

RICKY RECUERDO, THE WRATH OF GOD

Written by

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TITLE SEQUENCE:

Opening close ups of GRIP PAYLOAD, SKETTER, and FETUS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip Payload and his pals Sketter
and Fetus--

Opening shot of an old map of the amazon jungle.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
--Ricky Recuerdo, Wrath of God.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A large crowd of people are queuing up into the bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Flush with success from Grip's
retelling of his latest escapades,
Grip and pals attend a book signing
for his most recent adventure
logbook.

Close-up of many hands holding up books entitled 'GRIP
PAYLOAD'S ADVENTURE LOG BOOK'.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Sign mine Mister Payload.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Hey Grip.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)
Mine's next.

VOICE #4 (O.S.)
Me too Mister Payload.

Grip, Sketter, and Fetus sit at a large table, with Grip signing away. Grip, a 50 year old white man; Sketter, his 8 year old son; and Fetus, Sketter's unimaginary friend whose body looks like a deeply disturbed child's rendering of a bucket load of moldy vomit and diarrhea splashed together with the face of a rhesus monkey with harlequin ichthyosis and a bent coat hanger jabbed through its skull.

GRIP PAYLOAD
I never thought anybody would want
to read it, Sketter.

SKETTER

Gosh Grip. Who wouldn't?
Everybody loves your logbook.

Fetus, slumped over from boredom, yawns disinterestedly. The front door blows open in the wind.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh ja. Everybody, Herr Payload.

It's a sinister GERMAN flanked by three NAZIS. He steps in front of shadows shaped like his outline like a 'HITCHCOCK PRESENTS' intro.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Can I help you?

SINISTER GERMAN

Hehehehe.

The German passes Grip a telegram that reads 'URGENT: SOUTH AMERICA' in big, bold lettering.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Hmmm.

FETUS'S POV

Fetus tilts his head in surprise as the nazis all are dressed in native Peruvian sierra garb.

SINISTER GERMAN

...Casper Leek, your old friend and
jungle coffee expert, has gone
missing.

RESUME - BOOKSTORE

Grip and pals are seated behind the table. The German and the nazis are back to being dressed as nazis. Fetus looks almost asleep.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Missing? When?

SINISTER GERMAN

Forever. Hehehehe.

SKETTER

Zoinks.

The German and the nazis have disappeared. The door clangs from the breeze. Grip stares at the 'CASPER LEEK MISSING' on the telegram.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A 'LAN AIRLINES' plane floats through the clouds.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Grip and pals sit with their 'INCA KOLA' drinks. Sketter has the window seat next to Grip, who is dressed like an over the top jungle adventurer, A LA HIRAM BINGHAM.

SKETTER'S POV

The plane is flying over the Nazca Lines.

RESUME - INT. AIRPLANE

Sketter pokes his nose up from his 'CHARIOTS OF THE GODS' book, enthralled.

SKETTER
Holy Shnikey's!

Grip has a Peru travel guide on his lap, covering his right hand. He reads from the article on the Nazca verbatim.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Ah, the Nazca Lines.

From the aisle seat, Fetus lowers his Peru travel guide and looks at a mysterious MAN in a hat seated up front. Grip continues to read.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Nobody knows exactly why, but scientists think--

SKETTER
Aliens! Oh Grip it's aliens. It's gotta be aliens. I'm not saying it's aliens, Grip, because you told me there's no such thing, but it's just gotta be, you know.

SKETTER'S POV

The Nazca Lines form into the figure of an alien.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Fetus looks at the man with the hat, who turns around. It's the sinister German.

SINISTER GERMAN

Hehehehe.

Fetus gulps and hides his face behind his travel guide.

POV FROM GROUND

A pair of ALIEN HANDS part some bushes to see the plane up above.

RESUME - INT. AIRPLANE

Grip glares down at Sketter.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Sketter, how many times do I have to tell you there's no such thing as aliens.

SKETTER

(Sadly)
Gee whiz I know, Grip.

Sketter looks past Grip scolding him at a pair of GREEN HANDS holding a PERUVIAN travel guide. An ALIEN puts down the guide while pressing his finger to his alien lips--shhhhhh.

Sketter closes his eyes and shakes his head in disbelief. He opens his eyes and the alien is gone. Sketter thinks for a second, then smiles.

SKETTER

Zoinkers, an jungle amazon adventure. This will be great.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Yes. Casper and his daughter, Lucy, run an eco-coffee dispensary in the wilds of the Amazon. I hear it's fabulous.

Hesitantly, Fetus looks up from the travel guide. Now all the passengers are dressed like the German. He's in every seat. Flustered, Fetus abruptly pulls the travel guide over his face.

SKETTER

Mister Leek lost in that great, big jungle. How will we ever find him?

GRIP PAYLOAD

Casper's wandered off before. It's his daughter Lucy that worries me.

She hasn't responded to the wire I sent her saying that we were on our way.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

A small, rickety seaplane takes off from the river.

GRIP PAYLOAD (O.S.)
I hope this relic flies better than it sounds. Hang on, Sketter. Here goes.

A TOUCAN caws and takes off from a tree branch as they fly deeper into the amazon.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

Grip flies the plane, staring at his hand which amazingly disappears right in front of his eyes.

SKETTER
Bazonkers! I'd hate to fall down there, with all those funny-looking logs and stuff.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Logs Sketter?

The toucan lands on one of the 'LOGS'. The CAIMAN turns and snaps it down in one big gulp.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

Sketter's horrified.

SKETTER
Yikes!

GRIP PAYLOAD
Crocodiles Sketter. Man-eating crocodiles. Hahahahahahahahah. Hahahahahahaha.

SKETTER
Grip, you feeling okay?

GRIP PAYLOAD
I'm better than okay, Sketter. I'm feeling fucking unreal. Hahahahahahahahaha.

Sketter and Fetus look at GRIP, who is staring at both sides of his hand quizzically. His laughter tapers off uncomfortably.

EXT. ECO-DISPENSARY - DAY

The thirty-some-year-old punkrocker LUCY, composes her red dreadlocks and dashes out of a hut.

LUCY
Ricky? Oh Ricky!

Around the corner, RICKY RECUERDO, in his sombrero and with maneki-neko's braided into his nosehairs, sits with his CRONY ALIEN FRIENDS, dressed like in Mexican garb, lounging around, taking a siesta and gawking at a white, fluffy CAT sitting and licking her crotch.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

Lucy walks into frame holding a men's shirt.

LUCY
Ricky! There you are. Look. I think father got lost and took off all his clothes again.

RICKY RECUERDO
De nuevo?

She looks over at an aline crony, dressed in a Hernan Cortes shirt and stooped over, looking dead stoned, and thwacks him in the pills. A big splat of green alien blood explodes from his crotch.

LUCY
Cup check!

AZTEC CRONY
(Rubbing his balls)
Mierda!

LUCY
Yes again.

RICKY RECUERDO
Well, posiblemente Senor Leek shouldn't got stoned and play strip tai chi on his nature walks after breakfast?

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

LUCY

That bong is for medicinal use only. You know father's irritable bowels.

RICKY RECUERDO

And the special mushrooms he eats for lunch?

LUCY

Totally for his depression. Totally.

RICKY RECUERDO

The ibogaine suppositories?

LUCY

Inner tension.

RICKY RECUERDO

Mierda.

One of Ricky's alien cronies, wearing a Pedro de Alvarado shirt, bursts out laughing before being backhanded in the jewels. Green alien blood splat SFX.

LUCY

Cup check! For the love of Bon Jovi, are you going to help me find father or not?

RICKY RECUERDO

No puedo dear. I've come up with a great idea.

LUCY

Oh no. Ricky, dear, what stupid Twisted Sister thing did you dredge up in your Jesus Lizard addled brain?

Ricky Recuerdo looks over at a jungle bush rustling behind Lucy.

RICKY RECUERDO

We'll appease the space gods by sacrificing Miss Whiskers on Mount Qharinchu and save our cat shit coffee business.

Ricky points over the jungle at a distant mountain with a gentle ashcloud pluming above it.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO

Are you proud of me?

LUCY

(Sarcastically)

Ecstatic.

As she gets animated and walks around, all the alien cronies guard their crotches as she nears them.

RICKY RECUERDO

Si?

LUCY

Double si. Si and si music factory. Just one thing, though.

RICKY RECUERDO

Anything for you, honey.

LUCY

You shoulda come up with it before we'd pissed away everything we own, including father's retirement money, and left Bakersfield to move out to this hell hole in the amazon, so we could start up...

BOTH

...The greatest cat shit coffee business this world has ever seen.

RICKY RECUERDO

Bigger than Starbucks.

LUCY

Bigger than Starbucks.

RICKY RECUERDO

With that refreshing cat poop taste.

LUCY

Yes. That refreshing cat poop taste. And remember Vet Bob?

RICKY RECUERDO

Not Bob, hon. He calls himself Jim now.

LUCY

Fine, then not Bob, Bob, Jim, fuckstick Willie or whatever his AC/DC brain calls itself this week, he's the asshole that sold us this worthless piece of furry shit.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO

Miss Whiskers coffee. Fifty bucks a cup.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

LUCY

Fifty bucks a cup. Except one problem there, hon. Rich people don't pay fifty bucks a cup for coffee for plain ol' cat shit. Rich people pay fifty buck a cup for coffee with cherries digested by a civet cat. Do you know what civet cat is, darling?

Ricky pauses, then shakes his head.

LUCY

A civet cat isn't a cat. It's like a ferret. Which means we just paid over twenty grand for a normal lesbian housecat from a veterinarian that runs his business out of a fricking winnebago! Oh, Tears for Fears!

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

Ricky looks at one of his drunk alien cronies, who has a Francisco Pizarro shirt on.

RICKY RECUERDO

Francisco , necesitamos una reunión de emergencia. Tenemos un problema de marketing. Don't worry, Lucy. We'll make big profits once we get, uh, uh.

FRANCISCO
Scalability.

RICKY RECUERDO
Yeah. Scalability.

LUCY
Scalability? Mi churro, how do we get scalability, when we're throwing our fucking product into a fucking volcano?

RICKY RECUERDO
Fuckin' mierda. Business is hard.

LUCY
And I'm surrounded by morons. Grip Payload's a jungle expert. Maybe he could find father?

RICKY RECUERDO
I no know about that crazy gringo guy, Lucy. He no answer your telegram.

LUCY
(Crying)
Sweet Run DMC! Then, I'll just have to go out for father all by myself.

One of the alien cronies stifles a laugh. Lucy looks over and raises her cup check hand. The alien crony covers his groin and takes a step back.

LUCY
What could I expect with a guy who braids his nosehairs? Father was right, I should've married that lead singer from Gwar. Thanks for nada! Cup check!

ALIEN CRONY
Ahhh.

The jungle bush continues rustling as Lucy storms away.

LUCY (O.C.)
Asshole!

RICKY RECUERDO
Oh Lucy. Lucy! Don't quit me, baby. I got to follow my dreams.

Someday I gonna be the Mark
Zuckerberg of cat shit coffee.
Then, you be back.

Ricky sadly watches her leave into the jungle.

RICKY RECUERDO
Holy sheet. She no go a hundred
yards before...

Ricky makes a throat slicing gesture.

RICKY RECUERDO
...Wa. Wa Wa. Wah.

Ricky Recuerdo pulls out a telegram that reads 'TO: LUCY
LEEK' AND 'FROM: GRIP PAYLOAD' and rips it up.

RICKY RECUERDO
Hahahahahahahah.

ALIEN CRONIES
Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO'S MANEKI-NEKO'S
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

RICKY RECUERDO
Amigos! Vamos al volcán Qharinchu.

MISS WHISKERS
Mraw.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Grip's seaplane makes a water landing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Grip and pals, in search of their old friend Casper Leek, head to his remote coffee plantation in the dangerous Amazon jungle.

GRIP PAYLOAD

There's the mooring dock. We still have a long jungle hike ahead of us.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

Jungle sounds abound as Grip and pals start their trek. Grip holds up a machete and starts chopping. Fetus is outrageously overladen with all of Grip's jungle supplies.

SKETTER

Gee Grip, these jungle vines grow back just as fast as you cut them down.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Stick close to me, Sketter, so we won't get separated.

Fetus tugs on Sketter and points.

SKETTER

Grip! Lookie!

EXT. ECO-DISPENSARY - DAY

The site looks recently abandoned. A forboding sign with skull and crossbones reads 'PROHIBIDO EL PASO' at the entrance of Leek's dispensary.

SKETTER

Can you read that, Grip?

GRIP PAYLOAD

Of course. I can read...Dutch.
Ah...it says...welcome to...welcome
to the Eco-Coffee Dispensary.
We're here.

SKETTER

Where is everybody?

GRIP PAYLOAD

Something's wrong?

SKETTER

I sure hope nothing happened to
Casper and Lucy.

Fetus is exhausted from carrying all the supplies.

WAR DRUM SFX. Fetus shivers in fright. Fetus spots the
jungle bush rustling and pokes Sketter.

SKETTER

Headhunters.

Grip looks down at his hand, which disappears, then reappears
holding a COLT .45.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Behind me, Sketter. Ol' Betsy and
I know how to handle savages.

Grip trains his gun at the bush.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Show yourself. Step out into the
light of a Judeo-Christian God you
soul-fucking heathens.

A FRENCH MIME steps out with his hands up.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Oh God, it's the French.

SKETTER

Zoinks.

The Mime looks down at Fetus.

MIME

Mon Dieu. Merde bebe?

GRIP PAYLOAD

Why are you here? What the--?

The Mime starts a game of charades, gesturing about Lucy walking off the dispensary and Ricky Recuerdo.

SKETTER

Oh I see. Two? Two people? One's a girl. She's walking. One word. Seeing? You see. No you saw. She sees. Gosh Grip, this is fun!

Grip punches the Mime in the stomach, doubling him over, coughing.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Bullshit! Use the gift of speech you snail eating hippy!

Grip starts slapping the Mime, then pulls out a bowie knife and cuts off the Mime's right ear.

MIME

Ahhh! Arretez! Stop! Nique ta mere fer fucks sake!

Grip picks up the chopped ear and yells into it.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Why the fuckez-vous are you here?

MIME

Aye! All right. You win. I waz part of a mime troupe looke-ing for ze Miss Whiskers, La GateEeta lesbiana and her coffee-flavored sheet. I waz separated. But Monsieur Leek, he saved me and...

SKETTER

Mister Casper Leek? You know where he is?

MIME

Oui.

Grip yells into the Mime's ear again, while pointing his gun at it. Grip's hand disappears.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Now take us to Leek, or your right ear gets it.

MIME

Aye. Okay. Okay.

They all take off, with Fetus lagging behind because of his cargo load.

GRIP PAYLOAD
C'mon, Fetus.

MIME
Être con comme un balai.

GRIP PAYLOAD
I heard that!

Grip kicks the Mime in the ass to get him moving.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

Grip and pals are listlessly slogging through the jungle. Grip hold's the Mime's ear. The Mime presses a bloody towel to the side of his head. Fetus' voice over sounds very much like WERNER HERZOG.

FETUS (V.O.)
Eighth of January. We're running
out of supplies, especially salt
and drinking water. We were losing
all hope, when all of the
sudden....

The Mime steps into a vine snare and is whisked up into the trees.

MIME
Putain!

In the tree canopy, CASPER LEEK, Lucy, and now the Mime are all hanging upside down. Casper waves foolishly at Grip and pals.

CASPER'S POV

Grip and pals are upside down.

CASPER
Hi!

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Grip and pals, Casper, Lucy, and the Mime are all on firm ground but sideways. Casper's head is tilted.

SKETTER
Zoinks Mister Leek and Miss Lucy,
are you okay?

CASPER
Not really.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Just a second.

With a crunch, Grip straightens Casper's neck. We now have a correct POV.

CASPER
Whew. Thanks.

The drum sounds start up again.

LUCY
Oh Depeche Mode. We'd better get a
move on.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Everybody follow me!

Casper puts on a Peruvian crochet beanie hat and starts playing a zampona as they all shrug and file in behind Grip.

GRIP PAYLOAD
C'mon Fetus. Get the lead out.

EXT. INCA BRIDGE - DAY

Fetus looks down at a rickety Inca bridge that spans a harrowing drop into a river below. A TOUCAN takes off from a tree and lands onto a CAIMAN 'LOG' and is swallowed whole, exactly the same as the previous scene.

Sketter sorts through Grip's giant backpack on the ground as Lucy and Grip watch. The Mime looks down at Grip's machete in its sheath.

MIME
Excusez-moi, mon oreille , s'il
vous plaît.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Huh?

MIME
My ear, please.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Oh.

Grip hands him back his ear.

MIME

Merci.

Sketter is still rummaging through the equipment.

SKETTER

It's not here. Zoinks!

LUCY

What kind of expert brings all this
useless crap into the jungle but
forgets to bring a compass? Cup
check.

She smacks Grip right in the pills.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Uh!

Casper wanders in the background as Grip recovers.

CASPER

Hey man, anybody want some
mushrooms? Anybody? Anybody at
all?

Casper shrugs and walks offscreen.

GRIP PAYLOAD

(To Lucy)

The sky can be our compass.

Grip sees his hand disappear and hides it behind his back.

LUCY

Seriously?

GRIP PAYLOAD

As sure as the sun sets in the
East.

LUCY

And now we're lost in the jungle
surrounded by headhunters. Nice
job Circle Jerk. Cup check!

This time Grip blocks it.

GRIP PAYLOAD
Quit doing that!

Casper, obviously wasted, staggers into the background again, this time totally nude.

CASPER
Whoooooah. I'm free! Free!

Casper stops and stares at Fetus, who looks like the GINGERBREAD MAN.

CASPER
Whoooooahhhh!

NATIVE DRUMS SFX.

SKETTER
Zoinks!

LUCY
Nine Inch Nails, they're closer!
Are you sure that bridge will hold us?

GRIP PAYLOAD
Sure I'm sure...I think.

LUCY
If we fall to our deaths I'm gonna
cup check you so hard--

SKETTER
Grip!

Sketter points over at Casper, naked and tripping balls as he climbs over the rickety bridge, chasing Fetus. Casper's still hallucinating that Fetus is a delectable gingerbreadman.

CASPER
Come here you little gingerbread
bastard. I'm a-gonna catch ya',
then I'm a-gonna eat ya'.
Whhoooooaaah!

Fetus' eyes grow wide as silver dollars. Grip, Lucy, and Sketter start climbing after them.

LUCY
Father! Stop! Be careful!

GRIP PAYLOAD
 Casper! Quit trying to eat
 Sketter's unimaginary friend you
 fucking weirdo!

Sketter looks down at the caimans thrashing about below.

SKETTER
 (Gulping)
 For the love of zoinks!

VINES SNAPPING SFX.

GRIP PAYLOAD
 Oh shit.

MIME (O.C.)
 Hey, Monsieur shithead!

GRIP'S POV

The Mime, brandishing Grip's machete, prepares to cut their
 vine bridge. Grip looks at his empty machete sheath.

MIME
 Prepare to meetz votre doom!

Casper waves amicably at him.

SKETTER
 Shnikey's!

GRIP PAYLOAD
 Frenchie's gone rogue. Hang on!

The Mime cuts the vine, and Grip and pals swing just above
 the thrashing caimans.

CASPER
 Timber! Whooaaah!

SKETTER
 (Eyes shut)
 Are we crocodile food, yet?

LUCY
 We're...heading...up?

SKETTER
 Something's pulling us.

GRIP PAYLOAD
 But who?

The gang are pulled up the bank, coming face to face with the MIME'S TWIN BROTHER.

GRIP PAYLOAD

What the?

MIME'S BROTHER

Bonjour. I see you've met my asshole twin brother, Marcel.

They look over at the other side of the bank. MARCEL THE ASSHOLE is flipping them off. Casper waves at him, happily.

MIME'S BROTHER

Va tu faire foutre, Marcel!

The Mime's Brother points his finger at Marcel like a gun.

MIME'S BROTHER

Bang!

Marcel clutches his chest like he's been shot.

MIME

Salaud! You got me.

The Mime falls of the cliff and is torn apart by the crocs.

MIME

Puuuutaaaiiin!

SPLASH SFX. The Mime's Brother blows on his finger like he's blowing smoke off the barrel of a revolver.

MIME'S BROTHER

Mon nom is Deja Vu Deja Vu.

Casper waves stupidly. The drums start up again.

MIME'S BROTHER

Vite. Vite. Follow me if you want to live. Live. But be careful. Dis jungle is full of surprisez...sesez.

Casper shrugs and plays the zampona as they start walking.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

The drums are even louder as they push through the thick vegetation. All of the sudden they push through to a clearing and discover the headhunter's village.

FETUS (V.O.)
 Eighth of January. We followed
 Deja Vu Deja Vu for what seemed
 like hours...and hours.

The two CHIEF ALIEN HEADHUNTERS drink tea in a decidedly
 british manner. One of them turns off the 'WARDRUMS ON
 CASSETTE' tape they were playing.

PIP
 I'm Pip.

TINKLE
 And I'm Tinkle.

BOTH
 And we're the Naughty Headhunters.

PIP
 We've been expecting you.

SKETTER
 Grip, what's going on?

MIME'S BROTHER
 Ho ho you miserable, dumbfuck
 retards.

Casper waves happily as the rest of the group stare in
 disbelief.

MIME'S BROTHER
 I haz made you fooled again.
 Again.

PIP
 Excellent work, Mister Deja Vu.

TINKLE hands DEJA VU DEJA VU a wad of money.

LUCY
 Deja Vu, how could you?

DEJA VU DEJA VU Pops off his ear and yells into it.

MIME'S BROTHER
 Because, you asshole, I'm even more
 of ze asshole than my asshole
 brother Marcel. Ahahaha! Stupid
 Americans!

They all pause in confusion as DEJA VU DEJA VU walks off.
 The other alien headhunters mill around Fetus, poking him.

PIP
Never mind them.

TINKLE
They're just admiring the shape of
your skull.

Fetus' eyes widen with fear.

PIP
See for yourself.

They look over at a tall HUACA. AT the top of it is Ricky
Recuerdo's face.

RICKY RECUERDO
Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO'S MANEKI-NEKO'S
Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

They look over at a tall HUACA. AT the top of it is Ricky Recuerdo's face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After reuniting with their dear friends Casper and Lucy Leek, Grip and pals find themselves captured by a tribe of vicious headhunters in the middle of the Amazon jungle.

RICKY CONTINUES MANIACALLY LAUGHING.

RICKY RECUERDO

Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO'S MANEKI-NEKO'S

Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

LUCY

Ricky.

Casper waves stupidly. Ricky Recuerdo steps down from the totem.

RICKY RECUERDO

Buenos dias, cabrones.

Sketter starts crying.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Who the fuck are you?

RICKY RECUERDO

Callate!

Ricky's nosehair maneki-neko's glow. Grip's head is shrunk, causing his voice to be ridiculously high-pitched.

GRIP PAYLOAD

What the fuck?

Grip looks down.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE HILL - DAY

Grip and pals, looking ragged, along with alien headhunters and Ricky's alien cronies, are straining to tighten giant pulleys which are winching up a colossal SHIP over a portage from one river to the next A LA 'FITCARRALDO'. Grip's head is still shrunken.

Ricky is slashing at them with a cat o' nine tails. An alien crony pours water over the pulley to keep it from overheating.

SKETTER

Zoi...nks.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Skett..er...can't take...
much...more. Ah!

Ricky slices him with a crack of the whip.

RICKY RECUERDO

Silencio! Less talk and mas
trabajo. Put your backs into it.
Over this hill gets us to the
river. The river which will take
us to...

Ricky, who is cradling Miss WHiskers in one hand, takes off his sombrero reverentially and stares at the volcano over the horizon.

RICKY RECUERDO

...Mount Qharinchu. And at Mount
Quarinchu, the alien space gods!

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

Ricky goes over to an old gramophone and delicately places the needle on the gramophone record. ENRICO CARUSO MUSIC PLAYS.

RICKY RECUERDO

¡Ándale! ¡Ándale! ¡Arriba! ¡Arriba!
¡Epa! ¡Epa! ¡Epa! Yeehaw!

The ship creaks and buckles under the strain. All the workers faces contort with effort.

MISS WHISKERS

Meeeeeeooooow!

Ricky looks down. Miss Whisker's eyes are aglow with the image of the volcano erupting. Ricky looks up at the volcano violently spewing ash.

With violent screaming Grip and pals lose control of the pulleys and the winch snaps like a twig. The boat careens backwards off the tree-felled planks, crushing a group of Ricky's alien cronies, before finally coming to rest in the thick mud.

RICKY RECUERDO

(A pause)

Mierda.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Grip and pals, Casper, Lucy and Ricky Recuerdo are all on a makeshift raft. Grip, with his shrunken head, is locked in chains. There is a LLAMA and a CANNON onboard. POPOL VOL'S 'AGUIERRE' SOUNDTRACK PERMEATES THE SCREEN.

GRIP PAYLOAD

Sketter, Fetus fucking help me!

Sketter walks up to Ricky and points over at Grip.

SKETTER

Excuse me, Senor, but we have sick people onboard. Maybe we should go back and--

RICKY RECUERDO

Silencio!

Recuerdo's maneki-neko's glow once more. Sketter's body is normal but a LLAMA'S HEAD has replaced his own. From now on, his llama brays are subtitled.

SKETTER

(Crying)

I wanna go home!

Everybody looks confused.

LUCY

Holy Cypress Hill, Ricky, have you gone insane in the membrane? Half the crew is dying and the other half wishes they were already dead. We can't go on like this.

RICKY RECUERDO
 Oh Lucy. I don't think so. A show
 of hands for those that want to go
 on.

Ricky pulls out a harquebus and starts aiming it at each crew member as he walks around.

LLAMA
 Bwahhh.

RICKY RECUERDO
 Tina votes si.

Ricky cocks the pistol and points the barrel at both Casper and Lucy.

RICKY RECUERDO
 Any others?

After a pause Casper and Lucy meekly raise their hands.

GRIP PAYLOAD
 Don't do it. He'll kill us all as
 soon as he's done using us.

Recuerdo points the harquebus and stares at Fetus.

RICKY RECUERDO
 Y otro?

Fetus reluctantly raises his hand.

GRIP PAYLOAD
 Et tu, Fetus?

SKETTER
 Nooooo!!!!

LLAMA AND SKETTER
 Bwahhh!!!!

MISS WHISKERS
 Mraw!

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

The raft slowly meanders downstream. Everyone looks haggard.

FETUS (V.O.)

Twelfth of January. Casper caught
the munchies from his bowel
medicine and gorged himself on all
our food supplies. We are down to
the last grains of corn.

Lucy stoops over Grip, who is chained up and looks like death
warmed over.

LUCY

Are you alive?

GRIP PAYLOAD

...barely...

LUCY

Cup check!

GRIP PAYLOAD

Ughhh.

She walks over and passes by Sketter and Ricky. Sketter
looks like a skeleton of himself. Ricky harshly slaps him on
the back, then takes in a breath of fresh air.

RICKY RECUERDO

Ahhh. Fortune smiles on the brave
and shits on the coward.

SKETTER

Mister Recuerdo, why are we going
to the volcano, again?

RICKY RECUERDO

Hmmm. You know I no se...I can't
remember. Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO'S MANEKI-NEKO'S

Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

Sketter gets up and passes by Casper and Lucy, who are seated
talking to each other. Lucy pries away Casper's bong he was
smoking.

LUCY

Father! You can't smoke your
medicine. You need medicine with
side effects and a prescription.

As she's talking Recuerdo notices from afar Sketter talking
to Grip. Recuerdo drops his drinking bottle.

RICKY RECUERDO

Mierda.

CASPER

But daughter, I have a hangnail. I
must smoke my medicine.

Casper shows her his slightly torn hangnail. They both gawk in amazement as an iridescent BUTTERFLY crawls out of the hangnail and flutters in front of them.

Sketter is whispering next to Grip's cage. Grip looks half-dead as the butterfly alights on Grip's shoulder.

SKETTER

Hey Grip. Grip!

GRIP PAYLOAD

Uggghh...Sketter.

Sketter shows Grip a key and looks around, conspiratorially.

SKETTER

I'm getting you out of here on the
count of three. You hear me?

Grip nods meekly.

SKETTER

One...you ready? Two...

Grip shakes his head. WHOOSH. Recuerdo cuts Sketter's head off with his cutlass. The head rolls to a halt on the raft.

SKETTER'S HEAD

Fiddlesticks.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Sketter's head is on a pike on the bow of the raft. Everyone looks practically dead.

RICKY RECUERDO

We must keep going. Mount
Qharinchu must be around the next
bend. I stake all your lives on
it.

Fetus looks at a BUTTERFLY that's landed on him. MOTORBOAT
SFX.

LUCY

Oh my Jefferson Starship. It's a boat!

A SMALL BOAT approaches from around the river bend. Everyone except Ricky springs to life with hope.

LUCY

We're saved.

A SWIFTBOAT with MARTIN SHEEN, COLONEL KURTZ, and a bevy of ALIEN VIETCONG, approaches them like in 'APOCALYPSE NOW'. They look at Sketter's head on a pike.

SKETTER'S LLAMA HEAD

Help me.

COLONEL KURTZ

Wow.

SHEEN

Fuck that!

Colonel Kurtz and Sheen look at each other. Sheen's cigarette falls from his agape mouth, then they take off. Recuerdo and Casper shrug at each other. An arrow hits Casper's shoulder, but he doesn't seem to notice the pain.

CASPER

Hey, would you look at that, Ricky.
Ricky?

Recuerdo fires the cannon repeatedly into the jungle. When the fusillade is over, they all look at Recuerdo with an odd silence.

RICKY RECUERDO

Hahahahahahahah.

RICKY RECUERDO'S NOSEHAIR SKULLS

Hahahahahahahah. WHOOOOOhooooo.

RICKY RECUERDO

Play!

With blood spurting from his shoulder, Casper plays the zamponas as Recuerdo leans against him and strokes the fur of Miss Whiskers.

RICKY RECUERDO

I am the great traitor. There must be no other. If I, Ricky Recuerdo, want the birds to drop dead from the trees...

then the birds will drop dead from
the trees. I am the wrath of God.
And I shall never abandon you, mi
gatEEta lesbiana.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY

The craft lolls in the stagnant current. They gently pass a large boat perched way up in a tree. A bunch of small MONKEYS scurry about the barely floating raft.

FETUS (V.O.)

Sixteenth of January. We've run
out of food and everyone has fever.
Casper drank my ink thinking it was
ayahuasca.

RICKY RECUERDO

And with that ship we'll sail to
the Atlantic!

THWACK!

LLAMA

Bwahh!!

An arrow pierces the LLAMA'S neck. Another arrow slams into Lucy's chest. More arrows zing about them.

RICKY RECUERDO

Fire the cannon!

Casper lies down with an arrow stuck in his shoulder.

CASPER

That is no ship. No flood tide can
reach that high. That is no
forest.

An arrow sticks into his leg.

CASPER

That is no arrow. We just imagine
the arrows because we fear them.

Another arrow pierces his skull.

RICKY RECUERDO

El Fetus-o. Fire the cannon! Aye!

An arrow strikes Recuerdo in the back. He picks up one of the small monkey's scurrying about and starts talking to it as more arrows fly about all around them.

RICKY RECUERDO

When we reach the sea, we will
build a bigger ship, and sail north
to Portugal. Yes. And I, the
Wrath of God, will marry mi gateEeta
lesbiana-- Then all of history will
be ours.

Ricky looks over at the volcano in the background. The rising plume has the shape of Miss Whisker's face.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw.

RICKY RECUERDO

--and with her we will fly up to
the mother ship of the space gods
and found the purest dynasty this
world has ever seen. Together, we
shall rule this entire continent.
We shall endure. I am the Wrath of
God! Who else is with me?

JACKOFF MONKEY

Bwahhhahhh!

The Monkey jacks off in his face just before a slaying arrow pieces Recuerdo's chest. Recuerdo's nosehair skulls plop to the ground.

RICKY RECUERDO

Ahhh!

He drops with a thud and then silence.

MISS WHISKERS

Mraw. Mraw. Mraw.

A pause as Fetus gets out from under the cannon. He picks up the meowing Miss Whiskers and pets her as he looks around at all the dead bodies: Casper, Lucy, Grip, Recuerdo. Sketter's llama head is still on the pike.

Fetus notices an obscured figure of a WOMAN, seated in a chair, with her back turned to him. He barely touches the chair and it slowly whirls around, A LA NORMAN'S MOTHER BEING DISCOVERED IN 'PSYCHO'.

It's the sinister German in the chair dressed as the ICE MAIDEN. Fetus' face is a mask of fear. Miss Whiskers hisses violently. A light bathes them from overhead.

MISS WHISKERS

Raaaaarruh!

Fetus stares in amazement as Miss Whiskers is tractor beamed up into a large ALIEN MOTHER SHIP. He looks down as the German's face melts right before Fetus' shocked gaze.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The bookstore is empty and dimly lit and Fetus abruptly wakes up. He looks down at Grip's adventure logbook, opened to the 'RICKY RECUERDO, WRATH OF GOD' page and sighs.

THE SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING STARTLES FETUS. GRIP POKES HIS SHRUNKEN HEAD IN.

GRIP PAYLOAD

C'mon Fetus. Let's go.

Grip holds Sketter's llama head.

SKETTER

Yeah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so ends another exciting episode of...Grip Payload.

FIN