
(offers it to Vincent)  
Wanna bite? It's real good.

VINCENT  
I ain't hungry.

Jules takes another bite of burger, tosses it away.

JULES  
Know what they call a quarter  
pounder with cheese in France?

VICK  
No clue.

JULES  
You ain't as smart as Brett, that's  
for sure.

VICK  
Brett?

Jules backhands Vick with his .45, motions to the soda cup.

JULES  
What's in this?

VICK  
Sprite.

JULES  
Mind if I have some of your tasty  
beverage?

VICK  
Sure.

SLUUUURRRP! Gets every last drop of Sprite from the cup.

JULES  
Ummmmmmmmmm! Hit's the spot!

Jules tosses the cup, pins Vick in an icy stare.

JULES

Now I'm only gonna ask you this  
once. Is it safe?

Vick is confused. Ditto for Vincent, who gives Jules a  
dumbfounded look.

JULES

Ain't you ever seen *Marathon Man*?

Jules produces a POWER DRILL, gives it a rip for effect.

ZZZZZZ! Vick is now fucking terrified.

JULES

Where you got the shit hid?

VICK

What shit?

JULES

Answering a question with a  
question? That shit don't fly.

Jules motions to Vick...

Vincent IMMOBILIZES Vick from behind, PRIES OPEN his mouth.

Vick garbles a scream as Jules goes to work with the power  
drill. Blood spurts as the DENTAL NIGHTMARE unfolds.

When Vick's mouth is a ghastly mess, cascading blood...

JULES

Let's try this again. Where is it?

Vick starts crying. BLUBBERING!

VICK

Please! Just tell me what you're  
looking for?

Jules stares at the helpless Vick for a long beat like a  
cobra eyeing a mouse. Finally...

JULES

Payback.

As Jules moves in again with the drill, and Vick emits a  
blood-curdling scream...

**DISSOLVE TO:**



**EXT. NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH - DUSK**

Strewn with massive boulders. After a beat...

MICHAEL VICK happens along, out for a hike. Stops to drink from a water bottle taken from his teal fanny pack when...

INIGO -- handsome CAREA CASTELLANO MANCHEGO, holding two exquisite SPANISH RAPIERS -- steps from behind a boulder.

There's a grace and elegance to Inigo, but it does not bely the seriousness of his look.

INIGO  
My name is Inigo Montoya. You  
killed my father. Prepare to die.

Inigo tosses Vick one of the swords, assumes an "on guard" fighting stance - sword up and ready.

Scared shitless, Vick backs up.

VICK  
You got the wrong guy.

Inigo makes a slashing motion with his rapier.

INIGO  
(louder)  
My name is Inigo Montoya--

VICK  
I'm telling you, you're wrong.  
None of the dogs I killed were  
Spanish.

Annoyed, Inigo lowers his sword.

INIGO  
I was adopted, you asshole. My  
father was... Never mind.  
(on guard stance)  
Prepare to die.

Vick swings the rapier awkwardly, clearly unaccustomed to sword-fighting.

Inigo is an artist, thrusting and parrying in such a manner that it transforms the deadly art into a dance.

Toying with Vick, he stabs him in each of his limbs - drawing blood, but not deep enough to incapacitate or kill.

VICK  
 (pleading)  
 Please! Can't we talk about this?

Inigo leaps onto a boulder, BACKFLIPS OVER VICK, and stabs him in the ass.

INIGO  
 My name is Inigo Montoya. You  
 killed my father. Prepare to die.

In a flash of anger, Inigo does a spiral thrust and sends Vick's sword flying.

With the tip of his blade to Vick's throat, he backs him against a boulder.

INIGO  
 My name is Inigo Montoya. You  
 killed my father. Prepare to die.

Vick cowers as Inigo draws back his sword, about to run Vick through when...

TWO MASSIVE PAWS REACH DOWN, grab Vick by the head and lift him out of view.

As Vick rises, we see the legs of a GIANT DOG - much too big to fit its entirety on screen.

THE SOUND OF A SICKENING CRUNCH!

Vick's body sails back into frame, landing in a rag-doll heap - every bone broken, deader than dead.

Inigo looks up at the Giant Dog in astonishment - we still only see its legs - and motions with his arms: *WTF?*

INIGO  
 Vizzik, why? You know what  
 vengeance meant to me.

VIZZIK (O.S.)  
 (deep, thundering voice)  
 Sorry, Inigo. I don't know my own  
 strength.

Inigo sheaths his rapier.

INIGO  
 You think?

VIZZIK (O.S.)  
 We could eat him. Would that make  
 you feel better?

INIGO  
 That wasn't in the movie.

VIZZIK (O.S.)  
 I know. They missed an opportunity  
 to create a real moment.

INIGO  
 You have issues, my friend.

VIZZIK (O.S.)  
 I'm a work in progress.

Inigo nudges Vick's broken corpse with his foot.

INIGO  
 He does look quite tasty.

VIZZIK (O.S.)  
 I'll get a fire going.

Inigo draws his rapier. About to begin cutting up Vick...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

Violent storm rages over dark, turbulent seas. Suddenly...

A STEAMPUNK-ESQUE SUBMARINE - the NAUTILUS - rises from the  
 depths, a GIANT SQUID clinging to its hull.

Squid has a MAN pinned in one of its tentacles...

Holy shit -- MICHAEL VICK!

Sub's vertical hatch opens and out comes...

CAPTAIN NEMO -- LABRADOR RETRIEVER, clutching a HARPOON.

Behind Nemo, MEMBERS OF HIS CREW -- much younger LABS.

VICK  
Help meeeee!

Capt Nemo cocks his arm, about to throw the harpoon at the  
 giant squid - then he does a double-take...

CAPT NEMO  
Michael Vick?

Nemo lowers the harpoon, starts laughing hysterically. His crew joins in.

Seeing his chance at being rescued disappear, Vick's eyes go wide in horror.

CAPT NEMO  
C'mon, let's go have hot cocoa.

CREWMEMBER #1  
With those little marshmallows?

CAPT NEMO  
What's hot cocoa without the marshmallows?

As Nemo and his crew return to the safety of the Nautilus...

VICK  
Wait! Don't go!

Giant Squid lifts the tentacle-ensnared Vick and delivers him, head-first, into its horrible beaked maw. As Vick screams...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. HOT DOG FACTORY - DAY**

A PACK OF DACHSUNDS look on as...

MICHAEL VICK -- dangling from a ceiling-mounted pulley -- is slowly lowered into an INDUSTRIAL MEAT GRINDER.

Kicking like mad, screaming in terror, his legs closing in on the gnashing steel teeth below.

DACHSUND #1  
You do get the irony, right? I mean, we're Weiner dogs and--

DACHSUND #2  
Dude, we get it. It's pretty fuckin' obvious.

DACHSUND #1  
Funny how the universe works.

Vick's legs go into the grinder... High-pitched screaming as blood geysers like Old Faithful...

DACHSUND #1  
 Think we oughta change the  
 packaging label? No way he's all  
 beef.

Blank stares from the other Dachshunds.

DACHSUND #1  
 What?

DACHSUND #3  
 Just enjoy the moment.

DACHSUND #1  
 Right. Sorry.

As Vick descends deeper into the grinder...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Frippy but simple decor. Lying in the four-poster bed...

MICHAEL VICK -- a 16-inch piece of 4x4 wood between his legs,  
 just above the ankles. Footsteps precede the arrival of...

ANNIE -- a portly BEAGLE -- holding a SLEDGEHAMMER.

VICK  
 Annie, whatever you're thinking  
 about, don't do it.

ANNIE  
 Shh, darling, trust me... It's for  
 the best.

VICK  
 Annie, for god's sake, please.

Annie flashes a grim smile.

ANNIE  
 God's not listening to you anymore.

WHACK!CRACK! Mighty swing of the sledgehammer breaks Vick's  
 left ankle.

Vick SHRIEKS!

ANNIE  
 Don't be a cock-a-doodie!

WHACK!CRACK! Repeat sledgehammer performance on Vick's other ankle yields the same result.

Vick is now crying - bleating like a wounded sheep.

ANNIE

Christ, you're annoying.

WHACK!SMUSH! Obliterating Vick's skull with the sledgehammer, creating a Gallagher-like watermelon splatter.

Annie throws down the sledgehammer, takes in the carnage.

ANNIE

Cat shit! That was a thirteen-dollar blanket!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BURGER JOINT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The place to be on a Friday night. By the looks of it, a hang-out for teens and their FAST CARS.

A MUSTANG GT CONVERTIBLE and a CAMARO SS CONVERTIBLE are back to back - about six feet between their bumpers.

Engines revving like crazy - American iron at its finest.

At the Mustang's wheel, JIMMY -- boyish AMERICAN GREYHOUND.

At the Camaro's wheel, SALLY -- girly AMERICAN GREYHOUND.

DOGS OF ALL BREEDS are gathered around them.

JIMMY

No way you get a hundred feet before me. I've got twice the horsepower.

Boisterous agreement from all the MALE DOGS.

SALLY

What good's more power if you don't know how to use it?

Mocking agreement from all the FEMALE DOGS.

JIMMY

Care to put your money where your mouth is? Say, a new Frisbee and six months supply of tick spray?

SALLY  
Make it a year's supply.

JIMMY  
You're on!

Another rev of their engines as...

PETUNIA -- saucy little TOY FOX TERRIER -- steps from the crowd, unties the red silk handkerchief from her neck.

VICK (O.S.)  
Don't do this.

**ANGLE ON - MICHAEL VICK**

Arms outstretched above his head, wrists and ankles tied with chain - CONNECTED to the BUMPERS of the MUSTANG and CAMARO.

Essentially, a HORIZONTAL WISHBONE - and the only wish that won't come true is Vick's!

VICK  
Please! I'm begging you!

JIMMY  
(revving his engine)  
Can't hear you!

SALLY  
(revving her engine)  
You're gonna have to speak up!

Petunia raises the red silk handkerchief...

Jimmy and Sally hold the revs on their sportscars - powerful V8 engines on the verge of exploding when...

Petunia brings the handkerchief down.

Jimmy and Sally dump their clutches, MASH THE GAS...

BOTH CARS ROCKET OFF WITH A SQUEAL OF RUBBER.

RRRRRIIIIPPPP!

Amid the crowd of dogs, a KEESHOND turns to a SCHIPPERKE.

KEESHOND  
Who won?

SCHIPPERKE  
Who cares?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SEX DUNGEON - NIGHT**

B & D and S & M gear aplenty.

MICHAEL VICK - naked - bent over and strapped to a wooden horse, RED BALL GAG in his mouth.

MARSELLUS -- ferocious-looking ROTTWEILER -- stands over him.

MARSELLUS  
I got some pipe-hittin' brothers  
comin' over to get Medieval on your  
ass with pliers and a blow torch.

Vick whimpers through the ball gag.

MARSELLUS  
But in the meantime, let's have us  
a little fun.

Marsellus opens the basement door and in walks SEVEN  
ABSOLUTELY HUGE ENGLISH MASTIFFS, all wearing terry robes.

English Mastiffs take in Vick and start to drool.

ENGLISH MASTIFF #1  
Shit, you ain't gotta pay us.  
We'll pay you.

Marsellus hands out MAGAZINES to the Mastiffs. We see the  
cover of one...

**BITCHES IN HEAT** - with a KING CHARLES CAVALIER and a FRENCH  
POODLE in the "69" position.

MARSELLUS  
These'll get you in the mood.

One of the Mastiffs takes off his robe, revealing the LARGEST  
DOG DICK anyone has ever seen - already FULLY ENGORGED.

ENGLISH MASTIFF #2  
I'm good to go now.

Marsellus puts up a hand to block his vision.

MARSELLUS  
Jesus, I didn't need to see that.



As the fully erect English Mastiff puts his front paws on Vick's shoulders...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Just off Malibu, set after set of mid-sized waves.

MICHAEL VICK -- wearing a WETSUIT -- sits on a SURFBOARD just beyond the break.

**BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE - CONTINUOUS**

A PORTUGUESE WATER DOG -- webbed feet perfectly suited to this aquatic environment -- closes in on a pair of feet dangling over a surfboard.

In the dog's mouth - a LARGE SYRINGE.

**EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS**

Vick continues to watch the waves when...

VICK

OW!

YANKS HIS LEFT LEG from the water, rubs and checks his foot.

A DROP OF BLOOD seeps from between his big and second toe.

VICK

Fucking fish.

After rubbing the minor injury for a beat, he returns his foot to the water. Suddenly, he's in PHYSICAL DISTRESS...

Grabs his throat. His chest. Breathing labored. Frothing at the mouth. Eyes roll back, body goes limp...

He topples over into the sea.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIR - DAY**

Crowded - everyone in an appropriate costume.

MICHAEL VICK -- in the colorful livery of a COURT JESTER -- skips along, munching on a turkey leg when he's alerted to the presence of...

JON SNOW and DAENERYS TARGARYEN walking hand in hand, Snow's WHITE WOLF -- GHOST -- trailing a few paces behind.

Vick and Ghost lock eyes.

Ghost growls, baring its menacing canines. Vick cowers.

VICK  
Good doggy. Nice doggy.

With a GNASHING BARK, Ghost is off like a shot.

Jon and Daenerys turn just as Ghost leaps...

THWAK! Ghost slams into Vick, jaws locking around the dog-killer's throat.

Ghost throttles and thrashes Vick, rag-dolling him like an Orca with a seal.

Flings him down, MAULS VICK HEAD TO TOE.

Jon Snow arrives, pulls Ghost off.

Vick now little more than a bloody, quivering mess.

Jon Snow realizes who the victim is, pats Ghost lovingly on his blood-spattered head.

JON SNOW  
Good boy.

Daenerys looks down at what's left of Vick in disgust. Raises her hand, snaps her fingers. In an instant...

The massive DRAGON, DROGON -- the only one of the three remaining -- lands beside her.

DAENERYS  
Dracarys!

Drogon lets loose with a torrent of flame. In a nanosecond, Vick is transformed into a crispy critter.

Jon Snow motions to nearby FOOD VENDOR.

JON SNOW  
Barbecue?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. PINE FOREST - DAY**

Coniferous trees and deep snow for miles.

A PACKED DOWN TRAIL winds its way through. In the distance, the SOUND OF A GAS-POWERED ENGINE - approaching rapidly.

A SNOWMOBILE rushes into view, moving at a rapid clip along the snaking trail. Piloting the snowmobile...

MICHAEL VICK -- wearing a snowsuit and goggles.

FLICKER OF MOVEMENT just off the trail, within the trees.

A SAMOYED -- fur solid white, blending in with the surroundings like a ghost. Suddenly...

SPROING! Ultra-thin TITANIUM CABLE is pulled taut across the snowmobile trail five feet off the ground.

WHOOSH! Snowmobile races by and...

THUNK! Punctuated by a barely perceptible crimson spray.

A few yards later...

VICK'S DECAPITATED HEAD drops onto the trail, blood staining the pristine snow, as the snowmobile crashes into the trees.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MIAMI MANSION - NIGHT**

Opulent and then some - perfect home for hedge fund billionaires and cocaine czars.

Open concept two-story grand foyer, with towering twin staircases curving their way up to the second level.

MICHAEL VICK and a slew of his dog-fighting cohorts climb the staircases, armed with all sorts of guns.

Suddenly, the floor-to-ceiling double doors of the master bedroom fly open and out comes...

TONY MONTANA -- a slick HAVANESE -- clutching an M16 assault rifle with an M203 GRENADE LAUNCHER mounted below the barrel.

TONY MONTANA  
(thick Cuban accent)  
So you wanna play, huh? Say hello  
to my little friend!

Tony cuts loose with the M16, emptying the extended mag into everyone climbing both staircases.

Spent brass clatters on the marble floor as the hail of 5.56mm burners turns intruders into biological Swiss cheese.

When the mag is empty... Only Vick remains.

He goes to shoot Tony, but his subgun is EMPTY.

Tony smiles, levels his weapon on Vick.

TONY MONTANA

Say goodnight to the bad guy.

PHUMP! Tony strokes the M203's trigger, hitting Vick dead-center with a 40mm grenade...

BLAM! turning the dog torturer into crimson mist.

Tony turns around, kicks his feet repeatedly - kicking imaginary dirt on the Vick particles.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SINGLE'S BAR - NIGHT**

Upscale, everyone dressed to impress.

VERONICA -- sexy IRISH SETTER -- sits at the bar enjoying her Pink Squirrel when...

MICHAEL VICK -- wearing an ill-fitting suit with a white and black camo pattern -- plops down on the bar stool beside her, jumping it over a bit so they're nearly rubbing shoulders.

VICK

Is it hot in here, or is it just you?

Veronica rolls her eyes.

VICK

You must be a thief, 'cause you stole the stars from the skies and put 'em in your eyes.

Veronica bumps her stool over to gain separation.

VICK

Man, your legs must be tired, because you've been runnin' through my mind all day.

Beyond disgusted, Veronica goes to leave...

Vick takes hold of her diamond-studded collar.

VICK  
Are you a haunted house? Because  
I'm gonna scream when I'm in you.

Veronica gives Vick an impish grin, slips off her CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN STILETTO HEEL, shows it to him.

VICK  
(pumping his eyebrows)  
Sexy.

SMASH!

Veronica nails Vick in the face with the heel's tip, puncturing his cheek as if it were a spear.

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

She unleashes a brutal barrage, the heel's pointy tip driving deep with every strike.

When it's over, Vick lays on the floor, bleeding profusely from innumerable ragged holes.

VERONICA  
Men like you are the reason I swore  
off bastards for bitches.

One final SMASH! to Vick's skull...

Heel-tip coring Vick's brain, bringing the night out to a fitting end.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. JURASSIC PARK - DAY**

An AUTOMATED FORD EXPLORER moves slowly along the narrow dirt path winding its way through the park.

Lush foliage all around - VEGETARIAN DINOSAURS grazing.

JURASSIC PARK NARRATOR (V.O.)  
There are over a thousand once-  
extinct plants and animals in  
Jurassic Park.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - DAY

Driver's seat UNOCCUPIED - piloted by AI.

MICHAEL VICK riding shotgun - staring out the window. In the back seat...

TIM and ALEXIX -- GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES -- are awestruck by what they're seeing.

JURASSIC PARK NARRATOR (V.O.)  
All brought back for your enjoyment  
by John Hammond and In-Gen.

TIM  
Grandpa's a badass.

LEX  
(annoyed)  
He spends billions on this, but he  
won't even buy me a horse.

Tim points at the dinosaur with three horns.

TIM  
Check out that one, Lex. It's a  
triceratops. Isn't it cool?

LEX  
You won't think it's cool when it  
eats us.

TIM  
Won't happen. It's a veggie-  
saurus.

Vick turns around, scowls at the puppies.

VICK  
Will you two stop yapping. I'm  
trying to enjoy this.

When he turns back around, Tim scratches under his chin, casually giving Vick the *ma-fongool*.

Vick looks in the rearview mirror, glares.

VICK  
I saw that.

TIM  
It was a flea.

Suddenly, the Explorer JERKS TWICE, COMES TO A STOP.

BA-DOOMP! Short-circuit - everything cuts out.

LEX  
What happened?

TIM  
Probably just a reboot. Computers  
do that every so--

VICK  
I said shut up! This is serious.

Vick begins flipping switches, turning dials... Nothing.  
Explorer is totally dead. Then...

GROUND SHAKES - as if from TWO MASSIVE FOOT-FALLS.

Tim, Lex and Vick look around, beyond scared.

More shaking - massive footfalls becoming more intense,  
getting closer. Out the front windshield we see...

HUGE TREES SHOULDERED ASIDE... SOMETHING VERY BIG COMING.

VICK  
Screw this. You two are on your  
own.

And Vick is out the door, running.

Tim and Lex paw at the windows, in fear for their lives.

LEX  
Don't leave us!

More movement outside the windshield - whatever's there is  
now right in front of the Explorer...

Too big to see it all, we glimpse its lower body...

BIG DINOSAUR, standing on hind legs. Two small arms...

Oh shit! It's a fucking T-REX!

**EXT. JURASSIC PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Vick runs through the lush foliage, comes upon a CONSTRUCTION  
SITE... Some sort of INFORMATION KIOSK being built.

But it's got no roof. The only thing he can hide in...

A PORT-A-POTTY.

Ground shaking - huge footfalls getting closer.

Vick races into the port-a-potty, slams the door shut as...

T-REX ARRIVES - sniffs the air. Instantly drawn to the port-a-potty. Leans down, closes its jaws around it - LIFTS...

Vick sits on the toilet, cowering. Opens his eyes, looks up at the menacing T-rex...

Vick SCREAMS! T-Rex ROARS!

Vick goes to run... NOPE!

T-rex CHOMPS DOWN - shakes him from side to side...

Razor-sharp teeth shred Vick's torso, slicing him in half... Sends his lower body flying into the jungle.

T-rex gulps down Vick's upper body, rumbles off.

**INT. FORD EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS**

Tim and Lex watch as Vick gets split in half and eaten.

LEX  
You're right. This was pretty cool.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT**

Cue the unmistakable "James Bond Theme" as...

MICHAEL VICK runs down the street, passing Big Ben before ducking down an alley.

Gleaming silver vintage ASTON MARTIN DB5 races into frame, fishtails around the corner, skids to a stop.

Door opens and a WELSH CORGI -- dressed to the nines in a custom Saville Row suit -- dashes out, chases after Vick.

At the end of the alley, a TALL FENCE.

Vick leaps... Grabs the fence midway up... Starts to climb... Just about to escape over the top when...

Welsh Corgi leaps... Sinks his teeth into Vick's ass... Pulls him back down.



Vick pulls a SWITCHBLADE - he and the Welsh Corgi begin circling one another.

VICK  
Who the hell are you?

WELSH CORGI  
(British accent)  
Corgi. Welsh Corgi.

VICK  
Well, Welsh Corgi, you're about to die.

Welsh Corgi gives a haughty laugh.

VICK  
That's funny?

WELSH CORGI  
Your file says you're dumber than you look. I didn't think that was possible. Apparently, MI6 knows their shit.

Vick LUNGES with the knife...

Welsh Corgi spins away from the blade, catches Vick's arm...

Perfect JUDO THROW dumps Vick onto his back.

Twist of Vick's arm.. CRACK! Snaps like kindling.

Vick drops the gun... Welsh Corgi kicks it away...

Corgi draws his trusty WALTHER PPK.

WELSH CORGI  
Never bring a knife to a gunfight.

Welsh Corgi racks the Walther's slide, takes aim...

VICK  
You're gonna shoot me, just like that?

WELSH CORGI  
What do you a license to kill is for?

VICK  
I thought that was just, you know, figurative.

Welsh Corgi smirks... Pulls the trigger...

BANG! Puts a single round in Vick's stomach.

WELSH CORGI

That was for all my friends.

(beat)

And this is for me.

Chucks the pistol, turns around, squats - takes a MONSTER DUMP on Vick.

VICK

I thought you Brits were civilized?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. FUTURISTIC CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT ROOM - NIGHT**

Glimpses of ELLEN RIPLEY -- IRISH WOLFHOUND -- manipulating some sort of HEAVY MACHINERY...

Feet going into stirrup-like mechanisms, securing them with Velcro straps.

Paws tapping buttons in sequence - dials lighting up.

Using her mouth to manipulate a joystick.

The HUM of motors powering up. The WHINE of hydraulics.

**INT. INTERSTELLAR FREIGHTER CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS**

Cavernous, filled with all sorts of cargo... From huge metal crates to what looks like small spaceships.

MICHAEL VICK comes into frame, searching for something - clutching a soiled and tattered TEDDY BEAR.

VICK

Come out, come out wherever you are.

(shakes the bear)

Your little teddy misses you.

He searches high, he searches low until...

MOVEMENT draws his attention to SOMETHING RUNNING out from behind one large object, crawling under another.

Vick hurries to the spot, drops to his knees, looks...

Beneath a stack of pallets, cowering all the way back...

NEWT -- WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER -- fearing for her life.

VICK

There you are.

(shakes the bear)

Look what I've got for you.

Newt presses back further, forcing Vick to reach in...

HE GRABS NEWT BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK, pulls her out.

Newt cries out, deathly afraid.

Vick snarls, looks as if he's going to hit her when...

RIPLEY (O.S.)

Get away from her, you bitch!

**ANGLE ON - ELLEN RIPLEY (IRISH WOLFHOUND)**

Wearing two tons of go-anywhere, do-anything hardened steel in the form of a POWER LOADER... Ultra-modern suit of armor with more power than a bulldozer.

Ripley takes a step - loader's monstrous metal foot SLAM-BANG!s on the deck. Another. And another. ADVANCING.

Vick releases Newt, puts up both hands plaintively.

VICK

Whoa! Whoa! Take it easy. This is all just a misunderstanding.

(re: teddy bear)

I was just trying to find her to let her know I found her toy.

Newt snarls, BITES VICK'S ANKLE!

Vick shrieks in pain, goes to swat Newt when...

WHAP! Brutal right cross from the loader's hydraulic arm sends Vick flying across the cargo hold into...

THE OPEN AIRLOCK CHAMBER.

Newt is off like a shot, racing for the airlock.

Just as Vick recovers, gets to his feet, and is about to exit the airlock...

Newt leaps... Sails through the air... Hits the AIRLOCK DOOR BUTTON with her nose.

BA-DOOMP! CLONK!

Airlock's doors SLAM SHUT, trapping Vick inside.

Ripley climbs out of the loader, joins Newt at the airlock. Both eye Vick through the door's thick window.

Vick beats on the window.

VICK  
Get me out of here!

RIPLEY  
With pleasure.  
(to Newt)  
Wanna do the honors?

Newt wags her tail excitedly. She hunkers down - leaps straight up - hits the VOID button with her paws.

WHOOOOSH! as the airlock's OUTER DOORS OPEN and Vick is hurled into space.

**EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

Vick tumbles ass-over-teacups in the void of space, FREEZING SOLID in half the time it took you to read this.

A tiny space rock SMASHES into the frozen Vick, shattering him into a million fragments.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SHIPPING PORT - NIGHT**

Many weathered shipping containers, and a forklift. One container open - filled with WOODEN CRATES.

One of the crates has been pried open with a crowbar - straw-packed GLASS VIALS labeled: **STEROIDS**.

MICHAEL VICK -- stainless steel briefcase handcuffed to his wrist -- and a DOZEN GOONS (armed with assault rifles, subguns, shotguns and handguns) stand across from...

A PACK OF CHIHUAHUAS -- tough-looking and street-smart.

VICK  
Where the fuck is he?

CHIHUAHUA #1  
 He'll be here. Probably just  
 needed to go for a walk.

Vick and his goons laugh as if that's the funniest thing  
 they've ever heard.

CHIHUAHUA #2  
 Makin' fun of a dog doin' it's  
 business ain't cool.

ECHOING FOOTFALLS precede the arrival of...

MACHETE -- biggest, scariest CHIHUAHUA on the planet --  
 wearing a black leather jacket.

VICK  
 It's about time.

MACHETE  
 I get here when I get here.

VICK  
 I don't like being kept waiting.

Machete SNIFFS THE ASSES of Vick and his crew. Shakes his  
 head in disgust, steps back.

MACHETE  
 And I don't like what I smell. The  
 price just went up.

VICK  
 Fuck you. We had a deal.

MACHETE  
 Key word is had, *marecon*.

VICK  
 News flash, pal. You ain't Danny  
 Trejo.

MACHETE  
 Bigger news flash. I ain't your  
 pal.

Vick's goons bring up their guns, but before they shoot...

Machete DRAWS A RAZOR SHARP MACHETE from the sheath under his  
 jacket and becomes a CANINE CUISINART.

Within seconds, there are LIMBS EVERYWHERE - Vick's goons  
 bleeding out.

Only member of Vick's crew left standing is Vick, himself.

Machete motions to the briefcase.

MACHETE  
I'll be takin' that.

VICK  
(nervous laughter)  
In the excitement, I lost the key.

MACHETE  
No problem. Hold it up.

Vick wants no part of it - shakes his head vehemently.

MACHETE  
This ain't my first rodeo.

With trepidation, Vick holds up the briefcase, extending the handcuffs as far as possible to give Machete a bigger target.

Machete cocks back his arm...

WHOOSH! Swings so fast, as if the big blade never moved.

Apparently, he MISSED - handcuffs still intact.

Vick frowns. Machete grins.

Vick's HAND FALLS OFF - CLEAN SLICE JUST ABOVE THE WRIST.

As Vick drops to the ground screaming, cradling his blood-spurting stump...

Machete retrieves the briefcase, pops it open...

STACKS UPON STACKS OF CASH.

MACHETE  
Alpo on me!

CHIHUAHUA #1  
What about tequila?

MACHETE  
Nah, that gives me the squirts, and  
I'm tired of scooching my ass on  
the ground.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. NAKATOMI PLAZA - NIGHT**

Broken glass, destroyed furniture, bullet casings and DEAD BODIES everywhere. Some serious shit went down.

As MICHAEL VICK looks over the carnage...

JOHN MCCLANE -- tough-as-nails BELGIAN MALNOIS, beat to shit and bloody -- steps into the hallway cradling a subgun.

JOHN MCCLANE  
Murdering dogs, murdering people...  
I'm sensing a pattern here.

Vick whips around, pulls John's wife, HOLLY -- pretty CHESAPEAKE BAY RETRIEVER -- in front of him, and puts a pistol to her temple.

VICK  
This time John Wayne does not walk  
off into the sunset with Grace  
Kelly.

JOHN MCCLANE  
That was Gary Cooper, dickhead.

VICK  
What do I know? I watched sports.  
(beat)  
Drop the gun or she dies.

JOHN MCCLANE  
So now you're the cowboy?

VICK  
Yippy-dippy-doodle, asshole!

McClane rolls his eyes.

JOHN MCCLANE  
It's yippe-ki-yea, mother-fucker.

VICK  
Tomato, tomatoe. Gun, floor.

McClane tosses the subgun away...

In one smooth, lightning fast motion he grabs the HANDGUN TAPED TO HIS BACK...

BANG! Puts a single round between Vick's eyes.

McClane blows the smoke curling from the barrel and TRIES to do a gunfighter's twirl...

But the shape of his paw causes the gun to go flying.

HOLLY

John, you're a working dog, not a cowboy.

JOHN MCCLANE

A dog can dream.

HOLLY

Of fire hydrants and squirrels.

JOHN MCCLANE

I prefer pussy.

Holly gives him a cross look.

JOHN MCCLANE

What? It's time we started getting along with the neighbor's cat.

Holly slaps him kiddingly, then licks and nuzzles him. As they walk off...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. USS ENTERPRISE - SPACE**

Boldly going where no dog has gone before.

**INT. USS ENTERPRISE - MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS**

Filled with medical and surgical equipment that we won't see on Earth for another 500 years or so.

BONES -- BASSET HOUND -- examines a crewmember (HUMAN) on an exam table when the auto-doors swish open and...

SPOCK (IBIZAN HOUND) and SCOTTIE (SCOTTISH TERRIER) rush in, holding CAPTAIN KIRK (BULL MASTIFF) up between them.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Help me, Bones!

BONES

Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a veterinarian.

Spock and Scottie drop Kirk on the floor - writhing in pain.



SPOCK

Although refusal of treatment is  
logical given your specialization--

BONES

Spare me the Jeopardy answer,  
pointy-ears. I'll treat him.

Bones hands his HUMAN PATIENT two tablets.

BONES

Take two aspirin, call me in the  
morning.

Crewmember hurries off. Bones walks over to Kirk.

BONES

What's wrong?

CAPTAIN KIRK

My stomach is fucking killing me.

BONES

You probably got worms again. The  
asses you've been sniffing...

CAPTAIN KIRK

(Elton John imitation)

I miss the Earth so much, I miss my  
wife... It's lonely out in space.

BONES

Can it, drama queen.

Bones motions to Kirk's pants.

BONES

Drop 'em and grab your ankles.

Kirk pumps his eyebrows at Bones.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Bones, if I had only known sooner.

BONES

C'mon, I'm busy. So unless you've  
already got a stool sample...

CAPTAIN KIRK

Touchy.

Kirk drops trou, bends over...

Bones uses a funky-looking proctology device that you'd think would be much smaller in the future.

Kirk bucks slightly when it goes in.

CAPTAIN KIRK  
Christ, Bones, you diggin' for oil.

SCOTTIE  
(thick Scotch accent)  
He's giving it all he's got,  
Captain.

Everyone stares at Scottie.

SCOTTIE  
Sorry. Couldn't resist.

Bones removes the proctology device from Kirk's rear...

SOMETHING SMALL and BLACK WRIGGLES ON THE DEVICE'S TIP.

SCOTTIE  
What the hell is that?

SPOCK  
Logic dictates--

CAPTAIN KIRK  
Spock, please. Now's not the time.

Spock acquiesces, makes a childish show of zipping his mouth, throwing away the key.

Bones walks to an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE, puts the tiny wriggling black thing on a slide.

BONES  
Let's put it on the scope, see what we're dealing with.

He puts the slide under the lens, powers up the device. On the scope's wall-mounted PLASMA SCREEN...

MICHAEL VICK appears.

BONES/SPOCK/KIRK/SCOTTIE  
Michael fucking Vick!

Kirk grabs at his stomach.

CAPTAIN KIRK  
Do something!

Bones gives Kirk a NEEDLELESS SHOT in his neck.

BONES

In a few hours you'll be as good as new.

Kirk motions to the slide in the scope.

CAPTAIN KIRK

What about that...thing?

Bones picks up a small vial and, using an EYE-DROPPER...

Squeezes TWO DROPS of solution onto the slide.

On the plasma screen we see ACID EATING AWAY AT VICK - emitting a high-pitched wail - until he's fully dissolved.

Bones tosses the slide in the medical waste furnace.

BONES

That's all she wrote.

As Kirk pulls up his pants...

CAPTAIN KIRK

Can we keep this out of my file?

BONES

You banged an Orion slave girl and you're concerned about a little Vick worm?

CAPTAIN KIRK

The galaxy isn't as accepting as it used to be.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ANCIENT JAPANESE VILLAGE - DUSK**

In the shadow of Mount Fuji, a cluster of THATCHED HUTS arranged in a circle.

**EXT. ANCIENT JAPANESE VILLAGE - SAKE BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Open air, six stools, and ONLY ONE PATRON...

MICHAEL VICK -- drunk as a skunk, swaying on his stool, getting more sake on the bar than in his mouth.

VICK  
 (slurring drunkenly)  
 Sake! SAKE! C'mon you yellow  
 curs, fill my stinkin' cup!

TWO SAKE MAIDS -- both JAPANESE SPITZ -- try their best to  
 accommodate their drunken, belligerent customer.

SAKE MAID #1  
 (Japanese; subtitled)  
 What the hell's he saying?

SAKE MAID #2  
 (Japanese; subtitled)  
 Who knows? I don't speak human,  
 let alone drunken American human.

Suddenly, the Sake Maids alert to SOMETHING BEHIND VICK,  
 hurry out of sight.

VICK  
 Where the hell you goin'?  
 (throws his cup)  
 Bring me more sake! SAKEEEEE!

SAMURAI #1 (O.S.)  
 (Japanese; subtitled)  
 Enough!

Vick spins around on his stool, takes in...

SEVEN SAMURAI -- all fearsome AKITAS -- wearing ceremonial  
 garb, carrying ornate KATANA SWORDS.

VICK  
 You the welcoming committee? HA!  
 Maybe you can get me some sake!  
 SAKEEEEEEEEEEE!

One of the Samurai BARKS...

Prompting two others to SNATCH VICK OFF HIS BARSTOOL, DRAG  
 HIM TO THEIR MIDST - deposit him on the dirt.

VICK  
 At least buy me a drink first.

As Vick laughs at his own joke, the seven Samurai share a  
 look before DRAWING THEIR KATANAS.

VICK  
 Get a load of you!

One by one, the Samurai take turns and, with brutal precision, SLICE OFF A DIFFERENT PART OF VICK'S ANATOMY.

ARM AT THE ELBOW. ARM AT THE SHOULDER.

OTHER ARM AT THE ELBOW. OTHER ARM AT THE SHOULDER.

LEG. OTHER LEG.

Only the SEVENTH SAMURAI has yet to deliver his strike.

He stands before Vick - now just a bleeding torso beneath a screaming head.

VICK  
That's all you--?

Seventh Samurai makes a blindingly fast cut...

WHOOSH!

Vick's head and torso FALL APART IN TWO PERFECT HALVES.

All seven Samurai clean the blood off their katanas via CHIBURI - RITUAL WRST FLICKS - then take turns lifting their legs and peeing on Vick's remains.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SNIPER'S HIDE - DAY**

Lying in wait in the sunken roof of a bombed out building...

AMERICAN SNIPER CHRIS KYLE -- WHITE WOLF HYBRID, and his SPOTTER, JACKSON -- BLACK WOLF HYBRID.

As Chris wipes down his trusty .338 LAPUA SNIPER RIFLE...

Jackson sweeps the small, tripod-mounted SPOTTING SCOPE from left to right, searching for another target. After a beat...

JACKSON  
Got us a new tango. Ten o'clock.  
Six hundred clicks.

Just as Chris is about to swing his rifle...

JACKSON  
Wait. Got another. Three minutes  
off T-1's right shoulder.

**VIEW THROUGH SNIPER SCOPE**

Crosshairs center on the first target...

MICHAEL VICK.

Behind him, slightly to the left...

STEVEN SEAGAL.

CHRIS KYLE

A dog murderer and a wife beater.  
Talk about a daily double.

Chris pulls back his rifle's bolt - empty chamber - reaches out to Jackson.

Jackson opens the AMMO POUCH - ONLY ONE ROUND LEFT.

JACKSON

Bad news, pard'ner. Only one round left.

Jackson hands the big centerfire round to Chris.

Chris slides the round into the chamber, closes the bolt, and puts his dominant eye to the rifle scope.

CHRIS KYLE

Every dog must have his day.

BOOM! Chris's big sniper rifle fires...

We see the round drill through Vick's head...

Nail Seagal dead-center in the chest.

JACKSON

Scratch two! Hot damn!

Chris gives a VICTORY HOWL. Jackson joins in.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT**

After striking an iceberg, the grandest ship afloat is sinking fast.

Debris scattered about the sea, along with LIFEBOATS - most containing only a few passengers.

People floating about, many already dead. Breaths condense in the frigid night air from those still alive.

TWO DOGS PADDLE INTO FRAME...

JACK DAWSON -- BORZOI, and ROSE DeWITT -- SALUKI.

ROSE  
Can't go on much longer.

JACK  
Don't say that, Rose.

ROSE  
You're a better swimmer than me.

JACK  
It's just the dog-paddle, same as you.

ROSE  
Salukis don't swim.

JACK  
Okay, you got me there.

ROSE  
Remember me...

Just as Rose is about to go under...

An INTRICATELY CARVED PIECE OF WOOD floats into view.

Jack grabs Rose by the scruff, pushes her up onto the wood.

Rose does a full body shake, shedding water.

ROSE  
You saved me.

Suddenly, a VIOLENT SPLASH beside the wood as...

MICHAEL VICK surfaces, tries to climb onto the board.

JACK  
No! That's for her!

VICK  
There's plenty of room. We can share.

Jack and Rose do a double-take when they realize who it is.

ROSE

You murdered our kind, and now you want us to save you? I don't think so!

VICK

Please! This water's so cold!

Vick struggles to get onto the board, nearly toppling Rose off of it.

Jack growls ferociously.

JACK

Remember me.

Jack SINKS HIS TEETH into Vick's arm, drags him down into the depths.

ROSE

No, Jack! NOOOOOO!

Long, long, long beat...

Jack surfaces, spits out a huge mouthful of water, gasps for breath.

Rose tries to pull Jack onto the board... Can't.

She sinks her teeth into his scruff, manages to drag him onto the board beside her.

Exhausted, Jack looks up at Rose.

JACK

You saved me.

(it dawns on him)

Hey, we're both on this thing.

ROSE

Yeah, so?

JACK

In the movie... Jack died because he stayed in the water.

ROSE

Humans are stupid. Haven't you figured that out yet?

JACK

What would I ever do without you?



Rose nuzzles him, WHISPERS in his ear. Jack's wet ears prick.

JACK  
Puppies? Really?

Off Rose's loving smile...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - DAY**

Just outside the neighborhood bodega...

A GROUP OF LATIN KIDS -- HUMANS -- BREAKDANCE on a large piece of cardboard, the result of four boxes being cut, unfolded and taped together.

Their BOOMBOX blares "Breakin'...There's No Stopping Us" by Ollie & Jerry.

They're not good - having trouble doing windmills and backspins on the cardboard, which isn't very slick.

MICHAEL VICK walks up, looking unimpressed.

VICK  
Man, you guys really suck.

LATIN KID #1  
The cardboard ain't slippy enough.

VICK  
First rule of performing, kid.  
Never blame your equipment.

LATIN KID #2  
Where's your Super Bowl ring? Oh  
right, you didn't win one.

Vick shoves the kid off the cardboard.

VICK  
Beat it, brat. Lemme show you how  
its done.

Vick launches into the WORST EXAMPLE OF BREAKDANCING anyone has ever seen...

Kids run off... Return a few beats later with the MEANEST LOOKING PIT BULL on the planet.

One ear ripped, hair in patches, scars covering its body - this dog has seen some shit.

Vick looks at the dog with vague recognition.

VICK  
Do I know you?

Pit Bull gives a low growl.

LATIN KID #1  
He knows you, that's for sure.  
(to the Pit Bull)  
Breakdown!

Pit Bull LUNGES at Vick's THROAT... GRABS HOLD...

RIPS OUT HIS LARYNX... Blood sprays and spews, quickly covering the cardboard, making it super slick.

OLD PIT BULL  
Try it now.

Kids start BREAKDANCING - now doing all the moves with ease. They give the Pit Bull a hearty thumbs-up.

Pit Bull joins in the breakdancing with perfect HEAD-SPINS.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - DAY**

ABSOLUTE CHAOS in the form of WILD JUNGLE COMBAT.

A PACK OF INTENSE BADASS DOGS, led by DUTCH -- musclebound and chiseled STYRIAN COARSE-HAIRED HOUND -- firing nonstop into the lush foliage.

Up in the canopy, concealed amid the greenery, the eerie shimmer of a PREDATOR - it's high-tech camouflage preventing the dogs from drawing an accurate bead on it.

Predator aims its THREE-DOT LASER WEAPON...

PHANG! Sends a burst into the base of a tree, blowing it to smithereens, sending wood chips flying like shrapnel.

DUTCH  
(thick Austrian accent)  
Get to the choppa!

Dutch and the dog pack scamper off.

**EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY**

A HUEY HELICOPTER awaits, big rotor turning lazily.

Suddenly, Dutch and the dog pack burst from the jungle, running as fast as they can.

Dutch reaches the chopper first, helps his canine pals in. When the last is aboard, he pulls the door closed.

Just as the heli is about to lift off...

MICHAEL VICK arrives, bangs on the window.

VICK  
What about me?!

DUTCH  
What about you?!

VICK  
That thing's gonna kill me.

DUTCH  
Exactly. Hasta la vista, baby.

VICK  
Wrong movie.

DUTCH  
Fuck you, asshole!

VICK  
Wrong movie, again.

Dutch gives Vick the finger, and the heli lifts off.

Vick turns - finds himself staring up at THE PREDATOR.

Predator unleashes one of its horrific war cries, pincer mouth spreading apart, revealing ghastly tusk-like teeth.

Vick screams like a frightened little girl, goes to run...

SCHWICK! from the Predator's double-bladed ARM SPEAR.

Stabbing through Vick's stomach...

Predator lifts Vick off the ground, brings him to its face.

RRRIIIPPP! YANKS OUT VICK'S SPINE - tosses Vick's spineless carcass away and hoists its biological trophy, celebrating its kill with the famous Predator victory roar.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. 1966 TAHOE TURQUOISE T-BIRD CONVERTIBLE - DAY**

Racing towards the edge of the GRAND CANYON, kicking up a towering roostertail of dirt.

Many POLICE CARS in hot pursuit, gumballs flashing.

**INT. 1966 TAHOE TURQUOISE T-BIRD CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS**

TWO "BITCHES" in the car...

LOUISE -- AMERICAN FOXHOUND -- at the wheel

THELMA -- GOLDDOODLE -- riding shotgun.

THELMA

We're really gonna do this?

LOUISE

I don't wanna live in a cat world,  
do you?

THELMA

Not the kinda pussy I like. Hit  
it!

Louise mashes the accelerator to the floor and the car picks up speed. Suddenly...

MICHAEL VICK sits up in the backseat, startling Thelma and Louise.

Vick takes stock of his situation - FREAKS!

VICK

What the fuck?!

They realize who he is.

LOUISE

What the hell are you doin' here?

VICK

I must've fallen asleep.

THELMA  
Sucks for you.

VICK  
How 'bout you let me out?

LOUISE  
How 'bout you suck a Spaniel.

VICK  
That's a dog joke. I get it.

THELMA  
Oh, you'll get it, alright.  
(to Louise, sotto)  
You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

Louise grins.

Speeding T-bird now just a few yards from the cliff's edge  
when...

Thelma and Louise FLING THEIR DOORS OPEN - DIVE-ROLL OUT...

Convertible SAILS INTO THE ROCKY ABYSS. Soon, gravity takes  
over and it plummets...

KA-BOOM! Fireball explosion, followed by a plume of smoke.

Thelma and Louise get to their feet, shake off the dirt.

LOUISE  
I can learn to live with cats.

THELMA  
Ditto.

They turn their back on the Grand Canyon and start walking...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT**

Small town, small jailhouse. On the roof...

MICHAEL VICK - holding an M16 assault rifle - stalks back and  
forth, firing at random down into the roof.

VICK  
Want some of me, Rambo? Come get  
it!

Another burst of gunfire - empties the mag. Jams another one in, fires again.

**INT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Standing in the bullet-riddled jailhouse...

RAMBO -- muscular and ripped AMERICAN STAFFORDSHIRE TERRIER, carrying an M60 machine gun, AMMO BANDOLEER wrapped around his body -- waits for another burst of gunfire from above...

Then OPENS FIRE, stitching a tight circle into the ceiling.

BRRRAAAAAPPPP! Bullet-carved circle of roof gives way and falls, bringing Vick down with it.

Rambo KICKS AWAY Vick's M16 and levels the M60, finger caressing the trigger.

VICK

Go ahead, you crazy son of a bitch!  
Finish it!

Rambo stares at Vick, eyes more lethal than the belt-fed machine gun he cradles.

VICK

What are you waiting for? Do it!

COLONEL TRAUTMAN (O.S.)

Rambo!

**ANGLE ON - COLONEL TRAUTMAN (OLD, GREY BLOODHOUND)**

Standing just inside the doorway.

COLONEL TRAUTMAN

Don't do it, son. He's not worth it.

Rambo's eyes play a tennis match between Vick and Trautman.

COLONEL TRAUTMAN

If you kill him, you have no chance.

RAMBO

What about all the dogs he killed?  
What chance did they have?

(beat)

And where the fuck were you?

COLONEL TRAUTMAN  
I didn't know. No one knew. Until  
it was too late.

Trautman stares at Vick for a long beat.

COLONEL TRAUTMAN  
You know, on second thought... Kill  
the mother-fucker.

Vick's eyes bulge in terror.

COLONEL TRAUTMAN  
Only don't use the gun. Make the  
bastard suffer.

Music to Rambo's ears. He chucks the M60, draws his famous  
JIMMY LILE SURVIVAL KNIFE and advances on Vick.

COLONEL TRAUTMAN  
Not the knife. I mean make him  
really suffer.

Rambo's eyes go wide. Tosses the knife, and GROWLS at Vick,  
baring his razor sharp canines.

As he begins to give Vick the MAULING OF THE CENTURY...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ATHLETIC ARENA DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

MICHAEL VICK -- hands tightly wrapped with gauze and tape --  
receiving a dozen STEROID INJECTIONS, six in each leg.

Injections finished, his TRAINER begins putting on Vick's  
BOXING GLOVES.

**INT. BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS**

In one corner, ROCKY -- exact same AMERICAN STAFFORDSHIRE  
TERRIER from the previous scene; wearing a red, white and  
blue "Stars & Stripes" collar, and looking even more ripped  
than when we last saw him -- watches as...

Vick and his ENTOURAGE approach the ring.

Vick climbs into the ring, dances around like a dramatic  
fuckstick, then meets Rocky in the center of the ring.

A REFEREE -- HUMAN -- stands between them.

REFEREE

If you wanna touch gloves, do it  
now.

Referee steps away, giving the combatants a moment alone.

Vick towers over Rocky.

VICK

I must break you.

ROCKY

Go for it.

The fighters go back to their corners...

DING!

Both race out - meet again in the center of the ring...

Vick throws a monstrous right hook...

Rocky ducks under it...

WHOMP! PUNCHES ALL THE WAY THROUGH VICK'S STERNUM.

Rocky pulls back his paw... Now holding Vick's HEART.

ROCKY

It's not the size of the dog in the  
fight, but the size of the fight in  
the dog.

Vick topples over, dead. Crowd goes wild.

Rocky bites into Vick's heart, tears it apart. As he devours  
the quattro-valve delicacy...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. QUIDDITCH PITCH - DAY**

Giant airborne oval pitch with three ring-shaped goals on  
each side.

14 DOGS OF DIFFERENT BREEDS RIDING BROOMS - chasing the  
little GOLDEN SNITCH around the floating "field."

SPECTATORS (HUMANS) sitting in floating stands, cheering.

Walnut-sized Golden Snitch races past the spectators -  
quickly stops, reverses course...



Returns to a spot in front of the floating stands...

In front of one SPECIFIC SPECTATOR...

MICHAEL VICK - drinking a mug of butter beer.

One by one the 14 CANINE QUIDDITCH PLAYERS arrive. The last to show up...

HARRY POTTER -- slight ENGLISH FOXHOUND -- wearing wire-framed glasses.

Harry gives Vick a curious look.

HARRY  
Who invited you?

VICK  
Since when does general admission  
require an invitation?

HARRY  
Since you're a fuckstick dog  
torturer.

VICK  
Harry, stick to magic and let me do  
me.

Harry WHISPERS something to the Golden Snitch - which quickly passes Harry's message to the other Quidditch players. When the last has received the message...

Quidditch players descend en masse on Vick, yank him from the stands...

Begin BEATING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF HIM with their brooms, knocking him across the sky.

Even the Golden Snitch gets in on the action, repeatedly pummeling Vick's face, knocking out all his teeth.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT**

Packed house filled with OLDER DOGS OF VARYING BREEDS.

NEIL DIAMOND -- greying AFGHAN HOUND with flowing locks -- on stage, delivering a rousing version of "Sweet Caroline," the audience singing along.

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Sweet Caroline... Bom-bom-bom...  
 Good times never seemed so good!

Room goes wild with clapping and howling as Neil takes a bow.

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Thank you, Seattle! Good night!

**INT. CONCERT HALL - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Neil towels off, then laps up champagne from a dog bowl.

KNOCK!KNOCK!KNOCK! at the door.

Neil answers the door, only to find...

MICHAEL VICK standing there, absolutely gobsmacked!

VICK  
 Oh my god! Neil Diamond! You are  
 the shiz-nit!

Recognition sets in. Neil glowers.

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Whattya want?

Vick produces an AUTOGRAPH BOOK - flips it open.

VICK  
 Sign my autograph book. Got a  
 place for you between Megan Thee  
 Stallion and Boy George.

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Sign your book, huh?

Neil takes Vick's pen...

VICK  
 Before you do, how 'bout a couple  
 lyrics, just for me.

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Okey-dokey.

Neil clears his throat and...

NEIL DIAMOND  
 Reachin' out...  
 Touchin' me...  
Touchin' you!

STAB! Neil BURIES THE PEN in Vick's FOREHEAD.

Vick topples over backward, dead before he hits the ground.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN CLIFF - DAWN**

Clear skies, tropical forest far below, Pacific Ocean beyond.  
A few yards from the cliff's edge...

MICHAEL VICK -- in the harness of a HANG GLIDER.

Licks his finger, tests the wind, lifts the glider and runs  
towards the cliff's edge.

Steps off the edge into nothingness... Hang glider catches  
the air current and rises into the blue sky.

Soars over the water, air current constant and perfect.  
Borderline silence, just the breeze and distant lap of waves.

A MECHANIZED HUM pierces the serenity, growing louder.

The sound catches Vick's attention, eliciting a frightened  
reaction. Head swivels back and forth, eventually locates...

A QUADROTOR DRONE - the size of a mailbox, on a collision  
course, closing at high speed.

Vick takes evasive action, banks and dives.

Drone buzzes harmlessly past, continues on its way, soon  
disappearing from sight.

Vick breathes an exasperated sigh, shifts the bar and climbs  
once again. Moments later...

Mechanized hum returns, sound increasing as the drone draws  
closer. Before Vick can maneuver...

ANOTHER MISS - this time so close, one of the spinning rotors  
nicks the hang glider's fabric.

Hang glider arcs around, heading back towards the island.

Drone reverses course - races back at the hang glider.

In the last moment before a collision it DIPS...

STOPS DIRECTLY BENEATH, matching the hang glider's speed.

Vick tries evasive maneuvers, banking left and right, but the drone stays with him, maintaining a small buffer below.

That's when WE SEE IT - LARGE GRAY BRICK of C4 PLASTIQUE secured to the drone's bottom, colored wires protruding.

Small bulb switches from red to green and...

DRONE ROCKETS UPWARD, slamming into Vick's chest...

KABOOM!

Brilliant fireball coupled with a RED MIST as bits and pieces of Vick and hang glider rain down on the Pacific.

**EXT. TROPICAL FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Hidden amid the lush foliage...

AIREDALE closes the antenna of a REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE via paw-slap and walks off.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ULTRA-MODERN MANSION - NIGHT**

The kind of home associated with an ACTION MOVIE VILLAIN.

JOHN WICK -- RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK -- holding a silencer-equipped GLOCK 19...

Puts two rounds through the front door's lock before kicking it open and entering.

**INT. ULTRA-MODERN MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

John Wick moves slowly down the corridor when...

MICHAEL VICK steps around the corner, a MINI UZI in each hand.

VICK  
Are you back, John?

JOHN WICK  
I'm thinkin' I'm back.

BRRRRAAAAPPPP! Vick cuts loose with the mini-uzis.

John Wick dive-rolls out of the way...

PHHT.PHHT.PHHT. Sends a 3-shot burst in Vick's direction.

BRRRAAAAPPP! Another burst from Vick, hitting John Wick's gun, blowing it apart.

VICK  
You're getting sloppy, John.

JOHN WICK  
I don't hear the fat lady singing.

John Wick runs around the corner.

VICK  
And I thought dogs had good hearing.

Vick pops around the corner and BRRRAAAAPPP!

But John Wick ISN'T THERE!

Vick's face contorts - *WTF!* Only then does he realize...

John Wick is BEHIND him.

Knock-down, drag-out fight ensues, featuring all John Wick's CLOSE QUARTERS BATTLE tactics you've come to love.

In the end, Vick draws a nasty TANTO KNIFE from his shin scabbard... Goes to plunge it in John Wick's chest.

John Wick PIVOTS at the last moment... REVERSES the thrust...

STABS VICK IN THE THROAT.

In most cases that'd be it, but just up ahead...

A SPIRAL CASE leading down - STRANGE SOUNDS from below.

John Wick descends the staircase, leading to a...

**INT. ULTRA-MODERN MANSION - SECRET LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

Filled with all sorts of creepy medical machinery. Dominating the room...

Something resembling a LARGE SNAIL-SHELL SHOWER.

As John Wick approaches...

MICHAEL VICK emerges, holding an ASSAULT RIFLE.

VICK  
Are you back, John?

John Wick grabs a BENELLI M4 TACTICAL SHOTGUN off the nearby wall-rack, BLOWS VICK AWAY. Suddenly...

ANOTHER IDENTICAL VICK WITH AN ASSAULT RIFLE emerges from the snail-shell shower...

And another. And another. And...

VICK  
Are you back, John?

VICK  
Are you back, John?

VICK  
Are you back, John?

JOHN WICK  
A fucking clone machine? You gotta be kidding me.

Using an ungodly array of weapons that he keeps finding on the floor, John Wick continues to BLOW AWAY VICK CLONES.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT**

MICHAEL VICK is wheeled in on a surgical table, placed under the bright surgical lights. He looks up, reacts to...

THREE DOGS looking down at him...

The SURGEON -- a SHAR PEI.

The NURSE -- a NEWFOUNDLAND.

And the ANESTHESIOLOGIST -- a DALMATIAN.

Startled, Vick tries to get off the operating table...

CLAMP! METAL CUFFS lock around his wrists and ankles.

As the nurse puts SURGICAL GLOVES on the surgeon's hands...

SURGEON  
What's on tap?

NURSE  
The patient is here to be neutered.

VICK  
 (eyes bulge in terror)  
 Neutered? There must be some  
 mistake!

SURGEON  
 Dogs don't make mistakes.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 Shall I administer the anesthesia,  
 doctor?

SURGEON  
 Hell no. Go take a walk.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 Works for me.

Anesthesiologist scampers off.

Surgeon puts out his hand, palm up.

SURGEON  
 Scalpel.

Just as the surgeon is about to begin cutting on Vick...

VICK  
 This is all just a bad dream,  
 right?

Surgeon gives an evil grin, starts cutting.

VICK  
 NOOOOOOOOOO!

**SMASH TO:**

**INT. VICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Vick BOLTS UPRIGHT in bed, sweating profusely.

VICK  
 NOOOOOOOOOO!

He takes stock of where he is, breathes a sigh of relief.

VICK  
 Whew! It was just a bad dream.

That's when he notices...

BLOOD on the bed sheets - right above where his crotch is.

Looks under the covers... Eyes bulge in terror.

VICK  
NOOOOOOOOO!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

AMG MERCEDES on the side of the road - hood up, steam rising from the engine.

MICHAEL VICK looks down at his car's broken motor with frustration.

Tries making a call on his cellphone - NO SERVICE.

Looks around... Spots a SPOOKY HOUSE at the very top of the mountain... Starts walking.

**EXT. SPOOKY HOUSE - DAY**

Vick - exhausted, soaked with sweat - arrives at the spooky house - much larger than it originally appeared.

He pushes open the spike-topped wrought iron gate, makes his way to the massive front double-doors, rings the bell.

Soon, one of the huge double-doors opens, revealing...

TWO ADORABLE FEMALE BOSTON TERRIERS...

DARLA -- BRINDLE

SAMMI -- BLACK & WHITE

They flash puppy-dog eyes at Vick.

VICK  
Sorry to bother you, but my car  
broke down and I can't get any cell  
service.

Darla and Sammi share a mischievous look, turn back to Vick.

DARLA  
Do come in.

VICK  
Thank you.



Vick enters and the door slams shut behind him with a foreboding THUD!

**INT. SPOOKY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Furnished eerily macabre, but oddly tasteful.

Darla and Sammi escort Vick into the LIVING ROOM.

Far wall displays an EDLESS VARIETY OF EDGED WEAPONS. Vick is clearly creeped out, but tries to maintain a brave face.

SAMMI

Perfect timing. We just made tea.  
Care to join us?

Cute as they are, something about these two Boston Terriers is REALLY creeping Vick out.

VICK

I wouldn't want to inconvenience  
you.

DARLA

Nonsense.

SAMMI

We insist.

The dogs scamper off, return moments later...

Darla carries a SILVER SERVING TRAY with a TEAPOT and THREE PORCELAIN TEACUPS.

Darla sets down the tray. Sammi pours Vick a mug of tea.

Vick takes a sip.

VICK

That's got a weird taste. What  
kind of tea did you say it was?

SAMMI

I didn't.

Suddenly, Vick's face contorts - body stiffens.

Darla takes the teacup out of Vick's hand the instant before his body begins CONVULSING...

Blood begins seeping from his eyes...ears...nostrils...mouth.

He hits the floor hard, fingers curling, arms twisting, legs kicking...

Then he GOES COMPLETELY STILL - eyes frozen open in death.

Darla and Sammi share a look and a wry smile - they hug.

**EXT. SPOOKY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

A luxurious EUROCOPTER EC 175 drops out of the sky, lands in the large driveway.

Heli's doors slide open and out comes the FOUR PIT BULLS OF THE APOCALYPSE, followed by CASSANDRA.

**INT. SPOOKY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As Darla, Sammi and the four Pit Bulls look on...

Cassandra jams her pronged probe into dead Vick's ear...

CRUNCH! She looks at the meter...

Needle jumps all the way across the dial to the very end.

Cassandra smiles and nods, removes the probe.

CASSANDRA

Good work, girls. Phase one is now complete.

(to the Pit Bulls)

He's all yours.

Pit Bulls load Vick's corpse onto an ANCIENT STEEL LITTER covered with runic symbols identical to those tattooed all over their bodies.

They lift the litter - one Pit Bull at each corner - and exit the home.

**INT. HELL - FOREVER TWILIGHT**

INFERNOS RAGING. VOLCANOS ERUPTING. LAVA FLOWING.

Skeletal dragons and winged demons flying to and fro.

Presiding over it all...

SATAN -- boiled lobster red - massively built - long, twisted horns - fearsome face only God could love -- sitting upon a GIGANTIC THRONE made of MANY HUMAN BODIES...

Osama bin Laden, Bernie Madoff, Hitler, Eva Braun, Jeffrey Dahmer, Leona Helmsley, Pol Pot, Joseph Stalin, Idi Amin, Heinrich Himler, Saddam Hussein, Jeffrey Epstein, Harvey Weinstein, Donald Trump and Bill Cosby.

The Four Pit Bulls of the Apocalypse enter, pushing their way through an ENORMOUS CROWD OF DEMONS.

They stop in front of Satan, dump Vick at the Devil's feet.

Satan stands, gives Vick a once-over.

SATAN

I thought he'd be bigger.

A TINY WINGED DEMON flutters over, lands on Satan's shoulder, whispers in his ear:

TINY DEMON

(sotto)

That was Dalton.

Satan looks confused.

TINY DEMON

You know, *Roadhouse*.

SATAN

Oh, right. My bad.

Satan reaches down, touches Vick - who instantly REANIMATES.

Vick looks around, confused.

VICK

Where the hell am I?

Everyone laughs. Even Satan chuckles.

SATAN

That never gets old.

At which, the HORRIBLE SOUND OF GRINDING METAL ON METAL.

All eyes turn to the...

RUSTED STEEL ELEVATOR - where a TWISTED STEEL ELEVATOR CAR is making its way down. When it arrives, door opens and...

TAYLOR steps out -- handsome, Steve McQueen cool RED BOSTON TERRIER -- bathed in a heavenly ethereal white light.

SATAN  
(heavy sarcasm)  
Such a dramatic entrance.

TAYLOR  
What can I say? All dogs go to  
heaven.

SATAN  
Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

TAYLOR  
The big man sends his regards.

SATAN  
Like I care.

TAYLOR  
Hey, don't shoot the messenger.

Taylor makes his way over.

TAYLOR  
Thanks for letting me do this.

SATAN  
My pleasure. Your idea was more  
twisted than mine.

Taylor gives Vick the once-over.

TAYLOR  
I thought he'd be bigger.

Satan looks at the tiny winged demon, annoyed.

SATAN  
See?

Tiny winged demon flutters off.

Taylor motions to Vick.

TAYLOR  
Leash him.

Satan snaps his fingers and a brutal SPIKED COLLAR - spikes  
facing INWARD - appears around Vick's neck.

Taylor hooks a leash to Vick's collar and pulls hard - the  
spikes dig in to Vick's neck.

TAYLOR  
Come.

Taylor leads, Vick follows.

Satan and the demons fall in behind them.

SATAN  
(giddy)  
I wanna see this.

Soon, Taylor stops, motions to whatever lies before him.

TAYLOR  
Meet your eternal punishment.

**ANGLE ON - THE SHIT ROOM**

Take the largest shopping mall in the world and quadruple it.

Now take away the walls - imagine it as one humongous room.

NOW FILL THAT HUMONGOUS ROOM WITH SHIT.

SHIT OF EVERY IMAGINABLE CONSISTENCY.

Liquid shit. Goopy shit. Chunky shit. Constipated shit.  
Petrified shit. Dry shit. Dust particle shit.

Shit falling from the cavernous ceiling.

Shit bubbling up through the floor.

Shit oozing down the walls.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Taylor pins Vick in the iciest of stares.

TAYLOR  
Your job is to clean this room.  
Day and night. Night and day. For  
eternity.

Tears well in Vick's eyes, course down his cheeks.

VICK  
Can I at least have a broom? A  
mop? Something?

Taylor grins, HANDS HIM A DRINKING STRAW.

TAYLOR  
Fuck you, Michael Vick.

**THE END**