

DRAGON FIST: WAY OF THE GALACTIC SLAP

Script:

Joe Vitale

EXT. GIGA CITY BADLANDS - DAY

We open on a desolate, remote and rocky area of Giga City. As we pull in, we see two tiny figures and hear GRUNTING and SLAPPING as a gruff voice shouts.

DORF (O.S.)
C'mon! Faster! My grandmother has
better reflexes than that! ARE YOU
MY GRANDMOTHER??

PULL IN closer to reveal JAKE and DORF sparring by a campfire, with WILLIE sitting off in the distance, singing a song. Dorf is waving around some energy-based sparring shields as Jake flails wildly, trying to hit them. He's not doing so well.

DORF (CONT'D)
Concentrate!

JAKE
Uhh! Ahh! GAHH! FORGET IT!

Jake stops flailing and stops to catch his breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
Wha...what's the point of this? I
don't need any 'technique' with
these babies, they're raw power!
This is stupid. Even stupider than
your haircut!

This annoys Dorf.

DORF
This is a warrior's haircut! And
raw power means nothing if you
don't know how to use it, boy. I am
trying to teach you the Galactic
Slap, a technique invented *solely*
for the Dragon Fists and if done
correctly, is capable of repelling
almost *any* attack! You must learn
respect for the responsibility
of...

Over to Jake, who's ignoring Dorf as he gently pounds the ground, which makes a passing Tarantula Turtle (like a turtle, but hair and with 6 legs) continuously hop in the air. Jake thinks this is hilarious.

JAKE
Hahaha! Look at him go!

DORF
(sigh) I'll never understand how
you ended up with the Dragon Fists.
(MORE)

DORF (CONT'D)

If they were on *my* arms - like they're *supposed* to be - I could be out there fighting Seltze instead of babysitting an imbecile!

JAKE

Oh yeah? Could an imbecile do THIS?

With that, Jake SLAMS his fists into the ground, causing a SHOCKWAVE that sends a huge boulder SHOOTING up and sailing towards SIMON. Simon walks, blissfully unaware as the boulder's shadow covers him. He stops to chew a patch of grass as the boulder falls. Then, just as the boulder CRASHES to Earth, Simon continues on his way and steps out of the boulder's path just in time. Dorf looks over at Jake, unamused. Jake manages a nervous laugh.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, uh...that wasn't my fault! How can I concentrate with Willie constantly singing that song?

Jake points. Over to Willie, who's singing to himself as he puts together a contraption. It's a song sort of like the Hokey Pokey, but with a Rockabilly beat.

WILLIE

One little hop and you feel alive.
Two small steps and you might survive.
Three short spins and your heart will sing.
Four quick jabs are just the thing...

Willie stops singing and looks over at the group, all staring at him. He smiles broadly and holds up his contraption - an elaborate FISHING ROD. He calls over to the others

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Voila! I call it the Willie Winder!
This rod will single-handedly revolutionize the fishing industry!

JAKE

Uh, Willie? There hasn't *been* a fishing industry ever since the Seltze dropped that Mutagen in the oceans that made all fish taste like brussel sprout and liver milkshakes.

Behind him, Dorf shrugs.

DORF

I actually don't mind those. A warrior's drink!

Willie is undeterred.

WILLIE

You don't say. BEHOLD!

Willie hooks a wriggling worm and goes to cast his line. The hook drops on the dry ground, and the confused worm tries to crawl away.

JAKE

Uh, Willie? You realize there's no water here...right?

Suddenly, a HUGE SHADOW passes over the group and a GIANT ALIEN BIRD swoops down towards the bait with a loud SCREECH!! Willie is excited, and looks back towards Jake and Dorf

WILLIE

Looks like I caught a doozy!

On Jake, who looks at Dorf, confused.

JAKE

That's what he was fishing for?

DORF

Yeah...I've learned it's really better if you just don't ask these questions.

As the bird gets closer it reaches out its talons and misses the bait - but catches Willie by the shoulders! Willie yells as the bird carries him off into the distance.

WILLIE

Now to reel him in!!

The bird and Willie disappear over the horizon. Dorf SLAPS his forehead. Not again.

JAKE

You'd think someone with the instructions to the Dragon Fists locked in their brain would have more sense.

DORF

(sighs) Actually, I think those instructions were so detailed his brain didn't have any room left for trivial things like sense....or hygiene.

JAKE

Huh.

Jake and Dorf stare off into the distance for a beat. Then:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well...let's go get him.

They walk off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

Dorf and Jake scale the face of an impossibly high cliff, working their way towards a large protruding branch with a NEST perched on top of it. As they get closer, they hear Willie singing that song again.

WILLIE (O.S.)

...Three short spins and your heart will sing. Four quick jabs are just the thing. Five smooth rolls and you dodge the worst. Count to six then repeat the first...

On Jake, who's being driven crazy by this song.

JAKE

Ahh he's singing that song again!
I'd rather have razor worms
burrowing through my head than have
to listen to one more verse!

At that moment, a group of wriggling, vicious RAZOR WORMS burrow out of the cliff directly in front of Jake's face, growling at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Uh...I take it back! I like my head
the way it is!

Jake scurries up past the worms. Jake and Dorf reach the nest, where they find Willie talking to a confused-looking baby bird.

WILLIE

Okay, now let's try the first verse
again. One little hop and you feel
alive. Two small steps and you
might survive...

The baby bird looks up at Willie and CHIRPS. Just then Dorf's giant hand enters frame, grabs Willie and YANKS him out of the nest as a surprised Willie shouts out

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Keep practicing!

As Dorf straps Willie to his back, he hands Jake his binoculars.

DORF

Hold these.

Jake looks off into the distance using the laser binoculars. From the binoculars' POV, we see a group of Seltze soldiers testing out some sort of giant contraption, a metal box attached to smaller boxes with moving parts and blinking lights.

JAKE

Uh oh - looks like the Seltze are building a weapon! ...or cooking their lunch, I can't really tell from up here.

DORF

Let me see if I can get ascent.

Dorf starts SNIFFING the air like a bloodhound

JAKE

Well what do you smell?
Lasagne...or death?

DORF

Whatever it is, it died a long time ago. Ew.

PULL OUT to reveal that Willie has somehow contorted himself to be UPSIDE DOWN in his strap. His butt is now directly behind an unknowing Dorf's head.

JAKE

Uh, we should probably head back.

DORF

No argument here!

The trio starts the long climb down, and Willie continues singing as they go.

WILLIE

Three short spins and your heart will sing. Four quick jabs are just the thing. Five smooth rolls and you dodge the worst. Count to six and repeat the first. Raise your hands for a mighty clap...

Jake can't take it anymore.

JAKE

WILL YOU PLEASE STOP SINGING THAT SONG!!!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TEAM CAMP - LATER

SOPHS is busy working on her scooter, cranking it with a large wrench. On the first crank, the horn emits a typical HONK. Sophs considers this.

SOPHS
Hmm...too boring.

She cranks it again. BWAAAAM!!

SOPHS (CONT'D)
Eh...too creepy.

She cranks it one more time. It plays LA CUCARACHA.

SOPHS (CONT'D)
Now we're talkin'!

Jake, Dorf and Willie run in, and Jake breathlessly explains what he saw to Sophs.

JAKE
Sophs, there you are!

SOPHS
Where else would I be...?

JAKE
The Seltze are up to something! We saw them in the desert putting together some machine - it was a big box with a bunch of smaller boxes with wires and, uh...other stuff.

SOPHS
Wow. That information is...basically useless.

JAKE
C'mon, make an educated guess!

SOPHS
I don't know Jake, that could be anything! It could be a planet-destroying laser or...a lunch maker.

JAKE
I *KNEW* it!

DORF
Shut up Jake. Let the expert talk.

JAKE
But...

SOPHS
That's right. I'm the expert! And I
only have time for serious
scientific studies.

Sophs leans on her scooter, which plays LA CUCARACHA. Sophs
laughs nervously.

SOPHS (CONT'D)
Uh, so...let's go get a better look
at this thing. For science.

Sophs, Dorf and Willie exit as Jake stands there, stammering.

JAKE
But...but...but...

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE - LATER

The group peers over the edge of a hill to spy on the Seltze
in the canyon down below. They watch as the mysterious boxes
rearrange themselves into a GIANT MECH ROBOT with giant fists
very similar to the Dragon Fists. Jake is taken aback by
this. He looks at the robot, then his fists, then the robot
again.

JAKE
That...that thing...it's *copying*
me!

SOPHS
Well, there's no accounting for
taste.

Off of Jake's annoyed look.

SOPHS (CONT'D)
Okay, I think we can safely assume
that thing doesn't make lunch. But
I'm gonna need to see its
schematics to find out how to shut
it down, or at least turn it into
something that DOES make lunch, so
Dorf? Let's go.

JAKE
What about me?

As Dorf and Sophs walk off, Dorf calls back to him.

DORF
Someone's gotta watch Willie!

Jake looks over at Willie, who wanders off into the distance
and starts singing, this time with a little dance.

JAKE

Great.

WILLIE

One little hop and you feel alive.
Two small steps and you might
survive...

Jake buries his head in his hand.

JAKE

This just isn't my day.

Just then a Seltze patrol comes up over the opposite hill and sees the old man.

SELTZE SOLDIER

You! Human! Stop right there!

They run over and take him into custody as Jake takes cover and watches from his hiding spot. A SELTZE LIEUTENANT talks to his COMMANDER.

LIEUTENANT

So boss...how about that lunch
break?

COMMANDER

Lunch?? There's humans in the area -
nobody gets lunch until we round
them all up!

LIEUTENANT

Aww...but I bet we could get the X-
3000 to make us lunch in no time!

JAKE (O.S.)

I *KNEW* it!

On Jake as he suddenly realizes that he probably shouldn't have yelled anything out. He cautiously peeks over the ridge of the hill that he was hiding behind...to find a group of Seltze soldiers standing there with their guns drawn, staring at him. Jake laughs nervously.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Heh heh...dessert's on me?

INT. SELTZE CAMP

Willie and Jake are brought in tied up, and tossed next to Sophs and Dorf, who have also been captured and are tied up.

JAKE

Hey, how's it going guys?

DORF
Same as always.

JAKE
That bad, huh?

Just then Simon strolls past the group, not paying any heed to their predicament. The group watches as he walks offscreen.

The SELTZE GENERAL approaches, and addresses the team.

SELTZE GENERAL
Well well well, it looks like our unveiling of the X-Station 3000 has an audience! I can see that...

The General's monologuing is interrupted by Willie still singing his song.

WILLIE
Three short spins and your heart will sing. Four quick jabs are just the thing...

SELTZE GENERAL
Shut him up!!

A Soldier comes up behind Willie and GAGS him.

SELTZE GENERAL (CONT'D)
Now where was I? I was in the middle of a good monologue there...Oh yes - The X-Station 3000 was constructed for one purpose, and one purpose only...

JAKE
To make lunch?

SELTZE GENERAL
Wha- stop interrupting my monologues! No. It was created to *Pulverize the Dragon Fists!!*

JAKE
Oh. Uh, okay, follow up question - what would happen to the person *attached* to the Dragon Fists? After, y'know, the pulverizing?

SELTZE GENERAL
Well...I don't know. Professor!

A Seltze PROFESSOR in a lab coat and glasses runs up holding a clipboard and calculator and starts furiously mashing buttons.

PROFESSOR

Divide by pi, carry the two, square root of nine million multiplied by point four critical hits...

He looks at Jake.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

They'd be pulverized too. And also dead.

Jake GULPS. The General looks at him.

SELTZE GENERAL

But don't worry boy, now that you're our prisoner there's no need to pulverize you. All we're interested in is the Dragon Fists...

A group of Soldiers wheel in a metal table with a bunch of scary-looking tools on top. The General picks up a BUZZSAW, revs it a few times, then looks at Jake.

SELTZE GENERAL (CONT'D)

...We'll just need to saw your arms off to get them!

DORF

(under his breath)
Why didn't *I* think of that?

The General turns the saw on and advances on Jake. Jake thinks fast, trying to find a way out of this. He finally thinks of something.

JAKE

Ha! Good luck! You'll never get the Dragon Fists working for you without the, uh...secret key!

Sophs darts her eyes back in forth and plays along.

SOPHS

Uh...oh no Jake, don't tell him about the secret key!

Sophs looks to Dorf, who rolls his eyes and chimes in with low enthusiasm.

DORF

No. Anything but the secret key.

The General stops the saw.

SELTZE GENERAL

Secret key? What secret key? Nobody said anything about a secret key.

He looks to the Professor.

SELTZE GENERAL (CONT'D)
Did you know about a secret key?

The Prof shakes his head No.

SELTZE GENERAL (CONT'D)
He doesn't know about a secret key.
Where's this secret key? Tell me!

JAKE
I'll never tell you where it is!

Jake's eyes dart over to Willie's fishing rod, leaning up against the wall. The General sees this.

SELTZE GENERAL
Aha! You can't keep anything from me, boy! It's this...thing...isn't it?

The General goes over to the rod and picks it up, studying it.

SELTZE GENERAL (CONT'D)
How does it work? Tell me!

JAKE
Ha! As if an idiot like you could ever whip it forward over your head and cast the line out about a dozen feet in front of you. Don't make me laugh!

The General tries, but he tangles the line. Jake sighs.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Uh, untangle the line...okay, now over your head. There you go.
And...throw.

The General casts the line successfully, looks back at Jake.

SELTZE GENERAL
Okay now what?

Just then, the giant Alien Bird from before SWOOPS in and SNATCHES the General away with a SCREEEEECH! as the Seltze soldiers all scramble to shoot their weapons aimlessly into the sky!

In the chaos, Dorf untangles his restraints, then unties Sophs and Jake. Jake takes the gag out of Willie's mouth

WILLIE

Five smooth rolls and you dodge the worst. Count to six and repeat the first...

Jake SHOVES the gag back into Willie's mouth.

DORF

Let's move!

As Dorf leads the group out of the camp, they're blocked by the imposing figure of the fully-activated X-Station 3000!

DORF (CONT'D)

BAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Dorf LAUNCHES himself at the robot, but is easily swatted away. He crumples to the ground. It's down to Jake. A badly-beaten Dorf calls to him from the ground.

DORF (CONT'D)

Jake! Do the Galactic Slap!

JAKE

Uh, sure...the Galactic Slap. No problem. One Galactic Slap coming up.

Jake CLAPS his hands at the robot. Nothing happens. The Robot LAUGHS at him, then BACKHANDS Jake into a wall. As he struggles to get up, Dorf yells out to him.

DORF

Jake! Concentrate! It's the only way!

Jake is unsure. He starts charging his fists as he plans his next move. As he does this, he starts singing Willie's song.

JAKE

One little hop and you feel alive...huh?

The robot comes in and tries to sweep the leg, but Jake HOPS up and avoids getting hit.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hey wait a minute...Two small steps and you might survive.

Jake takes two steps to the right, narrowly avoiding the robot POUNDING the ground where he was.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Three short spins and your heart will sing.

Jake spins around three times, evading LASERS that shoot out of the robot's eyes, cratering the ground where they hit.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Four quick jabs are just the thing.

Jake JABS at the robot 4 times as it recharges its lasers, pushing it off balance. The robot stumbles back.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Five smooth rolls and you dodge the worst.

Jake rolls five times, DODGING missiles that SHOOT OUT of the robot's chest and BLOW UP the Seltze equipment behind him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Count to six and repeat the first.
One, two, three, four, five...six!

Jake closes his eyes and counts as the robot CHARGES at him. On six he HOPS as the robot slides towards him, and it CRASHES into the Seltze tent instead.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Raise your hands for a mighty clap...

Jake raises his hands, about to clap.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Now you've mastered the GALACTIC SLAP!

As the robot stands up and faces Jake, he brings his hands together in a mighty SLAP that sends a powerful SHOCKWAVE all through the camp. The Robot is blown to pieces, all of the Seltze equipment is destroyed, and all of the Seltze soldiers are FLUNG far away, past the horizon. It worked!

Jake looks at his smoking hands in awe. He can't believe that he actually did it. Dorf and Sophs gather around, equally impressed.

DORF
You...you did it.

JAKE
You're the one who told me to concentrate.

DORF
Yeah, but I didn't think you'd actually *do* it. I was pretty sure you were a goner.

SOPHS

I'm gonna need a recording of that song.

Willie wanders over, humming the song, completely oblivious to everything that's happened. Jake looks at him, amazed.

JAKE

Willie, that song. That terrible, annoying song ... Those were instructions on how to perform the Galactic Slap!

Willie looks at Jake.

WILLIE

Song? Hmm, yes, I might know a song. Let's see now...Pull your pants up past your eyes, wear a shirt two times your size. Eat four doughnuts every day, now you live the Willie way!

The gang walks off into the sunset as they try to translate what *this* song means.

JAKE

Oh! Is this one about how to unlock the booster jets? The flamethrower?

SOPHS

The extended warranty?

JAKE

Uh, Willie? Willie?...hello?

Willie continues humming, paying no mind to anyone else as they walk off.

The End.