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1 EXT. LOW INCOME NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY 1

It's a neighborhood that could certainly benefit from urban renewal. The crumbling apartment buildings and storefront shops have seen better days and so have the residents, a combination of bums, thugs, poor people, elderly and disadvantaged -- all in a healthy environment of ethnic diversity. The City calls it a neighborhood in transition. The neighborhood calls it a dump.

Enter Edward Brukowski, known as BREWSKI, in his mid-twenties, clad in his customary Hawaiian shirt and jeans. Likeable, irreverent and an incurable wise-ass, Brewski is relatively new to the neighborhood and runs the City financed community men's gym.

As Brewski strides down the street...

A FEW FEET AWAY

An elderly woman, MRS. MURPHY, waves her cane and screams after a young HOODLUM who has just run off with her pocketbook.

MRS. MURPHY

Help! Help! He stole my purse! that young boy just stole my purse!

BREWSKI

Easy, Mrs. Murphy. You'll pop a gasket.

MRS. MURPHY

My social security money was in there. I won't be able to eat this month.

BREWSKI

Mrs. Murphy, would I let you go without food.

Brewski reaches into his pocket, pulls out a couple of bills and hands them to Mrs. Murphy.

BREWSKI

This should hold you for now. Come see me at the gym. I think we have enough money in the emergency fund to cover your social security check.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MRS. MURPHY

God bless you, Mr. Brewski...

BREWSKI

Did I sneeze? And next time someone reaches for your pocketbook...

(he demonstrates)

Step down on his foot and smash your elbow into his gut. You got it?

MRS. MURPHY

Oh, Mr. Brewski, I could never do that.

BREWSKI

Sure you could.

Brewski starts off and sees Mrs. Murphy's glasses on the ground. He reaches for them and calls out after her.

BREWSKI

Oh, Mrs. Murphy, I think you dropped these.

But the elderly woman doesn't hear him. So Brewski grabs her arm from behind, and...

Mrs. Murphy stomps down on his foot and elbows him in the gut.

BREWSKI

(doubled over/gasping for air)

That's the idea, Mrs. M...

MRS. MURPHY

(realizing who it is)

Oh, Mr. Brewski...

He hands her over the glasses and heads off, still doubled over.

BREWSKI

(pained)

The woman's good...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

Seconds later, his attention is diverted by...

NEARBY VEGETABLE STAND

A group of tough looking THUGS, led by KID EVAL, a well chiseled bully in his early twenties, are ripping off the vegetable stand, loading the contents of the shelves into bags, boxes and cartons. Nearby, DINK, a large brute with no brains, stands behind the proprietor, a terror stricken little man, MR. SPAGATINI.

Brewski nonchalantly strolls by and nods approvingly.

BREWSKI

Hi there, Mr. Spagatini...
Business looks good.

The diminutive grocer nods his head in agreement, but as Brewski crosses the street, we see why... Mr. Spagatini's head is being manipulated by Dink, who's holding him firmly by the neck. With Brewski out of earshot, Kid Eval leans over to the grocer.

KID EVAL

Hey, Mr. Spaghetti or whatever your name is...dad don't like deadbeats.
Pay up tomorrow or you become a vegetable.

Dink smashes Mr. Spagatini's face down into the tomatoes and the thugs walk off with their packages of vegetables.

ACROSS THE STREET

A YOUNG NEIGHBORHOOD MOTHER rushes up to Brewski.

MOTHER

Brewski, you've got to help me.. I don't know where to turn. My son, Billy, he won't come out of the house.

BREWSKI

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 3

1

MOTHER

Right inside the door. Can you talk to him, please? He's only 9 and he's got no father.

BREWSKI

No problem.

Brewski walks up the steps to the brownstone. He tries the door but it is locked.

BREWSKI

Billy, you in there?

A frightened voice comes from behind the door.

BILLY (O.S.)

No, he's not!

BREWSKI

(excited)

Oh my God! is that the biggest ice cream cone I've ever seen? It must be five feet tall... No get it away from here, Billy doesn't want any.

BILLY (O.S.)

I don't like ice cream and I'm not stupid.

BREWSKI

Yeah, I guess you're too old for a trick like that.

(trying to figure out what to say)

Uh... So... uh... How's it hanging?

BILLY (O.S.)

I'm not comin' out... They're after me. They're gonna kill me!

BREWSKI

Are you kidding? It's perfectly safe out here... as long as you stay away from Mrs. Murphy. Look Billy...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 4

1

BREWSKI (cont'd)
I'm out here, you're Mother's out here. We're all out here and nobody's after us. Now c'mon, champ, open the door and give it a try. Just a quick peek and we'll call it a day.

There's a beat of silence. Then, the door slowly opens and Billy, an adorable 9 year old appears, looking around, holding a baseball bat and wearing a football helmet. Billy's mother rushes up to him and hugs him.

MOTHER
Thanks, Brewski...

BREWSKI
Hey, no prob...

Brewski winks at Billy and takes off up the block. He stops a few feet when he sees a beautiful girl sitting on the stoop in front of an old van.

The van doors are open and inside we see it's piled with boxes and old furniture. The girl, TANYA, has a terrific face and figure, but there's something else about her. She's the epitome of the confident girl next door that you fall madly in love with at first sight. Brewski stops in his tracks -- madly in love at first sight.

BREWSKI
Hi... Edward Brukowski... community nice guy. And you're...?

TANYA
... Not interested...

BREWSKI
Oh... Ms. Interested... the pleasure is all mine... you movin' in or out?

TANYA
Did anyone ever tell you that you're a totally obnoxious person?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 5

1

BREWSKI

Well excuse me for trying to make this earth a better place to live. I mean I'm just being neighborly and I thought if you were moving I'd give you a hand.

TANYA

No thanks, I hired movers.

BREWSKI

In that case, will you have my children? Does the name Moon Sputnik bother you? If it does we'll name the first one anything you want.

Tanya shakes her head. We can tell she finds him amusing -- only she doesn't know it yet.

As Brewski speaks, in the background, a couple of guys are hauling the contents of the van up the staircase.

BREWSKI

Of course, you hardly know me. Well, let me tell you something about myself then. I developed the microchip at the age of 14, invented the passing lane on the information highway the following year, and at the age of 17 took an intellectual hiatus while earning my degree in something, I think it was physical education.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, around the corner, unbeknownst to everyone, we see a COUPLE OF THIEVES appearing from a side door, carrying out the same items the two movers brought in. The thieves load Tanya's possessions into a small van.

ANGLE

As they carry off the last item, Brewski continues in the foreground.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 6

1

BREWSKI

... Then I moved to the big city to break into the world of big time sports and now, of course, I run the community gym down the block here. I think that covers it.

A SHOUT FROM BEHIND attracts Brewski and Tanya's attention. They turn to see...

Still wearing his football helmet, little Billy, screaming at the top of his lungs, runs past being chased by a YOUNG BULLY.

BILLY

They're after me, they're after me...

Brewski watches Billy go and nods his head.

BREWSKI

Well, Billy, you convinced me...

Further up the block, the bully brushes past Mrs. Murphy who reaches out, grabs him and flips him to the ground.

MRS. MURPHY

In your face, sucker...

ANGLE ON BREWSKI. He nods impressed and turns his attention back to Tanya.

BREWSKI

How about you? I mean why would somebody like you, move into a neighborhood like this. Hey, you're not a pervert or something?

TANYA

The only thing perverted about me is that I'm subjecting myself to this conversation with you.

BREWSKI

Yeah, that worries me too. So what's the story?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 7

1

TANYA

Brewski, if I answer, will you
leave me alone?

BREWSKI

(contemplates)

Throw in a night of wild sex and
you've got a deal.

Tanya starts to get up.

BREWSKI

All right, an answer...

TANYA

I grew up right here on this
street. Went away to school in
Michigan. Studied dance and now
I'm back. Now, if you'll excuse
me, I've got a lot to do.

Tanya stands and starts toward the house.

BREWSKI

(to himself/watching her)

The girl's crazy about me.

Brewski turns and continues on his walk. Two SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS approach Brewski from opposite directions. From behind, one of them pulls a club from beneath his shirt, preparing to brain the unsuspecting Brewski while the other moves into position to empty his pockets. Just as the clubber is about to smash down his club, Brewski drops down to tie his shoe and...

SMACK... the club hits the other mugger across the head dropping him instantly. Brewski, unaware of the exchange, stands, takes a deep breath and heads off.

2 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

2

The Men's Community Gym is located on the second floor of a rundown building above WONG SING'S AUTHENTIC CHINESE FOOD restaurant. The ground floor sign points up the stairway... "ONE FLIGHT UP -- DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM... Edward Brukowski, Director." Outside, a delivery truck waits. Brewski ducks his head into the Chinese Restaurant.

3 INT. WONG SING'S CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

3

It's your basic no frills Chinese joint. At this hour, the place is still empty. Brewski leans in and calls out...

BREWSKI

Wong Sing... send me up a couple of egg rolls and some of that stuff that looks like it comes from a chicken with motion sickness. Thanks...

Brewski doesn't wait for a response and heads up the stairs.

The kitchen door swings open and an elderly oriental man appears holding a live chicken by the neck. It's WONG SING, the wacky owner, chef and waiter of this small establishment.

Clad in his usual blood stained apron with a meat cleaver tucked into the belt, he mumbles as he heads back into the kitchen.

WONG SING

You want chicken puke, round eyes... You get Wong Sing Pearl Harbor special... Chinese version...

4 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT, KITCHEN -- DAY

4

Wong Sing tosses the live chicken away. Looks both ways to make sure nobody's looking, and then slides open a freezer door. Inside it's stocked with commercially available, frozen Chinese Food. He pulls out a carton of chicken chow mein, and quickly looks at the directions.

WONG SING

(reading box)
Bring to boil and serve.

His eyes ablaze, he empties the contents into a pot of boiling water.

WONG SING

Bombs away...
(makes explosion noises)

5 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

5

This is like a poor man's YMCA -- a very poor man's. There's a large open loft space with areas designated for different activities -- a ring for kickboxing, antiquated weightlifting equipment, and mats for basic conditioning. Near the window overlooking the street, there's a long table with a television set at one end.

The facilities look like they were designed by Rube Goldberg and the Bowery Boys. Every kind of neighborhood scrap is used. For example, punching bags are made out of flour sacks and balloons. Kicking pads, suspended from various heights near the wall, are made from brassieres stuffed with foam and newspapers. There is a wooden "kicking" post which is used as a coat rack. Weight training equipment is created by sand-filled paint cans connected to a series of ropes and pulleys. And the workout mats are old bed mattresses.

In one part of the room, MR. EISNER, a senior citizen, steadily pedals the stationary bike -- an old three-speed mounted on a home made stand.

Nearby, MR DANAPOPOLIS, a stocky middle-aged man, struggles with the rowing machine -- a dilapidated rowboat, elevated on a platform, with oars connected to bed springs for resistance.

In the training area next to the kickboxing ring, a store mannequin stands in a crazy, crippled position, whacked all out of shape. A scrotum-like balloon hangs where the punching bag ought to be. Standing in the corner is an unwieldy, wooden practice dummy dressed like a cross between a pirate and a fat woman. It holds a shopping bag and a purse in one hand and is ready to throw a raised brick with its other. A comical chimpanzee, wearing a white robe and black belt, races into FRAME, leaps through the air and karate kicks the store mannequin right in the balloon. It's CHARLIE THE KICKBOXING CHIMP, the gym mascot known for his kickboxing prowess and ability to consume great amounts of Chinese food direct from the carton.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mrs. Murphy is already waiting for Brewski when he arrives.

BREWSKI

Stand back... it's that maniac,
Mrs. Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MRS. MURPHY

Oh, Mr. Brewski...

BREWSKI

What brings you to these parts?

MRS. MURPHY

Mr. Brewski... I have nowhere to go. They took everything...

BREWSKI

Say no more, Mrs. Murphy. Your credit's good here. Follow me and I'll check out the emergency fund and see what we can do.

Mrs. Murphy follows Brewski as he heads for his office, and we see...

Inside the small kickboxing ring, ARCHIE, a ferocious looking punk with a green Mowhawk, and MILES, A brilliant black kid who's equally at home quoting Kafka or putting on the jive talk, are circling each other, around and around, faster and faster until they both get dizzy and drop to the canvass. Then, they jump back to their feet and dance around, showing that they're okay.

ARCHIE

Slip... it was a slip...

MILES

I'm cool. You never touched me man...

Brewski continues across the room, followed by his entourage. He calls out to Mr. Danapopolis in the row boat.

BREWSKI

Keep those oars up,
Mr. Danapopolis...

Mr. Danapopolis smiles and raises the oars... too high. The spring snaps, the oars snap back and slam the stationary bike, knocking it off the stand causing it and Mr. Eisner, the elderly rider to pedal right through the gym, out the door and down the stairs...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

BREWSKI

That's the idea, Mr. D... And look
at Mr. Eisner go!

Next, Brewski passes through the weight area where ARNOLD, a musclebound body sculptor is standing in front of the mirror, posing and working on an Arnold Schwarzenegger style accent.

ARNOLD

I vill kill you. I must half da'
gurl... Let's paahty...

BREWSKI

Gettin' there, big fella.

Arnold answers with a heavy Brooklyn accent.

ARNOLD

Yeah, tanks Brewski... I'm woikin'
on it. I got duh look now... But
man, dat accent's a bitch!

As Brewski approaches his office, he's intercepted by SHERMAN, a big fat kid with a head as hard as rock. Behind him stands SLAVOSKI, a meek 20 year old who looks completely out of place wearing a white shirt buttoned to the neck, and black shoes.

SHERMAN

Hey, Brewski, this guy wants to
join the gym, and he says he's an
alien...

BREWSKI

Hey, he looks kind of like an alien
to me. What's your name?

Slavoski speaks in a thin, thickly accented voice -- like
Latka on Taxi.

SLAVOSKI

Jakov Slavoski from Prague.

SHERMAN

What does he think, we're stupid or
something? There's no planet,
Prague...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

BREWSKI
Yeah, well, listen Jackoff... make yourself at home and welcome to the gym. Now, if everybody would wait outside here for me-ski... I'll return momentarily...

Brewski heads into the office.

6 INT. BREWSKI'S OFFICE -- DAY

6

It's really a closet with a broken down desk. Brewski pulls up a floor board revealing a little cash box. He removes the remaining bills.

7 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

7

Brewski hands out the cash to Mrs. Murphy.

BREWSKI
Okay, Mrs. Murphy... this ought to take care of you till your next social security check gets here.

MRS. MURPHY
Thank you, Mr. Brewski. You're a wonderful human being.

BREWSKI
You know, Mrs. M... I truly believe that if we can't...

MRS. MURPHY
(interrupting)
Write a book, Brewski. I'm going to score some eats.

Mrs. Murphy smiles sweetly and leaves. A TRUCKER approaches wearing a t-shirt and carrying an invoice.

TRUCKER
You the boss?

BREWSKI
Unless you want the job.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

TRUCKER

I got a delivery. Some nautilus
equipment... C-O-D...

Brewski pulls his pockets inside out and takes out a couple
of coins.

BREWSKI

Will this cover it?

TRUCKER

Sorry, pal. You don't pay, I got
to take it back.

BREWSKI

Maybe next time.

8 EXT. UPPER-UPPER WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

8

CLOSE ON A large cardboard sign... "POSE WITH WORLD FAMOUS
CELEBRITIES... Have your picture taken with the stars".

ANOTHER ANGLE shows the rest of the sign... "JACK AND JILL,
MOTHER GOOSE, LITTLE MISS MUFFET..." etc... And sure
enough, displayed on the sidewalk of this low-income
neighborhood are stand-up cardboard cutouts of these and
other famous nursery rhyme "celebrities". How appropriate
for a neighborhood where "mother" is half a word.

ELMO, a tall gangly comical kid, is the proprietor. He wears
a hat with a miniature humpty dumpty sitting on the brim. A
wino approaches and offers Humpty Dumpty a drink, followed
by a raincoat-clad pervert who flashes Little Miss Muffet.

ELMO

C'mon, get out of here! This is a
family business!

The pervert flashes Elmo and heads off, as...

A FEW FEET AWAY

Kid Eval and his gang of thugs approach.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ELMO

(nervous)
Want your picture taken?
Introductory offer. Two for the
price of one.

Kid Eval grabs the Polaroid camera from Elmo.

KID EVAL

Hey, turd, you new here?

ELMO

Yeah, we just moved in. This is
just a part-time job and that's my
only camera, now...

KID EVAL

(interrupting)
You got a permit to work this
neighborhood?

ELMO

Um, yes, it's right here...

Elmo shows him a city permit. Kid Eval grabs it and looks
it over quickly.

KID EVAL

Not their permit. Our permit!

ELMO

I'm sorry I don't understand.

KID EVAL

Nobody works this turf without
permission from my dad.

ELMO

How do I get his permission?

KID EVAL

You gotta pay the permission fee.

ELMO

But I'm broke.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

KID EVAL

Sorry, but by the power vested in me by my dad and the cruel nature of my disposition, I officially declare you closed. Sorry, turd... Okay, boys... let's have our pictures taken. Hey, Dink... you first.

DINK

Hey, it's little Miss Muffet. I know this one. Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet cause... uh, um... cause she cheated on Dink and, uh, cause Dink don't take shit like that from no goddam broad.
(really getting himself worked up)

Specially cause she cheated with Humpty Dumpty so I kicked her goddam ass all over the place... You hear that? Nobody cheats on the Dink! Nobody!
AHHHHHHHHHH!

With a series of adroit kicks and punches, Dink whirls around and destroys the entire row of cutout characters -- permanently putting Miss Muffet on her tuffet. Elmo's business is splintered all over the sidewalk.

KID EVAL

I love the way the Dinker tells those rhymes. Ain't it a thing of beauty boys?

All of the other thugs nod their agreement.

DINK

Thanks, man...

KID EVAL

You're a beautiful human being Dink... Well, I guess we better get movin'. Let's show our appreciation by taking a picture of our new friend on his first day of business.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 3

8

A couple of Kid Eval's thugs lift a section of Humpty Dumpty and force it over Elmo's head. Kid Eval snaps the picture, and the FRAME FREEZES.

9 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

9

Elmo, still wearing his humpty dumpty hat, moves quickly down the street. As he approaches Wong Sing's Restaurant, he stops, distracted by the sounds of a violent fight -- a CACOPHONY of GRUNTS, GROANS, THUDS, BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS, CRASHING, SLAMMING -- all emanating from the upstairs gym.

He sees the sign pointing to the community gym, one flight up. A new sign tacked below... "Tonight Expert Kickboxing Lessons. Spastics, dorks, klutzes and other misfits accepted."

Elmo looks up toward the direction of the flight, and...

CAMERA PANS UP past the second floor, the FIERCE BATTLE SOUNDS become louder and we see blurs of light darting about through the windows.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN UP to the roof.

10 EXT. ROOFTOP OF DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

10

Skulking in the shadows, we see a deadly looking NINJA, dressed completely in black -- threatening, crouching as he removes a coil of rope from his shoulders.

CLOSE ON THE NINJA. His eyes fierce.

11 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

11

Elmo peers suspiciously at the arrow pointing upstairs to the gym, when... Wong Sing, holding a bag of food in one hand and a live chicken in the other, walks out of the ground floor restaurant into the stairway vestibule. He starts upstairs with the food order and stops when he sees Elmo.

WONG SING

(to Elmo)
Yes round eyes.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ELMO

Do you know anything about these kickboxing lessons. I could sure use some help if I'm gonna live in this neighborhood.

WONG SING

Yes, come with me before you get egg cracked by lonely man. I show you people more crazy than you.

12 INT. STAIRWELL OF DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

12

The SOUNDS of the battle intensify on the other side of the closed door as Elmo and Wong Sing reach the second floor landing. Wong sing slowly opens the door and the RAGING BLARES out.

CLOSE ON ELMO. His eyes widen as he leans his head into the door and sees...

13 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

13

CLOSE ON a fierce looking character. He opens his mouth to scream, but instead we hear a LOUD BURP! CAMERA WIDENS. A HAND reaches in and turns off the sound knob. We hear a series of MOANS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now, we realize that the only battle was the one on the television set at one end of the gym loft. The hand belongs to Brewski. In his other hand, he holds a wicked-looking martial arts dagger that he's been using to slice up a Salami. THE KICKBOXING STUDENTS, overweight Sherman, jive talking Miles, Mowhawk Archie, body sculptor Arnold and the alien Slavoski, all share one thing in common -- they'd rather lift a can of beer than kick a post of wood.

Wong Sing places a carton of Chow Mein on the table. Charlie the Chimp pulls a set of chopsticks out of his pocket and begins expertly devouring the food.

As the boys protest the lack of sound, Brewski flicks them each a slice of salami.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SHERMAN

(to Brewski)

Hey, turn it back on. He was just about to get the girl.

ARNOLD

(trying Austrian accent)

I must have da gurl...

SLAVOSKI

Boobski baboobski

ANGLE ON BREWSKI

He rises from his ratty armchair and raises his beer in a toast.

BREWSKI

You ungrateful wretches. You disgust me! Yes, we will get back to this cinematic classic, but first, I think we should all propose a toast to our fair city for making this night possible. Once again, your city's founding fathers have found it in their hearts to renew the funding for our kickboxing program.

The guys cheer.

Charlie the Chimp looks up from his food, sniffs the air, makes some whooping sounds and does a back flip.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI His eyes widen.

BREWSKI

You know what that means guys... The inspector's coming... Let's look good...

ANGLE ON ELMO

He looks around in confusion as the guys start to scramble.

14 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 14

INSPECTOR MORRIS MOODY (the name says it all), the city's no-nonsense financial aid watchdog, heads up the stairs. He reaches the second floor, opens the door, and...

15 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT 15

An incredible sight! Brewski and his Kickboxing Klutzes, now wearing sweatsuits, gloves, shin pads and foot gear over their street clothes, are bashing each other around the ring and the training mats in an unbelievable display of ferocity. With each punch, we hear a bone crunching SMACK! With each kick, a sickening THUD! OUCH...

CLOSE ON INSPECTOR MOODY. He nods his head, obviously impressed. Then makes a couple of notes on a clipboard.

CAMERA DOLLYS THROUGH the kickboxing free-for-all, TILTS UP to a small, closed circuit camera and TILTS DOWN to a curtained partition at one corner of the room.

ANGLE BEHIND CURTAIN Out of sight, Sherman, watching the action on a small TV monitor, is doing all the sound effects for the fight -- snapping thin strips of wood for those bone crunching kicks and slamming a baseball bat into a punching bag for those powerful knockout punches. Unfortunately, he's also chugging down some beer. And the more he drinks the worse his aim. Let's face it, even under perfect conditions Sherman's coordination isn't what you'd call perfect.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI He holds up his arm.

BREWSKI

Okay, everybody... listen up. Now we're going to work on several important moves.

The group stops fighting, but obviously, Sherman is not paying attention and slams the bag with a THUD. Covering, Miles doubles over as if he's been hit. Brewski, standing next to him, picks up on the move and looks down at his fist.

BREWSKI

(trying to cover)
That's called the lightning punch.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Brewski doesn't move but we here another THUD. Miles doubles over again.

BREWSKI

There it is again... the lightning punch.

Inspector Moody tilts his head suspiciously.

BREWSKI

You'll get the hang of it. Next, we'll work on several combinations. Miles, in position please.

ANGLE BEHIND CURTAIN

Sherman chugs some more beer and then readies his bat.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI AND MILES

They circle each other.

BREWSKI

First, the Thai punch you're out to lunch attack move, variation number 2, Eastern style...

(cues Sherman with a cry)

YAHHHHH...

ANGLE BEHIND CURTAIN

Sherman swings wildly, as... ANGLE ON BREWSKI AND MILES Brewski delivers a punch to Mile's jaw and, CRASH...! Obviously, Elmo has missed the bag and smashed the beer pitcher. Brewski and Miles look at each other and shrug.

BREWSKI

That's your classic glass jaw... Now for the retaliation. Miles...

MILES

It's the power say goodbye to your dick kick white boy defense variation district 3... YEOWWWW....

When nothing happens, Miles holds his kick in mid-swing and waits for Sherman's sound effect. Finally, SMACK!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

Sherman's smash is mis-timed and the sound effect is delivered while Miles is still in mid-kick.

ANGLE BEHIND CURTAIN

Sherman's timing is completely off. He swings the bat wildly.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI AND MILES

Miles and Brewski alternately scream and lunge at each other. Punches and kicks are delivered without sound, others with the sound effect a couple of beats late, and still others with the wrong sounds.

ANGLE ON INSPECTOR MOODY

His expression changes from suspicion to anger.

ANGLE ON CURTAIN. Sherman takes a drunken swing and tears down the curtain, revealing what's left of the scam.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(shouting)

ENOUGH! STOP! Brukowski, you make me sick. This dump is a joke. Where the hell is our taxpayer's money going?

BREWSKI

I for one, won't be satisfied until there's a full investigation.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(checking list)

For example, where is the nautilus equipment you listed in your budget?

Brewski throws up his arms.

BREWSKI

(acting extremely upset)

Jeeesus! Not again. All right... Which one of you turkeys signed out the nautilus equipment and didn't return it?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 3

15

INSPECTOR MOODY
 (reading from the list)
 And the whirlpool?

He looks at the guys, incredulous.

BREWSKI
 (disbelief)
 The whirlpool too?!?!? Hey guys,
 we're running on the honor system
 here.

INSPECTOR MOODY
 You don't expect me to believe this
 shit, do you, Brewski?

BREWSKI
 All right... You're too smart for
 me, Inspector Moody. Everything's
 on back order. They'll be
 delivering it any day now.

INSPECTOR MOODY
 Well, that's not good enough. Your
 gym... and I use the phrase
 loosely... hasn't participated in a
 city sanctioned competition since
 you arrived. Take this kickboxing
 thing. The city handed you money
 to create a kickboxing program and
 look at what we got in return...

BREWSKI
 Thank you, it was really nothing...

16 EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

16

Up above, the mysterious Ninja undoes his black waist sash, revealing a variety of deadly Ninja weapons. He pulls out a grappling hook, ties it to the rope and looks over the edge of the roof again.

17 EXT. STREET BELOW -- NIGHT

17

A LITTLE OLD MAN locks the door of his tailor shop located next to Wong Sing's restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He hears an approaching car, and...

CLOSE ON TAILOR. He looks up and the headlights illuminate his face. The tailor squints and shows recognition. His expression turns to fear, as he sees...

TAILOR'S POV:

A long, white stretch limousine approaches.

ANGLE ON TAILOR

He's now frantic, fumbling with the lock, trying to get back inside the shop, but... TAILOR'S POV:

It's too late. The limo keeps coming at him.

ANGLE ON TAILOR

He moves away from the door to escape.

ANOTHER ANGLE The tailor looks up in horror. The car screeches to a halt, cutting him off. He backs up toward the doorway of the gym, trembling as...

ANGLE ON LIMO

The rear door opens. Kid Eval steps out and walks toward the tailor. He lifts the old man by the lapels and spits out the words...

KID EVAL

Dad is not very happy about the fit of his pants...

TAILOR

(Jewish accent)

Oiy, not again... It's hard to get good help... I'll fix it, I'll give him a new suit... two new suits, please... I'm a bleeder... let me down... I've got gas... I'm not kidding, I'm gonna plotz right here...

KID EVAL

Shut up...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

ANGLE ON LIMO

Now it's time to meet Dad, otherwise known as MR. EVAL. The other rear door opens.

From a VERY LOW ANGLE, we see two exquisitely shined shoes step out onto the pavement, followed by the paws of what must be a HUGE DOG. As the man walks we stay low on his legs. It is obvious that he has expensive taste in clothing. But for the first time, we understand the problem -- one pant leg is significantly shorter than the other.

18 EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

18

Attached to a rope, the Ninja begins rappelling down the side of the building. From inside the gym, we hear Inspector Moody continuing his barrage on Brewski.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(off-screen)

Okay, Smart Ass, so here's the drill. You and your misfits compete in an official kickboxing match Saturday, or no more funding.

19 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

19

Inspector Moody starts to leave. He turns back and smiles.

INSPECTOR MOODY

Oh, by the way... You'll be going up against Eval's Kickboxing Club.

BREWSKI

You've got to be kidding... We're talking major pain here.

INSPECTOR MOODY

Yeah, I hope it hurts.

20 EXT. STREET BELOW -- NIGHT

20

Still holding the tailor, Kid Eval raises his big fist.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

TAILOR

Please, watch the teeth, they're not paid for... Please... no, Mr. Eval...

From off-screen we hear a deep voice.

MR. EVAL'S VOICE

That's E-VAL

KID EVAL

Sorry, Goldman, but I gotta do this. Otherwise you'll think I'm a pussy.

TAILOR

No, I don't even like cats...

Just as Kid Eval's about to slam the frightened little man... they hear a blood curdling scream, look up, and

21 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

21

With a war cry, the Ninja swings through the open window of the Gym, and...

22 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

22

The Ninja plows into Inspector Moody, knocking the stunned man back through the door and down the stairs.

As the Ninja, holding on for dear life, swings back the other way, Brewski nonchalantly cuts the cord with the salami knife and looks over at the stunned Elmo.

BREWSKI

It's only the janitor.

With a long wail, the Ninja flies out the window, knocking out two cases of beer that were sitting on the ledge and...

23 EXT. STREET BELOW -- NIGHT

23

A case of beer shatters on the sidewalk -- splattering all over Mr. Eval's exquisitely shined shoes.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Next, Inspector Moody rolls into FRAME and lands at his feet.

INSPECTOR MOODY'S POV:

CAMERA TILTS UP the legs and torso to the face of the notorious Mr. Eval, and for the first time, we get a full look at the fierce neighborhood bully. From this low angle, he appears enormous, overwhelming. But then, HEINRICH, his ferocious dog walks into FRAME and standing on all fours, is eye level with EVAL. He licks his master's face. We realize that Mr. Eval is actually a midget.

ANOTHER ANGLE The tailor has already escaped up the street.

Eval looks down at Moody, then up at the gym.

MR. EVAL

Those guys are really beginning to get on my nerves.

(building a tantrum)

Why are they still in business? I want them closed down. What the hell am I paying you for Moody?

INSPECTOR MOODY

Don't worry, Mr. Evil...

MR. EVAL

It's E-VAL! E-V-A-L!

INSPECTOR MOODY

Sorry, sir...um, everything's under control. I set up a match with your boys for this weekend. If they don't show, the commissioner will have to close them down and transfer their funding to the nearest facility... which in this case is your club.

MR. EVAL

And that means more money for us... you hear that, son?

We hear a muffled response OFF CAMERA

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

KID EVAL

(muffled)
Yes, dad...

ANOTHER ANGLE

For the first time, we see that the other case of beer has landed on Kid Eval's head. He bangs into a sign post and we hear the sound of rattling glass.

Above them, the Ninja Janitor clings to the streetlamp, his eyes darting around, wondering how the hell he's going to get down.

24 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- NIGHT

24

We're CLOSE on Brewski.

BREWSKI

(to Elmo)
Elmo, huh? And you want to learn the art of self defense? Any specific discipline?

ANGLE TO REVEAL Elmo standing before Brewski and the guys.

ELMO

You mean like Tai Kwan Do, or something like that?

BREWSKI

No, I was thinking more of like pinching, biting, malicious tickling... sometimes farting can put a guy off too.

The guys nod in agreement.

ELMO

Any chance of learning how to kickbox? I mean for real?

BREWSKI

(sizing him up)
Uh huh, uh huh... You know Elmo, learning to kickbox is a privilege.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BREWSKI (cont'd)
 Not everyone is spiritually
 prepared. Some will never be.
 Before we can determine whether you
 will be invited to walk among the
 privileged, you must take the
 sacred test.

Elmo looks kind of dubious.

ELMO
 Another test... I...

But Brewski cuts him off and barks out.

BREWSKI
 First question... Sing

Caught by surprise at Brewski's tone, Elmo obliges. He
 begins to sing.

ELMO
 (singing poorly)
 Cum bay yah ma lord...

BREWSKI
 (interrupting)
 No! WONG SING!

ELMO
 I don't know that one.

The elderly oriental turns his attention to Elmo. He moves
 face to face with the youth -- he squints in thought, his
 eyes piercing Elmo's.

WONG SING
 Lights out... Must concentrate.

Archie shuts off the overhead lights, leaving only the beam
 of the streetlamp illuminating Elmo's face. The scene is
 ripe with tension. The CAMERA MOVES IN dramatically on the
 now serious oriental leader.

WONG SING
 Aw-right, young Mr. Elmo... You
 want to learn art of Kickboxing?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

WONG SING (cont'd)

You must eat, live and die by the word of the soul. Like a follower of Shugendo, you must have heart to walk across fire, plunge through freezing waterfall and hang upside down from tallest cliff. So my first question to you, Mr. Elmo, is...

Wong Sing pauses for drama. The tension builds. Elmo's eyes widen.

WONG SING

...Who co-star with Jean-Claude Van Damme in cinema classic Blood Sport?

Elmo stares at him blankly.

WONG SING

Well, how 'bout dis' one? Name any of Chuck Norris' early films?

Elmo is still blank.

WONG SING

How much money did film, Kickboxer gross at office?

Elmo still can't answer.

BREWSKI

Thank you, Wong Sing... Lights please.

The lights come back on. Wong Sing turns to leave, muttering...

WONG SING

Round eye idiot has lots to learn.

BREWSKI

Well, guys, what do you think?

The guys all sit and stare in dumbfounded silence.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

BREWSKI

(to Elmo)

You're lucky we grade on a curve here. Okay, now we're ready for part two of the exam... physical aptitude.

Brewski holds his hand up in front of his chest.

BREWSKI

(to Elmo)

Kick my hand.

Elmo tries, but can kick no higher than his own waist.

Brewski nods, impressed.

BREWSKI

Excellent. I don't think anyone here's gotten higher than the knee.

ANGLE ON KLUTZES

They nod their approval.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI AND ELMO

BREWSKI

Arnold, the post please...

The muscular Arnold dumps the clothing off of the coat rack, revealing a thick, rounded wooden post.

ARNOLD

(Austrian accent)

Let's paahty...

ELMO

What do you want me to do with that?

BREWSKI

(to Elmo)

Crack it with your leg.

Elmo looks at him like he's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 4

24

ELMO

I'll break my foot.

Brewski beams.

BREWSKI

Correct! that is the right answer!
I don't know about you guys, But
I'm really impressed. I think this
boy's got what it takes.

ANGLE ON KLUTZES

They look at each other and nod once again.

ANGLE ON BREWSKI

BREWSKI

Now Miles, show Elmo the correct
way to crack the post.

Miles leaps to his feet, spins around, and pretending to
move in slow motion, gracefully pulls a short-handled sledge
hammer from the shelf and easily cracks the post.

The guys CHEER their approval.

BREWSKI

(too much drama)
Years of practice...
(to Elmo)
One day, you'll develop skills like
this man. In the meantime, don't
try this at home.

ELMO

I won't I promise.

BREWSKI

Now comes lesson number one.
Always take the opportunity to slug
back a beer, even during a
kickboxing match.

SHERMAN

Why's that Brewski?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 5

24

BREWSKI

One, you don't feel any pain, and two, if someone kicks you in the stomach, you throw up in their face. Okay, let's all try it...

The guys all take mouthfuls of beer, and...

25 EXT. EVAL RECREATION CENTER & KICKBOXING ACADEMY -- DAY

25

Establishing shot of this large brick recreational center run by the neighborhood bad guys.

26 INT. EVAL RECREATION CENTER & KICKBOXING ACADEMY -- DAY

26

This is a state of the art facility. The latest in computerized workout equipment, and a kickboxing program with serious students, shirtless, wearing shiny, black striped sweatpants who look like they could play the bad guys in an old time martial arts film.

In the middle of a kickboxing ring, the head instructor leads a group through a series of kicks, and then turns toward CAMERA. We see its Kid Eval. His students are the members of his gang.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Mr. Eval comes through the door followed by Mr. Goldman the tailor, holding a new suit.

TAILOR

I made this one myself. I promise, this time it's going to fit like a glove. Goldman stands behind every thread.

MR. EVAL

Yeah, yeah, just leave it at the desk.

TAILOR

Of course, Mr. Eval, and thank you for not having your family beat me up.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

As the tailor heads over to the desk with the suit, Eval passes by CAMERA. We see that one of his coat tails is much longer than the other.

ANGLE ON KICKBOXING RING

Eval approaches his son.

MR. EVAL

Son, I have just gotten word that those jerks from District 3 are actually planning to show up for the match tomorrow.

KID EVAL

Don't worry, dad. We're gonna kick their asses big time. I'm looking forward to this.

27 INT. STAIRWELL OF DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

27

Brewski and several of the guys file up the stairs.

BREWSKI

Big match tomorrow guys. Let's get Psyched...

ARCHIE

Grrrr...

ARNOLD

Yeah... let's paahty

SLAVOSKI

Chimini upsa pilovich spitinski poeey!

At the top of the stairway, Brewski stops in his tracks. There, trying to open the door across the hall is the beautiful Tanya. On the door in front of her is a sign... "WOMAN'S AEROBICS PROGRAM" Next to her waiting at the gym door is MR. RODRIGUEZ, a soft spoken man wearing a jacket and tie.

BREWSKI

All right, guys... warm up. I'll catch up with you in a second.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

The guys stare at Tanya as they pass by. Arnold flexes and poses.

Slavoski straightens his tie.

SLAVOSKI

Boobski baboobski, yayaski tataski perdunchick.

BREWSKI

I think that says it for all of us...

(turning to Mr. Rodriguez)

Good morning Mr. Rodriguez...

RODRIGUEZ

Mr. Brewski... They destroy my store again. The police will do nothing. I have nothing left. Maybe I should just pay them to leave me alone.

BREWSKI

Don't give in to those slimeballs, Mr. Rodriguez. I think I can arrange for a small loan to get you back on your feet and we'll figure out what to do. Have a seat in my office, I'll be right with you.

RODRIGUEZ

Okay... Thank you, Mr. Brewski.

Mr. Rodriguez heads in and Brewski turns to Tanya, still fumbling with the door to the aerobics studio.

BREWSKI

So, Tanya, sweetheart, how's it goin'? I know, I know... you think I'm a loud mouthed obnoxious, totally insincere type guy... but I do have my bad points too. Now that we're going to be working together, I propose that we get to know each other a little better. We got off to a bad start.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

BREWSKI (cont'd)

Let's begin again? Edward
Brukowski, gym director. The
people around here call me Brewski.

Brewski extends his hand.

BREWSKI

C'mon, it won't hurt.

Tanya smiles, reaches out and shakes.

TANYA

Tanya Evans, aerobics instructor,
pleased to meet you.

BREWSKI

So now that we're better
acquainted, would you mind taking
off all your clothing?

Tanya rolls her eyes and shakes her head in disgust.

BREWSKI

Don't say I never asked, okay?
Women! Who can figure them out.

TANYA

Brewski, just tell me one thing. I
know you're sick... but are you
dangerous?

Brewski shrugs.

Tanya shakes her head and can't help but smile.

TANYA

You got any idea how to open this
door?

Brewski looks down at his watch and smiles.

BREWSKI

The super should be here any
second.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 3

27

With those words, they hear a "YE00000000W..." and the Ninjanitor, black robe swishing in the air, swings past them and smashes through the door.

Tanya appears stunned.

TANYA

Now what? I mean, how do I get it fixed?

BREWSKI

Don't worry, he'll be back for supper?

Brewski gestures to the Ninja's teeth embedded in the flattened door. He turns to leave and stops.

BREWSKI

Oh by the way, now that you're part of this organization, it's your duty to attend the big kickboxing match tomorrow at Eval's recreation center. Details are posted on the main bulletin board.

Brewski disappears into the gym and she moves into the aerobics room.

28 EXT. EVAL RECREATIONAL CENTER AND KICKBOXING ACADEMY -- DAY 28

A sign outside says "MATCH TODAY: EVAL ACADEMY VS. DISTRICT 3." Yes, it's the day of the big match. The big mis-match is probably more like it. Tanya is among the spectators heading in the main door.

29 INT. EVAL RECREATIONAL CENTER AND KICKBOXING ACADEMY WORKOUT AREA -- DAY 29

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE SPECTATORS through the workout area toward gym.

30 INT. EVAL RECREATIONAL CENTER AND KICKBOXING ACADEMY GYM -- DAY 30

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

The small gym is packed with an assortment of neighborhood people. In the front row sits Mr. Eval, clad in a stunning new suit (with one sleeve a little longer than the other). Next to him is an elderly, aristocratic oriental man wearing an ornate robe. His long pointed beard and shoulder length hair gives him an air of spirituality. This is Eval's spiritual leader, MASTER FOO.

ANGLE ON GYM FLOOR

Eval's kickboxing boys, looking sharp in their shiny black kickboxing pants, warm up with some wicked-looking kicks and punches. Standing beside the ring, Kid Eval then calls out various moves and the team responds.

KID EVAL

Power left... power right...
combination.

These guys are all business.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The beautiful Tanya enters. She looks around and moves towards the stands.

ANGLE ON KID EVAL

He looks up, sees her and...

KID EVAL

Dink... take over.

Dink moves to the head of the group. Kid Eval intercepts Tanya.

KID EVAL

Tanya Evans. I don't believe it!
You turned out to be one fine piece
of ass.

TANYA

Well, well... the notorious Kid
Eval... scourge of the public
school system. I'm surprised you
haven't been put away for life.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 2

30

KID EVAL

Still got the wise mouth. So I hear you're running the aerobics program over at District 3. That's some dump.

Tanya shakes her head and starts off.

KID EVAL

Hey, Tanya, if you're not busy tonight, how about me and you doin' some cruisin'?

TANYA

Gee, Kid... I'd love to but Saturday's the only free night I have to sit around and think of excuses to use when slimeballs ask me out. Sorry...

KID EVAL

(not getting it)
Sure... I understand ... (calling after). Maybe next Saturday...

ANGLE ON BLEACHERS

Mr. Eval moves to the SCORERS TABLE and confronts the OFFICIAL.

MR. EVAL

We've waited long enough. If District 3 doesn't show up immediately, I demand that you declare a forfeit.

But before the official can reply, we hear heavy rock'n roll music approaching in the distance. Both men look toward the door.

The driving, thumping beat increases in volume, until...

The gym door bursts open and Brewski and Miles, with a ghetto blaster on his shoulder, bop in, leading the jiving, rocking band of klutzes.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 3

30

In direct contrast to the other school's slick outfits, our heroes are clad in the ultimate in bad taste -- Hawaiian shirts, sunglasses, bathrobes, hockey masks, arm pads, shoulder pads, (worn on the outside), knee pads, roller blades, etc.

Elmo, draped with towels and pulling a wagon loaded with kegs of beer and buckets of ice, follows up the rear. Brewski winks at the lovely Tanya. She shakes her head and can't help but smile back.

ANGLE ON KID EVAL

He watches the exchange and fumes with jealousy. Then, he looks over and recognizes another familiar face.

ANOTHER ANGLE Kid Eval approaches Elmo and offers him his hand.

KID EVAL

Hey, no hard feelings...

Elmo deliberates a beat, and then holds out his hand to shake. Kid Eval grabs it and flips him over on his back.

The crowd LAUGHS. Kid Eval splits a gut.

BREWSKI

(to Kid)

Laugh now while you still can,
'cause we're gonna kick your ass.

Kid Eval points threateningly at Brewski.

KID EVAL

You... you're dead.

Miles shakes his head.

MILES

(to Brewski)

Hey, you think that was smart. I mean you might make him mad.

(CONTINUED)

BREWSKI

Yeah, but how many times does a guy like me get to say something like that to a guy like him under the full protection of the community recreational system? Maybe once, twice a lifetime.

MILES

Yeah, I see what you mean... I think Freud described it as a typical behavioral outburst for emotive release. Childish but effective.

(to Kid Eval/totally losing it)

Hey, shit for brains... Watch yo' ass 'cause the brothers and me gonna kick it all over this goddam gymnasium.

BREWSKI

Now I think that was uncalled for.

Kid Eval starts for Miles, but a hand reaches out and stops him. CAMERA WIDENS and we see the hand belongs to MASTER FOO, the spiritual leader. He approaches Brewski.

BREWSKI

(to Master Foo)

Yes, I think we're ready to order. That'll be three dozen Egg Rolls, two Won Tons and Egg Drop... No MSG please...

MASTER FOO

I am Master Foo... Spiritual councilor to young men of club Eval.

BREWSKI

And I am Edward Brewski, the poor slob who runs the District 3 men's gym.

MASTER FOO

Where is your spiritual leader?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 5

30

BREWSKI

Oh shit! We forgot Wong Sing.
(calling out)

Elmo... go back to the car and get
the crazy Chinaman.

Elmo heads out.

BREWSKI

(turning to his team)

And as for the rest of you lazy
degenerates, let's show these
pussies what District 3 is made of.

WARM UP TIME!

The music blares from the GHETTO BLASTER and Brewski puts his guys through their warm-ups -- a combination of the Jane Fonda Work Out Tape and the Jerry Lewis Telethon.

BREWSKI

Okay, first the hips... let's push
'em out... let it burn... 2, 3,
4...

The guys do anything they feel like and it looks ridiculous.

BREWSKI

Okay fellas.. kick time...
precision drill and five, six,
seven, eight...

The klutzes form a precision dance line and launch into a series of "Rockette-like" high kicks -- only our guys are completely out of step.

ANGLE ON EVAL AND HIS THUGS

They shake their heads in disgust.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Elmo makes his way across the gym followed by Wong Sing, wearing a bloody apron and holding a dead chicken by the neck. Elmo points out Master Foo.

ELMO

There he is.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 6

30

WONG SING

You mean hairy guy wearing ugly
curtain?

ELMO

That's him.

Wong Sing approaches Master Foo. The two elderly orientals bow to one another. The gym grows quiet. Brewski and Kid Eval move into position beside their respective spiritual leaders.

MASTER FOO

The great Confucius say, "There shall be only one victor. The man who feels himself the weaker is indeed the weaker. The man who battles like the savage is indeed the victor."

Now it's Wong Sing's turn. He thinks philosophically for a moment and then...

WONG SING

Only the weaker need fight like a
savage. The truly powerful listen
for the sound of the one handed
clap.

Everyone seems confused.

KID EVAL

One handed clap?

BREWSKI

Clap... one handed clap.

MASTER FOO

(still puzzled)

The one handed clap? What is the
sound of the one handed clap?

With one hand, Wong Sing rears back and smacks Kid Eval across the face. Stunned, the Kid rubs his face.

WONG SING

That, my friend, is sound of one
handed clap.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 7

30

The Official's voice comes from over the PA.

OFFICIAL (OVER PA)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this city's department of recreation kickboxing match. Each event will be three rounds with a minimum eight kick requirement per round. Competitors to the ring.

Archie wearing a hockey mask, an outrageous wrestling outfit and his usual green Mohawk climbs into the ring.

Eval's thug is a muscular kid, all business. Archie begins jumping around the ring, WHOOPING, HOLLERING AND STAMPING HIS FEET like a crazed professional wrestler doing a bad imitation of an Indian war dance.

ARCHIE

Yeooooooooow... Archie kill, you pale face... you cheat me out of my country. Now I get revenge on behalf of my tribe.

SHERMAN

But you're from Cleveland.

ARCHIE

Yeah, you never heard of the Cleveland Indians?

Meanwhile, Eval's Thug keeps staring him down. They move to the center of the ring. The Referee signals the match to begin... DING. Eval's thug charges and before he can even throw a punch, Archie tries a kick, misses, loses his balance and falls to the canvas. Instead of getting up, he pounds the floor, feigning pain. He then reaches to the side and tags Miles. Miles leaps onto Eval's thug, riding his back. The ref blows the whistle and tries to pull Miles off, but he holds on for life -- riding Eval's guy like a cowboy on a wild bull.

REFEREE

Disqualified. Match to Eval.
(to Miles)
And you, son, are out of the competition.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 8

30

Miles jumps off his opponent's back, races over to Archie and together they raise their hands in victory.

MILES

Fix... Fix... We won that match.
The man hates blacks.

REFEREE

That's nonsense...

ARCHIE

Yeah, and he hates Indians too!

MILES

(shouting at ref)
My ancestor's gonna come back and
move into yo' neighborhood.
Shit...

Miles and Archie walk off the mat to the jeers of the crowd.

BREWSKI

(to Miles)
Tough break. I thought you had
him.

This triggers a musical sequence showing Brewski's klutzes getting cut down one after another.

31 INT. EVAL GYM -- A SHORT TIME LATER, DAY -- MUSICAL SEQUENCE.

31

One of Eval's thugs chases Slavoski around the ring. The referee blows his whistle and raises his arms.

32 INT. EVAL GYM -- A SHORT TIME LATER, DAY -- MUSICAL SEQUENCE

32

Arnold flies backwards out of the ring and lands amidst the chairs.

Tanya winces.

Elmo starts to pour water over Arnold's head but Brewski gestures to the beer and Elmo uses it instead.

33 INT. EVAL GYM -- A SHORT TIME LATER, DAY -- MUSICAL SEQUENCE 33

One of Eval's guys comes at Elmo. He starts to back away panicked, and then, in a moment of pure genius, he picks his nose and flicks it at his opponent. The ref blows his whistle in disgust.

34 INT. EVAL GYM -- A SHORT TIME LATER, DAY 34

Dink punches Sherman in the stomach and the rotund youth spits a mouthful of beer into Dink's face. Again, the ref blows the whistle in disgust.

REFEREE

Time out. Clean up.

Dink heads back to his corner where he's toweled down. Sherman returns to the sideline and Brewski gathers his battered troops.

SHERMAN

Coach, we're dyin' out there. You got to do something.

BREWSKI

All right... Huddle up. I think it's time to move to plan B.

ELMO

You mean we had a plan A?

BREWSKI

Everybody's a critic. You know it's not easy being the coach.

The whistle blows for the match to resume.

ANGLE ON RING

Dink is in position. The ref looks for Sherman.

REFEREE

District 3... Take your position please.

ANGLE ON KLUTZES

Brewski climbs into the ring.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BREWSKI

Your refereeship... District 3 will not continue. We are protesting the match.

REFEREE

Protest? What do you mean protest? On what grounds?

BREWSKI

The other team has an unfair advantage. They are employing weapons which to my mind are not within the rules nor the spirit of this competition!

REFEREE

What are you talking about, Mr. Brukowski?

BREWSKI

All right, you've forced me to say it. Eval and his boys are ugly. They're the most revolting excuses for human beings I've ever seen, and they're making me and my boys sick.

The insult registers on the faces of Kid Eval and his team.

BREWSKI

...I'm sorry sir, but I have a responsibility to the people of my community. Something like this could leave permanent scarring. I mean I can't let these poor innocent boys go back out there unless you require those FREAKS of nature to wear bags over their heads!

This one really hits home. The Eval team is no longer insulted. Now they're mad.

BREWSKI

I know it's not their faults. I'm sure their mothers were dogs too, but it's just not fair.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

That's it. Never insult a bad guy's mother.

KID EVAL

Mom? She may be ugly, but she's
still my mother! Let's go get 'em!

Kid Eval and his boys let out a SCREAM, and leap into the ring. Brewski runs for his life. He jumps out of the ring and heads across the gym floor.

Eval's gang continues charging at him.

Brewski stops, grabs the bucket of beer, sloshes it in their path, and... Kid and his gang slip and slide across the floor, ramming into the bleachers in a heap. The Officials and the Referee blow whistles, wave arms and throw score cards in the air. Bedlam reigns.

Mr. Eval grabs Inspector Moody's pant leg.

MR. EVAL

(shouting)
DO SOMETHING!

ANGLE ON BREWSKI

BREWSKI

(shouting)
Men.. Let's leave with some
dignity.

The klutzes move into formation behind Brewski. Miles turns up the rock music on the ghetto blaster, and the boys of District 3 bop out the way they came in.

Tanya stands and applauds enthusiastically.

Inspector Moody races across the floor and screams at Brewski.

INSPECTOR MOODY

WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE COMMISSIONER'S
OFFICE TOMORROW. YOU'RE THROUGH!

35 EXT. CITY HALL -- DAY

35

ESTABLISHING SHOT of building.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

BREWSKI'S VOICE

Commissioner Gibbs, you can't close us down...

36 INT. CITY HALL -- COMMISSIONER MARCUS GIBBS'S OFFICE -- DAY

36

Recreation commissioner Marcus Gibbs, black, middle aged, sits behind his desk, expressionless. Before him stands Brewski. Inspector Moody sits to his side.

BREWSKI

... We provide this city with a valuable social service. Where would these boys go if our doors we're locked? We're talking about human beings here... the undesirables, the scum, the losers, society's dregs, the diseased minds that nobody else wants. This is the core of District 3. Would you want them in your house? Commissioner Gibbs, prove you're the great man that we know you are... keep District 3 open and make the world a better place for all men, regardless of race, creed, or color.

The commissioner's expression still hasn't changed. There's a couple of beats of silence, then...

COMMISSIONER GIBBS

Mr. Brewski... You're full of shit.. but you tell a damn good story. Unfortunately, talk is cheap and part of your charter is to promote the spirit of true sportsmanship. So I'm putting you on probation. I want you to prove to me that you're worthy of this city's tax dollars by competing in the upcoming kickboxing tournament and making a good showing.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BREWSKI

Excuse me your Commissionership...
 What determines a good showing?
 Are we talking proper dress?
 Cleanliness? Is body odor a
 factor? Because if it is, we might
 as well turn the key over right
 now.

COMMISSIONER GIBBS

Unfortunately for you, Mr. Brewski,
 good showing means that you
 actually have to win a match, or
 you're through. Sorry, but after
 that fiasco Saturday, I've gotten a
 lot of pressure to shut you down
 right now. You've got to show me
 that you deserve to stay open.

ANGLE ON INSPECTOR MOODY

He slaps his knee in delight.

INSPECTOR MOODY

Gotcha...

37 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

37

The sound of hot rhythmic music emanates from the building.
 A new sign hangs on the wall... "LADIES... SHAPE UP YOUR
 THIGHS -- AEROBERSIZE... Classes begin today..."

38 INT. DISTRICT 3 AEROBICS ROOM -- DAY

38

The MUSIC BLARES OUT and we're close on a room full of sexy
 female posteriors.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Gorgeous female forms stretch, bend and contort to the beat
 in aerobic-like motions. Tanya's Aerobics program is
 finally open for business and the first class is in session.
 Tanya stands in the front of the room and leads the girls
 through a routine.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

TANYA

Now let's go crazy girls... shake it out.. C'mon, move it and loose it... shake and bake it, and...

39 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

39

Brewski and the guys are lounging around the gym, clearly depressed.

MILES

(disbelief)

Man... it looks like we're gonna really have to shape up and learn some kickboxing.

ELMO

Yeah... it'd be a shame to close down a great place like this.

The guys nod their agreement.

BREWSKI

It seems to me we've got two choices here men. We could take the easy way out and give up without a fight, or... we could train hard like men... try to master the fundamentals of the sport... and then give up without a fight...

Suddenly, Elmo bursts into the room screaming at the top of his lungs.

ELMO

(breathless)

BOOBS! Next door, boobs!

BREWSKI

Whoa, Elmo... Your hormones have gotten the better of you, boy...

Almost too excited to speak, Elmo gestures wildly with his cupped hands.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ELMO

Next door... They're next door...

Brewski jumps to his feet.

BREWSKI

Men of District 3, I think it only right that we say hello to our new neighbors. Guys, in formation...

Brewski and a few of the klutzes line up along the wall.

BREWSKI

One, two, three...YAAAAA...

And simultaneously, the boys, with the exception of Sherman, kick their legs through the wall in a real kickboxing welcome. Then, they poke their heads through the openings, while Sherman, still unable to make a dent with his foot, smashes his head through the wall in frustration.

KLUTZES (IN UNISON)

Hi, girls...

40 INT. DISTRICT 3 AEROBICS ROOM -- DAY

40

The girls let out a scream.

TANYA

Brewski, dammit, that's not very funny.

ANGLE ON WALL

The guys still have their heads extended through the holes. Sherman has cracked right through a beam.

BREWSKI

Jeez, like what did you expect us to do? Walk all the way around and use the door.

(to the other guys)

She's so formal.

TANYA

Everything's a joke to you. I heard what happened at the commissioner's office. With your attitude, you're never going to win a match.

41 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

41

Towel in hand, the Ninjanitor, holding a tray of plaster, scurries past, plastering each hole with a single wave of the arm.

Brewski turns to his troops.

BREWSKI

Did you hear that guys? We'll never beat anybody, huh? Now I'm mad! Let's show her what we're made of!

The klutzes cheer.

42 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

42

With the klutzes sitting around in various degrees of near coma, Brewski is reading from a book of kickboxing techniques, complete with diagrams. He slams the book closed, jarring the guys awake.

BREWSKI

Look, guys... I think we're making too big a deal out of all this kickboxing stuff. We just gotta remember to throw at least eight kicks in each round. Other than that, it's just like boxing. I mean, we've seen the films, we know the moves... Now, we just have to put it into practice. It's a matter of conditioning.

43 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

43

The conditioning begins.

Elmo kicks a large flour sack suspended from a rope. As he looks proudly back at the other klutzes, it swings back, hits him in the head and knocks him cold.

The dummy holding the shopping bag is now wearing boxing gloves, shin pads and padded foot gear. So are the klutzes. ARNOLD attacks the dummy. He kicks it in the stomach, then moves in for the kill.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

When he punches the dummy's one hand, the other strikes out and knocks him on the head, knocking him out.

SLAVOSKI tries to roll a dumbbell on his wrists to gain strength. It slips off and rolls down the floor, bowling over Archie. Brewski demonstrates a high kick to Sherman who is sparring with Miles. Sherman tries the kick, but only manages to reach Miles' crotch. He doubles over in pain.

44 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

44

The klutzes are sprawled around the room gasping for air.

BREWSKI

I think we're making progress.
Well, guys... It's time to do what
we do best... EAT!

The guys cheer and rush for the door.

45 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

45

The klutzes and Charlie the Chimp are wolfing down Chinese food. Miles reads as he eats. Brewski stands before them holding the official tournament rule book.

BREWSKI

Gentlemen, now that you've
completed your formal kickboxing
training, I'd like to read to you
from the official kickboxing rule
book...

(reading)

It says here that any club not
represented in a weight category
within ten minutes of the
designated starting time will
forfeit the match...

Brewski looks up at his troops as if he's made a revelation.

BREWSKI

Did you hear that guys, a match can
be won by default.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

But the klutzes are not listening. Instead, they are missing their mouths with food, staring gaga-eyed at something while they continue to eat. FROM ANOTHER ANGLE we see what they're staring at. Tanya and several of the girls from the aerobics class have just arrived.

Arnold eyes a really shapely, muscular girl and is mesmerized. Miles notices this.

MILES

Hey, Arnold, you like her, huh?

ARNOLD

(Austrian accent)

I want da guhrl.. But Arnold the Barbarian not graced with da silver tongue.

MILES

Well, let's face it Arnie... a guy with your personality needs help... Hey, Slavoski... come here...

Slavoski slides over.

MILES

Do me a favor... go over there and strike up a conversation with that girl...

SLAVOSKI

Parovnich da tatas...

MILES

Yeah, parovnich da tatas...

Slavoski starts over to the girl's table.

MILES

See, the idea is this. Slavoski starts babbling, she doesn't know what the hell he's talking about, and you go over and translate. Next thing you know, you're getting to know each other. It's an ice breaker.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 2

45

ARNOLD

Ice breaker... good idea...

Slavoski taps the shapely, muscular girl on the shoulder and begins babbling...

SLAVOSKI

Scuzinski Miss tatinski...
Petrovnich da boom booms?

ANGLE ON MILES AND ARNOLD

MILES

Okay, make your big move fella.

As Arnold stands and heads for the table...

ANGLE ON SLAVOSKI AND MUSCULAR GIRL

She stands and hugs Slavoski.

MUSCULAR GIRL

Petrovnich babinsky ill nyet ala
poortrin Czechoslovakia...

Slavoski's face lights up.

SLAVOSKI

Czech?

MUSCULAR GIRL

Czech!

BREWSKI

(looking up from food)
Czech mate!

MILES

I don't believe this. Sit down
Arnold. This is bigger than the
both of us.

ANGLE ON ARCHIE

He winks at a pretty girl then takes some duck sauce and slicks back his Mohawk. ANGLE ON BREWSKI. His meal is interrupted by a VOICE from above.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 3

45

TANYA (O.S.)

You're timing's all off.

Brewski looks up and sees Tanya standing above him.

TANYA

Seriously, I've been watching you guys work out and I figured out the problem.

BREWSKI

No offense, but that doesn't make you a genius.

TANYA

Listen Brewski, if you'd keep your mouth shut long enough to let your ears get a little work out, I think I could help you.

BREWSKI

Hey, it's not that I don't appreciate your concern, but we're doing just fine thank you. The only problem we have... if you could even call it a problem... is a complete lack of coordination and athletic ability.

TANYA

And you left something out... rhythm. Your guys have no rhythm.

Miles jumps up and slams down his book.

MILES

Hey, call me obstinate... refer to my symptomatic personality flaws caused by a childhood of sociological maladies... but when you're talking about rhythm...

(switches to jive talk)

Then you call me Miles Leroy... da number one bad boy... a walking, talkin' jivin' funky rhythm toy...

Miles turns up the radio and breaks into a James Brown style heavy rhythm blues number...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 4

45

complete with wild, James Brown style dancing.

MILES

(rappin')

Miles Leroy that's who I am, king
of rhythm through the land... When
I show ma' face and they see my
tan... they say, yo, watch out,
DAMN... it's Miles Leroy the
kickboxing man...

He gyrates around the room, the other klutzes and Charlie the Chimp jump up and join him, forming a klutzy, out-of-step chorus line of ridiculous motions. In the midst of this hot number, with everybody bopping, juking and jiving around them, Brewski grabs Tanya and begins to slow dance -- exaggerating all the steps, spinning her around, pirouetting himself about the room. It's clear from her expression that Brewski's contagious personality has finally caught on with Tanya. She finds herself beginning to like him.

TANYA

Hey, Brewski... you know I was
serious about that rhythm and
timing thing. You know, dance,
aerobics... they're a lot like
kickboxing... footwork, balance,
flexibility, conditioning, even
high kicking.

Suddenly there's a CRASH and the music stops abruptly!

ANGLE ON DOOR

It's Kid Eval, and he's just smashed the radio. Behind him are Dink and a few of his thugs. At his side is Heinrich, his oversized, ferocious canine.

KID EVAL

We just got a noise complaint.

BREWSKI

Yeah, from who?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 5

45

KID EVAL

From Dink... He's very sensitive to
loud noises...

(screaming in Dink's ear)

AIN'T THAT RIGHT, DINK?

Dink is unphased.

DINK

What?

KID EVAL

And I don't think it's fair for you
assholes to have fun at the expense
of the entire neighborhood.

TANYA

Get out of here, you creep.

KID EVAL

Hey, Tanya, compliments ain't gonna
help you now. It's too late for
that. These guys made us look bad
at the match and we gotta teach
them some respect.

Eval and his thugs eye the women and begin closing in on
Brewski and his klutzes, tossing tables and chairs aside as
they go.

BREWSKI

Hey, I think this has all been a
big misunderstanding. You see, me
and my friends didn't realize that
you guys were all the victims of
random lobotomies. Please forgive
us. You wouldn't hit a guy with
glasses would you?

ANGLE ON KID EVAL

He thinks.

KID EVAL

Well...

ANGLE ON KLUTZES They all hold drinking glasses over their
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 6

45

KID EVAL

Hey, is this some kind of trick, or something?

(to gang)

C'mon boys...

Eval and his boys continue moving forward. Dink takes Elmo and hangs him up on a hook. Heinrich GROWLS, shows teeth, makes gurgling noises and backs Brewski against the wall. But just as the carnivorous canine is about to attack... We see Charlie the Chimp standing behind him, his eyes widening as he stares at something in amazement.

CHARLIE'S POV:

Now we see what Charlie sees -- the Doberman's enormous testicles.

BACK TO THE ACTION. Charlie leaps into the air, whirls around, hurling a powerful karate kick, and...

YELP! CLOSE ON HEINRICH'S FACE. His eyes roll back as he learns the true meaning of the word "ballbuster".

Heinrich's YELP turns to more of an embarrassed whimper as he scampers out the door.

Everyone stops and looks in stunned disbelief.

KID EVAL

You'll pay for this... Bust 'em up.

But just as the thugs are about to pounce...

"YE000000W..." Suddenly, a BLOOD CURDLING WAR CRY emanates from the kitchen.

A chicken races out followed by Wong Sing, his meat cleaver slashing through the air in hot pursuit.

Eval's boys dive out of the way. And as they do...

"YAAAAAAAAAAAA..." There's another EAR PIERCING SCREAM coming from the outside. What next? They turn to see....

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 7

45

ANGLE ON THE DOOR The Ninjanitor, his black robe flapping in the wind, zooms through the door on a skateboard, bowls over a pack of Eval's thugs, and in rapid fire, tosses a handful of stars, darts, tiny daggers and other pointy weapons, as...

The bad guys duck for cover. The stars, darts and daggers zip into the walls and the tables all around them. Kid Eval jumps back out of the way and impales himself on a star protruding from the wall. OUCH!

The Ninja swerves across the room and through the kitchen door, disappearing with a cacophony of clanging pots and pans. Wong Sing continues slashing the air as he chases the chicken around the room. Eval's boys are now completely unnerved.

BREWSKI

Man the tables!

The klutzes move into position behind a group of tables, each grabbing a leg.

The boys lift the tables and line them up side by side, using them as shields...

BREWSKI

CHARGE!

They charge across the room like Roman soldiers, and...

KID EVAL

Let's get out of here.

To Kid Eval and his gang, it looks like they are under attack by an army of Section 8's. They turn and scramble out of the restaurant.

46 INT. DISTRICT 3 -- AEROBICS ROOM -- DAY

46

Tanya turns up the music. It's a rap song with a strong beat. She starts to move across the floor, choreographing some basic balancing exercises to the music.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

TANYA

Okay, you move like this and then
shift your weight to the other
foot...

The klutzes look hopeless. Miles dances over next to
Brewski.

MILES

Hey, man... you're not serious
about this thing, are you?

BREWSKI

Neh, I just didn't want to
disappoint the lady.

47 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

47

The klutzes are organizing their gear. Brewski walks out of
his office and hands a few dollars to a MIDDLE AGED
NEIGHBORHOOD WOMAN.

WOMAN

Oh, Brewski, you're a lifesaver.
I'll never forget you for this.

BREWSKI

Hey, just tell that lazy husband of
yours to get up off his rear end
and get back to work. A couple of
broken legs is no reason to sit
around.

Brewski winks at her. She leaves and as Brewski turns, he
comes face to face with the nautilus delivery man.

TRUCKER

Nautilus delivery?

Brewski reaches into his pocket and pulls out a couple of
coins stuck to a piece of gum.

BREWSKI

Still not enough? How about if I
throw in the gum... Spearmint.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

TRUCKER

I know... maybe next week. But I'm warnin' ya', pal... If I don't get paid by next week, the stuff's goin' back to the manufacturer.

Brewski nods and shrugs. The trucker turns and leaves.

Brewski moves over to address his klutzes.

BREWSKI

Okay, listen up guys... Today's the start of the big tournament and I just want you all to know what's at stake here. I just want you to know that no matter what happens, I still think of you guys as...

(pauses for effect)

THE SICKEST BUNCH OF DEGENERATES I EVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING!

(barks out like a drill sergeant)

ALL RIGHT GUYS! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO TODAY?

KLUTZES

MAKE FOOLS OUT OF OURSELVES AND PRAY!

BREWSKI

DO WE GIVE A SHIT HOW MUCH THEY SHOUT?

KLUTZES

ONLY IF THE BEER RUNS OUT!

BREWSKI

CAUSE WE ARE THE BOYS OF DISTRICT 3!

KLUTZES

MOST OF US CAN BARELY SEE!

BREWSKI

AND WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN THE STAKES ARE HIGH?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 2

47

KLUTZES
GO OUT THERE AND DIE! DIE! DIE!

BREWSKI
(nodding approval)
Men, I think we're ready. Let's
go!

The guys start to march out. Charlie the Chimp looks up from the reclining chair where he's watching a soap opera and sniffs the air. Then he leaps up, WHOOPS and does a back flip.

BREWSKI
Shit, it's Moody... oh no... not
now... I'll meet you guys
downstairs.

48 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- STAIRWELL -- DAY

48

Inspector Moody looks disgusted as he passes the klutzes who are shouting and stumbling down the stairs as they file past him.

49 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

49

When Moody arrives, Brewski is on the wall phone next to the door, pretending to have a conversation.

BREWSKI
(on phone)
What do you mean the equipment's
still on back order. I've been
getting that story every day for
the past month.
(pauses to listen)
I do take it personally, I'm a
public servant! Hey, look we're
talking about the tax payers money
here. If that nautilus equipment
is not here in this gym by tomorrow
morning, you'll be talking to my
lawyers...
(pauses to listen)
You heard me right, pal... We're
gonna sue your ass!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Brewski slams down the phone and looks at Inspector Moody.

BREWSKI

If you're here to ask me where that equipment is, I just don't want to talk about it!

INSPECTOR MOODY

Yeah, that was one of my purposes. But it seems you have that under control.

Brewski turns and starts to leave.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(calling after)

Although it hardly matters, because after you lose and drop out of the tournament today, I'll have the distinct honor of closing you down... pronto! Oooo... I can't wait for that.

50 EXT. SUBURBAN GYMNASIUM -- DAY

50

Here in a pleasant suburb we find a gymnasium that looks like the one Wally and the Beaver must have played in. A sign on the door reads, "KICKBOXING TOURNAMENT -- Round 1 today".

51 INT. SUBURBAN GYMNASIUM -- DAY

51

A bleacher full of affluent, overprotective parents watch proudly as their kids warm up. They beam and point every time one of their well-manicured, spoiled children does anything even resembling kickboxing. Overprotected or not, the suburban team does appear to know its stuff. They warm up with fluid kicks and punches. Behind their bench is a team flag -- "SUBURBAN HIGH KICKERS"

As usual, Brewski and his boys are late.

The official looks at his watch and turns to the shirt and tie coach of the High Kickers. You know the type -- he takes his job way too seriously.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

OFFICIAL

We'll give them another couple of minutes... Then, they forfeit.

The heavy rock'n roll MUSIC RUMBLING in the distance tells us that Brewski and his klutzes are about to make their grand entrance. As the MUSIC gets louder, all eyes turn to the door, and...

ANGLE ON THE DOORS

The gym doors burst open and much to the horror of the suburban wimps and their parents, Brewski's motley band -- wearing bloodied torn robes and boxing shorts, Wong Sing in his blood stained apron, and Charlie the Chimp -- bop into the gym.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The well-mannered crowd and the High Kickers look on in horror. And the real horror is yet to come...

The official approaches Brewski

OFFICIAL

You have five minutes to warm up.

Brewski gives a quick nod and barks out orders to his troops.

BREWSKI

Formation! And I mean now, you worthless slime...

The suburbanites watch in stunned silence as Brewski's guys form two lines and pair off.

BREWSKI

(loud enough for everyone to hear)

Wong Sing, oh great spiritual leader, have you words of wisdom for our humble warriors.

Wong Sing steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 2

51

WONG SING

Show no mercy. To lose is to die.
 Make your enemy feel pain, and he
 will no longer be your enemy. He
 will be dead. You know what this
 mean?

The klutzes shout back in unison.

KLUTZES

KILL!

Wong Sing bows. The boys bow back. Brewski steps forward.

BREWSKI

Begin the warm-ups.

The klutzes commence with a brutal display of kickboxing. With BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS, and BONE CHILLING GRUNTS, they attack each other with reckless abandon, spitting out teeth and spurting blood.

The suburbanites stare in disbelief. A couple of the High Kickers look at each other, clearly frightened.

Unbeknownst to them, it's all a big con. Brewski's guys are taking mini bite-down-blood-bags and false teeth from their pockets and slipping them into their mouths. Their faces and bodies are now dripping with blood. Pieces of teeth are everywhere.

BREWSKI

Stop! What are you doing out there? You guys are nothing but lazy pond scum! How do you expect to win if you don't take the warm-ups seriously? Now, let's see some intensity.

The suburban team looks at each other, totally unnerved.

The suburban boys look as if they're about to cry. One boy holds his stomach, doubles over and makes a dash for the bathroom.

The overprotective parents stream out of the bleachers in protest and drag their kids out of the gym.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 3

51

PARENTS (V.O.)

Billy, you come with me right
now...

...What kind of an organization is
this...

...I'll never let my boy compete
against trained killers...

...Hoodlums...

ALARMED MOTHER

They're animals!

On cue, Charlie the Chimp jumps into her lap and gives her a
fat kiss on the lips.

COACH

We forfeit! The match is off.

The official stands and announces.

OFFICIAL

The winner, by default... District
3...

Brewski's klutzes let out a cheer. They jump around in wild
celebration.

This triggers a musical montage...

52 INT. DISTRICT 3 AEROBICS ROOM -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

52

To the tune of the same rhythmic kickboxing theme song that
Tanya used in the first session, the wild jumping
celebration at the gym turns to wild jumping and dancing in
Tanya's class. The klutzes are not exactly what you'd call
graceful, but there is definitely some improvement in their
timing.

53 INT. CITY GYM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

53

The tournament continues. This time, Brewski and his
klutzes have a match against a kickboxing club made up of
Hasidic Jews, complete with curly locks, wide-brimmed hats
and traditional dark robes. The Jews look tough, but the
klutzes have designed the perfect tactic. The strategy
starts with the warm-ups.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Sherman does some impressive footwork wearing a necklace of pork sausages. He pulls a slab of fatty bacon from the equipment bag, stares right into the eyes of the Hasidics and shoves the bacon into his mouth -- slobbering, smearing the fat from his lips onto his face, arms and feet, making a series of disgusting slurping noises and vicious snarling sounds.

Revolted, and about to vomit, several of the Hasidics run from the gym.

The other klutzes follow Sherman's lead, and snorting like pigs, rub pork fat on their faces, arms and feet.

Then, Charlie the Chimp, wearing a paper-mache pig's head, races through the gym, causing more of the Hasidics to scatter in horror.

And now, for the secret weapon that we've all been waiting for... the pork chop! The klutzes each take two pork chops, make the sign of the cross and hold them up to the faces of the remaining Hasidics -- moving toward them in much the same manner one might back up Dracula with a cross. Struck with fear, the Hasidics cover their faces and race out of the gym.

The official walks in and blows his whistle, signifying the beginning of the match.

Brewski looks over at him and shrugs as if to say, I don't know where the other team went. The official raises Brewski's hand in victory and the klutzes win again by default.

54 INT. DISTRICT 3 AEROBICS ROOM -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

54

Tanya turns on the same rhythmic song and puts the klutzes through another kickboxing dance class. This time, she has them pair off and practice footwork and kicks to the music. Brewski also begins contributing by demonstrating certain kicks and punch combinations to the music.

While you couldn't really call the progress dramatic, the boys are getting better.

55 INT. CITY GYM -- DAY -- MONTAGE

55

The tournament continues. A banner across the gym tells us that it's the quarter finals. The opponent is a serious team of jocks who put great emphasis on the ancient traditions. A large bowl of ceremonial water is located on a table next to the jocks' team bench. Brewski sneaks over, and as the "jocks" warm up, he pours a large jar of powerful glue into their bowl of water. He tries to pull the empty glue jar off his hand, but it's stuck to his fingers. Brewski nonchalantly tucks his hand into his pocket and walks off.

Now it's time for the pre-match ritual. Led by their spiritual leader, the "jocks" dip their fingers into the bowl of what's supposed to be pure water.

SPIRITUAL LEADER

May you assimilate the rage of the
river... the power of the ocean...
the purity of the mountain
stream...

The members of the "jock" team ceremoniously dip their fingers into the bowl of water, and...

The glue quickly sets. Each member of the team gets stuck in a different pose -- one patting his teammates rear end for encouragement, a couple "highfiving", and the rest, joining hands in the huddle preparing to yell "break".

END OF MONTAGE

56 INT. DISTRICT 3 AEROBICS ROOM -- NIGHT

56

The klutzes and Tanya's students have just finished their kickboxing workout. The girls, perspired and winded begin filing out. The klutzes, in an obvious state of lethargy, have barely broken a sweat. Brewski enters.

TANYA

(to klutzes)

I don't think you guys are taking
this seriously.

SHERMAN

Why should we? We don't need this
to win.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

TANYA

What ever happened to integrity?
This just isn't right...

(directly to Brewski)

I would rather loose fair and
square than win the way you do.

BREWSKI

Hey, excuse me for trying to keep
this place open.

TANYA

Through cheating and deception?
You're no better than Eval's thugs.

BREWSKI

Yeah, and how else were we supposed
to win... through kickboxing?

TANYA

Maybe not at first, but now you
have a chance. With a little more
work on the aerobics, you'll be
able to hold your own.

BREWSKI

Something my boys do very well
already, thank you. But we're
talking kickboxing here.

TANYA

I'm really disappointed in you,
Brewski. I thought you really
cared about what happened to these
guys. I thought you were better
than this.

Tanya turns and storms off. As Brewski watches her go, it's
clear that she touched something within him. He turns back
to the klutzes.

BREWSKI

(overly dramatic)

Now look what you've done. This
woman... this wonderful woman...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 2

56

BREWSKI (cont'd)
 this caring, giving woman, Tanya,
 goes out of her way for a bunch of
 pathetic slimeballs like us... she
 believes in us... And what do we do
 in return? We act like the
 undeserving, unscrupulous,
 ungrateful ground grovelers we
 really are! Now let's get out
 there and pump up that music and
 really give this aerobics thing a
 shot!

Brewski clicks on the cassette, the theme music kicks in, and much to everyone's surprise, the klutzes are actually moving in time to the beat. And if that's not enough to make you look twice, their motions are surprisingly fluid. The music escalates and with each movement, the klutzes are becoming a lean, mean precision kickboxing machine -- whirling, punching and kicking to the beat. They look at each other in disbelief.

Tanya turns back toward the group. Her expression tells us that even she's surprised.

57 INT. CITY GYM -- DAY

57

The large banner across the gym announces that it's the SEMI-FINALS of the City Wide Kickboxing Tournament. This time, the klutzes are up against a real tough opponent -- the Chinatown Kickboxing Club.

The warm-ups are already in progress. The klutzes stand before a row of thick, log-like wooden posts. Brewski sidles up next to Archie.

BREWSKI
 (hushed/referring to
 wooden posts)
 You sure you pre-cracked these
 things?

ARCHIE
 (hushed)
 They'll split at the slightest
 touch.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Brewski ceremoniously moves to the front of the group and...

BREWSKI
District 3... HEEYAAAAAAAAAAAAA...

The klutzes shout back.

KLUTZES
HEEYAAAAAAAAAAAAA...

The oriental team looks over.

The klutzes lift their legs in unison and...

BREWSKI
Ikagami, Yamahami... uh... Hitachi,
Liberace...

With a GRUNT, the klutzes ram their shins through the tampered posts, splitting them in half.

In the audience, Tanya shakes her head in anger.

The oriental team doesn't seem impressed. They walk over in pairs, pick up the split post halves and with a GRUNT, break them over their knees.

The klutzes' eyes widen -- except Sherman.

SHERMAN
Big deal.

Sherman picks up a post half and cracks it over his head.

Brewski moves over next to Archie once again.

BREWSKI
How many times did you crack those posts?

ARCHIE
Only once, chief...

BREWSKI
Ouch....

As Brewski's guys assemble near their bench, Inspector Moody approaches.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 2

57

INSPECTOR MOODY

Brewski...

BREWSKI

Inspector Moody what a nice
surprise.

INSPECTOR MOODY

Cut the shit, Brewski. You and
your clowns are up to something.
There's no way your misfits
could've possibly made it this far
without some kind of trickery. I'm
not sure what it is, but I'll find
out.Inspector Moody turns to head away. Brewski pulls out a
squirt gun with fake blood and shoots him in the back.

OFFICIAL

The first competitors please...

Elmo moves to the center where his vicious opponent waits.

BREWSKI

Remember, Elmo... no retreat no
surrender...The referee blows his whistle and Elmo is immediately
knocked down by a wicked kick.

ANGLE ON TANYA

She winces. ANGLE ON SIDELINES

MILES

(to Brewski)
Good strategy, coach...

BREWSKI

Hey, Elmo's just workin' the kinks
out...

Elmo's put down again...

BREWSKI

...on his back...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 3

57

Elmo is dropped again, and again... and again...

Tanya almost can't bear to watch.

Charlie the Chimp looks up from his carton of Chinese food and covers his eyes.

Moody gives a satisfied grin.

And just when it seems that Elmo can't take another shot, a familiar song emanates from the PA system. It's the same kickboxing theme music that the boys have been working out to in Tanya's class.

ANGLE ON CORNER OF GYM

Tanya has just inserted her tape in the PA system's cassette player.

ANGLE ON MATCH

The music's volume increases. The driving beat picks up, and Elmo begins moving in a fluid graceful manner. Something is taking over inside of him. He almost looks possessed.

The klutzes look on in amazement. Their expressions turn serious.

Elmo's opponent tilts his head in confusion.

And then, much to everyone's surprise, Elmo goes absolutely nuts! It all comes together. He's got rhythm and timing. He delivers an incredible series of kicks and punches, sending his opponent reeling.

Brewski, Elmo and the klutzes cheer deliriously.

Tanya clenches her fist and shouts words of encouragement.

Inspector Moody shakes his head in disbelief. In a series of QUICK CUTS, we see each of Brewski's boys dropping an opponent to the music with a swift move and then raising his arms in victory.

58 INT. EVAL'S HEALTH CLUB -- DAY

58

CLOSE ON Inspector Moody.

INSPECTOR MOODY

They won.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal that he's on his knees talking to Mr. Eval. The diminutive bully is wearing a brand new suit with way too much padding in one shoulder.

MR. EVAL

They won?

INSPECTOR MOODY

They won fair and square. Now it'll be up to your boys to take them in the finals.

MR. EVAL

My club has never lost a tournament.

INSPECTOR MOODY

That's right...

MR. EVAL

We will destroy them.

INSPECTOR MOODY

You're right again, Mr. Eeeee...

Moody is about to mispronounce the name and Mr. Eval glares at him, waiting to pounce.

INSPECTOR MOODY

V-v-vaaaaaal... Eval, Eval...

MR. EVAL

Moody, you failed me. Their gym is still open and that means I don't get their funding. You are a bad investment Moody. It's time to cut my losses.

INSPECTOR MOODY

Wait... Wait... Don't cut yet... I still have one chance, Mr. Eeee... vaaaal... The audit. They'll never pass the audit...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MR. EVAL

I have a plan of my own...

In the background, we see Kid Eval putting his team through a kickboxing workout. These guys look like an army preparing for war.

59 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

59

In direct contrast, across town Tanya and Brewski embrace in the midst of a wild celebration.

Slavoski and his Czech girlfriend are doing some wild Slavic dance while Charlie the Chimp looks up from his newspaper and covers his ears. Brewski holds up his hands for quiet.

BREWSKI

All right... keep it down, keep it down. I just want you guys to know that if I was a betting man... I would have lost a shit load of money today. Who do you think you are going out there and kicking the shit out of some unsuspecting Chinese kids like that? I mean, you guys are animals.

The guys cheer.

BREWSKI

Wong Sing a round of red meat for these boys... And Elmo... we're gonna change your name to Rambo... Go register those hands and feet, *as deadly weapons* ~~combox~~. Next time you pick your nose, you might hurt yourself.

KLUTZES

Yeah... all right... way to go Elmo.

BREWSKI

Okay, so here we are knocking on the door of success. One more win and we are the city champs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

BREWSKI (cont'd)

Tomorrow is the final match and they're holding it just a little ways from here at the annual block party. You know what this means? It means that in front of everyone... our friends, our enemies, our families... we can forever throw away the stigma of being labeled a klutz, of being called a dork, a geek, a loser... And what stands in our way?

MILES

Mr. Eval's boys...

BREWSKI

But you know what scares me, guys? I think you misfits can actually win! It's frightening. What do you think guys? Can we do it?

The guys all look at each other and then back to Brewski.

KLUTZES

NEH!

BREWSKI

Yeah, I didn't think so either. But do we care?

KLUTZES

No way!

BREWSKI

And you know why?
 (barking out like a drill sergeant)
 CAUSE WE ARE THE BOYS FROM DISTRICT 3!

KLUTZES

MOST OF US CAN BARELY SEE...

BREWSKI

AND EVEN IF WE FALL AND SWAY...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 2

59

KLUTZES
WE'LL DRINK AND BELCH ANOTHER
DAY...

BREWSKI
DO WE CARE HOW MUCH THEY SHOUT?

KLUTZES
ONLY IF THE BEER RUNS OUT!

BREWSKI
AND WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN THE STAKES
ARE HIGH?

KLUTZES
GO OUT THERE AND DIE! DIE! DIE!

The music kicks in, and...

60 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAY

60

It's the next morning. We see the banner unroll across the street -- "ANNUAL BLOCK PARTY... kickboxing finals".

The street has already been closed off, booths with games and ethnic foods are being set up, and trucks carrying carnival rides are positioned along the curb. The neighborhood is buzzing with activity.

61 INT. KITCHEN OF WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

61

Wong Sing empties the contents of several packages of commercially available frozen Chinese food into the pot on the stove. He reads the directions.

WONG SING
Bring to boil and serve.
(looks around kitchen)
Big meal today... must make special
food for round eyes... Need more
protein...

Wong Sing looks around the kitchen, sees a giant bag of "SPECIAL FORTIFIED" CAT FOOD and pours the contents into the pot.

WONG SING
Good thing cat not like this shit.

62 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

62

The klutzes are settling in for their big pre-match meal.

63 INT. VESTIBULE OUTSIDE WONG SING'S -- DAY

63

Wearing sweats, Elmo and Tanya head out as Brewski straggles down the stairs, yawning holding a beer and rubbing his eyes.

BREWSKI

Hey, we're having the big pre-game meal... where are you guys going?

ELMO

Out for a run...

TANYA

Yeah, wanna join us?

She kisses him on the cheek.

BREWSKI

I'd like to but last time I went out jogging I had this real bad allergic reaction.

TANYA

(playing along)

Oh yeah... and what happened?

BREWSKI

After a half mile or so I started to breathe heavy and sweat...

TANYA

I noticed you're allergic to sex too.

BREWSKI

(feigning indignation)

Slut...

Tanya and Elmo head out as Brewski enters Wong Sings.

64 INT. KITCHEN -- WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

64

Wong Sing is washing dishes as Brewski and the guys finish their meals in the dining room.

The kitchen door flies open and the City Health Commissioner SYLVAIN BURNS walks up to Wong Sing, flashes his ID and says...

HEALTH COMMISSIONER
Sylvain Burns, Commissioner of
Health...

WONG SING
Oh no, round eye big shot come to
see pet cockroach in kitchen? We
already get rid of in Pork Lo Mein.

HEALTH COMMISSIONER
I'm sure you did...
(looking him over)
Hey, did anyone tell you that you
look yellow?

WONG SING
All Chinese yellow.

The Health Commissioner feels Wong Sing's head.

HEALTH COMMISSIONER
Just as I suspected... Yellow
fever. By order of the City
Department of Health, you and all
the inhabitants of this building
are officially quarantined until
tests can be completed.

65 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

65

TWO UNIFORMED COPS stand guard in front of the door. On it,
is pasted a "QUARANTINE NOTICE"

Tanya and Elmo return from jogging.

TANYA
(to cop #1)
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

COP #1

Yellow fever... These premises are closed by order of the board of health. No one goes in and no one comes out.

TANYA

Yellow fever.. That's ridiculous...
(realization)
Eval's got the whole city paid off.
He's got to be behind this.

ELMO

(to cop)
How long will they be in there?

COP #1

Until the tests are completed.
Could be a day or two.

ELMO

We'll have to forfeit the match.

Tanya pulls Elmo away.

TANYA

Come with me.
(out of Cops' earshot)
Elmo, head over to the block party and stall. I'll get there as soon as I can.

ELMO

Stall? What'm I gonna do?

TANYA

You'll figure it out.

66 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK PARTY -- DAY

66

The block party is in full progress. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the throngs of excited neighborhood people, sampling ethnic foods, riding the amusements and trying to win stuffed animals. In the center of the street is a large kickboxing ring. Above it, a banner announces, "CITY-WIDE KICKBOXING CHAMPIONSHIP".

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

Ladies and gentlemen, the
kickboxing championship will begin
in five minutes. That's five
minutes.

The crowd begins to congregate around the roped off area. We see some familiar faces, including Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Spagatini the vegetable grocer, Mr. Goldman the tailor, Mr. Rodriguez the shake down victim, and members of Tanya's class.

In the center of the ring, Mr. Eval's boys are finishing their warm-ups.

Mr. Eval approaches the TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL sitting behind a table at ringside. Inspector Moody is already there.

MR. EVAL

(gesturing to his watch)

Any sign of District 3 yet?

OFFICIAL

Not yet, Mr. Eval... Are you
willing to extend the forfeit
deadline.

MR. EVAL

What? And ruin my reputation. No
way.

OFFICIAL

(looking at his watch)

Well, they still have ten
seconds...

MR. EVAL

(smiling)

Nine... Hey... the rules are the
rules.

The official nods, double checks his watch, and lifts the microphone to make an announcement.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 2

66

OFFICIAL
Ladies and gentlemen, the District
3 Kickboxing Club has not yet
appeared, nor have they requested
an extension prior to the filing
deadline. According to section 438
of the rules sanctioning this
tournament, they officially forfeit...

But before he can even finish the word, Elmo jumps over the rope.

ELMO
(shouting)
WE'RE HERE!

OFFICIAL
And where is the rest of your club?

ELMO
They'll be here. They're coming, I
promise.

MR. EVAL
(angrily)
Enough of this bullshit! Your time
is up.

OFFICIAL
Sorry, son, but according to the
rules, we can no longer wait.

ELMO
Then let the match begin! I'm
ready!

MR. EVAL
What is this, some kind of joke?

OFFICIAL
Well, the rules don't say anything
about the number of participants.
As long as there's a representative
for each classification. Son, are
you prepared to compete above your
weight?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 3

66

ELMO

Yes sir...

OFFICIAL

Sorry, Mr. Evil... the match is on.

MR. EVAL

(mumbling to himself as
he heads away)It's E-val... E-Val, goddam it...
E-V-A-L

Elmo grabs a pair of gloves, foot and shin gear off the scorers table and climbs into the ring. Eval's thug moves into position and gives Elmo a big, "I'm gonna kill you" smile.

DING... The match begins. Eval's guy moves in and much to his surprise Elmo counters with a couple of skillful combination kicks and punches, scoring twice. The CROWD CHEERS. But now, Eval's thug is serious. He kicks Elmo in the leg and floors him. Elmo writhes in pain, holding his leg. The referee moves over to warn the thug about the shin kick.

67 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

67

Brewski and the guys move quietly toward the back door. Through the glass, they can see TWO UNIFORMED COPS standing guard.

MILES

What do you think, Brewski?

BREWSKI

I think we should have ordered
take-out.

68 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK PARTY -- DAY

68

Elmo drops to the canvass with a THUD. CAMERA WIDENS and we see the referee raising his opponent's hand. As Elmo slowly makes his way back to his corner, Eval's next fighter is already waiting in the center of the ring. Breathing heavily, Elmo drops down on his stool.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

REFEREE

(to Elmo)

Son, are you sure you want to
compete in the next weight class?

ELMO

Yes, sir.

REFEREE

You've got five minutes.

69 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

69

A funny looking delivery truck with a large fortune cookie on the roof pulls up to Wong Sing's restaurant. The driver, an oriental woman steps out of the truck and is immediately intercepted by the police. As she approaches, we realize the woman is actually Tanya in disguise.

TANYA

(faking accent)

Derrivery...

COP #1

Sorry, lady, no delivery today.

TANYA

(faking accent)

What you mean no derrivery? I no
derriver... I no get money. I got
two chil'len home wit sicko papa...

70 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

70

Brewski and the guys are still trying to figure out what to do. Suddenly, Sherman jumps up.

SHERMAN

I'm gonna do it.

BREWSKI

You're gonna do what?

SHERMAN

Everybody stand back...

71 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY 71

Tanya, still in oriental disguise backs the cops up against the wall.

TANYA

(Chinese accent)

You no let in. I stick cookie
where it hurt and teach you new way
to tell fortune, coppa...

COP #1

(backing up)

Look, lady... I got my own
problems... Now please... move the
truck and...

As the argument continues, the other cop lifts his arms to stretch, and...

ZAP, ZAP... Two Ninja arrows pierce the edges of his sleeves, pinning both arms back against the wall.

ZAP again, a third arrow zips between his legs, right beneath his crotch -- way too close for comfort, but creating an interesting visual nonetheless. Cop #1 freezes, looks around and in a split second, his body is outlined by several arrows. He tries to move but his uniform is secured to the wall.

72 INT. WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY 72

Sherman takes several steps back. Brewski starts to psych him up.

BREWSKI

Sherman, you're a tank... a Sherman
tank... a mean mass of metal... a
tank...

The klutzes begin chanting in unison...

KLUTZES

Tank... tank... tank... tank

The chant builds in intensity. Sherman SNORTS and puffs out his cheeks and puts his head down and takes a running start at the door, as...

73 EXT. WONG SINGS -- DAY

73

Outside, with the cops pinned to the building, we hear a blood curdling cry and before you can say, "fix the hot water", super Ninjanitor, the large bow on his shoulder, is flying through the air right toward the front door, as...

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

The Ninjanitor crashes through one part of the door and Sherman flies right past him coming the other way.

74 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

74

The guys CHEER.

BREWSKI

(to guys)

Well, what're you waiting for.
We've got a kickboxing championship
to win...

Brewski, Wong Sing and the guys pile out the door.

75 EXT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM & WONG SING'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

75

Tanya opens the back of the fortune cookie truck. She lifts off her wig.

TANYA

Hey, Brewski... need a ride?

KLUTZES

All right... Tanya

Wong Sing jumps into the driver's seat.

BREWSKI

Hey, Wong Sing, you know how to
drive?

WONG SING

As boy I pull vegetable cart to
market in Peking.

BREWSKI

Great...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

The klutzes pile into the back and Brewski pulls Tanya into the passenger seat, as...

Wong Sing steps on the gas, and the fortune cookie truck speeds away, zig zagging down the road, dragging something from behind.

It's the Ninja, his rope is caught in the truck's rear door.

76 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK PARTY -- DAY

76

Meanwhile, back at the tournament, a tired Elmo enters the ring where he faces a much larger and stronger opponent.

THE BELL SOUNDS. Eval's thug snaps Elmo's head back with a couple of quick jabs and smiles over at his corner, clearly not taking him too seriously. Suddenly, Elmo leaps into the air and delivers a kick/punch combination that wipes the smirk off his opponent's face.

The crowd cheers. Eval's thug gets angry. He charges Elmo landing a series of punches and kicks that move the staggered Elmo back to the opposition corner. Dink sneakily reaches up and grabs Elmo's leg as the thug delivers a kick. Elmo falls hard on his back, the wind knocked out of him. The referee takes one look at the boy and waves his arms.

REFEREE

That's all... it's over... Are you all right?

ELMO

(groggy)

Yes, thank you, I'll have the soup.

Mr. Eval shakes Moody's hand and begins congratulating his boys.

MR. EVAL

(to official)

I guess it's time to announce the winner.

As the official picks up the microphone, there is a commotion in the crowd and we hear the unmistakable sound of our approaching heroes...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

BREWSKI
 (like drill sergeant in
 distance)
 WE ARE THE BOYS OF DISTRICT 3...

KLUTZES
 MOST OF US CAN BARELY SEE.

BREWSKI
 AND WHEN THE INSPECTOR COMES TO
 SHOUT...

KLUTZES
 WE DON'T CARE UNLESS THE BEER RUNS
 OUT!

BREWSKI
 AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN THE
 STAKES ARE HIGH?

KLUTZES
 WE GO OUT AND DIE! DIE! DIE!

The crowd cheers. Brewski stops in front of the official table. He salutes.

BREWSKI
 Edward Brewski Brukowski...
 director of the District 3
 Kickboxing Club, reporting for the
 match, sir...

The official smiles.

OFFICIAL
 Mr. Brukowski... it's good to see
 you.

He lifts the microphone.

OFFICIAL
 The match will continue...

Tanya places her large GHETTO BLASTER near the sideline and clicks in the cassette. The music kicks in. It's the klutzes kickboxing fight theme. Archie moves to the center of the ring and squares off against Eval's guy. Archie's motions are fluid, his timing perfect.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 2

76

He scores, again, and again...

ANGLE ON EVAL'S SIDELINE

Inspector Moody watches intently. Suddenly, a lightbulb goes off over his head.

INSPECTOR MOODY

The music... It's the same
music...

Moody moves around to Tanya's tape player and kicks it over, smashing it in the process. Everything goes quiet.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(to Tanya)

Oh, gee... Look what I've done.
I'm so sorry...

Suddenly, Eval's thug gets a couple of quick points on the stunned Archie. It doesn't look good.

Archie tries to shake out the cobwebs, when...

TANYA begins pounding out the song's heavy beat on a garbage pail. Soon, the girls from the aerobics class join in, pounding the beat out on boxes, containers, stamping the pavement.

ANGLE ON RING

Eval's thug looks ringside in confusion. He sees the titillating aerobics cheerleaders singing, bumping, grinding and sensually gyrating to the beat. Distraction isn't a strong enough word.

Archie regains his concentration. The feeling is back. He whirls and connects with two consecutive scores.

Now, the crowd begins to take up the call. One at a time, like a wave of sound, people pound out the beat. It's contagious. The entire neighborhood is into it! People are hanging out the windows of buildings and watching from the fire escapes.

Eval's boys look around, overwhelmed by the incredible display of support for the klutzes. Archie seems possessed. His hands, his feet, everything moving in perfect rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 3

76

The referee raises his hand in victory and with the song filling the air and Brewski and his not so klutzy klutzes leaping in celebration...

Kid Eval and his boys can't stand it anymore.

KID EVAL

Let's wipe these smiles off their faces.

Kid Eval and his boys charge across the ring at Brewski and his guys. The referee blows his whistle and waves his arms, but it's too late. The match has turned into a rumble.

Sherman rams his head into an opponent's stomach, flooring him instantly.

Miles does a combination "Ali Shuffle" punch/kick to defeat his foe.

Slavoski does a few quick Kazatski steps and then kicks up into his opponent's chest.

Arnold flexes for Dink, makes his muscles dance to the music and then lands a combination. Kid Eval seeks out Brewski. He spots him, lets out a cry and races across the ring. Brewski sees him coming at the last second, leaps into the air, back flips over his charging adversary and lands on his feet. Kid Eval flies out of the ring into the crowd, down for the count. Brewski looks around in surprise.

BREWSKI

(in amazement)

Well, I'll be damned. Just like in the movies.

Kid Eval's boys are either sprawled on the canvas or in mid-retreat, leaving the klutzes standing alone in the middle of the ring. They look at each other in disbelief and then, joined by Charlie the Chimp and Wong Sing, mob each other in celebration.

OFFICIAL (OVER PA)

And now for the presentation of the first place cup to our new champions... District 3...

The crowd cheers.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 4

76

A voice calls out from the sideline.

MR. EVAL

WAIT! Not yet...

Mr. Eval steps out into the center of the mat. The crowd goes silent.

MR. EVAL

This club is not worthy of the cup. Their director, Edward Brukowski has embezzled funds... the tax payers funds. He has betrayed your trust. Tell them Moody.

Inspector Moody grabs the microphone and joins Eval at the center of the platform.

INSPECTOR MOODY

It's true. Brewski was allocated \$8,000 for equipment that he never purchased. Where is the money? Where is the equipment? No, this man is not a champion... He is a thief!

(looks to Brewski)

So, Mr. Brewski, what excuse do you have for the people of this community?

BREWSKI

No excuse. I spent the money.

The crowd murmurs in disbelief.

INSPECTOR MOODY

(gaining confidence)

Good people of this city. Let me assure you that unless this man can account for this money immediately, we will press charges and he will go to jail... I promise you that...

(to Brewski)

You're history in this town, Brewski.

A voice calls out.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 5

76

MRS. MURPHY

This man you call a thief gave me
money for food.

She takes a dollar and hands it to Brewski.

MRS. MURPHY

I'm sorry, but this is all I can do
right now.

BREWSKI

(taken aback)
That's just fine, Mrs. M.

MAN

He saved our store.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodriguez place several dollars in Brewski's
hand.

WOMAN

I'll get you the rest. I promise.

For the first time, Brewski appears speechless.

BREWSKI

(quietly)
I'm sure you will.

OTHER NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE CALL OUT FROM THE CROWD.

NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE

(calling out)
...He paid for my surgery...
...I owe him two months rent...
...He bought me a new cane...

Now, others come forward and hand the stunned Brewski money.

A dollar bill floats down and lands at Brewski's feet. Then
another, and another. Soon, it seems to be raining dollars.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The neighborhood people are throwing money out of the
windows from every direction.

Brewski, holding hands with Tanya, just looks up in awe.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 6

76

The neighborhood people gather money off the street, stuff it into several garbage bags, and parade them up to Brewski.

In the midst of this money shower, Brewski and Tanya kiss passionately.

Mr. Eval staggers by. He looks like he's seen better days.

77 INT. DISTRICT 3 MEN'S GYM -- DAY

77

CAMERA TRACKS through the gym. A couple of MEN are in the process of setting up the new nautilus equipment. We hear Brewski's VOICE.

BREWSKI

(off screen)

Guys, I'm proud of you, but now that we're champions, we have a reputation to maintain... a standard of excellence to live up to.

ANGLE ON CORNER OF THE ROOM

Brewski is addressing his troops.

BREWSKI

We're the champs and it's our responsibility to act like champions. So, I've made a decision. We're going to clean up our act and take this kickboxing thing more seriously. No more booze, no more partying, no more reckless behavior. We're going to start setting an example for the young people in this community...

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see the reason for this speech. Recreation Commissioner Marcus Gibbs is standing in the back of the room. He shakes his head and smiles.

COMMISSIONER GIBBS

The boy's full of shit... but he still tells a damn good story.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Commissioner Gibbs walks out, and...

ANGLE ON BREWSKI

He pulls a case of beer up from the floor and slams it down on the table.

BREWSKI

Gentlemen... District 3 is back in training.

THE END