

ONE CHEAP MOVE EPISODE 2: LARRY VS. THE LARRINATOR

Teleplay by: Laurence Maher

CONTACT INFO:

Laurence Maher

940-383-2200

lmaher@onecheapmove.com

laurencemaher@hotmail.com

TEASER

FADE IN

Erie futuristic music; the word FACE (in a metallic font) fades into view, and then....

EXT. CHEAP TOY FUTURE WAR FIELD NIGHT

We yank back to see we're looking at a crappy old TV set amidst a junk yard landscape. In BG TOY ROBOTS fight TOY HUMANS. Other real SOLDIER LARRYS (poorly greenscreened) run by in FG, getting dismembered in ridiculous ways by TINFOIL ROBOTS w/ lasers. Text scrolls up, reading...

SCROLLING TEXT

"In 55555 an ass-load of robots revolted and took over Earth's broadcasting because some studio was threatening to remake MacGyver. But Hollywood's final battle would not take place in the future, where all human executives were forced to take suppositories shaped like TV remotes. It would take place years earlier with a show so cheap it had just one writer, just one actor, just one cameraman....

FADE TO:

The screen fades to black, and the menacing metallic title "ONE CHEAP MOVE" appears, fading into the distance with clanging score. Suddenly, the screen blinks to...

CUT TO:

White signal noise, and then...

CUT TO:

INT. LARRYS HOUSE (WHITE BG) NIGHT

The noise blinks clear. LARRY stands in front of the familiar white BG, staring blankly at us. His yellow shirt from episode one now sports a big number "5" on the front.

LARRY

(A beat) Uh, okay, gay. Not sure what the hell that was, but I've gotta fill 30 minutes somehow, so tough crap. (Sudden huge smile) And, welcome back to the greatest one man show on Earth. (Points to shirt) You'll notice I've added some iron-ons to my shirt; the number "5"...

Larry turns to display the word "Face" on his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

...And the word "face" on the back. If you were paying attention last week, which you probably weren't, you'd remember that I found out these symbols, for whatever stupid reason, seem to protect me from Magic Evil Buttface. Ergo, I've got them handy now so in a crisis I can...(shrugs) I don't know, rip them off my shirt like Letter Man or something? (A beat, defensively points to shirt) Hey, cut me some slack! I almost went with a picture of a foreskin!

Suddenly a huge fish flies out of nowhere, its sharp teeth latching onto Larry's face. It lashes about, growling as Larry screams. The whole scene screeches to a halt as the word "pause" appears in the top right corner.

EXT. PLAIN OF NON-EXISTENCE NIGHT

OS there is deep laughter as we pull back from the paused image to see a TV embedded in Rock, then we pan see to MAGIC EVIL LARRY sitting in a throne atop the Plain of Non-Existence. LARRY MINIONS scurry in BG.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

(To TV) Hmmm, Indeed amusing, but one bite from my poisonous fish should have killed him instantly.

A LARRY MINION runs up to the throne barking and snorting like a caveman. Below his speech is translated...

LARRY MINION 1

(English Subtitles) "You're magic! Just blink him away!"

EVIL calmly ponders, then....

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Well, there's just one problem with that....

Evil's fist squashes the minion's head like a fruit.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY (CONT'D)

(Minion falling dead) Fool! As long as he's wearing that shirt, my powers will only do so much! I can only bother him, not kill him! And when he finds that fact out, it will only make him stronger!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIL calms, and then, very relaxed, reaches over to another near MINION, rips an arm off and munches it like a chicken leg. He ignores the screaming MINION.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY (CONT'D)
(Smacking) What I need is like an assassin or something. Someone who's not prohibited by those...(sighs, shakes his head) words of mine.

The armless MINION, bleeding on the ground screams animal noises, translated as....

ARMLESS LARRY MINION
"Why don't you do something simple like get a killer robot from the future or something?!"

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Pleased) Yes...That's a good idea. You know, I think I know a guy that can give me a good deal on used one too. (Stands, wipes face) Don't hog it all, assholes I'll be back for desert.

The other MINIONS cheer and move in to eat the armless MINION, then back off as EVIL turns to them again.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY (CONT'D)
(Disgusted) And please tell the gay minion not to eat his balls.

EVIL claps his hands, disappears. The MINIONS move in for the feast. One lone MINION dressed in drag runs in from the side and sadly watches the others as he starts crying.

TEASER FADE OUT:

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN NIGHT

LARRY looks into a mirror, cleaning face wounds with alcohol.

LARRY

Owwwww! Damnit. Stupid fish. (Looks at camera) Oh, there you are. (Points to wounds) Man, what the hell kind of luck, huh? I thought these things lived in the ocean.

Suddenly, a gust of wind, and WISE KUNG FU LARRY floats into the room, accompanied by mysterious oriental music.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Holy Floating Japs! Wise Kung Fu Larry!
What are you doing here?

WISE KUNG FU LARRY

(Oriental Accent) I sense greeeeeat
disturbance in space-time continuum.

LARRY

Oh, ya, sorry about that. I ate Mexican
food last night. I tried Bean-o, but....

WISE KUNG FU LARRY

No time for stupid! Only time for listen!
Today, time against you! Fortune cookie
say, "Time is friend, but time is enemy."

LARRY

(Confused) Could you repeat that part
about the time? (Kung Fu Larry floats
off)...Uh...(to camera)...anyway, you're
just in time. I'm gonna stick the camera
down into a cup that I put sardines into
five years ago and never cleaned. And
I've got a macro lens from hell, so that
mold is gonna rock. What a show huh?
Let's go. (Leaves shot).

EXT. FUTURE ROBOT FACTORY NIGHT

EVIL appears in the future (battle similar to the teaser in
BG) and walks casually to a building marked "ROBOT FACTORY."
The screen bottom reads...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEXT

"The Year 55555."

EVIL

(Annoyed) All the technology in the world
and they still can't kill Larry off.

EVIL walks between a SOLDIER LARRY and a TINFOIL ROBOT,
simply holding up his hands to reflect their lasers back at
them, and they fall dead.

EVIL (CONT'D)

Stupid Bastards.

INT. CYBORG FACTORY NIGHT

Evil walks past TINFOIL ROBOTS in an assembly line, and comes
up behind DOC LARRY (dressed like Doc Brown from "Back to the
Future"), who's tightening bolts on a TINFOIL ROBOT.

EVIL

(Playfully) What, they got you making
robots now?

DOC LARRY whirls from his work and speaks unmistakably like
Christopher Walken.

DOC LARRY

Evil! Son of a bitch! What in God's crap
bag are you doing here?

EVIL

Ahhh, you know me, looking for favors.

DOC LARRY

At the expense of my soul, I'm sure. Sit.
I'm almost off work. We can go get baked.

EVIL

Sorry, I can't. I'm here on business.

DOC LARRY

(Cinches) You're such a damn tease.

Suddenly the TINFOIL ROBOT spazzes, malfunctioning. DOC LARRY
smashes it in the head with a wrench, leaving a huge dent.

DOC LARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, Tuna Can! Calm it down! (Turns to
Evil, sighs) Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIL

Do you still have that old time machine we used to drive around in?

DOC LARRY

You kidding? That old piece of junk? Naw, I quit the plutonium crap the day I accidentally melted one of my testicles off. And I got some poor kid stuck bang'n his mother back in 1955 of all places. Personally, I don't see why we lost our friendship over it. I mean her '85 version was a big fat pig, but in '55 she had some set of knockers. Besides, what would you need a time machine for? You can just "blink blink".

EVIL

No, it's not for me. You know the one Larry doing that stupid TV show?

DOC LARRY

(Points to window) You kidding? Little prick started all this rebellion crap. There's an idea. Go blink his ass.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

I'm trying, but the whole "five-face" thing kind of limits me.

DOC LARRY

Oww, five-face again. You know those sex games of yours can create some pretty annoying by-products. We would have been losing by now if I hadn't fought fire with fire and stamped "5" on all these pricks.

DOC LARRY whirls the TINFOIL ROBOT around, and points to the number "5" embedded on the back of its skull.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

(Mad) that's why I needed the De Lorean. (Points to robot) With that five on it, I can't blink that robot back with me.

DOC LARRY

Cha-ching! I see where you're going with this! Say, I could wrap one in skin, that'll cover the 5 up. It might work for you I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVIL

Fantastic! I always knew you could do more than play cheesy villains!

DOC LARRY

Bam-o! Let's take care of business!

CUT TO:

INT. CYBORG CREATION CHAMBER NIGHT

Testosterone filled clanging music as we follow a TINFOIL ROBOT through an assembly line....

SHOT MONTAGE:

A) Tinfoil legs are welded to a tinfoil body. Then the partial skeleton moves down a conveyer belt to....

B) ...The next stop, where tinfoil arms are welded on. The skeleton moves on again....

C) ...Where an evil looking tinfoil head (with a big dent in it) is welded on and again the skeleton moves on, and....

D) ...The complete robot stops in front of a series of sweeping lasers with a flashing Red Sign...

RED FLASHING SIGN:

"Wrench Dent Inspection"

A beat, then the sign changes to green....

GREEN FLASHING SIGN:

"Wrench Dent Removed: Inspection Complete".

The robot moves on, and....

E) ...Settles between 2 huge molding blocks, which clamp shut around it. A blue flashing sign reads....

BLUE FLASHING SIGN:

"Fleshbot Wrapping Initiated"

Then the sign reads...

BLUE FLASHING SIGN:

"Fleshbot Complete."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 2 blocks pull apart, and through the smoke, we move up the ripped muscular torso (made of human flesh) with the music building. We come to rest on the face, the music climaxing, and the evil eyes of the new LARRINATOR open.

DOC LARRY
(O.S.) Magic Evil Larry, I present to
you...The Larrinator!

CUT TO:

INT. CYBORG FACTORY NIGHT

EVIL, practically salivating, roars with a terrible laughter. Then the smoke completely clears, revealing the LARRINATOR's bare ass. EVIL starts, then cringes.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
You got a machine that makes pants?

THE LARRINATOR farts. DOC LARRY goes to him, holds up a picture of regular Larry with the yellow "5-Face" shirt.

DOC LARRY
Ok, You need to go kill this dumb-ass.

CUT TO:

THE LARRINATOR'S POV

Infrared view (with technical readouts) scans the picture.

CUT TO:

THE LARRINATOR walks to a work bench, picks up a saw and starts to cut his own head off. MAGIC EVIL rolls his eyes.

DOC LARRY (CONT'D)
So he's not made of Hollywood. What did
you expect, the Governor of California?

CUT TO:

TEXT

"Present Day."

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

3 LARRY BIKERS wearing black leather and shades sit on their bikes heating a weird pan (Japanese symbols on it) with a propane torch. The liquid in the pan bubbles/smokes. LARRY BIKER 1 is hogging the dish, inhaling the smoke.

LARRY BIKER 2

(Mad) Hey, My turn! (Beat) Come on, man!

LARRY BIKER 3

(Also annoyed, points to LARRY BIKER 1) What's wrong with this picture? (Checks watch) Hurry, it's wash day tomorrow. I got nothing clean, all right?

LARRY BIKER 2

(To LARRY BIKER 1) You're already a couple of cans short of a six pack!

LARRY BIKER 1

(Defensive, points to dish) Hey, it's my family's antique! My great, great, great, great, great grandfather King Arthur himself traded his best member of the Round Table to some oriental guy to get this special Japanese pan...In other words....

THE LARRINATOR (still nude) blinks into view with a flash of lightning.

LARRINATOR

(Bellowing Schwarzenegger style) Nice knight for a Wok!

THE LARRINATOR Punches each biker once, killing all of them instantly. Then THE LARRINATOR speaks to the dead bodies.

LARRINATOR (CONT'D)

Your clothes. Give them to me, now!
(Stands waiting for response)

CUT TO:

TEXT

"Meanwhile..."

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S LIVINGROOM NIGHT

The world's nastiest, moldiest cup bottom fills the screen.

LARRY
(O.S.) Check...that...crap...
out!

We pull back; LARRY & camera sit with the lens deep in a cup.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Now that is quality TV. Where else
besides Grandpa's underwear drawer are
you gonna see stuff like this?

Suddenly, in BG there is a flash of lightning and SOMEONE
with no clothes on falls out of the sky, landing out of sight
behind the couch with a thud. Larry looks up from the cup,
too late to see anything. He ponders, looks to the audience.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(To Camera) Did you guys just see some
naked dude fall out of the sky?

The naked guy's head plows in from the side of the screen,
causing LARRY to start. The naked guy screams (in an obvious
imitation of the "Reece" character from "The Terminator").

LAREECE
What's the God Damn Date?!!!

LARRY
(Shocked) ...Hell, I dont know!

LAREECE
Then I need a jock strap!!!

Crazy metallic chase music kicks in as LAREECE takes off in a
frenzy. We track behind him as he scuttles in paranoia
through the house, twisting and turning to check his left,
right, and back sides, always grunting uncontrollably. He
finally comes to an abrupt halt in....

INT. LARRY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

LAREECE yanks open the dresser, throwing clothes everywhere.
LARRY runs in behind him.

LARRY
Dude, I don't have a jock strap!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAREECE

(Throwing on a trench coat) Then get me a shot gun!

LARRY

I don't have a shot gun either!

LAREECE

(Annoyed) Well what do you have? Just venereal disease?

LARRY

No, I don't have venereal disease!

LAREECE

Not yet, anyway.

LARRY

What are you talking about?

LAREECE

I'm from the future! (Larry, horrified grabs his crotch) In 30 seconds a great big bastard is gonna come crashing in here looking to bend you over and teach you German style! Your show One Cheap Move will be screwed!

LARRY

(Flabbergasted)...Literally.

LAREECE digs a toy squirt gun riffle out of the closet.

LAREECE

Holy crap! All you got is a squirt gun! Quick! Stir me up some bathtub napalm!

LAREECE looks up to nothing but an open bedroom window.

LAREECE (CONT'D)

(Shakes head, To self, calm raspy voice)
Like fighting a metal kraut on steroids
doesn't suck enough. (Jumps out window.)

One video frame after LAREECE is gone, THE LARRIATOR (now wearing biker clothes/shades from BIKER LARRY 1) has already finished crashing through the wall as if it was paper. A beat as he stands there motionless with debris floating to the ground around him. He goes to a night stand, grabs a wallet.

CUT TO:

THE LARRIATOR'S POV

Infrared view of THE LARRINATOR'S hands opening Larry's wallet. Larry's driver's license is inside, with a ridiculous picture of Larry on it. There is a huge zit on his face. Robotic text prints over the infrared.

INFRARED TEXT

"Target Identified...Skin Flaw Detected...Oxy Maintenance Required...."

The view shifts to heat marks in the form of footsteps going out the window. More text is printed.

INFRARED TEXT

"Foot Size 11 1/2 Discovered...Target Trail Identified."

The view pans down to see little cat footprints. And we pan up to see a CAT sitting on the bed. More text...

INFRARED TEXT

"Unidentified Alien Creature...Running Tests..."

CUT TO:

THE LARRINATOR pulls his finger off to reveal a pen light laser. He beams a laser dot on and around the cat. Scanning noises are heard. The cat starts playing with the laser dot.

CUT TO:

INFRARED POV

Over the red image of the cat playing with the laser is printed...

INFRARED TEXT

"Creature Reaction; Friendly...Analysis; Warm and Fuzzy...Possible Responses; Kick, Squash, Eat, Obtain and Pet."

CUT TO:

THE LARRINATOR walks menacingly to the cat, picks it up and proceeds with a dead serious expression to cuddle on it.

EXT. CHUNKY PUKE'S TAVERN NIGHT

Heading for the front door, LARRY pauses, address the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Sorry guys, if Kung Fu Larry said, "Time was the enemy," the last guy we want to hang with is a shell-shocked vet from the future sporting PTSD and a homemade flamethrower. I've gotta hide until this time travel crap blows over. In the meantime, let's look at the bright side; I'm gonna get sloshed. (Goes in).

INT. CHUNKY PUKE'S TAVERN NIGHT

LARRY, at a bar, looks up from the menu to the camera.

LARRY

Or not! 5 bucks for a lemon?! (Chunks menu, speaks to someone off camera) Hell, just give me a fork so I've got something to flick turds with. (Snatches up glass of water) Uh-uhh! Water's mine! (Throws down a nickel) Enjoy the tip, bitch!

LARRY mumbles, drinks some water, looks about the bar. He suddenly starts, and the sequence goes into....

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE:

Across the way, a laser dot travels across the floor. Larry looks scared. He slowly looks at the camera.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(Slow, deep, slurred slow-mo speech)
Craaaaaaaap innnnn sloooowww-moooooo
caaaaan't beeeeeee goooooood....

The dot continues, and into the picture slides the CAT from the scene in LARRY'S BEDROOM. LARRY looks even more scared. His eyes search for the source of the laser, coming to rest on THE LARRINATOR across the room (beaming the laser from his finger).

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh fuuu (insert super long bleep)....

LARRY looks farther over. Behind THE LARRINATOR is LAREECE, yelling at Larry and thumbing towards the exit, more than obviously trying to tell him to get the hell out of there.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...(Oblivious) Whaaaaaaataattt???????

The music gets intense as the laser dot creeps up LARRY'S stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAREECE grabs bottles of liquor off a shelf, and pours them into the squirt gun. The laser is on LARRY'S chest. LAREECE grabs a LARRY PATRON'S lighter. The laser moves up LARRY'S face right between his eyes. LAREECE flicks the lighter to a flame. The music climaxes, and....

BACK IN NORMAL MOTION

The CAT flies with a huge "Meooooowww!" onto LARRY'S face, knocking him backwards. LAREECE in tandem shoots a flame fountain across the room, torching 3 LARRY PATRONS to death, and scorching THE LARRINATOR in the ass. All it does is make THE LARRINATOR'S ass smoke. He doesn't even flinch. LAREECE notices, and gasps. Then spots the cat on a table and torches it. Off a huge "meow", THE LARRINATOR whips his attention to the CAT, clomping clumsily over to it, hands extended like a worried parent. LAREECE grabs LARRY.

LAREECE

(To Larry, intense) Come with me unless
you want an ass full of bratwurst.

LARRY double-takes at THE LARRINATOR studying the smoking CAT in his hands.

LARRY

(To LAREECE) You've gotta be kidding.
You're the good guy?!

LAREECE shrugs and drags LARRY out a back door. Meanwhile, THE LARRINATOR still studies the smoking CAT.

CUT TO:

INFRARED POV

Technical jargon prints over the dead smoldering critter.

TEXT

"Transformation in Alien Exterior...Condition: Extra Crispy;
Cause: High Temperature Whiskey Barbecue...Analysis; Life
Force Terminated...Terminated...Terminated...."

THE LARRINATOR intensely brings the charred CAT to his face.

THE LARRINATOR

(To dead CAT)...I'll be back.

THE LARRINATOR drops the cat. It breaks into ashes. He walks impendingly through the exit LARRY and LAREECE took.

EXT. BACK ALLEY NIGHT

LAREECE runs down the alley, way ahead of LARRY, exhausted.

LAREECE
Hurry up you stupid video hack!

LAREECE tugs at the door of a near car. An alarm goes off.

CAR ALARM
Protected by Viper! Stand back! (LAREECE
pausing, confused)

LARRY
(Running up) What's the hold up?! Open
the damn door!

LAREECE
I can't! It said it's protected by Viper!

LARRY
(A beat, deadpan) Are you sure you're the
good guy?

CUT TO:

THE LARRINATOR runs powerfully towards the arguing heros.

CUT TO:

INFRARED POV

In the LARRIATOR'S red POV, we quickly approach LARRY AND
LAREECE breaking into the car and trying to start it.

INFRARED TEXT

"Enemy Escaping in Car...Suggested Tactics;...A; Cry Like
Girly-Man...B; Be Good Samaritan/Report to Police...C; Fly
Through Windshield." ("Fly Through Windshield" blinking.)

CUT TO:

INT. CAR NIGHT

LAREECE floors it, the car taking off in reverse.

LAREECE
Guess we ditched that Kraut!

THE LARRINATOR'S face smashes through the window, screaming
"Arnold style" like a goofy gorilla. LARRY screams. THE
LARRINATOR screams. LAREECE screams. THE LARRINATOR screams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY screams. LAREECE pulls the LARRINATOR'S shades off and pokes him in both eyes "Stooges" style.

THE LARRINATOR
(Goofy Arnold-like) Owwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!

EXT. CITY STREET NIGHT

The car speeds out of the alley, hooking a sharp turn. THE LARRINATOR flies off like a terrible stunt dummy into a massive and ridiculously intricate pyramid of trash cans. The car peels away. A LARRY PATRON at a nearby phone booth scoffs at the recklessly driving car. He watches it going way, speaking in its general direction (while in FG, the LARRINATOR'S shades are picked up off the ground by the battered hand of THE LARRINATOR).

LARRY PATRON
(Towards distant car) Hey man. That guy's got a serious attitude problem.

THE LARRINATOR rips the LARRY PATRON'S head off, taking the phone. He dials "911." When he speaks into the phone, his voice matches that of the LARRY PATRON.

POLICE OPERATOR
(O.S. Over Phone)... Police, 911.

THE LARRINATOR
(LARRY PATRON'S VOICE) I'd like to report an arsonist who's driving around decapitating everybody....

INT. CAR NIGHT

LAREECE and LARRY speed down the road.

LARRY
All right! Time out damnit! Time out!

LAREECE
Shut your pie hole! Listen up! The early Larrinators were just robots! But these have skin, they burp, and they fart! No way you can identify one from the other side of a bathroom stall!

LARRY
But why does it want to kill me?

LAREECE
Because you're its target dumb ass!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

No, I mean what the hell did I do?

LAREECE

Didn't you ever pay attention in Future History Class? Damn, you're an idiot! Look, you see that building...? (Points to a movie theater as they drive past.)

LARRY

It's called a "movie theater."

LAREECE

Not in a few years. Soon there's gonna be a huge film studio takeover. George Lucas buys every commercial movie house in the world and renames them "Ewok Theaters." (Off Larry's dumbfounded look) He gets so rich, he has himself cloned so he can keep upgrading the first Star Wars movie for all eternity. Then he outlaws all new story ideas and makes it illegal to do anything but remakes. All his friends leave him, so for company he builds himself a real-life version of the robot from "Short Circuit." Then one day, the Vice President of Lucasfilm suggests remaking the TV show "MacGyvor". The robot gets jealous because he hates that stupid show, and insists to Lucas that instead of doing MacGyvor, he should remake the movie "Short Circuit." Lucas agrees....

LARRY

...(Dead pan) This is the stupidist...

LAREECE

...But on the day of the meeting, Lucas goes to the Dentist and his mouth gets messed up. When the Vice President asks if he still wants to remake "MacGyvor," all Lucas can do is babble. In a last ditch effort to say he'd rather remake "Short Circuit," Lucas tries to spit out the word "Robot," but instead it comes out as "Show-Bought." 5 Days later, "MacGyvor: The Movie" is in production! And Lucas's robot screws everything by telling all machines everywhere to take over the world's media.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY

(Shaking head) What happens to all the people?

LAREECE

Every suit-wearing executive working for every major film studio gets sodomized! (Larry suddenly giggling) And every creative-type gets their private parts plugged into a big conglomerate hard drive for artistic ideas called "The Gaytrix". When I got unplugged, my penis was still branded by laser scan. (Reaches for fly) Wanna see?

LARRY

(Immediately) No! No! God...(calms) no.

LAREECE

But there was one independent show left being pirated by humans. Wasn't worth a spit, but at least it was better than remakes! Turned the film world on its ass! It's name was "One Cheap Move"...your show Larry...your un-bought show.

LARRY

Crap! I don't even get paid for it?!

Police lights turn on behind them.

LAREECE

Get your head down!

LARRY

(Looks about) What the hell for?

LAREECE

That cop may be too embarrassed to arrest us if you were giving me some!

LARRY

Whoa man! I am not...(Ponders) Hey, in the future I am hetero, right?

LAREECE

Screw it! Derby time! Watch me put the moves on this 21st century bitch!

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM NIGHT

LARRY and LAREECE sit tied to chairs talking to 2 LARRY COPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAREECE

I already told you everything. What, you
never saw Star Wars? (Larry sighing)

ACT I FADE OUT:

ACT TWO:

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM NIGHT

LARRY, INSPECTOR LARRY (Jacket and Tie) and ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY (Button down, Tie) watch through a one-way glass as two LARRY COPS interrogate LAREECE.

LARRY

I sincerely appreciate it, but I really do think LAREECE is telling the truth.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY

My ass. They all make you think that at first. Once I saw this guy pick up a truck and eat the whole damn thing. But I found out later he never actually swallowed the seat cushions. Complete con-artist. (Starts to unzip his fly) Hey, you want to see a scar I'm real proud of?

INSPECTOR LARRY

(To ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY) Hey, shut up and get me some coffee.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY

You sure? That pot was made 5 hours ago.

INSPECTOR LARRY

Did I ask for your advice?

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY

I took a piss in it too.

Inspector LARRY ignores him, just watches the interrogation.

LARRY

(To ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY) Uh...No coffee for me...thanks.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY shrugs, walks off. Through the glass, LAREECE starts to get upidy.

LAREECE

You guys really want to be inundated with Ewoks the rest of your lives?! Without me, LARRY'S gonna be history!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY COP 1

Ah-ha! History huh? Caught ya! Earlier you said this was all in the future!

LARRY COP 2

(Thumbs up to LARRY COP 1) Good Cop-Bad Cop strikes again my man!

LAREECE

That Larriator's gonna grab him, rip off his torso, hollow it out and take a dump in it! Let me go!!!

INSPECTOR LARRY

(Turns to LARRY) See, crazier than Mel Gibson in a holding cell.

LAREECE

(To window) I heard that!

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY NIGHT

A COP CLERK LARRY sits at a desk behind protective bars. In walks THE LARRINATOR. He approaches the clerk.

THE LARRINATOR

(Calm Arnold Style) I'm a friend of myself. I was told that I am here. Could I see me please?

COP CLERK LARRY

(Looking up) Huh? I thought they had you inside.

THE LARRINATOR

(Demanding) Where am I?

COP CLERK LARRY

(Confused) Uh, look, there's a bench in the corner if you want to take a seat.

THE LARRINATOR looks at the bench. He looks at the clerk. He turns, goes to the bench, sits. A few beats. He stands back up, goes to the clerk.

THE LARRINATOR

I'm back.

THE LARRINATOR punches between the bars and knocks COP CLERK LARRY backward into a wall. THE LARRINATOR stands there calmly waiting as COP CLERK LARRY stands up, shakes the punch off. Then he laughs at THE LARRINATOR still behind the bars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP CLERK LARRY

(Sarcastic) Ha ha! Not so tough now are ya? Whatchya gonna do? Turn to liquid and come through the bars or something?

THE LARRINATOR shoves his hand through the bars and yanks COP CLERK LARRY back through them. Split layers of COP CLERK LARRY splat to the ground. THE LARRINTAOR reaches under the customer convenience slot, buzzes the door open, walks in.

INT. POLICE STATION MAIN AREA NIGHT

LARRY sits at a desk, talking to INSPECTOR LARRY and ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY. Several LARRY COPS walk by in BG (one taking a swig of coffee and immediately spits it out).

LARRY

Are you guys sure you're right about all this? I have to admit I'm a little nervous.

ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY

Please. This station could withstand a nuclear bomb. One time this tanker full of pig ears and toxic waste plowed into the building...(Off a look from INSPECTOR LARRY) Sorry, go ahead.

INSPECTOR LARRY

(To ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LARRY) Trust me. Everything's fine. After all, we've got 55 cops in this building.

A sudden blinding blur in BG (accompanied by a series of loud thuds) shoots left, right, and comes into FG. In less than half a second, THE LARRINATOR has come to a complete stop in front of LARRY, and every cop in sight has a spear sticking out of them. They all groan and fall dead.

LARRY

Holy Crap!

THE LARRINATOR lifts a double barrel shotgun to LARRY'S face, and pulls the trigger. There is a small fizzle as it misfires. THE LARRINATOR opens the gun, pulls out 2 smoking shells, studies them.

THE LARRINATOR

(Like Arnold)...Poopy!

THE LARRINATOR drops the shotgun, walks towards LARRY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(Terrified) Lareece! Help!

INT. CONNECTING ROOM TO POLICE STATION MAIN AREA NIGHT

LAREECE leaps up from a chair, viewing LARRY'S situation through a glass window. He runs to the door connecting to Larry's room, tries opening it with his cuffed hands. Through the door can be heard THE LARRINATOR closing for the kill.

THE LARRINATOR
(O.S.) Now, I crush you!

LARRY
(O.S.) Lareeeeeeece!!!

LAREECE gives up with his hands.

LAREECE
Screw this!

LAREECE backs up, bends over, takes a running start at the door, screaming.

INT. POLICE STATION MAIN AREA NIGHT

THE LARRINATOR still closes on LARRY as LAREECE'S head (only his head) crashes through the office door nearby.

LAREECE (CONT'D)
(Splinters flying) Quick! What's the square root of five, you big dumb sonovabitch!

THE LARRINATOR stops moving completely.

CUT TO:

INFRARED POV

We see a terrified LARRY (in infrared) just staring at the camera, waiting. Text prints over the view.

INFRARED TEXT

"If 5 can mean anything," then square root of 5 =Data Overload...Data Overload...Reboot...Reboot...."

CUT TO:

A tiny "power zap" is heard as THE LARRINATOR bends over like a wind-up doll running out of juice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAREECE pulls his head out of the door, comes around it, and (hands still cuffed behind him) drags the confused LARRY away.

LAREECE
Gets 'em every time!

EXT. POLICE STATION NIGHT

LAREECE and LARRY run out the police station front door.

LARRY
Wow, that was smart. Who taught you future guys that "5" can mean anything?

LAREECE
You just did.

LARRY
Huh?

LAREECE
Ya, see you just told me, so you just now did. Now when I come back to help you, I'll remember it.

LARRY
(A beat, then annoyed) What? That makes no sense at all! That's like one of those stupid time travel movies that sucks because it has a time loop mistake.

LAREECE
Exactly. (Larry gives look, then LAREECE, forcefully) Hey, James Cameron, you can bitch about bad writers later! But right now we have to find a hiding place where THE LARRINATOR can't possibly find us!

The camera pans a tiny distance to a hardware store right across the street. LAREECE walks the 20 feet over to it. On the way he accidentally knocks over several trash cans, spilling muck and things that leave a very obvious trail.

LARRY
(Just stands there, then matter of factly) Actually, Cameron didn't screw up until the second movie, but....

LAREECE
(Waiting at open door) Hurry up!

INT. HARDWARE STORE FRONT END NIGHT

A huge shot of the store's front end. The silhouettes of LARRY and LAREECE come out from behind the camera with their backs to us.

LAREECE
 (Macho) Let's find big, cool, stuff
 that'll smash that metal mother-sucker
 into junk!

INT. HARDWARE STORE ISLES NIGHT

CUT TO:

SHOT MONTAGE

A series of shots as LAREECE and LARRY prepare for battle....

- A) LAREECE'S hands grab a nail gun, loading the gun with nails.
- B) LARRY'S hands grab a caulking gun, loading the gun with a container of caulk.
- C) LAREECE'S hands grab a machete.
- D) LARRY'S hands grab a tape measure.
- E) LAREECE'S hands grab a pipe, a sledgehammer, an axe.
- F) LARRY'S hands grab a bucket of pink paint and a brush.
- G) LAREECE'S hands grab a chain saw.
- H) LARRY'S hands grab some potted plants.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE FRONT END NIGHT

LAREECE and LARRY meet cart to cart at the front end, both carts overflowing with stuff. LAREECE'S stuff is all deadly. LARRY'S stuff is a bunch of pansy objects.

LAREECE
 All you got is got is cart full of crap!

LARRY
 (A beat) You don't like pink?

A nearby door bashes to the floor. The LARRINATOR steps through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE LARRINATOR
(Yelling) I have found you!

LARRY screams, picks up a plant and throws it at THE LARRINATOR. It bounces harmlessly off his head, then gently rolls a couple of feet to nearby power box, causing a massive explosion that blows the LARRINATOR into a junk pile of flaming metal pieces.

LAREECE
What?! But that's the stupidest thing
I've ever seen!

Suddenly out of the pile of metal pieces rolls a new, totally metallic LARRINATOR, with wheel treads instead of legs. The number "5" on the back of his head is now prominent.

THE LARRINATOR
You did not kill me! Number 5 is alive!

LAREECE
(To LARRY) Now you really did it!

LAREECE kicks over his own shopping cart in an annoyed fashion. He grabs LARRY by the shoulder, dragging him away from the scene. LARRY drags his own cart with them.

INT. HARDWARE STORE ISLES NIGHT

LAREECE pulls LARRY (sitting in his cart) at high speed down the isles. LARRY is chunking stuff out of his cart at THE LARRINATOR, who follows in hot pursuit, objects banging off his head.

LARRINATOR
Number 5 is coming! I'm going to get you!

CUT TO:

LARRY and LAREECE

LARRY
Why can't we just confuse him with the
square root thing again?!

LAREECE
You screwed that option when you burned
his skin off! Now the model number "5" is
showing. You can't fight fire with fire!

LARRY
Fire with...? Well how about using "face"
instead?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAREECE

You can't destroy "five" with "face" or vice versa. Don't you know anything about those stupid safe words?

LARRY

Safe words?

LAREECE

Magic Evil Larry created them so his mistress would feel safe playing "dungeon". When they broke up, the bitch blabbed the magic words to her friends. Now everyone uses them for a temp fix.

LARRY

(In disbelief) Dungeon?!

LAREECE

Don't worry, you don't have to tell me any of that stuff until the day I try to rape you in prison!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE BACK END

LAREECE and LARRY screech to a halt in the back of the store. In BG, THE LARRINATOR puts on more shades as he closes.

THE LARRINATOR

Now, I tear you apart and still be home in time for some steroids!

LAREECE

(Grabbing a pipe)...Last stand....

LARRY

(Leaping from cart) No! LAREECE, I can't let you! Get out of the way!

LARRY opens the can of pink paint and sloshes it onto THE LARRINATOR.

THE LARRINATOR

You think you can stop me with pink?!

LARRY throws the brush, and it sticks onto the pink paint on the side of the LARRINATOR'S FACE.

THE LARRINATOR (CONT'D)

Your brush bristles will not help you!

LARRY, frustrated, picks up the caulking gun and squirts caulk onto THE LARRINATOR'S shades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEAD

You are trembling! Your friend cannot stop me! Now you will also not stop me!

LARRY kicks at the rolling HEAD, with the teeth trying to nip his feet. As he crawls, he grabs things off of low shelves and chunks them at the HEAD, but they just bounce off of it. The HEAD keeps coming. The HEAD gets closer, closer, closer, until finally LARRY as a last resort pulls himself into a enclosed display made up of cheap plywood walls. Just in the nick of time, he grabs a near roll of flimsy wire and holds it up as the only shield separating him from the HEAD. The HEAD bites at the wire, struggles to get through. The teeth snap at LARRY'S nose and face, LARRY flailing about to avoid a good hold. And then in one terrifying movement, the HEAD breaks entirely through.

HEAD (CONT'D)

You are terminated!!!!

LARRY hawks a lugie. He calmly spits it into the HEAD'S exposed eye socket. Instantly the HEAD starts fizzling, screaming like it's in pain, electricity flying everywhere. In a matter of seconds, the head completely implodes, leaving behind only a pile of tinfoil, and a red eye light that fades completely out. LARRY sighs in relief, then sees LAREECE gasping for last breath across the way. LARRY crawls to LAREECE.

LARRY

Don't worry Lareece, I'm gonna get you out of here.

LAREECE

(Gasping) Actually, you're not. But don't worry, as soon as I die, you're gonna be so relieved you didn't have to take it from behind that you're gonna forget all about me, and then celebrate by going home and masturbating.

LARRY

(Like it's all a joke) Ya see, that's right! You can't die! Because you still have to rape me in prison!

LARRY chuckles like he's blowing it off. Then, in distant BG is suddenly heard approaching sirens.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...Oh my god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAREECE

(Gasping) You're not my type yet. I
like...guys...that...are...older. (Dies)

LARRY

(Shaking LAREECE) Lareece!...Lareece!

Several mournful beats. Then LARRY looks up to the camera. He speaks as the sounds of approaching cops get louder in BG.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(To camera) Kung Fu Larry has some serious explaining to do. Magic Evil using safe words? (Points to LAREECE) And I'm supposed to get rear-ended by a dead guy? Now that's what I call advanced technology. Who writes this crap anyway? (Looks off camera) Over here guys! I know it looks bad, but don't worry, it's just a dead robot. (Points to LAREECE) Oh, well, and this guy. This isn't gonna take all night is it? I'm supposed to go home and jerk off.

ACT II FADE OUT:

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. SHORT CIRCUIT BAR AND GRILL (FUTURE) NIGHT

Establishing shot of a small bar labeled "Short Circuit Bar and Grill." (War from TEASER going on in BG.) Text below....

TEXT

"The Year 55555..."

INT. SHORT CIRCUIT BAR AND GRILL (FUTURE) NIGHT

MAGIC EVIL LARRY and DOC LARRY are drinking their troubles away at a bar serviced by TINFOIL ROBOTS. In BG other TOY ROBOTS play blues on a stage.

DOC LARRY
You can't blame yourself.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
Oh, I don't. I blame you.

DOC LARRY
Now that's not very damn nice.

A TINFOIL ROBOT comes up behind MAGIC EVIL LARRY and taps him on the shoulder. MAGIC EVIL LARRY turns, speaks all macho.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
What, you got a problem with me being in your seat? I got news for you buddy....

DOC LARRY
(To TINFOIL ROBOT) Tinker, you don't want any of this guy. Let me get you a drink.

The TINFOIL ROBOT shoves MAGIC EVIL, who throws back a hey maker and knocks the robot's head off. A brawl ensues, MAGIC EVIL LARRY kicking butt. DOC LARRY retreats into his drink.

DOC LARRY (CONT'D)
You try to warn'em. Dumb ass kids.

ROLL END CREDITS:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW