

UGLY AMERICANS

*Season 2 Spec Script*

"Occupy Hell Street"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - HARRY'S CUBICLE BLOCK - DAY

CLOSE ON: HARRY (28), a majestic white unicorn, hair blowing in the wind on the backdrop of an idyllic green countryside.

MARK (V.O.)

We all strive to be who we really  
are inside.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Harry is really in a cramped office building, standing in front of a POSTER and facing a FAN.

A CAT-PERSON SECURITY GUARD glares at him. Suddenly depressed, Harry clops back to his tiny cubicle.

MARK (V.O.)

But sometimes we find ourselves  
trapped in the system.

Harry squeezes into his desk, types with his horn as his boss, MR. PURRINGER (55), an obese cat-man, approaches.

PURRINGER

Good day, Old Sport. Terribly  
sorry, but we're cutting your pay  
again.

HARRY

What? Why?

PURRINGER

Oh, you know how it is.

HARRY

But, I just got a home loan!

PURRINGER

(pats shoulder)

I'm sure you'll be fine. See you  
around, Old Bean.

Purringer exits, leaving Harry fuming.

CLOSE ON: Harry's eyes turn red, teeth grind, mane frizzes.

MARK (V.O.)

So what do we do in these  
situations?

Harry destroys his cubicle, rampages through the office.

MARK (V.O.)  
We sit tight, we buckle down, and  
we power through.

CAT-PERSON SECURITY GUARD  
Hey, get back to work--

Harry impales the Cat-Person Security Guard on his horn as he  
breaks through the door to Purringer's office.

MARK (V.O.)  
We never question the system.

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - PURRINGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS  
Purringer looks up from his desk to see Harry charging him.

PURRINGER  
(GIRLY SHRIEK)

Purringer rapidly presses the silent alarm under his desk.  
From the side door, GRIMES and two of his SECURITY GUARDS  
burst in, guns drawn.

GRIMES  
Freeze, you dirty equine!

Harry turns and rushes towards Grimes, his men fire a dozen  
DARTS into him.

HARRY  
(SLURRED WHINNY)

Harry falls to the ground, slides to a stop, with the point  
of his horn just inches from Grimes' foot.

PURRINGER  
Wow! What's in those things?

GRIMES  
Pure unfiltered horse tranquilizer.

Grimes pulls a dart out of Harry and sticks it in his own  
arm. His eyes roll back in ecstasy.

GRIMES (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah.

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: "OCCUPY HELL STREET"

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

MARK, getting ready for work, finds RANDAL at the counter.

MARK

Randal? Since when do you cook breakfast?

RANDAL

Since I decided I'm tired of living like a penny-pincher, Mark.

MARK

But, you don't care about money. That's why you steal all your clothes from the Good Will truck.

RANDAL

Hey, those are for everybody. But still, I'm sick of being called a bum all the time. That's why, from now on, I'm only going to do things a rich person would do.

MARK

Is that why you're making deviled eggs and foie gras?

Randal steps back to reveal an assortment of disgusting dishes like pig's feet, snails, frog legs, and caviar.

RANDAL

Exactly.

Randal scoops up some FOIE GRAS, tries to feed it to Mark.

RANDAL (CONT'D)

(baby voice)

Now, open up for the airpwane, it's time for Mark-Mark to eat his bweakfast.

MARK

(backing away)

Tell you what, why don't you put that on ice for me. This airport is closed for... Fog delays.

Mark runs out the door.

RANDAL

(PFF) Your loss.

Randal sniffs the goop on his hand, grimaces, wipes it off on his shirt.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF INTEGRATION - MORNING

Mark forces his way through a huge crowd of PROTESTORS.

MARK

Excuse me. Beg your pardon.

MARIJUANA-MAN, a living marijuana plant, accosts Mark.

MARIJUANA-MAN

Join the movement, dude! We are the ninety-nine percent!

MARK

(coughing on his smoky breath)

No thank you! Just, let me through, please!

Grimes runs down the stairs with a FIRE-HOSE, sprays Marijuana-man away before turning it on the other protesters.

GRIMES

Back, you hippies! Back!

Mark makes his way up the steps to stand beside Grimes.

MARK

Thanks, Grimes. What is all this?

GRIMES

It's those damn "Occupy Wall Street-ers" again. Ever since the bailout they've been like a plague of eagles on this city, and I'm the can of DDT to eradicate them.

MARK

Well, lets not go that far. The first amendment protects our right to peacefully assemble.

Grimes sprays Mark with the hose for a couple seconds.

GRIMES

Huh? Sorry, thought you were one of those filthy hippies for a second.

Mark gives Grimes the "death stare" as he wrings the water out of his shirt.

INT. D.O.I. - ELEVATOR - DAY

TWAYNE, in a golf outfit, steps in the elevator with Mark.

TWAYNE  
Good morning, Mark!

MARK  
'Morning Twayne. You been golfing?

TWAYNE  
You know it! My new friends the Fat Cats have been taking me out to their country club! They said I need to work on "reading the green" though, so I'm transforming my office into a putt-putt course!

MARK  
That sounds... Expensive.

TWAYNE  
Oh, it's nothing your department can't spare. Am I right?

MARK  
Actually--

Twayne slaps Mark's back as the doors open and he exits.

TWAYNE  
That's the spirit!

INT. D.O.I. - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

LEONARD spins around in his desk chair as Mark enters.

LEONARD  
Hey-ho, Marky Mark.

MARK  
Are you drunk already?

LEONARD  
Hey, it's not my fault we have so much filing to do!

MARK  
Did you get a load of those protesters outside? It's crazy!

LEONARD  
Oh yes, the cycle of class warfare has begun again.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I remember the last time the poor revolted. So many severed heads!

MARK

Could really come to that?

LEONARD

Oh Mark, it's already inevitable. Every hundred years or so the poor grow so disparaged that they rise up, only to get slapped down for another century by the wealthy hand of the privileged. But in those rare moments, oh the gold and glory to be had!

MARK

I guess it's pretty lucky then that we're so respected at our jobs.

The wall suddenly explodes. Mark COUGHS as the dust clears, revealing Twayne standing with two DEMON CONTRACTORS.

TWAYNE

Perfect! We'll put the sand-trap right here, and then the windmill can go where those desks are.

MARK

Twayne!? What are you doing in my office?

TWAYNE

You mean, what are you doing on my 18th hole?

MARK

This is a place of business! Where are we supposed to work now?

TWAYNE

Don't worry, I have a spot already set up for you, and it's really nice.

INT. D.O.I. - BASEMENT - DAY

Mark and Leonard walk down the dismal stairs, each holding a CARDBOARD BOX with their desk supplies. Mark reaches the bottom and turns the LIGHT on, illuminating a grey windowless boiler room filled with garbage, surrounding two small desks.

Two red-eyed RAT-PEOPLE hiss and scurry off.

MARK

Well, this is humiliating.

LEONARD

Hey, look on the bright side: Free boiler access. Plus, I can do my laundry down here!

MARK

I'm going to my support group.

Mark drops his box and heads back up the stairs. Leonard, already down to his underwear, puts his clothes in the WASHING MACHINE by his new desk.

INT. D.O.I. - SUPPORT GROUP ROOM - DAY

Mark enters to find Harry squeezed in between DOUG, ERIC, MARTIN, TOBY, GREAT BRAIN, and CROATIAN MAN.

MARK

Sorry I'm late. I see you've met our new member, Harry the horse.

HARRY

I'm a unicorn! Check the horn.

MARK

Right, sorry. Now, I understand you had a little "episode" at work?

HARRY

I hated it there anyway. I'm glad I got fired.

MARK

Now Harry, everybody has to work. That's part of the great American dream.

HARRY

Not mine. I just run wild and free like I was meant to.

MARK

Yeah, that's not really the regulation dream we support here at the D.O.I.

HARRY

Maybe I shouldn't be here, then.

MARK

Harry, this is a safe place to work out how you best fit into society. Now guys, why don't we all brainstorm things we love about living in America.

The others look away, mumble, cough, and whistle.

HARRY

Look, America's not the problem, it's just that, most of the time, I feel like nobody is listening to me-

CALLIE sticks her head in the door.

CALLIE

Excuse me, I need to borrow Mark for a second.

MARK

Hold that thought, Harry. I'll be right back.

Harry crosses his hooves as Mark exits.

INT. D.O.I. - HALLWAY - DAY

Callie pushes Mark up against the wall.

CALLIE

I couldn't stop thinking about you, Mark, not after last night's double-booked train ride to orgasm city!

MARK

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that was just good old regulation sex. Nothing too life-changing about it.

CALLIE

Stifle your mortal tongue. I need to you to ravish me. Oh, yes! I'm so hot for you.

Smoke sizzles off Mark'S CLOTHING as she feels him up.

MARK

Callie, this is not office-appropriate behavior--

CALLIE

Oh, who cares! It's time for some erotic demon sex!

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I want you surrender to me.  
Sexually and as a man! That's what  
really makes my organs align.

MARK

Look, I can't focus on satisfying  
your crazy hormones right now. If  
you want me to get "in the mood",  
tell Twayne to give my office back!

Callie is suddenly turned off.

CALLIE

That's not the tone I like from my  
sex object, Mark. Now, I'm going  
to have to punish you later.

Callie winks and struts off.

MARK

(under his breath)

I hope she means in the good way.

INT. D.O.I. - SUPPORT GROUP ROOM - DAY

Mark reenters the room and sees Harry is gone.

GREAT BRAIN

I know what you were doing out  
there. THE GREAT BRAIN KNOWS ALL!

MARK

Yes, Great Brain, I know. Hey,  
where's Harry?

ERIC

He ran off. Said something about  
joining those protesters outside.

MARK

What!? We have to get him back!

GROUP

<<GROANS>>

CROATIAN MAN

Do we be having to?

INT/EXT. RANDAL'S CAR - OCCUPY WALL STREET PROTEST - DAY

Randal (wearing a ratty tux) drives Mark right into the crowd  
of protesters, blasting his horn as he yells out the window.

RANDAL

Outta the way! Freaking peasants.

MARK

Thanks for helping me look for Harry, Randal.

RANDAL

No problem, dude. I'm happy for any excuse to run over poor people.

MARK

You do realize that you, yourself, are poor, right?

RANDAL

Shh! Don't ruin this for me!

CROATIAN-MAN (O.S.)

Teacher, why do we have to come?

REVEAL: Croatian man, Toby, Eric, Martin, and Doug are crammed in the backseat.

MARK

(over shoulder)

I told you, to see what happens to people who don't have jobs.

A BEARDED MAN jumps on the hood and pulls his pants down.

HOMELESS MAN

(grunting)

Take that, Uncle Sam!

RANDAL

Well, judging by the size of that turd, I'd say we're here. You're cleaning that, by the way.

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DAY

Mark, Randal, and the group make their way to the border of the large marble plaza filled with occupiers and tents.

MARK

Well, here we are, gang: Zuccotti Park, the epicenter of Occupy Wall Street. You all go explore, but stay in groups of two.

The group members mutter and disperse, leaving Doug alone and crying as he gets sucked into the crowd.

RANDAL

Filthy stinking mongrels. It's a good thing I'm dead, or I'd be worried about catching maggots.

MARK

Come on, that's a little harsh. Sure, they may smell a kinda funky, but they're still Americans.

RANDAL

Please. I am getting out of this cess-pit as soon as I can.

(looking around)

There's nothing to see here but dirty shanties, unregulated gambling, prostitution...

(growing more enthused)

Drug peddling, open displays of nudity... Free soup kitchen!?

MARK

That does sound like your scene.

RANDAL

(regaining composure)

No. I've changed, Mark. Nothing is going to make me stoop back to your level. Not even...

Randal sees a beautiful orange cat-woman, FELINA (24) taking a hose shower. Her six breasts bounce under her shirt.

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Whoa! You know what, Mark, you've convinced me. Occupy Wall Street does rule! Whee!

MARK

Wait! I never said that!

Randal rips of his tuxedo and leaps into the shower with her.

FELINA

Well hello, tall, green, and dead.

RANDAL

What's up, titty kitty?

Mark watches the two hit it off.

MARK

Oh, boy.

Rhythmic drum pounding fills Mark's ears.

MARK (CONT'D)

(HMM?)

Mark pushes his way through the rows of tents, following the thumping rhythm like he's exploring an African jungle. He pushes the last tent away to enter:

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DRUM CIRCLE - DAY

BEATNIK-MAN, who has bongo drums for knees, is leading a drum circle that includes bizarre OCCUPIERS, the support group members, and Harry. Beatnik-man finishes his solo.

BEATNIK-MAN

That was called thrive to the  
rhythm of jive, performed live.  
Now can I get a hi-five?

Croatian Man hi-fives him.

BEATNIK-MAN (CONT'D)

Righteous, man. Totally far out  
and righteous.

CROATIAN-MAN

Look, I'm am being the cool!

MARK

Harry, there you are!

HARRY

Oh great, he found me.

MARK

Good job class, now lets get back  
to the D.O.I. That's enough  
alternative culture for today.

BEATNIK-MAN

Oh man, sounds like we got a square  
in the square, brothers.

GRATEFUL DEAD BEAR

Boo the square!

Everyone "boos" Mark.

MARK

You're booing me? Come on, I'm the  
fiscally responsible one.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

That's why I have my own apartment  
and don't live in a park.

BEATNIK-MAN

Listen to yourself, brother. You've  
been brainwashed by the man.

GIANT COCKROACH

Do you really own your own home  
amigo, or does the bank own it?

MARSHMALLOW-MAN

The middle class only exists at the  
whim of the fat cats.

GRATEFUL DEAD BEAR

Even government workers are treated  
like second class citizens.

MARK

That may be, but that doesn't give  
us the right to just turn a public  
plaza into a mecca for depravity.

BEATNIK-MAN

Sure it does. How else can we  
normal folk get our voices heard?

MARK

Maybe, write an article in the  
Village Voice?

BEATNIK-MAN

That's square, man.

The Earth starts to shake.

CALLIE (O.S.)

MARK!!!!

MARK

Oh no. Not now.

Callie flies out of the sky and lands on GARBAGE-BAG MAN.

CALLIE

There you are!

MARK

(to GARBAGE BAG MAN)

Oh my Gosh! Are you alright?

GARBAGE-BAG MAN

I'm used to it.

MARK

Callie, you just crushed that American!

CALLIE

Don't be silly, that pile of garbage is hardly a person. What are you doing out here? Did you forget about our "appointment?"

MARK

I don't have time to be your sex toy right now. I'm making a point to these disparaged citizens.

CALLIE

Hah! I'd sooner roast these losers alive than listen to them.

Callie shoots fire from her hand near Marshmallow Man.

MARSHMALLOW-MAN

(EEK!)

The drum circle breaks up as everyone runs in terror. Mark stands in Callie's path, defending them.

MARK

Callie stop! Sure, these people are weird and smell bad, but they need our help.

CALLIE

Oh, quit your yapping already. You're coming with me, now!

Callie grabs Mark and tries to take flight, but Mark grabs onto Harry's horn as an anchor.

MARK

Callie, no!

HARRY

Ouch! Hurting me. Please, stop.

Randal, waving a flask, runs over with Felina.

RANDAL

Holy-water, bitch!

He splashes water from his flask on her arm.

CALLIE

<<PAIN SCREECH>>

Callie's arm shrivels up as she releases Mark.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
This isn't over, Mark!

Callie flies off. The crowd CHEERS. Felina kisses Randal.

FELINA  
My hero.

RANDAL  
And I owe it all to Jack Daniels,  
the holiest of all the waters.

BEATNIK-MAN  
Groovy man. I only fight with my  
beats, but you like, really did  
something.

MARSHMALLOW-MAN  
Three cheers for Mark, the defender  
of the lower class! Hip-Hip-

ALL  
Hoorah!

RANDAL  
Hey, what do you guys say we elect  
Mark as our new leader?

The crowd CHEERS with delight.

MARK  
What? No, really it's-- Whoa!

The crowd lifts Mark up and rallies around him, cheering.

CROWD  
Mark! Mark! Mark!

MARK  
Well, at least it smells a little  
nicer up here.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. D.O.I. - CALLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Callie slams the door to her office.

CALLIE

Ooh, I can't stand Mark sometimes.

She grabs a bandage, dresses her wounded arm.

ALDERMACH (O.S.)

My thoughts, exactly.

Callie turns to see ALDERMACH standing by the door.

CALLIE

Daddy! What an unexpected surprise.

ALDERMACH

No time for small talk, pudding. I need you to take my army of the damned to Zuccotti park and destroy Occupy Wall Street.

CALLIE

That does sound like a nice way to spend the afternoon, but Mark's in that protest.

ALDERMACH

I am so sick of hearing about that human. Callie, this is very important for the family business, so don't mess it up, alright?

CALLIE

You can count on me, Daddy.

ALDERMACH

That's my girl. Now, how about some filet-o-human sandwiches? My treat.

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DAY

The Occupiers build Mark a THRONE of garbage.

MARK

Wow, you didn't have to do this.

BEATNIK-MAN

Naw man, you deserve it. Lead us to freedom Mark. Freedom over the one percent!

RANDAL

Yeah, you sit in that throne, Mark.

MARK

Well, alright. Now, this is job security!

Mark sits in the soggy throne and looks over his realm.

RANDAL

This is great! Now O-W-S finally has a purpose: to do whatever Mark says!

FELINA

I love it when you talk political.

RANDAL

Really?

Felina leaps on Randal and knocks him to the ground, lies on top of him and kisses him on the lips.

FELINA

Oh Randal, I fear I've fallen for you.

RANDAL

Yeah, I can see that.

FELINA

But alas, I have a secret. Come, there's something I must show you.

RANDAL

Uh oh. You're not really a dog or something... Are you?

INT. D.O.I. - BASEMENT - DAY

Callie storms down the steps to find Leonard playing poker with the two Rat-People, who scurry off upon seeing her.

LEONARD

Hey, what'd you do that for? I had a royal flush!

CALLIE

I have a job for you.

LEONARD

(GASP) A job? Oh, God, no!

CALLIE

Oh, God, yes! You are going undercover, Leonard. Into Occupy Wall Street.

LEONARD

No way. I am *not* getting involved in another class war. It always ends the same way: With me going crazy with gold-fever and blood-lust and then waking up the next morning in a puddle of my own vomit with all my clothes stolen.

CALLIE

I'm not interested in your life story. Now get out there before I slash your health care!

LEONARD

Yikes!

Leonard taps his head with his wand and vanishes.

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DAY

Mark marches around the park with the drum circle members, organizing everybody into an efficient assembly line.

MARK

Move the kitchen closer to the food supplies, and would it be too much to ask if we got the banner-makers and the slogan writers to work together?

BEATNIK-MAN

Man, you really got this place running like clockwork.

MARIJUANA-MAN

Like, it's toke-tastic.

MARK

Hey, I'm just trying to be the best king I can be.

(notices something else)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

No no no! I said magenta, not burgundy. Now we have to paint this all over again.

Mark marches over to the banner-painters, leaving Harry standing apart from the others.

HARRY

Am I the only one who doesn't trust this guy? I mean yesterday he was against us. Now he's doing our color pallets? What gives?

Leonard sprouts out of the ground.

LEONARD

Yep, he's pretty much gone mad with power. It always happens to somebody at these type of things.

HARRY

Where did you come from?

LEONARD

Oh, you know. Now what've we got?

HARRY

Are you new here, or something?

LEONARD

Yeah, but I was at the barricades, the trenches, and the walled city of poverty, so I know there's always some killer swag cookin' when the unrest is a-brewin'.

Leonard eyes a passed-out JUNKIE's tent.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Oh. My. Wand. Is that spotted toadstool?

Leonard rushes into the tent and pulls out a purple MUSHROOM with yellow polka-dots.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I haven't had one of these babies since the '70s. 1670's, to be exact.

He takes a straw out of his pocket and pokes it in, takes a long sniff of sparkling purple POWDER. His PUPILS expand and he puts a hand on Harry's face.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Unicorn friend, we are about to  
rock this protest.

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Felina leads Randal off the golden elevator into a fabulous white Penthouse. Large bay windows show a panorama of downtown Wall Street.

RANDAL  
You live here!?

FELINA  
Please don't hate me, Randal. I'm  
sorry, but I'm not the groovy  
peasant I lead you to believe.

RANDAL  
Hate you? Are you kidding? I love  
rich people! Is that a champagne  
fountain?

Randal jumps into giant swimming pool/fountain of champagne.

RANDAL (CONT'D)  
Join me for a swim, my lady?

FELINA  
(giggling)  
Oh Randal, of course.

Felina throws her clothes off and splashes into his arms.

FELINA (CONT'D)  
I'm so glad you're not upset to  
discover the true me.

RANDAL  
I couldn't be happier! From now on  
it's only the finest things for us!

MONTAGE TO HAPPY TUNE:

Randal and Felina sail a yacht, golf at a country club, fly a private jet, watch opera from a box seat, and eat sushi wrapped in money off the back of a smiling Japanese chef.

INT. HELL - FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - DAY

ALDERMACH and PURRINGER sit at the center of a large dining room table in a swanky uptown Hell restaurant. Next to Aldermach are two DEMON GENERALS, Twayne, and Callie.

Felina enters with Randal, his bright tuxedo made of Christmas lights flashing as he walks.

CALLIE

Randal? What are you doing here?

RANDAL

I'm moving up in the world, Callie.  
Can't you be supportive?

CALLIE

After you holy water'd me?

Callie holds up her bandaged hand.

RANDAL

Oh, that'll heal. Just pray on it.

Aldermach taps on his full wine glass, raises it.

ALDERMACH

Good, now that you're all here, I'd like to make a toast to the new alliance between the Fat Cats and the forces of evil.

PURRINGER

Indeed, we are quite pleased to announce that Wall Street's merger with Hell will go through just as soon as those obnoxious protesters have been removed.

ALDERMACH

Don't worry, my daughter is already on that. Right, sweetums?

CALLIE

Of course.

PURRINGER

Good to hear. My daughter is also an operative within the movement.

FELINA

(stands)

Yes, and I have discovered that the protest has centered around a new leader, a man named Mark Lilly.

Felina holds a picture of Mark. Callie is shocked.

TWAYNE

Hey, I know that guy!

FELINA

Mark's organizational prowess has transformed the protest from a loose gathering of weird-o's into a legitimate threat to our business.

ALDERMACH

Not to worry, everyone. Thanks to Callie, soon Mark will be no more and then this whole silly protest will collapse.

PURRINGER

Yes, let us drink to the downfall of this "Mark Lilly".

Everyone stands and raises their glasses.

ALDERMACH/PURRINGER/TWAYNE/FELINA/DEMON  
GENERALS

To the death of Mark!

CALLIE

(insincere)

To the death of Mark...

RANDAL

(to himself)

Uh oh...

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DAY

A LINE of Occupiers has formed leading to Mark's throne. Beatnik Man stands by Mark's side like a squire.

Two WOMEN IN RAGS face Mark, holding a BABY between them.

BEATNIK-MAN

Like, both women claim the baby as their own, brother.

MARK

Hmm... The child shall be cut in half. Which ever woman does not do the cutting shall decide which half she wants.

The women look to each other in shock as Randal runs over.

RANDAL

My liege! My liege!

MARK

Randal? What is so important you'd address me with such "casual-ity"?

RANDAL

The fat cats, Mark! I just found out they're working with the demons to crush the protest and kill you!

BEATNIK-MAN

What shall we do, your grace?

MARK

(stands)

Rally our supporters! Every man able to bare arms shall have a helm and a sword! If they want class-warfare, then class-warfare they shall have!

The protesters all cheer in support.

LEONARD

(to Harry)

Here we go again.

Leonard takes another drag from his mushroom and raises his head to the sky.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

(OUTRAGEOUS WAR HOWL)

END OF ACT

ACT THREE

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - AFTERNOON

DRAMATIC MONTAGE:

Low rising music and the slow beat of a war drum.

LEONARD (V.O.)  
Every century it begins.

Beatnik-Man sharpens a SWORD on a spinning stone, sparks shoot into his face, Marijuana-Man does the same with a BONG.

LEONARD (V.O.)  
The great battle of our time...

Mark broods from his throne, wearing a CROWN OF GARBAGE.

LEONARD (V.O.)  
...When the masses rise up against  
their oppressors...

A line of occupiers leads to WEREWOLF GENERAL, who gives each of them their weapons in turn. He puts a visored bucket on Doug and a mace in his hand. Doug sheds a single tear.

LEONARD (V.O.)  
...and the circle of history turns  
round again...

CLOSE ON: Leonard paints two red war stripes under his eyes.

LEONARD  
...but this time, Harry, you and I  
will be there to claim the spoils!

PAN OUT TO REVEAL: Leonard, in a suit of armor, riding Harry, who is decorated like a medieval jousting stallion.

HARRY  
I never agreed to this.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

The DEMON ARMY marches up Wall Street. Callie rides a giant chariot drawn by two CAT-MAMMOTHS. Suddenly, they stop.

CALLIE  
Why are we stopping? Onward, I  
say!

Grimes, with his Security Guards, block the procession.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Grimes? What do you want?

GRIMES  
To fight alongside you! Nobody  
cracks hippie skulls in this town  
without giving us some of the  
action.

CALLIE  
Fine, fine. You may join us.

The OCCUPIERS emerge from over the hill. Mark sits in his  
throne, carried by eight SCRAWNY CREATURES.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Mark!?

MARK  
You wanted to get rid of us,  
Callie? Well, here we are!

The Occupiers cheer, thump their weapons.

CALLIE  
This is your last chance!  
Surrender now, and I may spare your  
life!

MARK  
Never! I am one of these people.  
If they are to die I shall die as  
one of them!

The Occupiers let out a notably less enthused cheer.

CALLIE  
So be it!  
(to demons)  
ATTACK!

MARK  
CHARGE!

The two enemy forces rush towards each other and clash in  
front of the HISTORIC NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDING.

The Demons crush many of the occupiers by running over them.

A DEMON roasts Marshmallow-Man's head with fire breath.

Grimes smashes Cantaloup-Man's head with his night-stick.

GRIMES

Now this is head-bashing!

Leonard rides Harry through the crowd, hacking demon's heads off while laughing and snorting his mushroom.

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Randal stands in the doorway, facing Felina.

FELINA

I'm sorry, Randal, but it's over between us.

RANDAL

But, pussy-cat, come on! Don't you want to, I don't know, defraud a charity or go rip off some orphans?

FELINA

Really I would, but I can't trust you anymore. You betrayed me! You told Mark about my father's plans!

RANDAL

Oh... You found out, huh? Look, it's not what it seems!

FELINA

Spare me your lies, Randal. Just go, before I have you thrown out.

RANDAL

Can't we talk about this? I'm sorry, alright. I didn't mean to help the homeless! I can change!

Randal approaches Felina but two CAT GUARDS enter, grab him.

RANDAL (CONT'D)

(crying)

No! Please! I don't want to go! I wanna be rich! I wanna be rich!

The Guards drag Randal out as he claws at the carpet. Felina turns away from him, stares out the window.

FELINA

(whisper)

Goodbye, Randal.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Callie morphs into DEMON-FORM, flies over the battle. She lands on Mark's throne, causing it to crush the people carrying it as it smashes to the ground.

CALLIE

It's over!

BEATNIK-MAN

Naw man. Because, like a single drop in the sea of humanity, our small ripples will merge to make great waves--

Callie stabs her ARM into Beatnik Man's stomach.

BEATNIK-MAN (CONT'D)

Not cool, man.

Callie pulls her blood-soaked arm out as Beatnik Man falls.

MARK

No! Callie, how could you?

CALLIE

I don't care about any of these miserable vermin, least of all you!

Mark leaps out of the way as Callie shoots flames from her mouth that turn his throne to ashes.

MARK

But, we're just like you, Callie. We're all just looking for some respect. You can understand that, can't you?

CALLIE

Empathy is for the weak!

Mark dodges Callie's punch and rolls over to Beatnik-Man.

BEATNIK-MAN

(dieing breath)

My king...

Beatnik-Man hands Mark his sword, then dies.

Callie flies head-on towards Mark. Mark raises the SWORD.

MARK

So be it, Callie. You leave me no choice!

Callie stops short of destroying Mark when she sees him fall to his knees and submissively offer her the sword.

CALLIE  
What are you doing?

MARK  
I surrender.

All the battling ceases and everyone stares at them.

Leonard does not notice what's happening and keeps on fighting, but now he is battling dumpsters and streetlights. Harry rolls his eyes, implying that he has been doing that all along.

CALLIE  
What? Why?

MARK  
It's clear that your army is more powerful and that there's no way we can win. Also, the thought of fighting you terrifies me.

Callie shrinks back to normal form.

CALLIE  
Oh Mark. You always know how to satisfy me in the heat of the moment.

Callie embraces Mark and kisses him with passion.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
(breaks away)  
You know what, I'm not going to kill you to please my father. In fact, now that you've given me your delicious submission, I'm going to help you all take down Wall-Street!

The OCCUPIERS cheer. The DEMONS shrug their shoulders.

MARK  
Thanks, Callie, but even with our armies combined Fat Cat HQ is impregnable. We'd never get in without some kind of back door.

Randal opens the BACK DOOR to the building, steps out.

RANDAL

(scoffs)

What is this? Shakespeare in the park?

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - ATRIUM - DAY

Mark and Callie lead their horde into the entrance hall. Mark runs to the elevator and presses the "UP" button.

MARK

Upwards, to victory!

The elevator dings and Grimes steps out, nightstick in hand.

GRIMES

No way you smelly hippies are getting past me!

Everyone rushes into the elevator, pushing him to the back.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

No, the stink! The enclosed hippie stank! Argh!!

Grimes faints as the doors close.

RANDAL

Whiner.

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - HARRY'S CUBICLE BLOCK - DAY

Mark and Callie lead their forces in a charge through the office, destroying everything in their path.

Harry delights in stabbing up his own cubicle with his horn.

HARRY

Take that, quarterly reports!

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - PURRINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark, Callie, Randal, and the rest, burst through the double-doors to find Purringer at his desk with Aldermach.

PURRINGER

My word! This is most unparliamentary.

ALDERMACH

What are you doing here, Callie? I told you to crush this pest!

CALLIE

Mark and I are in love, daddy! I won't harm him just to aid in your twisted scheme.

ALDERMACH

(rolls eyes)  
Oh, lord.

MARK

Wall Street has fallen! You have no choice but to surrender.

PURRINGER

(to Aldermach)  
I'm afraid he's right, Old Bean.

ALDERMACH

(GROAN) Let's just get this over with. What our your demands?

MARK

(suddenly unsure)  
Right. Our demands...

The Occupiers look at the ground and mumble.

ALDERMACH

Really? You went through this whole ordeal and you don't even know what you were fighting for?

MARK

Well, I know we're trying to convince you that we are the ninety-nine percent.

PURRINGER

Believe me, I know. Why else would you be such a cheap source of labor?

HARRY

What would Beatnik-Man say, Mark?

MARK

He'd say we need to survive and thrive... and make pies? Something like that, but the point is this movement needs to continue.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Because Occupy Wall Street isn't just a protest, it's a constant reminder that if you are poor and oppressed, there will always be a community of depraved weirdos camping out in the street who will take you in.

ALDERMACH

So, let me get this straight. The only thing Occupy Wall Street wants to do... Is just occupy?

OCCUPIERS

Yeah! (CHEERS)

PURRINGER

Well, that's splendid! So long as you mongrels don't interfere with our company, then this merger can go through, after all.

ALDERMACH

(deadpan)

Whoopie.

MARK

Wait, I have one more condition: Harry the Unicorn gets his job back.

PURRINGER

Done.

HARRY

What!?! No!

ENDING MONTAGE:

EXT. ZUCCOTTI PARK - DAY

The OCCUPIERS return to their tents in Zuccotti Park.

MARK (V.O.)

Sometimes we don't get what we want out of life.

EXT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - FELINA'S BALCONY - DAY

Felina looks at a heart-shaped LOCKET containing a picture of her and Randal. She wipes a tear, holds it to her chest.

MARK (V.O.)

We are unhappy and we blame those  
with more than us.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Leonard wakes up naked, in a puddle of his own vomit, rubs  
his head, and looks around.

MARK (V.O.)

But, we need to keep working at our  
station in life.

EXT. D.O.I. - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark works at his desk. A golf-ball hits him in the head.  
REVEAL: His desk is part of the golf course. Twayne stands  
near his desk with a club.

TWAYNE

Four!

MARK (V.O.)

Because we only start off as small  
ripples....

INT. FAT CAT HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - DAY

HARRY scrubs a toilet with a brush on the end of his horn.  
Purringer enters.

PURRINGER

Make it shine, pony-boy. Those  
five o'clock crumpets went right  
through me.

Harry grits his teeth and scrubs harder.

MARK (V.O.)

...Knowing that someday we can  
become great waves.

EXT. TUXEDO STORE - DAY

Randal gets thrown out of a Tuxedo store and into a puddle.

RANDAL

(HUMPH) Savages.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

CREDITS PHOTO MONTAGE:

1. Randal and Felina ride in a CARRIAGE drawn by four HOBOS chasing a CAN OF BEANS on a stick through CENTRAL PARK.
2. Randal and Felina bet on a COCK-FIGHT in Mexico, where a BABY fights a ROOSTER.
3. Randal and Felina place the victorious BABY on a craps table in VEGAS.
4. Randal and Felina gorge on RED CROSS RATIONS in Africa.
5. Randal and Felina drive a SNOW-PLOW through TIMES-SQUARE, crushing TOURISTS.
6. Randal and Felina race each other down a mountain by a FANCY SKI-RESORT, using HOBOS as their SKIS and SNOWBOARD.
7. Randal and Felina eat LASAGNA MADE OF CASH in Felina's penthouse.

END OF EPISODE