

ASSHOLE NINJA

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EAGLE ROCK - EVENING

The wonderful world of the ultra-hip. The streets are lined with coffee shops, independent clothing boutiques, a tattoo parlour, a high-end comic book store.

The people of Eagle Rock mill about, doing cool shit.

SKATER TEXT appears, pointing out various characters and their doings. *SKATER TEXT* appears as handwritten notes with squiggly arrows pointing to the subject.

SKATER TEXT: "Professional Skater who doesn't know he's a poser", "Wanna-be MMA fighter = poser", "Zach de la Rocha, former lead singer of Rage Against the Machine, not a poser".

TIGHT ON A MAN'S FACE:

He's Asian, 90 years-old, Fu-Manchu style beard and long grey eyebrows. There's no doubt about it...

... This dude knows Kung Fu.

After a long, long beat, he says...

MASTER

Rick, we need you. You're our only hope.

TIGHT ON RICK MANNING:

28, hipster to the core (faux-hawk, deliberate stubble and all).

Rick's face is blank, frozen as he absorbs the gravity of the Master's life or death request.

After an even longer beat...

...Rick opens his mouth and stuffs it with a burger.

A NEW ANGLE REVEALS:

All the HIPSTERS eating at the Oinkster Diner, and RICK, dressed in a full ninja suit (but no mask), sword slung across his back, and sweet-ass red Converse.

When Master leans in to speak to Rick...

HIS ENTRAILS SPILL ONTO THE TABLE from a massive wound.

MASTER

The entire clan needs you! Without your help--

RICK

--First of all, you need to stuff your entrails back into your body. Second off, this burger is disgusting, and third off, I'm not helping you.

Master takes a pained breath.

MASTER

Rick... we're under attack and only you can save us. You are the chosen one.

RICK

Then I guess you shouldn't have "chosen" to kick me out of the clan.

A spurt of blood almost hits Rick.

RICK

Now you need to *choose* to go to the hospital.

MASTER

The elders and I kicked you out because you're too self-centered. We thought banishment would teach you--

RICK

--All I know is that I have a great thing going here in Eagle Rock: I get hella chicks, there's good-ass restaurants-- one of which you're presently dying in.
(chews his burger)
I'm not up for saving your clan.

SMASH!

FIFTY EVIL NINJA break through every window in the place!

They slowly move in on Rick and the Master, occasionally killing innocent bystanders caught in their way. (Note: whenever someone dies, their eyes turn into those old-school "X"'s)

Rick looks at the ninjas- he's fucking pissed...

...at the Master.

RICK

Oh. My. God. Dude. You brought the Hayabusa Wolves to the Oinkster?

MASTER

(pained)

No... they must have followed me...

(meets Rick's eyes)

Now you have no choice... destiny has called.

Rick looks at the advancing Evil Ninjas.

RICK

(to the Master)

You're fighting these idiots by yourself.

EVIL NINJA LEADER stares at Rick. His eyes go wide when he realizes...

EVIL NINJA LEADER

(subtitled from Japanese)

The Chosen One!

Rick flips out when he hears that.

RICK

No no no no no! No! NOOOO! Not me. I'm just a regular *gaijin*.

The ninjas pause, confused.

EVIL NINJA

What do you mean, "not you"? You're in a ninja suit.

RICK

This is just a look. I bought this online at realultimatepower.net

The Ninja attack!

Until now the scenes have been rendered in crappy Fox-style animation. But at this instant...

THE SCREEN NARROWS INTO LETTERBOX FORMAT --

The ANIMATION SHIFTS to kick-ass ANIME STYLE that takes up the show's entire budget.

FIVE EVIL NINJA swing their katana at Rick. He backflips away and reaches into his ninja pockets...

RICK

Maybe my ninja stars will teach you a lesson!

When Rick pulls his hands out, he's surprised to find them empty.

EVIL NINJA

Ha! Fool! What kind of ninja would be caught without shuriken?!

Rick rifles through the rest of his pockets: keys, wallet, condom... no shuriken.

RICK

Dammit.

(to Evil Ninja)

Whatever. I can always do this...

Rick throws a body-shattering punch into an EVIL NINJA'S sternum.

ACTION FREEZES AT THE POINT OF IMPACT!

SKATER TEXT: "Punch: 950 psi- pattern ribcage separation"

ZOOM INSIDE THE EVIL NINJA'S EVIL BODY...

His ribs break into a hundred pieces.

BACK IN THE BATTLE

Rick plunges his hands into the ninja's body, pulls out two handfuls of riblets and throws them like shuriken, killing dozens of attackers.

The Evil Ninja Leader is impressed.

EVIL NINJA LEADER

So... you are indeed the Chosen One. Only he could use the Nobunaga technique.

Meanwhile, the Master is not fairing so well, having to hold his intestines together as he's fighting.

Rick handles business-- kicks one guy in the nuts so hard his balls pop out of his eye sockets.

Hundreds more Evil Ninja pile in as Rick fights.

RICK

STOP!

ACTION STOPS.

The combatants size each other up. The wind blows dramatically and Rick locks eyes with the Leader...

END LETTERBOX. BACK TO REGULAR CRAP ANIMATION.

Rick and the Leader hold a gunslingers' glare.

The Master holds on to Rick's shoulder for support...
Rick shrugs off Master's hand, irked.

RICK
(to the Leader)
Look, man, I just wanna get out of here.

EVIL NINJA LEADER
What?

RICK
I'm done.

EVIL NINJA LEADER
(still in Japanese)
But that is your Master!

RICK
That's racist and you know it.

EVIL NINJA LEADER
What?

RICK
Nevermind. Look, if I stay here I'm just gonna kill the rest of your dudes-- I mean look what I did to that one guy over there...

(re: shattered ribs)
I shattered his ribs like "pchhhew", then killed like ten more dudes with the fragments.

(looks at Ninja Leader, serious)
Do you actually think you won't get served?

The Leader sucks his teeth, 'good point.'

EVIL NINJA LEADER
What kind of man would leave his wounded Master's side in the midst of battle?

RICK
Just step aside and you'll see.

The sea of Ninja part, forming a path for Rick. He picks up his fries and walks out.

MASTER
Rick... please.

Rick stops; the evil ninjas get worried...

EXT. OINKSTER - CONTINUOUS

Rick EXPLODES THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE OINKSTER, CARRYING THE MASTER TO SAFETY!

They land softly on the ground.

MASTER

Thank you, Chosen One. You--

--PAY-YOW! Rick socks the Master in the face. He leaves him asleep on the concrete as he walks off.

A SKATER does a kick-flip over the Master's body.

SKATER TEXT: "Invert kick-flip over dying old man".

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

The least nice place in the neighborhood: A boarded up window, unmanicured lawn, a bunch of cars jammed into the driveway, spilling over onto the lawn. It's a massive, sprawling mess.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick's talking on his cell phone, fooling with something we can't see.

RICK

(on phone)

...That old bastard had the nerve to show up and ask for my help after he kicked me out of the clan!

(fiddle fiddle)

And the worst part about it is now I gotta hope those evil ninjas don't stick around the Eastside and start messing with my lifestyle.

(beat)

Why does it matter how I got your number, Kat?

LAUREN (O.S.)

--What the (bleep) are you doing?!

NEW ANGLE REVEALS

INT. LAUREN'S ROOM

Messy, with panties and CDs scattered about. Rick is digging through a PURSE on the dresser and getting yelled at by

LAUREN, 25. Cute, with big, innocent eyes... and the mouth of a porn star.

LAUREN

I knew someone had been stealing from me, and I knew it was you!

RICK

What? Stealing?

LAUREN

Dude, you are going to new heights of scum-baggery, stealing from your own roommates.

Lauren snatches her purse back.

RICK

Lauren, you know what, you need to calm down. You knew when you moved in here that I was a ninja. And you know that it's in a ninja's nature to steal.

LAUREN

No, idiot. It's in a thief's nature to steal.

RICK

(amazed by this revelation)
Ohhhhh...

She notices something: Rick has his hands behind his back, rifling through her desk drawer right in her face.

LAUREN

Are you...? I'm yelling at you for stealing and you're still doing it? In my face? At this moment?

(Rick's still doing it)

And you're still doing it?!

(Rick's still doing it)

And you're still doing it?!!!

(yells)

HOUSE MEETING!

INT. RICK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

MARCUS and WILEY are cooking lunch.

MARCUS is 30, black, the conscience of the house. WILEY is a little younger, a lot hipper, and a bit more self-righteous.

MARCUS

Wiley, can I use your Foreman grill? I'm trying to do the low-carb thing.

Wiley hands it to him without missing a beat.

MARCUS

Do we have any more chicken breasts?

Wiley already has them out. He hands them over.

WILEY

I'm really glad to see you listened to me about the healthy eating. I mean, I was doing this diet before everybody, but whatever.

Lauren's scream from upstairs shakes the walls of the house.

LAUREN (O.S.)

HOUSE MEETING!

WILEY

Pay up. I told you he couldn't go more than 24 hours without screwing up.

Marcus shakes his head and slaps down a bill...

BAMF! A puff of PURPLE SMOKE, and Rick appears in the kitchen next to Wiley and Marcus.

RICK

Dude, she's lying.

MARCUS

What?

WILEY

What?

RICK

What? You guys don't believe me?

Before they can react, a glass SHATTERS against the wall next to them. The guys turn to see LAUREN, ready to throw another one.

LAUREN
Living room. Now.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Throughout this scene, *SKATER TEXT* points out the cool artifacts decorating the place: "*Original Banksy print, stolen from a party in the Hollywood Hills*", "*hole in the wall courtesy of Randy 'Macho Man' Savage... don't ask why*", "*\$8 couch from Craigslist- has \$3000 hidden in the cushions they don't know about*".

The three roommates sit on the couch like a tribunal, glaring at Rick with varying degrees of disgust.

Rick sits across from them in the hot seat.

WILEY
Well Rick, I hope you're happy. You finally pushed us to the point that twenty years of friendship doesn't mean anything.

RICK
Wait wait wait. How come every time there's a house meeting it's you three versus me?

LAUREN
(screams herself hoarse)
BECAUSE THE ONLY TIME WE NEED TO CALL A HOUSE MEETING IS WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING F\$*%#@#D UP!

MARCUS
Lauren, you gotta chill, this isn't gonna get us anywhere.

Lauren glares but calms down. He turns to Rick.

MARCUS
Look Rick, I know this is your house, and we're trying to work with you. I mean, over the years we've accepted the lying, and the self-centered-ness, and the obnoxious behavior, but stealing from Lauren? That is so far past acceptable.

RICK

Hey, she owed me thirty-two dollars from rent last month.

LAUREN

That's because someone stole thirty-two dollars out of my wallet!

RICK

I'm broke. What did you expect?

LAUREN

Rick, the other day you told me you were gonna get serious about looking for work. What happened?

RICK

Nothing.

The roommates stare flabbergasted as Rick raises a CHICKEN BREAST to his mouth and takes a bite.

Marcus looks back to the kitchen, then to Rick.

MARCUS

Is that... did you take my chicken breast?

RICK

(mouthful of food)

Of course I did.

(mouthful of food)

I can't afford to buy food.

WILEY

Oh my God.

Rick slaps Wiley's back on his way to the fridge.

RICK

It's the way of the ninja, bro.

Stultification all around.

LAUREN

He's sick. He needs help, guys.

It's true. He's dousing the chicken breast in hot sauce without a care in the world.

MARCUS

Rick, you don't understand what's happening now, do you?

RICK
We're wasting a bunch of time?

MARCUS
We're moving out unless you get a job.

Rick is a bit shocked.

MARCUS
It's for your own good. Honestly, we should have pushed you a long time ago.

RICK
Well if you move out I'm just gonna have to raise the rent on Wiley and Lauren even more. Talk about self-centered...

WILEY
No, Rick. We're all gonna move out.

RICK
(mouthful of food)
Why?

Marcus restrains Lauren from leaving.

LAUREN
You're not even listening. We--

RICK
(indignant)
--You know what guys? It's my turn.

Rick stands in front of them, self righteous.

RICK
For the last year I've been putting up with you yelling at me, and getting on my case...

Through the entire speech, he saucers and chows on that chicken breast.

RICK
...and playing the drums at all times of the night while I'm trying to study...

MARCUS
Nobody here plays drums.

RICK
I have needs too, you know. I'm a human being. I'm not a robot. I'm not a ninja robot, who doesn't have feelings.

LAUREN
He doesn't even go to school, Marcus.

RICK
I'm a man, and maybe that's all I am, but I deserve respect. Where's the respect for me? Not once have I heard "thank you, Rick, for everything you've done."

WILEY
He's not gonna listen to us, guys. He's just saying things for the sake of saying them.

RICK
Meanwhile, you're always bringing girls home...

MARCUS
That's you.

RICK
And eating all my food...

WILEY
...which you're doing right now.

RICK
And now you guys wanna sit down and talk to me about money, which wouldn't be a problem, but you won't even let me grow weed in the basement, which is ironic because *I'm* the one with a mortgage to pay.

LAUREN
No, we're paying it.

RICK
Maybe if you losers had any sort of responsibility you'd understand that.
(munches on chicken)
You know what I think this really boils down to? The crux of the situation? The meat of the matter, as they say?
(beat)
What about me?

MARCUS
Get a job by the end of the week or we're moving out.

RICK
I can't.

The three are finished. They stand up to go.

RICK
Fine. Traitors. I thought we were a team. I got this stupid house, with stupid roommates who won't pay for everything... I got these stupid ninja powers that aren't good for anything.
(realizes, yells after them)
I could kill all of you right now! What do you think of that?

And just before they all disappear into their rooms...

RICK

I wasn't joking when I said I can't!
 (they're still walking)
 I don't know how to get a job!
 (no response)
 I need help!
 (still nothing)
 Doesn't our history mean anything?!

That stops them. Each of them looks of into the distance forlornly as we...

FLASHBACK TO...

INT. "WASHINGTON FAMILY FOSTER HOME" - 1988

FLORIDA WASHINGTON, a kind, elderly black woman and mother to all, calls out.

FLORIDA

Children! Children! Gather round.

One at a time, we see RICK, LAUREN and WILEY, all eight years old. They're led in by a ten-year-old MARCUS.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Now as you children know, this is always been more than a foster home to me. I consider you all my children just as much as Marcus.

(beat)

But the time has come for Rick to go join a new family.

RICK

I don't wanna! I wanna stay here and keep learning how to be black!

FLORIDA

Oh, Rick...

Florida hugs him into her giant black bosom. He literally disappears.

FLORIDA (CONT'D)

Now honey, you know you can stay if you want, but these Chinese can help you with your special kung-fu abilities.

Rick pushes himself out of her folds.

RICK
They're not Chinese, they're Japanese.

FLORIDA
Okay, children, time for you to give Rick
his goodbye gifts.

Lauren raises her hand, ultra polite.

LAUREN
Mama Flo? Rick already has his goodbye
gifts. He stole them and traded them for
candy.

Sure enough, all of Rick's pockets, even his socks, are
overflowing with candy.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Florida opens it to reveal THE MASTER- younger and less
fucked-up, but fucked-up nonetheless.

MASTER
Hello again, Miss Florida Aunt Jemima
Washington.

Even the kids are shocked at that one.

FLORIDA
Aunt Je-what? My middle name is Claire!

MASTER
I'm so sorry. Young Rick told me--

RICK
--Whoa whoa whoa, you're gonna snitch me
out? I don't know if I want to be going
with you.

FLORIDA
We're happy to have you stay, but if you
ever make that Aunt Jemima joke again I'm
bustin' out the strap.

Marcus and Lauren grab Rick in a hug.

LAUREN
Please don't go, Rick.

MARCUS
Just so you know, bro, no matter what
happens we'll always be a family.

Now Rick looks to Wiley. DRAMATIC MUSIC floods the room.

WILEY
You can't leave, Rick.

Wiley thrusts out his hand... and from across the room,
Rick thrusts out his hand! They're brothers.

RICK
(sings)
Take...

WILEY
...these broken wings...

RICK AND WILEY
*...teach me to fly again and fly tha na
na na...*

WILEY
You can't leave, Rick.
(then)
It's your turn to do chores.

RICK
(instantly)
I'm outta here.

He grabs the Master's hand.

MASTER
Don't worry, Rick. You can come back and
visit as often as you want.

RICK
Every day?

MASTER
(beat)
Well no, not every day...

RICK
Every other day?

FLORIDA
You should probably take him now. This
will go on for a while.

Rick does indeed continue as he walks off with the
Master.

RICK (O.S.)
What about three days on, two days off?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

Rick looks to each of them; they've softened.

WILEY

Fine. You can come to work with me. We can always use an extra guy.

LAUREN

What are we gonna do when Wiley loses *his* job because Rick does something Earth-shatteringly stupid?

RICK

(feeling himself)

Ha! See me laughing in your face, Lauren? It's because I'm so much more qualified to do whatever Wiley does than anybody who does it.

Rick starts walking out the door.

RICK

Let's go, Wiley.

And Rick is gone.

INT. AMOEBA RECORDS

Hipster employees greet hipster customers. Ironic haircuts, ironic moustaches, blah blah blah.

Rick and Wiley man two of the registers. A CUSTOMER approaches Rick's register.

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

Do you have the new Stars album?

RICK

Probably.

Douche Customer's eyes narrow.

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

Do you even know who the Stars are?

RICK

Yeah, a bunch of overrated posers.

SKATER TEXT: "A classic hipster flip-flop under pressure" with an arrow pointing to:

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

Yeah, they suck. What album should I buy?

RICK

The complete Jay-Z box set.

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

Wait... isn't he real popular? How do you know he's good?

RICK

Jay-Z's totally underrated.

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

I'll take it. What section's it in?

Rick puts a brown paper bag on the counter.

RICK

It's right here. Gimme thirty bucks.

WILEY

Dude, you can't sell bootleg CDs at a record store.

RICK

Yes I can.

DOUCHEY CUSTOMER

No you can't. You're fired.

Douche Customer pulls off his ironic hoody to reveal a suit jacket!

WILEY

The owner!

DOUCHEY OWNER

Failed on the first day! Get out!

Rick looks at Wiley, who just shakes his head.

INT. DAY SPA

A row of clients lay on tables getting facials, deep tissue, etc. Lauren walks in, cracks her knuckles, and looks to the Receptionist.

LAUREN

Is my one-thirty Shiatsu client here?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, your friend picked that up for you.

LAUREN

What?

SCREAMS come from the end table...

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah, he said you were gonna be late and he'd take your first client.

Lauren rushes over...

AT THE MESSAGE TABLE

Rick is bending a hapless client into horrible positions, pushing on brutal pressure points. The client screams in blood-curdling agony.

LAUREN	MESSAGE CLIENT
Rick, for the love of God, stop!	AHHHH...!

RICK	MESSAGE CLIENT
No, no, I can fix this!	...AAHHHHH...!

LAUREN	MESSAGE CLIENT
No, you can't. Because you don't know what you're doing!	...AAAAHHHHHHH....!

RICK	MESSAGE CLIENT
(matter-of-fact)	...AAAAHHHHHHHHHH....!!!
Lauren, you're being silly. I know every pressure point in the human body.	

Rick bites his tongue, redoubling his focus. He bends the Client's ankle to his ear, but Lauren steps in to put an end to the torture.

LAUREN

Rick, that will kill him. Now listen to me: you have to leave before you get me fired. Don't say anything to anyone, don't touch anything, just leave.

Rick looks around: everyone's staring at him, horrified. He puts his message towel down and leaves.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON MARCUS' FACE

Staring deadpan.

TIGHT ON RICK'S FACE

Staring deadpan.

EXT. UPS TRUCK

Marcus holds a clipboard... and his gaze for a long beat.
Finally:

MARCUS

Rick, believe it or not, I have the
perfect job for you.

RICK

I was thinking of something in a
management--

--Marcus holds up a hand to stop him.

MARCUS

--Shh. Just listen. This is very simple.
I am going to hire you to sit in the
passenger seat of the truck so the driver
can go in the carpool lane. All you have
to do is sit in the seat. Do you
understand?

Rick is navel gazing... literally. He's holding up his
shirt and staring into his belly button.

RICK

What?

MARCUS

Rick. Can you sit in a seat and not do
anything?

RICK

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY CARPOOL LANE

CHAOS ON THE HIGHWAY!

The UPS Truck swerves wildly as random cars try and ram
them off the road- Rick has literally pissed off the
entire freeway.

UPS DRIVER

(yells back)

Rick, stop! Please! Stop!

THE BACK OF THE TRUCK IS OPEN! Rick hurls random boxes at the cars behind them.

RICK

No, I won't stop! This is bigger than you! This is about honor!

(to the people in the cars)

This is your fault! If you hadn't'a tried to cut us off in the carpool lane, I wouldn't have thrown that first box!

(then)

Or this next one!

Rick hefts one final box and screams!

CUT TO:

INT. 4100 BAR - NIGHT

Hipster paradise. Hot chicks, cool music, dudes who try way too hard.

SKATER TEXT: "That dude in the cowboy hat is definitely not a cowboy".

Rick sits at the bar with a dozen empty glasses in front of him. He's hammered.

BARTENDER

Rick, you need to slow down.

RICK

(slurs)

You slow down!

BARTENDER

I'm just saying... when you get drunk you start using those ninja powers and bad things happen.

RICK

No. You start using your ninja powers!

(his eyes go wide)

Well well well, looks like things are finally looking up for old Rick. My sweet lady has arrived.

Rick is talking about KAT- the hottest chick here. It's Jessica Rabbit with black hair and tattoos.

BARTENDER

Rick, that's not your sweet lady. In fact, she doesn't like you.

(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

In fact, she asked us to tell you to stay away from her...

RICK

In fact, I don't care about that at all. I do whatever I want, all the time.

AT KAT'S TABLE

Kat's sitting with her hip friends. She rolls her eyes when Rick sits down.

RICK

I'm having the worst day.
(to Kat's friend)
Scoot over.

He squeezes in way too close.

KAT

(he's obviously done this before)
Get outta here, Rick.

RICK

No, Kat, you don't understand. I lost a lot of jobs today and if my roommates find out they're gonna move.

KAT

What are you talking about?

RICK

Yes, my roommates suck but without them I don't have a house.

He grabs each of the girls' drinks and downs them in succession.

AT THE BAR:

A couple of the bartenders are watching his antics.

HOT CHICK BARTENDER

Gotta give him credit for being relentless.

BARTENDER

The messed up thing is I think he's actually in love with her.

HOT CHICK BARTENDER

Oh my God, you're right. And yet he still manages to be a complete and utter--

--AT KAT'S TABLE:

Rick is still rambling...

RICK
...and every time I come down to watch
TV, Marcus has something on--

KAT
--Look. Stop. I can't be nice anymore.
I'm sorry, I hate being bitchy like this,
but I just don't like you. Please,
please, please back off.

RICK
That's really hurtful, Kat. You shouldn't
say things you don't mean.

KAT
But I do mean it.

RICK
Well you shouldn't.
(he drops his head onto the
table)
Kat, I'm at a complete loss here.

Kat holds her forehead. She knows she should let it go,
but...

KAT
Listen, if I get you a job will you leave
me alone?

Rick holds her gaze. His mind races, searching for the
right answer.

RICK
You know, Kat... probably not.

KAT
You're hopeless.

Kat gets up and leaves. Her girlfriends glare at Rick,
expecting him to do the same. Instead, he takes one of
their drinks and downs it.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

The roommates pack, separating who owns what. They're
moving out.

MARCUS
...I really can't afford to be taking
days off to move.

WILEY
Where'd you end up?

MARCUS
(incredulous)
Compton. And my rent's higher.

WILEY
Beats Santa Monica. I just tacked two hours onto my commute.

LAUREN
You're lucky you guys even have a place. I'm sleeping on Julie's couch.
(beat)
But you know what? At least we don't have to live with Rick.

RICK (O.S.)
Are you guys really moving out?

They look back: Rick is sleeping on the stairs, his head on the bottom step.

WILEY
We tried, man. But like I said, twenty years of friendship only gets you so far.

RICK
Please don't move. Please.

Each Roommate picks up a box and heads out the door. Rick watches them go. He's legitimately bummed.

SAD MUSIC begins a SLOW DISSOLVE away from this melancholy man...

...until KAT walks in. We UN-DISSOLVE:

RICK
Have you also come to gloat over me in my lowest moment?

KAT
You look like crap. And you smell like vomit.

RICK
That's cuz I'm hungover. And cuz I threw up on myself.

KAT
Take a shower. I got you a job teaching karate. You start today.

RICK
Are you serious?

KAT
Yes. I just couldn't let Lauren and the
guys burn in your flames.

RICK
No, I meant about having to start today.

She glares at him, then hands him a CARD. He looks at it
and his EYES GO WIDE!

RICK
What kind of sick games are you playing?
I'm not working for your boyfriend.

Kat turns. As she walks out, her booty undulates with
seductive sexuality. Yeahhhhh.

Rick looks around his lonely-ass house: the half-filled
boxes, the empty cabinets...

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE

Rick rushes to the doorway... the sudden movement makes
him nauseous. He holds the door-jam and tries to fight
back the vomit as he calls out.

RICK
W-Wait, Kat, I'm... (*hurk*) sorry!

Kat stops, and the Roommates appear from the back of the
MOVING TRUCK.

RICK
I'll take the...
(his chest heaves)
I'll take...
(chest heaves)
I'll...

He holds up his finger: "wait a sec..." as his guts spasm
with dry-heaves. Finally they subside.

RICK
I'll take that job.

Rick holds his arms out to the Roommates.

RICK
...if you guys will stay... dammit, I
will take that job. (*hwargh*)

ALL THE ROOMMATES

Deal.

He smooths out his ninja suit.

RICK

But I need to get a sausage biscuit first.

(he looks around)

Where's my van?

WILEY

You left it at the bar, remember?

Rick shakes his head, pissed.

RICK

Wow. You guys are putting me in a real awkward position here. We're gonna have to have a house meeting about this when I get back from work.

Rick digs in his pocket and pulls out a BAG.

RICK

Luckily I still have a handful of smoke bombs.

LAUREN

I thought ninjas weren't supposed to teleport unless--

--BAMF! Rick's gone.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY - "20 YEARS AGO"

The MASTER chastises a 9 YEAR OLD RICK. Rick holds an ice cream cone, and a cloud of purple smoke dissipates behind him.

MASTER

Rick, you cannot use your teleportation to go get ice cream.

RICK

Yes I can.

He takes a luxurious, asshole-ish lick of the cone.

MASTER

The reason ninja carry so few smoke bombs is that teleportation is for emergencies only.

RICK

Yeah but I use it for getting ice cream.

One of the other ELDERS loses it.

ELDER

ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENT!

The Elder slaps Rick hard across the face. Rick gets down on one knee, then starts sobbing and wailing like a terrified child... except he's also intermittently licking his ice cream off the ground.

ELDER

See? He's not even really crying! He's still enjoying his ice cream!

He's right: Rick is still fake crying even as he licks ice cream off his hands.

But everything stops when the Elder breaks out the bamboo cane.

RICK

Elder, I'm sorry. I promise I will never use teleportation unless it is absolutely necessary.

END FLASHBACK ON...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

In the most excessive display of ninja teleport abilities ever, Rick uses his smoke bombs to move down the street in 30-foot increments.

"BAMF!" "BAMF!" "BAMF!" "BAMF!"

In between each teleport, we catch a hazy silhouette of Rick in varying degrees of hungover agony: dry-heaving, holding his head, at times teleporting while lying down.

INT. JIM KELLY'S KARATE DOJO - LATER

JIM KELLY, yes, the Jim Kelly (and lookin' damn good for his age) addresses a group of students: all black kids between 8-10.

SKATER TEXT: "Now that's one handsome brother".

JIM KELLY

Hey my little brothers and sisters. As a special treat, I've invited a friend of a friend to come teach the class once a week. And dig this, he's a real live ninja, so let's show him some Jim Kelly respect when he gets here.

BAMF!

Rick appears in the middle of a violent vomiting fit. The kids try to run, but Rick is grabbing them for support, using them to wipe his mouth, all the while spewing projectile vomit.

RICK

Arrrgh! Nooooo! There's no stopping it!

Rick falls to his hands and knees... it's almost as if he's deliberately vomiting on people.

RICK

NOOOOO!

Rick throws his head back and vomits into the air like he's on the poster for *The Shawshank Redemption*.

And then it happens.

JIM KELLY

Oh hell no.

There's a drop of vomit on Jim Kelly's cheek. He wipes it off with his thumb, very distinguished-like, and dips into a debonair fighting stance.

JIM KELLY

(calm, cool, and collected)

As you know, I'm a gentleman and a purveyor of the finer things in life. And one of those finer things is not getting vomit anywhere in my circumference.

(then)

Kids? Clear the mat.

The kids, all of whom are crying, move to the edges of the mat.

As Jim Kelly moves towards Rick...

THE LETTERBOX CLOSSES IN!

WE GO INTO THE COOL-ASS ANIME STYLE

Jim Kelly opens with a series of airborne kicks, catching the still-kneeling Rick off guard.

Jim Kelly's power is great, and his style second to none. He hits disco moves as he kicks Rick's ass.

RICK

Jim Kelly, don't make me fight you!

JIM KELLY

You have disrespected my dojo, and the young brothers and sisters who seek me out to learn the secrets of karate. For that, we must fight!

Another flurry. Jim Kelly attacks, teleporting to all sides of Rick, landing devastating blows in cool soul-brother poses.

RICK

You leave me no choice!

Rick starts on the offensive, nearly overwhelming black Jim Kelly.

Rick's voice booms, echoing throughout the gym:

RICK

(Japanese)

Kari-masa-ryukken!

A huge shockwave ripples through the room, sending Jim Kelly crashing into the wall.

Rick charges.

Jim Kelly stands, and charges.

Two fists meet in a flash of light!

BACK TO CRAPPY ANIMATION

The two men are standing across the room from one another, exhausted.

RICK

Seriously dude, stop. I just wanna teach the class for money.

JIM KELLY

That's fine, my brother. I have a date anyway.

The door chimes. It's Kat, dressed super sexy.

RICK
 (pissy)
 Hey kids, look at that. Would you just
 look at that? Look at it.

JIM KELLY
 Hey baby.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

KAT
 Let's go.

The two make for the door. Rick stares, crushed. And
 right before they leave...

KAT
 Have fun, Rick.

Rick lies on his back, stares up, distraught.

RICK
 Kids, gather around. I have something
 very important to talk about...

INT. JIM KELLY'S DOJO - LATER

Rick is lying on the mat with an icepack on his forehead.
 The kids are seated around him, bored to death.

KID
 We've been sitting here for hours. I've
 gotta dookie--

RICK
 --Can you kids just shut up and listen?
 I'm trying to teach you something!
 (back to his previous
 thought)
 I don't get why she would go out with Jim
 Kelly but not me. I mean, we're basically
 the same guy... except I'm younger. I
 mean, I'm not a racist, but she's
 probably only dating him cuz he's black.
 (then)
 Normally I wouldn't care, because I do
 well with the ladies, but there's just
 something about her.

BUFF DANTE, leader of the kids and the oldest at 10,
 chimes in.

BUFF DANTE

Uh, there's only like five minutes left before our parents get here. Are you gonna teach us something?

By the way, Buff Dante is so named because he's hella buff, even though he's a kid.

RICK

I am teaching you something, Buff Dante. Something more important than any karate move. I'm teaching you about heartbreak.

Long beat. Rick stares, trying to figure out why the obscenely muscular little kid is flexing for no reason. Rick is about to comment, then decides against it.

RICK

Fine. I'll teach you how to center your chi.

The kids are confused.

BUFF DANTE

What's that?

RICK

Chi is the life force of the universe; the reason humans breath in oxygen and breath out carbon dioxide, while plants do the opposite. Chi is the tides of the ocean, the cycles of the moon. It is inside us all, and we are all connected.

Long beat. The kids weren't expecting that.

LITTLE GIRL

Nuh-uh!

Rick shakes his head.

RICK

Man, Jim Kelly didn't teach you guys anything.

(then)

Everyone sit down cross legged. We're going to practice a breathing exercise that will combine your chi into a singularity...

The kids form a circle and sit. They start to breathe... a subtle glow whirls around the room, their chi is perfect harmony with their breathing...

RICK
(eyes still closed)
Annnnd... scene.

The chi bubble dissipates.

KIDS
Awww.../That was fun!/ Let's do it again!

Rick stands up. The kids come out of their trances.

RICK
(to no one in particular)
Good job. I'll see you kids next week.
Tell Jim Kelly he owes me three hundred
dollars.

And he's out the door.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

The roommates unpack their stuff. Rick enters with a big bag of fast food.

RICK
Figured you guys might be hungry, what
with all the moving you've done today!

He chuckles genuinely and puts the bag down on the table.

RICK
I brought everyone burgers from the
Oinkster.

MARCUS
Wow, thanks Rick.

The guys dig in.

RICK
You owe me ten dollars each.

Before they can get mad...

RICK
Joking, relax.

Lauren smiles and flips him off with a blurred-out finger, her mouth full of food.

WILEY
Rick, can I just say... good job, man.

MARCUS
We're proud of you.

LAUREN
(mouthful of food)
Yeah, good job.

Suddenly, Rick senses something. *SKATER TEXT* points to the back door: "*Rick doth think he senses danger...*".

RICK
Oh, crap.

He walks out while they chow.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE / BACK YARD

Rick steps outside to find THE MASTER! FRESH WOUNDS drip plasma onto the grass. He hobbles forward with a cane, and holds his intestines in with his free hand.

MASTER
Rick?

Rick socks the Master straight in the face.

RICK
(casual)
What?

The Master ignores his new black eye...

MASTER
...Chosen One, you betrayed me. I was attacked again. And again. And again.

The Master folds over in pain.

RICK
Dude, you really need to get to a hospital.

MASTER
No. I won't leave without you.

Rick looks around to make sure no witnesses see what he's about to do...

RICK
(dramatically)
Then I shan't leave you in your hour of need!
(then)
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
...But it's not safe out in the open.
Let's talk in this alley.

The Master walks ahead. Rick eases a SAI from his sleeve.

INT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

It looks like we've entered a whole new world: broken glass, rats, needles... this could very well be the most dangerous alley on Earth. And it's next to Rick's house.

RICK
Master, seriously, it's the hospital for you.

MASTER
No. We already had this discussion...

Rick moves in closer and whispers. We follow in, tight on their faces.

RICK
Yes, but that was before you walked into this dark alley.

Suddenly, a look of pure shock crosses the Master's face.

MASTER
...no... Rick, how could you?

RICK
Shhhhh...

Now we see that Rick is slowly sinking the sai into the Master's gut.

RICK
Don't worry, I'm avoiding your major organs. You'll only be briefly paralyzed and there's a good chance you'll live if I can get the paramedics here quickly.

MASTER
Rick...

RICK
Shhhhh.

Rick gently holds his Master's face.

RICK
(tender)
Lie down. Lie down, stupid old man.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Paramedics load the Master into the ambulance. Rick pats the DRIVER on the back and hands him a BUSINESS CARD.

RICK
Take him to a hospital in Arizona. I want him far, far away.

DRIVER
That's gonna be kind of expensive.

Rick laughs haughtily and hands him a card.

RICK
Jim Kelly will happily cover the costs!

The Driver shrugs and hands Rick a receipt. He gets in his ambulance. Sirens blare, they're gone.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE / BACK DOOR

Rick smiles, satisfied. He tosses the receipt and goes back inside.

RICK (O.S.)
Stupid Jim Kelly, takin' my girl...

The paper rolls to a stop at a pair of BLACK NINJA BOOTS.

An evil NINJA with a "Hayabusa Wolves" logo on his suit picks it up and reads it.

NINJA
(subtitled from Japanese)
So, Chosen One, we have finally found you...

BAMF! He teleports away in RED SMOKE!

SKATER TEXT (with no arrow): *THE END*