

Flame Cow (Bål Ku)
Story by Script Applicator 4.0
Screenplay by Script Applicator
4.1

Shooting/Editing Draft 8/10/98
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Frumples Pictures, Cosmonaut Films

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FLAME COW: Brian Costello
MILKMAID PETRA: Corinna Buchholz
FARMER JOHANSSSEN: John O'Meara
GRINGOR STYNX: Cody Weathers
"DAVID BOWIE": John Speranza
THE PRESIDENT: Cat Mayhugh
THE VICE-PRESIDENT: Eric Rorem
LEON, THE PROFESSIONAL: John
Fried

ROLL CREDITS

Music: "Garbage" perf. By Flip Nasty, written by Cody
Weathers and Karl Wicklund

SCENE 1: The Great wall, China
Music: "China, Present Day"

Open with wide shot of THE GREAT WALL. A HELICOPTER swoops
into view, and AGENT LARA CROFT rappels from its cargo bay
onto the WALL. Surveying the scene, she then drops to the
ADJACENT GROUND.

CUT TO Farmer JOHANSEN, standing beside the wall, wearing no pants.

JOHANSEN

Ai Ya! Wo bu zhidao! I don't have any pants to put all the lefse and the jiaozi into. What am I to do?

(beat)

Uffda!

Cut to PETRA, wearing a BUBUSKA-LIKE uniform.

PETRA

Farmer Johanssen! You good-fer-nothin' bu hao pengyou! Wo de mingzi jiao Mao Ze Dong! I told you to wear more pants for this mission.

(beat)

Uffda!

CUT TO CLOSEUP of LARA CROFT, running by them on her morning jog.

JOHANSEN

Nice peaks!

PETRA

Yes, the shan are hen hao kan!

LARA CROFT spins and fires off a round from her Chinese-made AK-47.

BULLET POV SEQUENCE: The bullet whizzes across a vista of the local foothills, then very close to the ground, around the entire globe to Sussex, England, where it lands in the inquisitive palm of DAVID BOWIE.

CUT BACK to
China

JOHANSEN

Well, I'll be. I've done chewed iron ore into ball bearings before, but I never done see a

bullet do a stunt like that.
Tiananmen Square! Petra, get me
some pants! Uffda!

CUT TO BLACK

NARRATOR (v.o.)

And so it was that now with
pants, this seemingly simple
Farmer Johanssen was put into
the predicament that he was.
Namely, that of the Everyman and
his great plan. But where was
Flame Cow, his noted sex toy?
And where was Gringor Stynx, his
other noted sex toy? Now faced
with no more jiaozi and saying
the "hello nasty" to his
brethren enemies of evolution,
Farmer Johanssen is forced to
bring about the heartbreak of a
generation to its rock stars.

SCENE 2: Iowa Headquarters of the Farm Justice League

CUT TO TELEVISION, playing footage of APOLLO 11 moon landing

NEIL ARMSTRONG

I'm going to step off the LEM. That's one small step for man,
one giant leap for mankind.

HOUSTON

That looks beautiful from here, Neil.

NEIL ARMSTRONG

It has a stark beauty all its own....

CUT TO FLAME COW watching this all from the couch, sipping
milk. Enter FARMER JOHANSSEN.

JOHANSSEN

You are one sick cow, Flame Cow.
What are you drinking...milk?

FLAME COW

Fuck off.

JOHANSSSEN

I should discipline you for such behavior!

ENTER MILKMAID PETRA. She is attired such that it is obvious she was not hired for her skills as a milkmaid. She carries a jug of MILK.

PETRA

More milk, Flame Cow?

JOHANSSSEN

So you're the one who's been giving Flame Cow milk. Girl, I'm gonna teach you a lesson!

JOHANSSSEN grabs PETRA, putting her down over his knee. He spansks her mercilessly.

FLAME COW

Why can't we all just get along like a normal family? This whole moon thing is really getting to me....I feel like jumping.

Suddenly, GRINGOR STYNX leaps through the window!

GRINGOR

I've finally tracked you down, Flame Cow. This time you won't get away! (winces) That's some damn hard shit glass!

FLAME COW leaps off the couch and attacks Gringor, beating him about the face with the milk jug until, mysteriously, Gringor DESTABILIZES and DISAPPEARS!

CUT TO INT. Gringor's SECRET HIDEOUT. GRINGOR is still alive there in a large cave complex! He is watching a monitor of the scene.

GRINGOR

Hmmmm.... Clone number three down. Time for a little black magic.

Gringor leans over and speaks into a TYPICAL VILLAIN INTERCOM

GRINGOR (CONT'D)
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.

Scene 3: DAVID BOWIE'S MANSION in Sussex, England.

INT, DAY. DAVID BOWIE sits at his piano, composing his next
brilliant opus. Enter GRINGOR STYNX.

GRINGOR
The concert hall is ready.

BOWIE
Has the audience been sprinkled
with baby talcum powder?

GRINGOR
Yes, but I still don't see the
point.

BOWIE
It's all about "the show."

GRINGOR
Wasn't the lick from "Dead Man
Walking" a gift from Jimmy Page?

BOWIE
Yes.

GRINGOR
Well, it doesn't matter anyway.
If this doesn't pick up soon,
I'm going to start in with the
beatings. Just being frank --
that's how it is.

BOWIE
You can't threaten me --I'm the
talent.

GRINGOR
Look, if you're not going to
give me the clone juice, then
I'm gonna go.

Scene 4: INT. WHITE HOUSE. FLAME COW, PETRA, and FARMER JOHANSEN walk through an interior hallway, hopelessly lost on their way to a meeting with the President. Nonetheless, FLAME COW, desperately opens all of the doors, finally locating the elusive BATHROOM, which he then enters, slamming the door in RELIEF. JOHANSEN and PETRA wait in the hallway.

JOHANSEN

Did you hear about that cloned sheep in Scotland?

PETRA

You mean the Red Heifer?

FLAME COW

(through the door)

Wait! Don't discuss this without me!

JOHANSEN

Is that that girl who was hanging around the farm all last summer?

PETRA

Ja. So sad the accident at "The Grinder." Poor Flame Cow --all he has left to remember her by is that little piece of hoof in a mason jar.

FLAME COW

I can answer these questions if you'll just wait a minute! My combustible interior requires frequent methan venting and special care. Just bear with me! Maybe if you made some tea....

enter a GHASTLY SPECTRE

GHASTLY SPECTRE

We've had enough of your ruminations, cow. Give us action! ACTION!

SPECTRE disappears, leaving mute stares all around.

CUT TO Interior, Oval Office. The PRESIDENT waits impatiently for the delinquent FARM JUSTICE FIGHTERS, who were supposed to arrive half an hour ago. He finally punches a button on the PRESIDENTIAL INTERCOM.

PRESIDENT

Zachary, has Flame Cow arrived yet?

ZACHARY

(through intercom)

No, Mr. President, but there's a Mr. Stynx holding on line four.

PRESIDENT

Mr. Stynx? Like "stinks?"

The PRESIDENT presses the button for LINE FOUR on the infamous PRESIDENTIAL INTERCOM.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Mr. Stynx?

GRINGOR

(through intercom)

That's correct, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

What is it that you need of me?

GRINGOR

It's about the "Clone Wars" project.

PRESIDENT

The "Star Wars" project?

GRINGOR

No sir, the "Clone Wars" project.

PRESIDENT

Hm. I'll have to read up on those files.

GRINGOR

We need funding, sir.

PRESIDENT

Later, later.

He disconnects PRESIDENTIAL INTERCOM from the wall in resplendent and melodramatic violent RIPPING motion.

Scene 5: Back at the FARM. PETRA and GRINGOR are fucking like mad. Gringor CLIMAXES and the fury subsides.

GRINGOR

(glowing)

I may never walk again, but for this happiness, I would gladly sacrifice all.

PETRA

So this problem you said you'd fix for me....

GRINGOR

Oh, don't speak of that at this juncture. I understand my duty to you now. It is of such great actions that all great love stories are forged.

PETRA

Ja, so I've got to milk the cow now --Farmer Johanssen will be home any time now.

GRINGOR

Oh, please, I beg thee --do not let a frown sully your face....

PETRA

Ja, I've got to go.

PETRA gets out of bed with a not-entirely-slight shudder of disgust.

GRINGOR

Will you come back?

CUT TO the MILKING SHED. PETRA is yanking quite hard on FLAME COW's tender udders. Enter FARMER JOHANSEN

JOHANSEN

Now, Petra, how many times have I told you not to be so hard on the udders? How many times?

PETRA

I'm sorry, sir. It's not in my nature.

JOHANSEN

Yümpin' yimminy, Petra! The President of these Ünitèd States is coming to see the one and only Flame Ku, and you've gone and yacked up the udders! Now you put some salve on those udders right quick, missy!

PETRA

Yes, sir.

Exit JOHANSEN, PETRA furrows her brows conspiratorily.

CUT TO behind the barn. PETRA glances about, then signals GRINGOR to come out of his HIDING PLACE.

PETRA

So you'll take care of this thing for me tomorrow?

GRINGOR

I would take care of it every day of time eternal until that sweet day....

PETRA

Shut up and show me what you've got.

GRINGOR reveals a mint-condition 1942 LUGER PISTOL, the ignominious sidearm of the GERMAN SECRET SERVICE.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Perfect.

GRINGOR

After tomorrow, everything will
be different for us, my love.

PETRA

Ja. Whatever.

CUT TO the next day, the PRESIDENT arrives by LIMOUSINE. He is being guarded by a very watchful DAVID BOWIE. JOHANSEN and PETRA lead them into the FARMHOUSE.

PRESIDENT

So where's this Flame Cow I've
heard so much about?

We PAN to see GRINGOR, hiding inconspicuously in the shadows. As the procession passes him, GRINGOR stealthily --and by this, I mean: without knocking anything at all over in the process-- closes on their unsuspecting flanks.

CUT TO interior of the FARMHOUSE. The PROCESSION has just entered. GRINGOR, from outside, makes a noise. DAVID BOWIE snaps around in reaction to it.

BOWIE

Look out, sir, he's a clone!

DAVID BOWIE pushes the PRESIDENT to the ground just as GRINGOR levels his gun and fires, shooting JOHANSEN in the arm. GRINGOR flees.

PRESIDENT

Release the hounds!

CUT TO fallow field. GRINGOR sprints for the road, but is run down and eaten by THE HOUNDS.

CUT BACK to the FARMHOUSE, INT.

PRESIDENT

Well, that was interesting. Now,
about this cow.

JOHANSEN goes to fetch FLAME COW

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

(noticing PETRA)
Hi there, little lady. I don't think we've been introduced properly.

PETRA
Oh sir, it's a great honor to meet you. Perhaps I could give you a tour of the barn later.

PRESIDENT
(smiling)
Mmmm, that sounds tasty!

Enter FLAME COW, looking somewhat PUT OUT.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Wow, a real semi-post-op transsexual hermaphroditic cow! Neat!

FLAME COW
Fuck off.

Enter DAVID BOWIE, rushing in from the outside, where he has been inspecting the tattered remains of the GRINGOR CLONE for additional clues.

BOWIE
Look out, sir, she's a clone!

PETRA pulls out a gun and seizes FLAME COW about the neck.

JOHANSSEN pushes the PRESIDENT out of danger. BOWIE pulls his gun, as well as STYNNX's LUGER and aims at PETRA in a NAIL-BITING SHOWDOWN.

BOWIE
Drop the cow!

PETRA
I want a helicopter! We're getting out of here. I'm going to clone Flame Cow, and there's nothing you can do about it, David Bowie!

BOWIE

Drop the cow!

PETRA

How pathetic. Well Bowie, I suppose that your agents have broken Stynx completely by now. It's no matter. I will complete the plan myself. You see, I used sex to lure Stynx the simpleton into my brilliant plot. I convinced him that I would only love him if....

BOWIE

If he killed the President. You fiend.

PETRA

No, only if he killed Johanssen! We're getting out of here. There's nothing you can do about it. I'm going to clone Flame Cow!

PETRA backs out, using FLAME COW as a BOVINE SHIELD. BOWIE is helpless, I guess, to intervene.

SCENE 6: The scene that makes it all make sense which, due to budget considerations and talent availability, will be neither written, nor filmed.

SCENE 7: MOUNT GRINGOR, Gringor's Island hideout, dawn. The distant battle cries of the STYNXITES are audible in the morning stillness. From a great height, the camera swoops down over a large compound. Hundreds of clones of GRINGOR STYNX are practicing martial arts in unison.

CUT TO the base of the mountain. FARMER JOHANSSEN and FLAME COW (?!) approach the base of a long ACQUEDUCT leading precariously to the compound, some thousand feet above.

Music: "China, Present Day"

JOHANSSEN

Here it is, Flame Cow --Mount
Gringor. I'll climb up and hoist
you up.

FLAME COW

Damn these hooves!

JOHANSEN

Peril is not always in the
fields, ja? I am an old man, but
strong.

FLAME COW

Wait! If I could just.... Yes,
that's it! I'll use my methane
drive!

JOHANSEN

But the boost of even this drive
is too weak.

FLAME COW

Ah, but I shall proactivate it
with an incendiary burst!

JOHANSEN

Ja, this could work. Like when I
was a boy!

FLAME COW

But if the timing is even a
little off....

JOHANSEN

Ja, that also happened sometimes
when I was a boy.

CUT TO interior LABORATORY in MOUNT GRINGOR compound. FLAME
COW and THE REAL PETRA are reunited, even though we're not
sure what's up with the whole CLONE PETRA absconding with
what seemed to be FLAME COW back in SCENE 5. Hopefully, that
will all be cleared up in SCENE 6.

PETRA

You go left; I'll go right.

We follow FLAME COW continuously into another, adjacent LAB ROOM, where GRINGOR is working with some EQUIPMENT.

FLAME COW

Gringor!

GRINGOR

Ee!

GRINGOR grabs up a container of very important, green CLONE JUICE and dashes for the back door. FLAME COW chases him. Suddenly, the back door opens, and DAVID BOWIE enters, his gun drawn. Just as FLAME COW is about to seize GRINGOR, he DESTABILIZES! Incidentally, this is why an army of clones would be so dangerous --the manner in which they DESTABILIZE at the first sign of trouble. As FLAME COW is left grasping at air, the container of CLONE JUICE falls harmlessly to the floor. PETRA enters as FLAME COW and BOWIE stare perplexed at the spoils of war (or whatever this is).

PETRA

The clone juice!

FLAME COW

We need to get this into space!

BOWIE

I'll warn the president.

SCENE 8: CUT TO SPACE. Interior Subaru Outback Conversion Low-Orbit-Space Capsule. Starfield, Earth looms large in relief. PETRA is at the wheel, making superior time. FLAME COW rides shotgun.

Music: "We Need To Get This Into Space!"

FLAME COW

How much longer until we get to the rendezvous?

PETRA

I estimate about four hours. You should get some sleep --we have a lot of work ahead of us if we're going to make any sense of those samples.

FLAME COW
I can't sleep in zero-G

PETRA
Well then you drive. I'll sleep.

FLAME COW
I'm too sleepy to drive.

PETRA
Well, then tell me a story to
help me stay awake.

FLAME COW
I don't know any stories.

Petra SIGHS.

FLAME COW (CONT'D)
Do we have any snacks to eat?

PETRA
Just chew your cud.

FLAME COW
But I don't like cud.

PETRA
There might be some Doritos in
the map pocket.

FLAME COW
I want strawberries. Do we have
any strawberries?

PETRA
Look, Flame Cow, what's gotten
into you all of a sudden?

FLAME COW
Space makes me lonely.

PULSATING RED ALARM begins BEEPING and FLASHING

PETRA
Shit! We've got company!

FLAME COW

What's happening to us?

BEEPS become MORE AND MORE URGENT, CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER

PETRA

Get in the back and man the
blaster!

FLAME COW

You always make me man the
blaster. You know how difficult
it is with my hooves!

PETRA

Well, you didn't want to drive.

FLAME COW

I'm just saying next mission, we
should outfit this thing with a
space hammer or something.
Something I can work with.

PETRA

A space hammer?

FLAME COW

Yeah, like a big moon mallet.

PETRA

What do you mean, "a moon
mallet?"

FLAME COW

You know, like they have on the
moon. A big mallet with
devastating gravity. That I
could use!

PETRA

I think maybe someone hit you
with the moon mallet.

FLAME COW

I swear I'm not making this up.

PETRA

Incoming, five o'clock!

FLAME COW
Your five or my five?

PETRA
The ship's five!

FLAME COW
Is that your five or my five?

The ship ROCKS with a SMALL, yet DANGEROUS IMPACT

FLAME COW
See, now we're taking fire.

PETRA
The ship's five is my five! Try
not to suck.

FLAME COW
You don't have to be mean to me
just because nobody loves me.

PETRA
Incoming! Six o'clock low! My
six! My six!

FLAME COW fires a LACKLUSTER BLAST.

FLAME COW
See, now I missed. If we had
that space hammer I've been
talking about then this wouldn't
have happened.

PETRA
Would you concentrate? Fuck the
space hammer! There are no space
hammers! What is the matter with
you?!

FLAME COW
Me a man. You a woman.

Ship ROCKS again

PETRA

What are you going on about?!
We'll both be killed! Put up
some sort of defense!

FLAME COW

Petra, I have a confession to
make.... Ever since I first met
you at the Farm Justice
League....

Sinister WHOOSH sound and SIDE DOOR opens. Ship is boarded by
a ROBOT.

ROBOT

I am Robot. Fuck your ass.

PETRA blows the CRAP out of ROBOT with her SIDEARM. The ALARM
CEASES because it is no longer a story need for the attack to
continue.

PETRA

Look. I'm not talking to you for
the whole rest of the trip. We
were nearly killed. Quit moping
around. Do you think I don't
know?

FLAME COW

But Petra, I love you!

PETRA

Quit acting like an obsessive
ex-boyfriend and get your
priorities straight. I need you
to be Flame Cow. I need you to
concentrate on this mission. The
fate of the world hangs in the
balance. Why are you acting like
this? You're creeping me out!

FLAME COW

Don't you care about me? All
this time! Don't you think you
could love me?!

PETRA

Concentrate on the mission!

FLAME COW

What about that time in Antarctica when we shared the thermal bag? You weren't just cold --that was love. I could feel it. That was real.

PETRA

Don't project.

FLAME COW

It was real. I was there.

(Silence)

Don't be afraid to love Flame Cow.

PETRA

Shit.

FLAME COW

Was that the shit of love I just heard?

PETRA

Fine, Flame Cow. I love you. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE FLAME COW! I LOVE FLAME COW A MILLION BILLION!! Now, will you concentrate so we can get home alive?!

FLAME COW

(smugly)

You love me.

PETRA

Shut up and get some sleep.

FLAME COW

I can't sleep when I'm in love.

PETRA

Jesus.

CUT TO exterior of the SHIP. GRINGOR, in a SPACE SUIT, SPACEWALKS to an exterior panel and SABOTAGES it with a SPACE WRENCH. He then SNEAKILY enters the craft through a SECRET BULKHEAD. The SHIP SPUTTERS and alters its TRAJECTORY dramatically, plummeting back to Earth helplessly. 200 feet from THE GROUND, a lone PARACHUTE ejects from the doomed CRAFT. The ship CRASHES. The parachute floats lazily down, and we zoom to see it is GRINGOR.

Music: "Sonja's Son" chorus click on loop.

SCENE 9:

CUT TO David Bowie's Mansion, Interior. DAVID BOWIE is listening to his favorite song, Flip Nasty's "Along," as he prepares himself a well-earned peanut butter sandwich. He crosses the kitchen to the REFRIGERATOR and OPENS it unsuspectingly.

CUT TO REFRIGERATOR INTERIOR POV, looking at a startled DAVID BOWIE.

BOWIE

(aghast)

Leon, the Professional?

CUT TO David POV. We see the world's most deadly assassin, Leon, immortalized in Luc Besson's film (and the cinematic debut of Natalie Portman), The Professional. That's right folks, he's been hiding patiently in the refrigerator, and now he RISES and SHOOTS DAVID BOWIE twice in the CHEST. As David slides helplessly down the wall --or perhaps a separate REFRIGERATOR-- he feebly raises his PLASTIC PEANUT BUTTER KNIFE to DEFEND himself, but it is no use. As he dies, the hitherto-dropped PEANUT BUTTER JAR rolls back into his lifeless, bloody corpse to reveal the word "SKIPPY."

CUT TO the WHITE HOUSE, INTERIOR. A SUP-PEON COURIER in loud shoes walks down the hallway, past a Secret Service officer, who nods him on through into the OVAL OFFICE, where he gives the president a PIECE OF PAPER, then leaves.

CUT TO the office of the VICE-PRESIDENT.

NARRATOR (v.o)

Meanwhile, in the office of the Vice-President.

The VICE-PRESIDENT plays COMPUTER SOLITAIRE as SONGBIRDS and PUPPY DOGS make their gleeful noise. With a grand sigh, the VP turns away from his game and looks down. Inspiration striking him, he glances about to see that no one is watching him, then sticks his HAND in his PANTS. The PHONE rings.

CUT TO the
OVAL OFFICE.

PRESIDENT
I thought, no I prayed that this
day would never come.

CUT BACK TO
VP, who rises
to attention

CUT BACK to
PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
....that I would have to take such actions against the people
that I have sworn to protect.

CUT BACK TO VP. The VICE-PRESIDENT, wide-eyed and panicky,
SHOOTS HIMSELF.

CUT BACK to
OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT
This is the President.

GRINGOR (on phone)
Mr. President, this is Stynx.

Their conversation continues over a montage of American
Apple-Pie images. A shot of a swingset. People coming out of
a movie theater. Farms. Cities. Gazebos. Milkmaids churning
butter. Little league. Hockey games. The angel in Boston
Commons, for Pete's Sake.

Music: "That Dress"

PRESIDENT
Stynx, we knew this would
happen. Johanssen's plot has

gone too far. Too much is at risk. Use whatever measures are necessary.

GRINGOR

Sir, I recommend using Flame Cow for this.

PRESIDENT

Flame Cow? Dammit, Stynx! Don't you remember Sierra Leone? Innocent people died there!

GRINGOR

And innocent people will die again, sir, but as you said, Johanssen must be stopped.

PRESIDENT

I do this only for the good of the country.

CUT TO tight shot on the PRESIDENTIAL LIPS.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Deploy Flame Cow.

CUT TO an OMINOUS CLOUD, gathering in size, swelling until it COVERS the ENTIRE COUNTRY in DARKNESS.

Music: "Deploy Flame Cow"

CUT TO the FARM JUSTICE LEAGUE. JOHANSSEN and CLONE PETRA are just sitting down for a pleasant beef dinner.

JOHANSSEN

More beef, Petra?

PETRA

Ja, beef is guut.

In the distance, a COWBELL is heard

JOHANSSEN

Deed yu heer dat?

PETRA

Waat?

JOHANSSEN

De bell.

JOHANSSEN rises to look out the WINDOW, but just as he does, a HORRIBLE, make-your-ears-bleed because it's fuckin' Dolby Digital MOO shatters the windows, sending the beef dinner, PETRA and JOHANSSEN's hat careening to the end of the FARMHOUSE.

PETRA

(screaming)

Waaaaat eeeee eeeet Jooooooooohs?

JOHANSSEN

(under his breath,
strangely without
accent)

Flame Cow.

SCENE 10

CUT TO the CRASH SITE. A TROPICAL ISLAND - LAVA FIELDS. Freshly deposited volcanic rock still smokes. Flame Cow's ruptured carcass smolders, flames licking at his ribs. We are panning over the site of the carnage, and come to the mutilated form of....

GRINGOR

I can't feel my legs....

Continue pan across lava. We come to the WRECKED Subaru Low-Orbit Vehicle. CRANE through the broken canopy glass into the COCKPIT where we find MILKMAID PETRA slumped over the controls. Miraculously, she revives, and --realizing the danger of being in this sort of predicament in the last scene of a movie-- begins to tug desperately at her harness to no avail. We track back into the rear of the craft, where we witness their grisly cargo --crate after crate, busted open by the impact of the dreadful crash, the partially liquefied forms of CLONED HOWLER MONKEYS dribbling out through the cracks.

Music: "Ugly American String Quartet"

CUT TO a long shot of the downed craft in the distance, the still-clinging -to-life GRINGOR in the very near foreground.

GRINGOR

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha HA HA
HA HA HAHAHAAAA (cough) (cough).

STYNX looks at his watch as he cackles. The music swells. He shields his face with a tattered arm as a GIANT FIREBALL envelops the craft in the distance, lifting the burned-out husk off the ground and flipping it over. The wreckage rains down.

CUT TO OVAL OFFICE. The PRESIDENT presses BUTTON FIVE on the PRESIDENTIAL INTERCOM (which has since been reconnected by a trained professional)

PRESIDENT

What's our status?

ZACHARY

There's been some kind of
explosion. We're not sure who's
still alive.

PRESIDENT

Where's our man?

CUT BACK to LAVA FIELDS. GRINGOR drags his ruined self over hot rock with his fingernails. His pace is slow. We look down on him and notice a shadow of human form has overtaken him. He rolls over to see who it is.

CUT TO GRINGOR's POV. A silhouetted figure looks down at us, the sun directly behind its head.

SILHOUETTE

Eet's time, Steenx.

CUT TO SILHOUETTE's POV. GRINGOR cowers, then goes for his gun.

CUT TO FULL SHOT. We can see both of them: STYNX on the ground, LEON, THE PROFESSIONAL standing above as they pull out their guns. They hold like this, in a standoff, for about

two seconds. A puff of steam rises from STYNX's hand where he grasps his melted pistol. He SHRIEKS and tosses his gun away.

CUT TO CRANE SHOT. As LEON empties his magazine into the pathetic STYNX, we climp slowly away from them. The sounds of VIOLENCE become muffled and faint.... as we rise through a cloud of volcanic ash, lose sight of the action, and....

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS
Music: "Fire"