

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Episode 5: "A Desperate Counterattack"
A mysterious, dramatic, Middle Eastern melody plays.

ANNOUNCER
From the mysterious east, from the
not-so-distant past, RKO Radio and
Luxo Linaments are proud to
present...

Musical stab.

ANNOUNCER
Bellydancing Ninjas!

Musical stab.

ANNOUNCER
Episode five -- "A Desperate
Counterattack".

Music resumes.

ANNOUNCER
We last saw our heroes trapped in
mortal danger, inside a locked cage
that was slowly filling with
poisonous Black Fang scorpions!
Meanwhile, the deadly La-Zo-Tron
has begun its firing sequence....

VELLNIT
... their sting is quite lethal.
You will be paralyzed within one
minute, and within ten minutes,
suffer one of the most painful
deaths known to man!

THROAT
But! Not before you see the
destruction of your beloved
Marrakesh!

Fiendish laughter.

FX: dramatic music.

VELLNIT joins in with her own fiendish laughter.

THROAT
Well. I want front-row seats for
this little demonstration.

VELLNIT
Excellent.

Throughout this exchange, ANDALIB gasps for breath.

SADIRA
My god! That La-Zo-Thingy is going
to blow up the whole city!

ANDALIB
Scorpions!

SADIRA
We gotta get out of here!

ANDALIB
Yeah. Yipe!

SADIRA
Careful....

ANDALIB
What are... you doing?

FX: quick, faint metallic scratch.

SADIRA
Ha!

ANDALIB
Gaaaaah!

SADIRA
Now, we just need to get someone
close enough...

VELLNIT
One moment, sir, I'm staying here
long enough for these two to die.
Wait...

FX: footsteps.

VELLNIT
What is the short one doing over
there?

SADIRA
Grab her!

FX: Tussle of fabric; Vellnit gasps; muffled metallic clang

VELLNIT
Gaaahhh!!

SADIRA
Quiet!

VELLNIT

Aaaah!

SADIRA

Listen Vellnit, you let us out of
this monkey cage, quiet-like, or
this Blank Fang scorpion stinger is
going straight into your throat,
got it?

VELLNIT

Ach, mein Ggggglurr...

FX: thud.

SADIRA

Ah, for cryin' out loud -

ANDALIB

Get... keys....

FX: Sadira, straining to reach for something

FX: Tussle of fabric, jingle of keys

FX: Key working in a lock, door creaking open

FX: Appropriate footsteps during the following

ANDALIB

Ah.

SADIRA

That's more like it.

FX: Footsteps.

SADIRA

Now...

ANDALIB

Wait! The door!

FX: Door creaks shut with a solid bang/click.

ANDALIB

Don't want the s-s-scorpions
getting out.

(sighs)

Let's go.

NAZI #1

Halt!

SADIRA

Oh.

NAZI #2

What are you... strange ladies
doing in the testing -

ANDALIB

Simple. We represent...

SADIRA

... the bank. Once the money
reaches the Throat, we take it in,
and wire it to the Throat's account
in... Zürich.

NAZI #1

Ha! This story is ludicrous.

ANDALIB

Okay....

NAZI #1

For the price your Mr. Throat is
demanding, we could furnish entire
armies with phenomenal firepower!

NAZI #2

Where *is* he?

SADIRA

Oh. Where is the Throat?

ANDALIB

He's outside those doors, waiting
for the firing sequence to
commence. You should go there too.

NAZI #1

Mmm. Fine. Let's see what this 'La-
Zo-Tron' has to offer.

FX: Footsteps.

ANDALIB

That was close. Now -

SADIRA

Andalib! That just doesn't make any
sense!

ANDALIB

Sadira, there's no time for -

SADIRA

They're planning world domination!
Why is the Throat selling the one
weapon that's instrumental for his
plans?!

ANDALIB

Sadira!

SADIRA

What?

ANDALIB

That's a very good question, and
we'll have to give it serious
thought. But if I'm right, in two
minutes, that La-Zo-Tron is going
to wipe Marrakseh off the face of
the earth. We have to get the
diamond!

SADIRA

Okay. What are we up against?

ANDALIB

Between us and the big doors are...
it looks like two dozen heavies
with scimitars, and the two Germans
are standing guard... with guns.

SADIRA

We get past all them in two
minutes?

ANDALIB

Or we die trying.

Beat.

SADIRA

Wait! I've got an idea!

FX: Brief tussle.

ANDALIB

Where do you think you're going!

SADIRA

No, just wait here and I'll have
the diamond in no time!

ANDALIB

But -

SADIRA
Be right back!

ANDALIB
What's the plan?!

SADIRA
(fading away)
You'll see!

FX: Brief musical phrase.

THROAT
What 'bank representatives?!'

NAZI #2
The ones who will handle the cash
transfer.

NAZI #1
They directed us over here.

THROAT
Wait... both women?

NAZI #1
Yes!

NAZI #2
And oddly-dressed, for bankers.

THROAT
Pah! Those were no bankers. Those
were ninjas!

FX: Brief, dramatic chords.

ANDALIB
(to herself, singsong)
Sadira, where are you? Hmm. What
are our friends up to? And why is
that German pointing this way?

FX: Short, dramatic musical phrase.

THROAT
Oh, no, it's not a security
problem. We'll have them out of
here in no time. Say, where was it
that you saw them again?

NAZI #1
In that direction.

NAZI #2

It occurs to me that there are only
two or three places they could be
hiding back there.

THROAT

Fine. I'll just send my men back
there, and -

NAZI #1

No need. We are both excellent
marksmen.

FX: Dramatic music. Gun cocks, fires.

ANDALIB

That was close.

FX: Another gunshot.

ANDALIB

That was closer.

FX: She scoots over slightly. Another gunshot.

ANDALIB

I can't hold out any longer!

FX: Short, dramatic musical phrase.

NAZI #2

There she is!

NAZI #1

Aha. Good-bye, Miss Ninja....

FX: Gun cocks.

FX: "Shing!" with extended 'tail' of decay at the end.

FX: "Th-Thunk."

NAZI #1

Gaaahhhh!

NAZI #2

Those are....

THROAT

Zills. One in his gun, and one in
his hand.

NAZI #2

He is incapacitated!

THROAT
Hmm -- and Andalib is unarmed.

FX: Ping of a metal pipe.

THROAT
Now we settle this my way. Men!

GUARDS
Ay!

THROAT
Tear this room apart! The ninjas
must be found!

GUARDS
Ay!

FX: Music in background. Running, screaming en masse. Sound of bashing things, tearing things up, and so on.

ANDALIB
If I can just... get to the top...
I can get to one of the catwalks...

FX: Short musical phrase.

GUARD #1
Sir, we've looked everywhere. She
must have gotten out.

THROAT
(absently)
Perhaps. Search again!

GUARD #1
Yes sir!

THROAT
Hmm. If she's not on the floor,
then... what's climbing up those
boxes...

FX: Metal pipe bangs, bashes through some wood, then clattering sound of crates falling to the floor. Andalib screams, and lands on the floor with a thud.

THROAT
Well, well, well! Not so tough
without our little friend, are we!

Andalib is obviously winded from the climb and fall.

ANDALIB

Fine. Fine. We'll just see how
tough you are, you fat, stupid --

FX: Gun cocks.

Beat.

THROAT

Please. Turn around. Have a look.

NAZI #2

You ruined my friend's gun,
Fräulein... but you did not
incapacitate *mine.*

FX: Dramatic chords!

ANNOUNCER

We'll return to our program in just
a moment.

FX: Beep! Whirr....

HOUSEWIFE

Wowzers! I just press a button, and
it's like the dishes just wash
themselves!

ANNOUNCER

And you've certainly luxuriated
your fine home.

HOUSEWIFE

Why, thank you!

ANNOUNCER

But haven't you forgotten
something?

HOUSEWIFE

Ha, I don't think so! My home has
the best modern appliances that
money can buy!

ANNOUNCER

But... what about luxuriating your
skin?

HOUSEWIFE

My *skin?*

FX: Quick, ascending glissando on glockenspiel.

HOUSEWIFE
Luxo luxuriating cream?

ANNOUNCER
That's right! Luxo luxuriates your
skin like no other linament can!

HOUSEWIFE
Wow, it feels so luxurious....

ANNOUNCER
That's 'cos it was invented by
scientists!

HOUSEWIFE
Golly, those scientists are clever!

ANNOUNCER
Ha! Aren't they ever!

HOUSEWIFE
Thanks, Luxo!

FX: Background singers sing, "Luxo! It lu-xu-ri-ates your
skin!"

ANNOUNCER
And now, back to our program.

NAZI #2
Apparently you have been a source
of great vexation to the Throat.
Killing you -

ANDALIB
("Ow!")
Mmm!

NAZI #2
-- I am told, shall be a great
honor.

ANDALIB
So that's it, Throat? You bump us
out of the way, and continue your
plan for world domination?

NAZI #2
What plan for world domination?

THROAT
Yes, what plan for world
domination?!

ANDALIB

You know... using your 'ultimate weapon' to take over North Africa, and then Europe, and then the WORLD!!

THROAT

Andalib... you silly girl. I am a businessman. I will sell this to the Führer, and he will pay me quite handsomely for it, and *he* will use the weapon as he pleases.

ANDALIB

You're lying!

THROAT

I never lie to people I'm about to kill. Good-bye, Andalib Hassan. Pull the trigger, Helmut.

NAZI #2

Of course.

FX: Distant whinny.

NAZI #2

Hrm?

THROAT

What?

NAZI #2

Did you hear a... er... what is the word

THROAT

A what?

NAZI #2

Eh... "Pferde."

FX: Distant galloping.

THROAT

I don't speak German, you -- Feh-duh? Feta?

NAZI #2

No, "Pferde," it means, em...

FX: Louder galloping -- accompanied by faint ululating sounds from Sadira.

ANDALIB
"Horses."

THROAT
What?

FX: CRASH! of wood being splintered apart, crates scattering.

FX: Loud horse sounds.

Loud ululating from Sadira.

Throat and Nazi #2 scream.

FX: Horse neighs.

NAZI #2
Ach!

FX: Loud thump.

NAZI #2
Oof!

FX: Nazi #2 crashes into the crates.

SADIRA
Miss me?

ANDALIB
I was at a disadvantage. Is there
an extra for me?

FX: Horse neighs.

SADIRA
Take your pick -- I brought 'em all.

ANDALIB
Hold on -

NAZI #2
Nee --

FX: A punch lands.

NAZI #2
Ach, meine Nase....

FX: Metallic scrape.

ANDALIB
I'll take the six-shooter, thank
you very much. Hup!

FX: Horse neighs.

SADIRA
Let's go!

FX: Horse hoofbeats fade slightly.

THROAT
Wait!

FX: Throat starts running

THROAT
Stop them! Men! Close ranks!
Don't...

FX: Horses neigh, various guards scream, running sounds.

THROAT
Don't scatter.

FX: Musical phrase.

FX: Various machine noises, including a once-per-second periodic beep.

ANNOUNCER
Sadira and Andalib approach the
deadly La-Zo-Tron.

GUARD
(stammering with fear)
Yipes! Um, don't come any closer!

ANDALIB
Okay. Calm down.

SADIRA
You're the only person guarding
this weapon, aren't you.

GUARD
Yes.

Beat.

SADIRA
You should probably just go.

GUARD
Oh thank you!

FX: The guard runs off.

Beat.

ANDALIB
The laser!

SADIRA
Quick! Aim it someplace else!

ANDALIB
It won't budge! How much time to we have!

SADIRA
I don't know!

ANDALIB
Check the readout!

SADIRA
Ten seconds!

ANDALIB
I hope this works!

FX: Sound of exertion.

FX: Dramatic music.

ANDALIB
Gah!

FX: Glittery-diamond sounds.

SADIRA
Can it fire without the diamond?

FX: The once-per-second beep halts with a protracted beep.

FX: Sputtering sound. Stalling sound.

ANDALIB
We did it! Marrakesh is saved!
Sadira?

SADIRA
Uh oh.

ANDALIB
Wha -

SADIRA
Company.

FX: Various evil chortles and swishes of scimitars.

ANNOUNCER

From inside the compound, the two dozen guards with scimitars slowly approach, with a look of cold menace in their eyes.

SADIRA

Gentlemen, this battle is over.

ANDALIB

We are returning this diamond to its rightful owner.

GUARD #2

You think you will escape to your precious palace alive?!

SADIRA

We're on horses. You're on foot.

ANDALIB

Hyah!

VOICE

Not so fast, ninjas.

ANDALIB

Wait!

SADIRA

Prince Nabeen?!

FX: Triumphant music.

NABEEN

Yes, it's me!

ANDALIB

Wow, is it great to see you!

SADIRA

Hold on. How -

NABEEN

Deploy the net... NOW!

FX: Fabric-throwing noise.

FX: Horses neigh.

Andalib and Sadira scream.

FX: They thump down in the sand.

FX: Dramatic chords.

NABEEN
And with that simple effort, we
have captured the ninjas at last.

ANDALIB
What?!

NABEEN
Take them away!

ANDALIB
Get back, all of you!

FX: Gun cocks.

GUARD #3
She's got a gun!

FX: Gun fires.

General murmuring.

NAZI #2
Ha! You all have nothing to fear
from this slip of a girl.

ANDALIB
(through gritted teeth)
And why is that, Helmut?!

NAZI #2
Because that warning shot, miss
ninja, was your last bullet.

FX: Gun clicks. Clicks. Clicks.

Nazi #2 laughs fiendishly. Nabeen joins in.

FX: Big jarring chords.

FX: Opening theme plays again.

ANNOUNCER
What web of deceit has entangled
our heroes? What hope do they have
of escaping danger and saving the
day? Find out in the next exciting
installment of....

FX: Musical stab.

ANNOUNCER
Bellydancing Ninjas!

(MORE)