

"CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S PIRATE TV"

seg #1

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's FLAG: a skull-and-crossbones with 2 TV antenna instead of bones...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A desk. The puny NARRATOR has a CUTLASS at his throat as he nervously reads:

NARRATOR

Welcome to Cap'n Slaughter's Legend
Has It. We take you to Sherwood
Forest in the year 1190.

INT. GARRET - EVENING

ROBIN HOOD lies, wounded, near death, attended by the giant LITTLE JOHN and misc MERRY MEN, not all that merry right at the moment. John kneels over his friend.

ROBIN (whispers)

Little John, how long is't till I
breathe my last?

LITTLE JOHN

They say no more than half an hour,
Robin.

ROBIN

Old friend, I've one last boon to
beg you. My bow!

STIRRING MUSIC as Little John places longbow and arrow in Robin's hands. Robin nocks the arrow and gets on one elbow facing the OPEN WINDOW.

ROBIN

Wheresoever doth this arrow land,
bury me there.

LITTLE JOHN

Upon my life 'tis done, Robin.

Robin aims, tenses the string and looses the arrow at the window.

THWACK! QUICK PAN to the arrow quivering in the ceiling.

LITTLE JOHN

Okay boys, bung him in the ceiling.

Some Merry Men start pick-axing a hole in the ceiling, others pick Robin up.

ROBIN (cough)

No, no! Another arrow!

LITTLE JOHN

Are we burying Tuck as well? Grab the Padre and a spade, boys!

FRIAR TUCK spits out some venison and runs from the room.

ROBIN

No, the first one *slipped*.

LITTLE JOHN

Stand down men, he doesn't want to be buried in the roof.

They drop Robin and stop chipping the ceiling hole. John hands a second arrow to a weakened Robin.

ROBIN

Wheresoever doth **this** arrow land, bury me there.

He looses the 2nd arrow. FOLLOW its feeble trajectory into the CHAMBER POT.

LITTLE JOHN

Jam him in the crapper, lads.

The Merry Men pick Robin up and head towards the chamber pot.

ROBIN

Give me the arrow back!

WILL SCARLETT looks in the chamber pot.

WILL SCARLETT

You'll probably be wanting another one, Robin. Thy tummy has been a bit on the dodgy side...

Little John hands Robin a new arrow.

LITTLE JOHN

This is the last one.

ROBIN (firmly)
My *will* shall see this arrow true!
Bury me where *it* lands!

Calling on his last reserve of strength, Robin fires the arrow.

THWACK! SCREAM! The arrow's stuck in the behind of a CLEANING MAID who was cleaning the room.

ROBIN
I can live with that.

LITTLE JOHN
Right. Up her bum, lads!

CAP'N SLAUGHTER, a fierce Pirate Wrestler with a patch over one eye, leans into the frame.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER
And that's the truth or I'll slice
yer head off!!!!!!!!!!

He flexes.

OUT to TV STATIC.

seg #2

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's PIRATE FLAG.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Annoyingly cheery WEEDY PITCHMAN stands with a can of something.

PITCHMAN
This portion of Cap'n Slaughter's
Pirate TV is brought to you by...

He raises the sponsor's product as the SHADOW of CAP'N SLAUGHTER falls across the b.g. The Pitchman loses his nerve.

PITCHMAN
-- is brought, uh...

CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S HAND shoves a CHOCOLATE BOX into the Pitchman's hands. Cap'n Slaughter's picture on box.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER (O.S.)

BY!??

PITCHMAN

(reluctantly)

By... Cap'n Slaughter Chocolate-Covered Fire. Just open the box...

The guy reluctantly, slowly, opens the lid. HELLISH HEAT knocks his head back.

PITCHMAN

(miserably)

And taste the subtle blend of creamy Ukranian chocolate and 6,000 degree fire.

(beat)

Could I just stand back and admire them?

A CUTLASS looms into frame. The Pitchman reaches into the box and removes some CHOCOLATE-COVERED FIRE, which looks like a glowing COAL. He hot-potatoes it.

PITCHMAN

Cap'n Slaughter Chocolate-Covered Fire. Also available with molten Brazil nuts.

Beat. The cutlass POKES him. He puts the thing in his mouth. His cheeks bulge and glow. His ears, nostrils, eye sockets and breast pocket SMOKE. He smashes his fist on the desk in unspeakable agony. His HAIR and SHOULDERS burst into FLAMES and he runs off, screaming.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER hobbles into frame.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

It's a known fact that 93 percent of all wimpy pink-bicycle-owning sex offenders eat chocolate WITHOUT ANY FIRE IN IT AT ALL!!!!!! And another thing...

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #3

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's FLAG: a skull-and-crossbones with 2 TV antenna instead of bones...

GRAPHIC: Beaker of NITROGLYCERIN - $C_3H_5(ONO_2)_3$. Also, a stylized "route": a roundabout dotted line with an "X" at the terminus.

Chamber **MUSIC.**

DISTINGUISHED V/O
Cap'n Slaughter presents: Bad Ways
To Transport Nitroglycerin.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

MCU: the Pitchman, holding a beaker of Nitro, scared.

PITCHMAN
Bad Way To Transport Nitroglycerin
Number 7: Whilst Wearing A Paint-
Shaker Helmet.

WIDE: The Pitchman has a HELMET strapped on his head made out of a commercial paint shaker. He quails.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER (O.S.)
GO ON, you WIMP!

WIDE: A dotted ROUTE per the opening graphic is drawn on the ground. The Pitchman reaches up and turns on the paint shaker. He vibrates into a BLUR, takes one step and before his foot can touch the ground is OBLITERATED by an explosion.

Cap'n Slaughter steps in.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER
Next time: Bad Way To Transport
Nitroglycerin Number 8: holding it
in your teeth while jackhammering a
waterbed on the roof of a SPEEDING
TRAIN headed for a BRICK WALL!!!!

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #4

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's FLAG.

DISTINGUISHED V/O
Cap'n Slaughter's "This Day In
History."

EXT. PLAIN, 20,000 B.C. - DAY

PAN a plain, late Quaternary. Rocks, grasses, a MAMMOTH.

NARRATOR (V/O)
On this day in 20,000 B.C.
primitive man made a vital
discovery.

PAN FINDS a Neanderthal COUPLE in animal skins beside a DINING SUITE, rococo style; cabriole legs, oval satin chair backs. The WOMAN prepares food in a stone bowl, the MAN sits, scratching the ground with a stick.

CAVEWOMAN
What's that?

CAVEMAN
I was thinking if we scratched shapes in the ground representing discrete concepts, we could pass on our vast Cavemannian knowledge to future generations. I mean, look at all we otherwise risk losing to posterity.

CAVEWOMAN
True. You invented being ugly and smelly. I invented not doing this.

She bashes herself in the face with the bowl and staggers.

CAVEMAN (proudly)
I invented burying people. And I'm working on something new...

Her DEAD MOTHER lies nearby. A MOUND of soil beside her MOVES.

CAVEMAN (O.S.)
... burying dead people.

CAVEWOMAN

What you want to drink?

CAVEMAN

Sand I guess.

She pours a goblet of SAND from a pitcher. He tastes it.

CAVEMAN

This sand is really really really
really, even more than usual and
that's saying something, *dry*.

CAVEWOMAN

Want rocks instead?

CAVEMAN

All right. Give me the rammer.

She hands him a goblet of ROCKS and a BIG STICK.

FAVOURING HER:

CAVEWOMAN

How come we discovered Lalique
goblets and rococo furniture with
expansion leaves for formal social
gatherings, but we're still
drinking stuff you've got to ram
down your throat with a stick?

INCLUDE: He's ramming the rocks down his throat with the stick.
He looks OFF.

CAVEMAN (mouthful)

Wonder if we could drink that.

He points. ANGLE: small STREAM nearby.

MUSIC: "ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA."

A CAT wanders into frame.

CAVEWOMAN

You can't drink a cat. Even if he
didn't eat your epiglottis he'd
scratch your throat on the way
down.

ANGLE: the stream. They walk up beside it.

CAVEMAN

But we could drink this!

CAVEWOMAN

Wet rocks?

CAVEMAN

Yeah! Or maybe just the wet! I
bet *that's* not dry at all.

He bends into the stream, takes a mouthful and swirls it around, pointing, smiling, at his full cheeks. His face CONTORTS. There's something wrong. He spits it in his wife's face.

PAN UPSTREAM to a BRONTOSAURUS, leg up, peeing in the water.

Cap'n Slaughter steps into frame.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

And that, boys and girls, is why we
drink SAND AND ROCKS today!!!!!!!

He drinks a big bucket of SAND, ramming it down with the stick.

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #5

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's PIRATE TV FLAG.

GRAPHIC: Endangered/Extinct ANIMALS: Dodo, Moa, Condor, Panda.

DISTINGUISHED V/O

Cap'n Slaughter's Endangered World.
This week, the most endangered of
all Earth's animals: the Killer-
Whale-Eating Desert Squirrel.

One animal drifts to the FORE: a cross-eyed patchy SQUIRREL, and WIPE OUT the b.g. to place the Squirrel in its natural habitat:

EXT. SAHARA DESERT - DAY

The Squirrel quavers. An AUSSIE ZOOLOGIST kneels into frame beside it.

ZOOLOGIST

For years we focused our revival efforts on getting this little fella to mate. But today we believe his endangered status is more closely linked to his unfortunate, some say ruddy stupid food choice. For not only is he much, much, **much** smaller and less ferocious than the killer whale, he lives bang in the middle of the virtually whale-free Sahara Desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY (TRAVELING)

START TIGHT on the squirrel and PULL OUT to reveal him clinging to the head of a walking CAMEL, his stomach rumbling.

ZOOLOGIST (V/O)

It's a 36-week trip by camel, with 7 changes of camel, to reach a spot where there's even a *hint* of killer whale.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DAY

The squirrel stand on a cliff looking nervously down at the sea.

ZOOLOGIST (V/O)

And once he gets there, he's not particularly fond of salt water.

NEW ANGLE: framing the Zoologist kneeling next to the squirrel.

ZOOLOGIST (whispering)

Even by squirrel standards, *sciurus orca ravenus* is a bit on the titchy side. How a ribby little rodent with no claws or tearing teeth to speak of can lure to the surface and devour a ferocious 17-ton marine predator has long been a head-scratcher in the zoologic community.

The squirrel begins to lope down the cliff.

ZOOLOGIST

We're hoping our cameras will

capture this titanic confrontation
for the first time.

Cap'n Slaughter steps in.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER
They'd better!!!!

EXT. STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR - DAY

PAN WAVES TO the Squirrel floating shakily in a styrofoam cup,
one feeble paw raised, vaguely whale-swattingly.

ZOOLOGIST (O.S.)
Reaching the Strait of Gibraltar,
following directions etched deep in
his genes, *sciurus* finds a floating
object - a leaf, a cup, a bit of
something that was lopped off Cher
- and bobs on the chill
Mediterranean, waiting cunningly
for his prey to swim unsuspectingly
beneath.

DISSOLVE TO: Same scene, the ZOOLOGIST, now bearded, in a skiff.

ZOOLOGIST
We've been here two years, and the
squirrel has landed, wrestled to
the floor of its cup and thrown
back: 8 bluefin grunt, a pelican,
and 3 albacore, without taking so
much as a nibble. No wonder this
picky little bastard is teetering
on the last step of oblivion. As
far as I'm concerned, he can bloody
well -

The BOAT TILTS and the camera TURNS to capture:

A KILLER WHALE rising from the depths, charging the styrofoam
cup. The squirrel raises its fists Gentleman-Jim-Corbett style,
and:

EXT. SAHARA DESERT - DAY

PULL OUT FROM: the Squirrel, fatter, sitting with a knife and
fork at a table inside the bleached ribcage of the whale.
Zoologist in foreground.

ZOOLOGIST

Today was the Squirrel's turn to prevail. Many, many, many, **many** times it will be the whale's.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER stomps on.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

Grrrrrr! Where's all the begging and ripping and hours of GRISLY BUTCHERING?

ZOOLOGIST

We deemed it too savage and graphic to show.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

I'll give you savage and graphic!

Cap'n Slaughter grabs the Zoologist and stuffs him in a KILLER WHALE SUIT.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

Here, mousy mousy!

The Squirrel spots the Zoologist and heads for him, knife and fork in hand. The Zoologist stumbles, yelling, over the dunes.

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #6

OUT OF STATIC: Cap'n Slaughter's PIRATE TV FLAG.

INT. DEMO SET - DAY

Mama Slaughter, in a floral print, at a demo table.
CHEERY **MUSIC**.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Welcome to Mama Slaughter's All-Natural Hints. Last week we removed gum from a pillowcase without petrochemical cleansers.

(holds it up)

There it is, completely clean, and

no soaps or phosphates added to the environment!

She has a coconut.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Today we're making a birdhouse from this coconut. Besides making a snug home, the coconut's interior will provide your sparrow, finch or jay with weeks of nutty food, rivaling in nutrition any pricey pet-shop mix. Let's make the doorway.

She draws a circle on the coconut with a pencil.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Be sure when drawing your circle to put it below centre so no rain gets in little Joey's new home.

(pencil down)

Most people at this point would use a drill. But drills are expensive, noisy, and use up valuable electricity which our government needs to execute people. So we'll be using Nature's own ingenious little drill; the beak.

She has a SMALL BIRD, which isn't too dumb to be worried.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Sparrows don't ordinarily nest in coconuts, lacking the will to thrust their heads against the rock-hard husk with 3,000 pounds per square inch of pressure. That's where we come in.

The sparrow tries to get away but she has it tight.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Grasp the bird's head in one hand gently but firmly - well, more firmly than gently, really - with the *beak protruding*. That part's *very important*. Gripping the coconut in the other hand, smartly punch a hole in the husk like **so**.

She smashes bird and coconut together, framed WAIST-UP.

MAMA SLAUGHTER

Oh dear. Luckily I have over a thousand other birdies, and I'm sure one of *them* wants a home badly enough to KEEP HIS NECK STRAIGHT!

PAN to CAP'N SLAUGHTER.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

That's my Mama. Any OBJECTIONS????!!!!!!! You? You got a problem with this?

He unsheaths his cutlass and wades into the foreground as:

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #7

TV STATIC and CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S PIRATE TV FLAG.

INT. ANNOUNCE AREA - DAY

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

And now, here's the Cap'n Slaughter Singers.

INT. CHOIR AREA - DAY

A CHOIR of a dozen or so singers, looking rather nervous, SING:

CHOIR

Nasty ways that people have died
Nasty ways that people have died

As they sing, the demises listed in the song pass before and behind them. Several choristers get knocked off by CANNONFIRE, BLUDGEONS, etc...

CHOIR

Chain-saw, shark and cyanide

Cup of tea with pesticide
 Chomped by gator till they cried
 Dropped in boiling oil and fried
 Earlobes to a train track tied
 Naked trip down rusty slide
 Chewed on by a lion pride
 Till their innards was inside
 Drinking Gallium Arsenide
 Sword up butt and opened wide
 Filled with bleach and mummified
 Forced to be gorilla's bride
 In a thresher made to hide
 Victim of rhinocecide
 Eaten, crapped, and then pig-stied
 Crushed by Euro Disney ride...

A ROLLER-COASTER roars through, killing the surviving singers.

Cap'n Slaughter steps in and takes a conductor's bow, goosing the APPLAUSE with his cutlass.

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #8

TV STATIC and CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S PIRATE TV FLAG.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER (V/O)
 Cap'n Slaughter's Holiday Travel
 Reel.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (B & W)

Cunard docks, circa 1915. FOGHORN, under.

NARRATOR (V/O)
 January, 1915, Southampton. Little
 did these passengers know they were
 stepping off the gangplank into
 history, as they boarded the maiden
 cruise of...

GRAPHIC: "HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg Shakur!"

NARRATOR (V/O)
 The HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg
 Shakur!

A SHIP floats through, on FIRE, EXPLODING from a TORPEDO hit, hitting an ICEBERG, and leaking OIL, as INDIANS shoot arrows on deck and a CAR drives by firing AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

EXT. DOCK - DAY (B & W)

The GREAT SHIP sits at anchor.

NARRATOR (V/O)

How was it that on a boat
considered unsinkable, nineteen
hundred people were drowned,
burned, smothered in oil, shot,
scalped and frozen to death before
she even left the dock?

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

An OLD MAN, reflects in an armchair.

OLD MAN

I was six years old.

(beat)

Yesterday. I got a train, a
ducky...

A MALLET taps him on the head and his eyes roll back.

OLD MAN

I was six when I boarded the
HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg
Shakur with my brother, two sisters
and my mother. She was the biggest
thing I'd ever seen. Mum's butt
crack alone was once estimated from
a beach sand indentation at a third
of a mile...

Mallet Bonk.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (B & W)

ANGLE on GANGPLANK, the letters of the ship's name going O.S. in both directions on the vast HULL behind it. Two YOUNG GIRLS walk up the gangplank hand-in-hand.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

The ship was big too. Right away
we lost my sisters on the boarding

plank.

An ICEBERG tears through the boarding plank and takes plank and sisters with it.

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

The Old Man feebly blows his nose then looks in his hanky.

OLD MAN
There's a big green one.
(mallet bonk)
After the boarding announcement...

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY (B & W)

INDIANS swarm over the deck of the ship, attacking staffers with trays of champagne glasses. An EXPLOSION rocks the FRAME.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
... the hydrogen in First Class
caught fire, blowing out the hull
and allowing the Indians aboard to
kill and scalp the kitchen staff.
Of course we didn't know we were
carrying 50 million barrels of oil
till the torpedo hit...

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (B & W)

The flaming SHIP cracks in half. MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
I landed just off the coast of
Cypress. My mother and brother
wasn't so lucky. They were forced
to endure two hours of on-board
entertainment before they died.
Mostly table magic.

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

The Old Man has his shirt off.

OLD MAN
Why'd she sink? The arrogance of
the age, I suppose. There was so
much they didn't tell us...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (B & W)

A LIFEBOAT full of survivors on choppy waves. The Life Boat falls apart.

OLD MAN (V/O)

All the lifeboat nails had been removed to make a flirtatious iron likeness of Grady Sutton for the Captain.

ON DECK: The CAPTAIN stands next to a pudgy, poncy looking STATUE made of nails. INDIANS mob him and the statue.

EXT. SHIP OVERVIEW - DAY (B & W)

The SHIP explodes, burns, falls apart.

NARRATOR (V/O)

The iceberg hit at 1:15, the Indians and torpedo at 1:43, and a limo with darkened windows and no plates sprayed the foredeck with .38-caliber bullets at 1:52.

The bits of ship move out to sea.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Heedless of these setbacks, the HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg Shakur confidently set sail for New York in 7 or 8 large flaming pieces. A reconstruction of events would later show that the First Mate, charged with sounding the alarm, was busy filling out his U.S. Customs declaration.

EXT. DECK - DAY (B & W)

In flames. The FIRST MATE puzzles over his Customs Card.

FIRST MATE

Have I visited a farm in the last 2 weeks?

Flaming OIL and INDIANS engulf him. Bullets spray the companionway.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCK - DAY (B & W)

A dock with a welcoming BRASS BAND playing.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Only one-sixth of a person,
believed to be the leg of a table
magician, reached New York alive.

A LEG is tossed up on the dock. It's in a sock with an Ace of Spades sticking out. The band winds down.

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

The Old Man has his pants on over his head.

OLD MAN

Everyone else was ripped apart by
the few sharks that hadn't been
killed by falling lifeboats full of
flaming hydrogen, their piteous
cries for help drowned out by
Indian war cries and Gangsta Rap.

Cap'n Slaughter steps in.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

That's the real truthful history,
or I'll SLICE YER HEAD OFF!!!!!!!

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #9

TV STATIC and CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S PIRATE TV FLAG.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Cap'n Slaughter stands on the beach next to some sunbathers.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

Nothing expands the mind like
travel...

WIDEN to show a SUNBATHER with a bike pump nozzle in his ear.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

... except for a bicycle pump stuck

in yer ear while you're asleep and
 JUMPED ON FROM 37 FEET UP by that
 FAT HARMONICA PLAYER FROM BLUES
 TRAVELLER!!!

JOHN POPPER, playing the harmonica, falls on the pump handle from
 the sky and the sunbather's head inflates to the size of a
 rotating '76 Gas Station ball.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER
 I love the outdoors!!!!!!

TV STATIC and OUT.

seg #10

TV STATIC and CAP'N SLAUGHTER'S PIRATE TV FLAG.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER (O.S.)
 Cap'n Slaughter presents...
 Language Today!

EXT. OUTDOORS - DAY

MCU: ERNIE NERB placidly facing front.

NARRATOR (V/O)
 With our planet home to 6000
 languages, swift, accurate
 translation has become vital.

PULL OUT. The Man wears boxing gloves and stands next to ANOTHER
 MAN, also facing front.

NARRATOR (V/O)
 No interpreter toils so selflessly
 as Mr. Ernie Nerb, employed by the
 U.N. to translate English, French
 and low Dutch into... Boxing.

Ernie turns to the other man.

NARRATOR (V/O)
 Boxing: the endangered dialect
 today used almost exclusively at
 Closing Time in certain Scottish
 pubs.

The Other Man faces Ernie.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Based on Morse's telegraph Code, it employs jabs and punches in lieu of dots and dashes, and uppercuts, right hooks, testicle kicks and head-butts for punctuation.

Ernie puts his fists up.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Mr. Nerb will now translate the phrase, "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

ERNIE NERB punches, jabs, kicks and head-butts the translatee in a vaguely Morse Codeish manner, ending with a smash to the gut. The guy is pulverized.

EXT. BRICK WALL - DAY

A TRANSLATOR huffs.

TRANSLATOR

I've attended many sessions of the U.N. and I've never heard of anything being translated into *Boxing!*

CAP'N SLAUGHTER (V/O)

Here's that same sentence in BOXING!!

ERNIE comes into frame and FLATTENS the Translator, using fists, baseball bats and a butter churn.

Cap'n Slaughter steps in.

CAP'N SLAUGHTER

Remember, language is what separates us from the ANIMALS!!!! Along with the fact that we eat 'em like this!

He holds up a ZEBRA leg and begins gnawing on it.

TV STATIC and OUT.

