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NUMBER

14

STRANGE BREW



©McKENZIE BROTHERS PRODUCTIONS, 1982

STRANGE BREW®

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May 17th, 1982

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STRANGE BREW

1 ACADEMY LEADER COUNTS DOWN

... Ten... Nine... Eight... Seven...

DOUG (V.O.)

Okay. T-minus ten and counting.

BOB (V.O.)

Oh Geez. You're supposed to cut these out, Hoser.

Five... Four... Six...

DOUG (V.O.)

No way! It's the countdown. Uh! Houston. All astronauts do up your seatbelts.

... Three... Two... One...

BOB (V.O.)

Yeah. All theater seats have belts and air bags, eh.

FADE IN:

2 A COMPLETELY OUT OF FOCUS IMAGE

fades in. Reds, Blues, Greens.

A very ANGRY VOICE is heard (as if from the back of the theater):

ANGRY VOICE

Focus!

As the IMAGE RACKS, the color and shapes become familiar... BOB and DOUG MCKENZIE on their set of the Great White North (or a reasonable facsimile). The FOCUS RUNS PAST CRISP and then RACKS BACK AND FORTH a few times, driving every projectionist in the country nuts. It finally adjusts into ACCURATE FOCUS. Bob and Doug rub their eyes.

BOB

Okay. Good Day! This is our movie. I'm Bob McKenzie and this is my brother Doug.

DOUG

How's it goin', eh?

2

Beers of all kinds are stacked precariously on their table. There's a Coleman STOVE SIZZLING with back bacon. A super-eight projector faces backward on the table directed towards a tiny screen in back. Three glass containers are noticed. An Elsinore Light beer bottle with a mouse fidgeting inside. A quart jar filled with moths (and a few other flying creatures). An empty bottled water container with a full-grown alley cat sleeping inside. Eerie dry ice fog wafts up from somewhere.

Bob picks up the jar of moths.

BOB

Okay... Here's something you can do the next time you uh see a movie.

DOUG

Or the next time you see our movie, eh?

BOB

Right. Take a jar of moths down to the theater.

DOUG

You gotta go catch 'em first.

BOB

Yeah. It takes hours.

DOUG

(pointing and making faces)

Hoser here is so dumb he went out and caught a bunch of bumblebees. With his bare hands!

BOB

Oh get out! I did not. They were flies.

DOUG

He thought bumblebees were moths.

BOB

(ignoring)

Okay... So... go into the theater...

DOUG

And, like... hide it under your toque. In case like they do a bottle search.

Doug puts a toque over the jar.

2

BOB

And like when the movie starts...
let all of 'em out, eh?

Doug points just above the CAMERA'S POV.

DOUG

And like they fly up to the little
window where the light comes out
of...

BOB

And make a cloud.

DOUG

And wreck the movie.

BOB

And then you can get your money
back.

DOUG

It was my idea!

BOB

Get out! It was not! Okay... so
sit through the movie first and
then let 'em out for the next show
and go get your money back.

Doug fiddles with the super-eight projector and it fires
up. The boys comment on the MOS footage.

3

SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

A brown, distorted CLOSE-UP of Bob comes on.

ANGRY VOICE

They gotta be kiddin'. Two hours
of this?

BOB

Okay. It's time to run some of
our movie now.

4

ON THE SET

Doug holds the mouths of two bottles up to his eyes and
pans his head around.

DOUG

Some of this was like shot in
"Beer Vision."

BOB

Lucky for the, uh, audience...
not very much.

5 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

Doug holding up a jagged shard of burnt metal.

DOUG

Like, that's a real piece of Skylab,
eh? Cost fifteen dollars.

BOB

You got hosèd.

DOUG

Why? 'Cuz like there really wasn't
any pieces left?

BOB

Mine only cost ten.

6 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

A hand holds it up against a blue sky, begins to plummet...

ANGRY VOICE

Didn't they do this on the show?

DOUG

(plummeting noises)
Wheeeeeoooooooo... kerplurkhhhhh!

7 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

The skylab crashes into some tall weeds.

CUT TO:

8 A BUNCH OF BEER CANS

on a table. A pair of hands shakes one of them up, then
mixes them all up a la the shell game.

BOB

Okay... Beer Hunter.

ANGRY VOICE

They did do this on the Album!

9 SUPER- EIGHT SCREEN

Both Bob and Doug sitting at a table full of the beers.
Their dog, Hosehead, sits between them BARKING at them
just like the Cong from "Deer Hunter." Bob takes one...
puts it to his head.

DOUG

Guess who gets the wethead?

10 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

Opening the can... just a fizzle. Doug takes one and holds it to his head.

BOB

This could be the one.

11 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

Doug opens his, another fizzle. Bob takes another.

BOB

Whoa... gettin' tense.

12 CUTS

A CLOSE-UP of Bob, and then CUTS TO the Dog, and then BACK to Bob.

DOUG

That was an edit, eh? And like it was my idea.

BOB

Get out!

13 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

Bob wrenches his expression under the strain... then takes the beer and opens it on Hosehead, the Dog's head... It was the wethead...

DOUG

Beer Fleabath!

BOB

That's our dog, Hosehead.

DOUG

I know who it is!

BOB

Okay... So...

14 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

Outside a video game arcade parlor.

15 ON THE SET

Doug pops an ice mold that's sitting on some fogging dry shapes of ice. Round shapes the size of quarters pop out.

DOUG

Like here's a way to play video games for nuthin', eh?

15

BOB

Make quarters out of ice. A scientist... uh... told us they'll be the same mass eh... and like'll work just as good.

16 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

SHOT of one going into a machine and sure enough, the machine turns on.

DOUG

And when cops open it up, they're all gone, eh? Like, melted.

BOB

But don't like put 'em in your pocket, eh? Like Hosehead here.

17 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

SHOT of Doug reaching into his pocket and pulling out nothing but wetness. A soak is spreading.

BOB

It'll look like you had uh... an accident.

DOUG

Take Off!

ANGRY VOICE

That's it, kids... we're leaving... c'mon.

In front of the whole image of the set (and all)... An adult shadow and three younger shadows stand up. A snow cone is thrown at the big screen. The shadows exit. Then, the shadows of Bob and Doug stand up. Toques and all. Bob on the left and Doug on the right. Bob holds the jar of moths and Doug the bottle with the mouse.

18 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

The SHOT of a TV opening credits on "Bonanza" come on.

19 ON THE SET

Doug picks up a small fire extinguisher.

DOUG

Three Alarm at the Ponderosa.

20 IN THE THEATER

PULLING BACK from the shadows on the screen, we SEE Bob on

20 the left and Doug on the right. Standing in the front row bathed in flickering light. They stare back at an angry crowd. MURMURS on the rise.

21 SUPER-EIGHT SCREEN

The titles of "Bonanza" burn up, then the television catches fire.

22 ON THE SET

Doug sprays the little screen with foam.

23 IN THE THEATER

A snowcone splats Bob in the face. On the SCREEN behind them, the FILM STICKS in the projector... a HOLE BURNS the celluloid. Bob tries to open the quart jar of moths. He can't budge it. Doug grabs it from him and tosses it on the floor. BOOING reaches din proportions.

LOOKING BACK at the crowd, we SEE people storming out. Things are verging on riot.

Up in the booth, the projector is on fire. The projectionist starts up the other projector.

People storm into the lobby. The moths head up through the shaft of light. Bob and Doug look at each other.

BOB

Geez.

DOUG

We wrecked our own movie.

Bees are stinging people right and left. Someone YELLS... "FIRE!!!" An ALARM goes off. People panic. Someone points at them. Others see them.

ANGRY PEOPLE

There they are! Get 'em! Get those Hosers.

Bob and Doug look at the exit door near the screen.

BOB

Lucky we like parked in the alley, eh? Who's got the keys?

DOUG

You got 'em.

As they debate, two more snow cones splat at each of them.

24 INT. VAN

We cut to them already inside. They start the engine. There's a ticket under the wiper. They pull out of the alley... driving by the front of the theater. An angry audience fans out onto the sidewalk. A fire engine is already (miraculously) there, and FIREMEN hurriedly pull off lengths of hose and squirt the crowd...

LOOKING BACK through a four-foot moon window in the back of their van: Two searchlights stir the sky. The marquee sez: BOB AND DOUG MCKENZIE IN... Someone throws a beer bottle at them as they start to drive away. It breaks the glass in a thousand spider cracks.

TITLE:

"STRANGE BREW"

25 TITLES OVER

A lobby full of injured people... a man shoving the manager up and against the wall and demanding his money back... a doctor treating a line of bee-stung victims, dabbling ointments on a kid's arm. When the kid leaves, a buxom beauty steps up with a bee sting, you know where... the projectionist is blasted back across the booth by a jet from a fireman's hose... Bug killer is sprayed on the moths that try to eat the light. Someone foams a beer and gives one one of the searchlights a wethead.

26 EXT. EATON CENTRE/DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Two searchlights are SEEN a mile off in the distance. One of them goes out suddenly. The van is parked at Ernie's Donut Palace. The state of the art, luminous city block structure known as "The Eaton Centre" is across the street. Two cop cars flash cherries as they roar down the street. One car slows, the other races OUT OF VIEW.

27 INT. DONUT SHOP

The cherry flashes outside. Bob and Doug sit inside. The mouse in the bottle sits there amidst the crullers and pineapple-filled donuts they eat. A slovenly DONUT MAKER brings them a fresh batch.

DONUT MAKER

Don't feel bad. They did the same things when "Le Sacre du Primps" was first played.

Doug feeds icing sugar to the mouse.

BOB

Geez. Cheer up, eh.
(MORE)

27

BOB (cont'd)

At least we didn't shoot in seventy millimetre Dolby... Hey... seventy millimetre donuts.

Bob holds donut right up to Doug's eyes.

DOUG

Take Off!

BOB

You better stop feeding that mouse or the bottle will explode glass shrapnel in your eyes, eh.

DOUG

Take Off!

BOB

Hey, Hoser. Let's take mouse in the bottle to Elsinore Brewery and like film what happens, eh. Like, a sequel.

DOUG

(cheers up)

Yeah. Like an expose on how to get free cases when you find mice in your beer, eh.

BOB

Beauty. I'm Mike Wallace. You're Morley.

DOUG

No. I'm Mike Wallace. It was my idea.

Outside, a COP puts a ticket on their van.

BOB

Geez. How 'bout an expose on the cost of parking.

28 INT. KITCHEN - McKENZIE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

'Fridge door opens, light spills out. Doug grabs three beers from the dozens inside. Pulls out a slab of back bacon. We HEAR a TV from the next room.

A church key uncaps a beer. A hand pours it at the proper angle... into a dog dish.

DOUG

You want a head on it, Hoser?

28 Hosehead, the dog, WHEEZES. He's too fat and loaded to move. Doug grabs him by the scruff of the neck and drags him over to the bowl. He laps laying on his side.

Bob runs the slab through an automatic slicer, then flops the pieces onto a SIZZLING GRIDDLE. The mouse in the bottle sits on the counter.

Through the doorway, LOOKING into the adjacent living room, we SEE the tv. In the faint blue flickering light we SEE MOM and DAD from behind. They sit just like Bob and Doug on their Great White North set... with a coffee table of empties in front of them. We don't see their faces.

MOM

How did the premiere go, boys?

Bob and Doug look at each other.

BOB

Uh... beauty. Like they want us to do a sequel tomorrow, eh.

DOUG

Yeah, an expose on free cases. Like Mike Wallace.

BOB

He's Morley, I'm Mike.

(pause)

Uh... Dad... you need some beers?

DAD

No way. I'm workin' on one. You okay, Mother?

MOM

Yeah... Beauty.

Doug has a strand of uncooked back bacon. He drops it down into the bottle with the mouse in it.

DOUG

Last meal, eh?

BOB

Poor little hoser.

Sad SWELL of MUSIC.

29 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A road leads up to a guard booth at the entrance to a tunnel. We SEE the steaming stacks of the Elsinore Brewery about a half mile back on top of the hill. A sign on the tunnel for it.

- 29 A castle is SEEN on one side of the hill about a mile away and another grouping of odd buildings is SEEN on the other side of the hill. We SEE a road sign with arrows pointing opposite ways for "Castle Elsinore" and "Penetang Psychiatric Institute" and one straight ahead for the brewery.

The van ENTERS THE SHOT and heads towards the guard booth. It slows to a crawl, then stops about fifty yards before it.

- 30 EXT. VAN - DAY

Point blank through the windshield. Doug is at the wheel. Bob on the other side. The van idles. Two parking tickets, one under each wiper blade.

Bob and Doug hold two bottles of beer together between them. Bob's is empty with the live mouse in it. Doug is getting ready to pour his full beer in on the mouse. Bob holds it, then chickens out at the last second, pulling it away and spilling beer.

BOB

No. Wait...

DOUG

You Hoser. You're blowin' the carpet.

BOB

It's like your bottle that spilled. So you're blowin' it.

DOUG

And like it's my mouse and I can buy him a beer if I want.

BOB

His last beer you mean.

Bob holds it out again.

DOUG

You gotta admit... it's a beauty way to croak, eh. Drownin' in beer.

The beer starts pouring again and Bob pulls it away once more.

BOB

Like we could say, he drank all the beer himself before we opened it.

DOUG

Oh right. And what if they ask where'd the beer go after it went through the mouse?

30

BOB

You mean... like did he take a leak?

DOUG

If you drank ten times your weight
in beer... like it's really hard to
hold it in, eh.

BOB

(thinks a moment)

It evaporated.

Doug seems to buy that. Starts the van up.

DOUG

Okay. But it was your idea.

Doug grabs the bottle and blows across it. The MOUSE
SQUEAKS. Blows again... different pitch... MOUSE SQUEAKS
a different squeak.

IN THE BACKGROUND: Through the cracked moon window bubble
in the back of the van: A vehicle approaches fifty yards
behind... churning out a terrible cloud of thick black
smoke and a horrendous GEAR-GRINDING NOISE.

Doug blows twice. The MOUSE SQUEAKS TWICE.

BOB

If we could teach him to say
somethin' in squeaks... like we
could be millionaires.

DOUG

It's a she.

BOB

(chortle)

Right. Like how can you tell?

DOUG

I peeked.

BOB

You couldn't tell if that mouse was
a girl if it was like ten feet tall
and shopping for pantyhose.

They put the van in gear... just as they start driving...
the HORRIBLE NOISE is heard... they think it might be
their van.

Suddenly, they're engulfed in smoke. Visibility zero.
The GEAR-GRINDING NOISE moves past them.

BOB

Oh Geez. Black hole.

31 GUARD BOOTH

A barrier blocks the entrance to the tunnel.

As the smoke cloud clears, we first SEE a Mercedes symbol on the hood, then the rest of a 450SL. A prominent Vassar College sticker in the window. Then... a dark-haired girl (PAM) in her early twenties at the wheel. As the smoke clears, she lowers her electric window. A true beauty this girl. The car doesn't idle... it groans.

PAM

Could you please just let me right through. This is Pamela Elsinore.

Pause. A video camera pans mechanically. She looks up at it.

PAM

I'm in a hurry. The car's been stuck in second gear all the way from Poughkeepsie. Could you just...

32 INT. CONTROL ROOM

A view of the guard booth and a view of Pam in the car on a monitor screen. A hand reaches out to press a button.

But the camera getting a good look at her face for the first time... is disturbed. The barrier rises before he hits the button... so hard it breaks off when it hits the top. A couple of lights pop.

She takes her foot off the brake and the vehicle lurches forward, moaning and spewing smoke.

A GLIMPSE of Bob and Doug passing through in the smoke... Doug calling out... "We're with her" to the camera.

VOICE

Hey... Who?...

The view from the guard booth pans over to the tunnel entrance, seeming to strain. This view is just one of:

33 A BANK OF MONITORS

at least forty of them. Down hallways, corridors of space age vats. Machines chopping grains, bringing in empties, mashing, boiling, swirling, pumping, carbonating... washing bottles, sorting, filling, capping, labelling, boxings, etc.

A white-smocked man of uncertain old age sits bathed in monochromatic blue light, wearing dark wrap-around sunglasses. This is BREWMEISTER SMITH.

- 33 Another man, CLAUDE ELSINORE, bursts in, upset about something. Brewmeister Smith answers before he's asked.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Yes, Mr. Elsinore... another minor
power surge. It has stabilized.

MR. ELSINORE
The stockholders meeting is about
to begin. We've got to run smooth.
The line hasn't shut down, has it?

Claude studies the monitor screens pensively.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
(shaking his head)
Your daughter's here.

CLAUDE
Stepdaughter.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Shall we go over it once more just
to make sure there are no mistakes.
I hate mistakes.

CLAUDE
She'll sign over her fifty-one
percent. One way or another.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
She had better. You know what we
must do if she does not...

- 34 ON SCREEN: THE TUNNEL

The Mercedes is dead. She's getting out with an oversized tote bag, back to CAMERA... heading over towards the boys in the van behind her.

- 35 CLAUDE

CLAUDE
I know... I know
(glares)
I just hope she has no interest in
the brewery business.

- 36 ON SCREEN

She glances back towards the CAMERA... another power surge. On other monitors in the bank... bottles break, etc.

- 37 CLAUDE AND MR. SMITH

look at each other.

37 Claude exits the room. We SEE him on another monitor walking down a hall.

On another screen: We SEE a BIG LUG in a dressing room locker area. A mean, scarred face. A nose broken every way one can. A front tooth missing.

On another screen: People sit at a large circular table in a musty carved oak room. Claude enters that room.

Another guy in a white science smock enters the control room. This is TED W. In his middle thirties, slightly balding with his long hair tied back in a ponytail. He's getting ready to relieve Mr. Smith on the next shift of surveillance.

TED

Mornin'. Some neat stuff on that pink noise set up at Penetang. Got it interfaced with a McLeyvier. We can test it at the hockey game tomorrow.

Brewmeister Smith just yawns.

38 INT. VAN

Pam sits in the middle. Reacts to some wetness on the floor. "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN" on the speakers.

BOB

I'm Bob McKenzie and this is my brother Doug.

DOUG

How's it goin', eh?

PAM

Hideous, just hideous! My car just went kaput... my boyfriend broke up with me yesterday, my Dad died last month... and I've put on five pounds in a week. Things couldn't be worse.

DOUG

They could too. You could be a girl and look like him.

She laughs. Just what she needed, a laugh.

PAM

I guess you're right.

Bob looks hurt.

38

BOB

Oh Geez... like... way to gang up
on me. Thanks a lot.

She puts a hand on his shoulder.

PAM

I'm sorry. You're an...
(groping for an
adjective)
... interesting looking...
(starts to say boy)
... man.

DOUG

(guffaws)
A man. My brother... a man?
Hoserman!

BOB

Take Off!

PAM

Do you guys work here?

BOB

(sheepish)
Uh-huh.

A LITTLE SQUEAK is heard. Bob holds up a beer, not the
mouse.

BOB

You... want a cold one?

PAM

Beer? Gawd no... Cellulite City.
(pause)
How many people work here now?

BOB

Fifty.

DOUG

Two hundred.

BOB

Fifty-two hundred.

DOUG

Metric workers.

PAM

Oh.

DOUG

You don't know about metric. We
can tell.

38

BOB

You're not from the Great White North, eh? We can tell.

PAM

If you mean Canada... Well, technically I'm Canadian. I've been away at school for twelve years.

BOB

Twelve years... jeez, that's almost a decade.

DOUG

Did you like... flunk a few grades?

Suddenly, she screams at the top of her lungs... mouth wide open.

She sees the mouse in the bottle.

39 BOARDROOM

An elderly WOMAN finishes her yawn, almost dislocating her jaw. She works it around. She elbows another OCTOGENARIAN next to her who's snoozing soundly.

Around the big circular table we saw on the monitor before. Only 7 of the 20 seats are filled.

Claude nervously flips the gavel end over end.

A plump, wild-haired man in his sixties, HENRY GREEN, Head Taster, counts those present.

HENRY GREEN

And Mrs. Elsinore... where is she today? She still thinks our brewery's haunted?

CLAUDE

She's under the weather. I'm her legal proxy.

HENRY GREEN

Proxy... proxy, foxy loxy! We don't yet have a quorum. Not to mention our new controlling interest... Miss Elsinore.

40 SWITCHED TO MONITORS

CLAUDE

She's en route.

40

HENRY GREEN

And the new Brewmeister... Mr. Smith. Production is down thirty-five percent since we installed his... Automeister. He's yet to show at our meetings... Where is he?

41 CONTROL ROOM

The Brewmeister watches the Boardroom.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

I'm right here as always. With me, myself and I.

On a monitor: Outside an elevator, the door opens revealing Bob and Doug with Pam facing back between them. Brewmeister Smith turns up the volume knob.

PAM

But, if he drank all that beer, wouldn't he hafta...

DOUG

Yup.

PAM

Well, what happened to it?

BOB

Evaporated.

DOUG

It's a she.

PAM

Aren't you sick. Gawd, I would ralph for a week.

DOUG

Oh he is.

Doug elbows Bob in the stomach and doubles him over.

She turns, getting off the elevator, and gives the camera a good, sold CLOSE-UP. The vidicon tube goes berserk.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Curious.

TED

And I thought when we went on our own power system, these glitches would go!

41 Several others in the bank too. The production line surges and goes haywire. Bottles break, things pop and foam-out.

On another monitor: She and the boys are on a conveyor belt... People Mover.

42 INT. PEOPLE MOVER

Bob and Doug are on either side of her again. (We might note: They've yet to take a step in this movie.) Bob recovers from the elbow, moaning for real just a little.

They look down through the Plexiglas wall at the huge expanse of the bottling floor. It's the throes of chaos.

DOUG

This is the miracle of beer.

PAM

Where're all the workers? I don't see a one.

BOB

Uh... they're on a break.

PAM

All of them? All fifty-two hundred?

DOUG

Half of 'em. And the rest are home sick. From mousebeer.

BOB

Oh get out. He's a hoser. Don't listen to him.

PAM

It's really disgusting. I'm ashamed that my brewery could be so lax in health standards.

Doug nudges Bob and mouths the words... "her brewery!"

PAM

How did my father die?

DOUG

Um... he like just... passed away.

PAM

Nobody wants to tell me. Was there anything suspicious about it?

BOB

We don't know. Like... We don't work here, Pam.

42

DOUG

But like, we would if we could get jobs.

Bob holds up the camera.

BOB

We just came to shoot uh some news about mouse in the bottle...

DOUG

Yeah, an expose to get free cases of beer.

PAM

Oh, like Mike Wallace.

Bob and Doug exchange a glance, impressed.

BOB

No flies on her, eh?

The People Mover stops. An elevator opens and the Big Lug who was crying on the monitor stands there, holding the door. He motions to them and calls out in a thick French baritone:

BIG LUG

Pleeze come wiz me.

43 INT. ELEVATOR

Pam and Bob and Doug and the Big Lug. Doug is getting an ever-increasing look of revelation on his face as he examines the Big Lug's distinctive mug. Bob pays attention to Pam. So does the Big Lug. She pays no attention to anyone, rattling on about her problems:

PAM

Oh gawd! What a week. Life's so simple for a while...

Doug recognizes the Big Lug and gasps.

BOB

Alphonse "Boom Boom" Lorraine!

BOOM BOOM

Oui.

She doesn't recognize him and the name doesn't seem to ring a bell with her. BOOM BOOM feels bad about that.

PAM

(continues)

Then it all hits the proverbial fan.

(MORE)

43

PAM (cont'd)

I did my Masters in Aesthetics on
 "Life Imitating Art." Shoulda
 been life imitates schlock!

DOUG

Not The Boom Boom Lorraine!

BOOM BOOM

Oui.

PAM

Now here I am... all alone in the
 world, emotionally. And about to
 embark on a new career running a
 Beer Empire. You have to laugh!

Not Boom Boom. He practically cries, looking at her with
 a great French sorrow.

BOB

Eleventh All-Time Scorer... Fifth
 most forty goal seasons... Six-
 time All-Star... Retired early
 'cuz of knee injury?

BOOM BOOM

Oui.

PAM

(still immersed
 in herself)

I'll pull it together. I know I
 can. Good things are just around
 corner.

She sighs a big, determined sigh.

BOB

Pam, this is Boom Boom Lorraine...

BOOM BOOM

Alphonse. We have met. Many
 years ago.

She wrinkles her brow.

PAM

Oh yeah. You were that hockey
 player. Weren't you?

BOOM BOOM

Oui. You remember me?

PAM

My Dad used to drag me to all the
 games.

43 He tries to smile. Wants to take it as a positive gesture.
But he knows she has little feelings for him.

BOB

Can I touch your nose?

Boom Boom shrugs. Doug reaches out and touches the tip
of it.

BOB

Take Off! I asked him first.

44 INT. BOARDROOM

From the din of the bottling floor to the austere quiet of
the boardroom. Claude's gavel cracks the wood three
times. Pam is seated next to him. Bob and Doug to her
right.

CLAUDE

I'd like at this time to welcome
my stepdaughter... Pamela.

PAM

(correcting)

Niece!

CLAUDE

Yes, my niece... Pamela. We trust
your trip was a pleasant one.

PAM

(sarcastic)

Just Peachy.

CLAUDE

Are these friends from school?

PAM

No. They're a documentary news
team. They have something to
show you.

All eyes and ears turn towards the boys. Henry Green
shakes his head and laughs at the absurd possibility that
these guys could be a news team.

BOB

Good day. I'm Bob McKenzie and
this is my brother Hosehead.

DOUG

Take Off! I'm Doug. How's it
goin', eh? He's the hoser.

44 Bob holds up the mouse in the bottle.

BOB
Like we drank a beer and found this
in the bottom.

Claude reacts. Others grumble. Doug grabs the bottle and
blows across the mouth. The MOUSE SQUEAKS.

DOUG
And Hoser got sick.

OLD WOMAN
Dear God!

HENRY GREEN
(to himself)
Not the only rat in this sewer.

Claude slaps a button on a squawk box.

CLAUDE
Get me Solicitor Hawkland...
(to boys)
I'm sure we can reach an equitable
settlement. You can understand our
not wanting it to get out.

BOB
Oh he can't get out. He keeps
trying but like he's bigger than
the lip, now.

DOUG
But not bigger than his lip, eh?
Look at the bottom lip of Hoser
there. Isn't that a big lip.

Bob covers his mouth.

BOB
Get out!

The oldsters look at each other and shake their elderly
heads.

CLAUDE
What is it that you would require,
gentlemen?

BOB
Uh, like some free cases, eh.

CLAUDE
Of which kind of beer? We make
several.

44

DOUG
One of each.

CLAUDE
That's all?

Bob and Doug look at each other and start to realize that the sky is the limit

BOB
Ten of each.

DOUG
Yeah. A whole dozen.

PAM
Calories, guys, calories!

BOB
And seventeen kegs.

DOUG
And that... like, beer comes out of our faucets at home. Like a cartoon I saw once.

CLAUDE
We'll check into it.

The SQUAWK BOX SCREECHES. An ABRASIVE VOICE takes off at a mile a minute pace (or a kilometer a minute).

SOLICTOR HAWKLAND'S VOICE
Shoot quick, Claude, I'm in probate... but I tried to get back to ya on those briefs for the Moosehead Case... and I about got that bitch of a will, shall we say... touched up but...

CLAUDE
I'm in the stockholders' meeting.

SOLICTOR HAWKLAND'S VOICE
(different tone)
As I said... uh we will get in touch with that bitch about her uh... briefs... whoops, gotta scamper. Claude... call ya back.

CLICK.

CLAUDE
Anything else?

44

BOB

A date with Pam.

She blushes. Bob drops his gaze and blushes beet red.

PAM

Aw, that's sweet. But I swore off dating 'till I lose another four pounds. I'm sorry.

Bob looks hurt.

DOUG

You hoser. She wouldn't date you.

PAM

(continues)

But, after I do... sure, why not. I'm single again, I guess.

She contemplates that and gets sad.

DOUG

And we want jobs.

CLAUDE

There really aren't really that many jobs left. We're almost fully automated now.

HENRY GREEN

(sarcastic)

We're planning to automate the stockholders' meeting next.

OCTOGENARIAN

What? Is Hawkland coming?

Claude ignores him.

CLAUDE

We just have token jobs.

BOB

Token? Oh no... like we don't do drugs.

DOUG

Just drink beer.

HENRY GREEN

Make them Brewmeisters. At least they show their faces above ground.

44

CLAUDE

No, I think we will have them
apprentice under you, Mr. Green,
as Tasters.

Bob and Doug look at each other, enraptured.

BOB/DOUG

Tasters.

CLAUDE

Would that suffice?

BOB/DOUG

Tasters!

45 EXT. McKENZIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Their van pulls up in front of their quaint little house
in the nondescript flatlands. A rusty Studebaker corpse
sits on the lawn.

46 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

From across the living room, the door swings open.
HOSEHEAD BURPS on the rug where he lies. Bob and Doug
stand there.

BOB

Mom?

DOUG

Dad?

47 INT. KITCHEN

A Coleman simmers. They stand there in front of it. A
note is taped to a beer. Bob reads it:

BOB

(reading)

Went to sleep early. It was our
anniversary. Here's some beer and
some back bacon. See you in the
morning.

The bacon is shrivelled into nuthin'.

48 INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open. Bob and Doug stand in the doorway.
The room is dark.

BOB

We're home!

48

DOUG
We got jobs.

BOB
Real jobs.

They flick on the light.

IN THE FOREGROUND: Dad is on top of Mom in the act of missionary love-making. Dad looks exactly like a 50-year-old Doug. Mom looks exactly like a 50-year-old Bob.

DAD
Take Off!!!

MOM
Get out!!!

The light goes back off.

BOB
Oh Geez!

49 EXT. ELSINORE CASTLE - NIGHT

We SEE a massive Gothic abode on a hill above the city. Dimly lit and sinister. In an upstairs window, flickering movie projector light is emanating.

50 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A projector runs; on screen: A girl of 12 (young Pam) and a man, JOHN ELSINORE, whose picture we've seen in the brewery. She swings a hockey stick in a game with him. Wears a toque.

The door opens and a woman steps in. A well-built gal in her forties, hanging on to her looks, desperately. GERTRUDE ELSINORE, Pam's mother.

GERTRUDE
Pamela? Pam? Pammy?

She turns the lights on and looks around the room. She screams at the top of her lungs. There's no one in the room. The projector seemingly running all by itself.

Pamela quickly enters from the bathroom, squinting from putting her "contacts" on hurriedly.

PAM
What's wrong, Mom?

She catches her breath, slumps in a cushy leather chair, and pours three fingers of Remy Martin into a goblet.

50 Pam comes out, blinking and adjusting her eyes. She turns off the projector.

PAM

God, Mom, have a nervous breakdown, why don't you?

GERTRUDE

You knew I was in a sanitarium, didn't you.' For several months.

Pam didn't.

PAM

Before or after the...
(gags on the word)
... wedding?

GERTRUDE

Before.

PAM

It's still no excuse.

GERTRUDE

I know it's a difficult thing for you to accept Claude and I. But he pulled me up from the depths after... your father...

PAM

It's the tackiest thing I ever heard of. To think my mum could possibly... So soon... I mean, didn't you love Dad?

GERTRUDE

Yes, of course I did but... Have a drink with me. Let's have a drink and talk it out.

PAM

I've given up drinking, Mum.

GERTRUDE

I am not your mum. I'm your Mom.

She sighs and takes another drink. There's the NOISE downstairs of someone entering.

GERTRUDE

What about you and your love life? How's that law student?

PAM

Give me a drink.

50

GERTRUDE

Well, there's always Lenny Cohen.
Wherever he is these days.

PAM

Mom?

GERTRUDE

Yes, Pam.

PAM

Was Dad drunk when he died?

She nods affirmative.

PAM

(continues)

But he didn't drink that much,
did he?

She shakes her head no.

PAM

But he was drunk and stumbling
around the grounds they said. How
did he die?

Claude enters the room.

CLAUDE

An unfortunate electrical accident.
Tragic. Truly tragic.

Pam eyes him suspiciously. He checks his watch.

CLAUDE

Nine-thirty. The brewery business
is twelve-hour days, year in and
year out. Hope you realize that.

PAM

Uncle Claude...

CLAUDE

Please. Call me fa...

PAM

Uncle Claude!

Pause.

CLAUDE

Let's carry on his work. His
dreams. Of automation.

(MORE)

50

CLAUDE (cont'd)
It's a family business, Gertrude,
you and I... we can still be a
family if we want to.

Gertrude chugs the Remy as if in a toast.

51 INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob belches and emits a loud whooping hiccup.

FROM ABOVE... we LOOK DOWN at Bob and Doug laying in bed.
Two beds, separated by a plywood divider.

DOUG
(about the burp)
Beauty.

BOB
You know what Dad was doing to
Mom, eh?

DOUG
Yeah.

BOB
No way. You don't know.

DOUG
Yeah. He was doin' to Mom what you
want to do to that Pam girl.

BOB
Take Off. I do not.

DOUG
Like maybe we shouldn't have drank
a whole case. Even if it was free.

BOB
Shhhh. I'm asleep now. Hiccup!

DOUG
But like your stomach's not, eh?

BOB
Burp. Shhh.

DOUG
You sleep Hosehead. I'll talk to
your stomach. Hey, Hoser's tummy?

BOB
Burp-belch.

51

DOUG
Good Day, I'm Doug.

BOB
Hiccup.

DOUG
Oh right. I mean... Good Night.

BOB
Burp.

DOUG
What's the capital of India?

BOB
Hiccup.

DOUG
Geez... that's a rough one.

BOB
Oh... get out... lemme sleep.
Hiccup.

Doug whispers to himself. Almost to us.

DOUG
Like, I'm gonna hafta scare him out
of it, okay. It's the only way.

Doug quietly picks up three beer bottles and sits up in bed.

DOUG
For his own good.

He tosses them, one by one, quick as he can into a high arc over the divider and across the room. They are all aloft before the first one hits. Dog screeches at ear-piercing decibel wail from Doug... the bottles shatter one after the other.

Bob bolts up in bed, gasping. HOSEHEAD HOWLS. There's a knock on the wall and some SCREAMING from across the house. Then silence. Long silence. Several seconds... it seems like Bob won't hiccup again. He doesn't -- Doug does.

52 INT. CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY

Bob and Doug are in the cafeteria, near a bunch of video games. Doug plays Pac-Man. Coo-roo-coo-cooing with the theme. He hiccups. Pam breezes into the room, checking on the boys.

52

Bless you. PAM

Belch. DOUG

Sneeze! BOB

Gesundheit! PAM
But let's stop while
we're ahead.

Geez, like thanks for getting us
jobs, eh. BOB

Boom Boom steps over, towering over them, but is standing
behind them and they, or at least she, does not notice him.

Henry Green will be in later this
afternoon. Guess you can just do
whatever you want around here
'till then. Anything else you need? PAM

They think for a moment.

I think there should be like more
video games here in the cafeteria,
for the employees. Like uh
Centipede and Armour Attack and...
uh... Tempest... and... uh... DOUG

You guys... I found out there's only
twelve employees in the whole plant
and they're mainly just ex-hockey
numbskulls who work in shipping. PAM

Boom Boom, behind them, gets a hurt look on his puss.

Pam... uh, like what about our
date, eh? BOB

I haven't lost the pounds, Bob.
But well... tomorrow's my birthday.
Let's just have a party. PAM

Like I know where I can get a keg,
eh? DOUG

52

BOOM BOOM

May I please have words with you,
Meece Elsinore?

PAM

Yeah, sure.

She goes over about 25 feet away to have a discussion with Boom Boom.

The guys look at the video games in the room.

DOUG

And uh... we need a Space Invaders
too.

There's a sign in large letters on an old model video hockey game. It says: KAPUT... DO NOT PLUG IN. That, of course, makes Doug dip down on one knee and plug it in.

DOUG

I think he likes her too.

53 BOOM BOOM

whispers passionately to Pam and she basically ignores him. He goes to kiss her hand.

54 BACK AT THE VIDEO GAMES

Both Bob and Doug hover over the screen. The actions of screen is very screwy.

On the electric field: One by one, every hockey player disappears except two. A goalie and another. The goalie and a referee move out and encircle the lone player. Then, a symbolic... "electrical" charge is displayed on screen.

Then, the actual machine begins to make ELECTRICAL NOISES.

Bob and Doug are rapt in attention.

There's a monitor up behind them, panning the room.

Boom Boom and Pam's discussion has continued in the background. Pam comes over to the boys, leaving Boom Boom on the verge of tears.

BOB

Look at this... it's like real
weird, eh.

Pam looks at the screen. Other players appear on the screen now. But they don't play hockey. They follow each other trying to spell out something... in kinetic cursive writing.

54

DOUG
It's like Centipede, eh?

Boom Boom comes over.

BOOM BOOM
Eet wuz ahcteen verree strange.

PAM
Mr. Lorraine?

BOOM BOOM
Oui?

PAM
Just exactly how did my father die?

The machine starts smoking. Doug pours some beer into the coin slot. It settles a bit.

BOOM BOOM
I do not wish to tell you,
Mademoiselle. Embarrassing it was.

PAM
For who? You're my friend, aren't you?

BOOM BOOM
Oh yes. And more.

PAM
Then tell me.

BOOM BOOM
He was verree... introxibated.

PAM
You mean drunk?

BOOM BOOM
Oui.

(pause)
And he took relief of himself on...
le fence. Eet wuz le lectreek
fence.

PAM
You mean he died... p...
(can't say peeing)
... on an electric fence?

Bob and Doug stop what they're doing. They look at each other and then Doug starts laughing, stifling it behind the view of Pam.

54

BOOM BOOM

I am so sorry.

PAM

Oh Dad!

She cries in Bob's arms... almost collapsing. Bob is hanging on to her, holding her up.

Pam looks up from Bob's shoulder. It's completely soaked. On the hockey game screen, immediately in front of her, an IMAGE FLASHES. A face in a pained expression. John Elsinore. It lasts an instant and fades. We see it, Pam sees it, but Bob and Doug and Boom Boom do not. She yelps and gets light-headed from the shock.

55 INT. CONTROL ROOM

Claude is double-taking at the monitor of the cafeteria. He saw the face too, but Ted and Brewmeister Smith did not.

CLAUDE

Did you see that? The face! She saw it too. She knows...

On the monitor: Pam passes out into Bob's arms. Boom Boom tries to help pick her up. He tries a couple of positions, then in frustration picks up both Bob and Pam and carries them OUT OF THE FRAME.

TED

What face? Whose face?

CLAUDE

My brother's face.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

What?

CLAUDE

That machine. Are you sure someone didn't try to re-program it?

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Who?

CLAUDE

Him.

He points to another monitor on the bank where Henry Green crouches behind something, watching the others from the next room.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Possible. Not probable.

55 On the monitor: Doug slams the machine. Nothing happens.

 CLAUDE
 Could they catch on?

 BREWMEISTER SMITH
 They are fools.

 CLAUDE
 (mocking)
 That electric fence story would
 never pass muster with an exhumation.

 BREWMEISTER SMITH
 (mocking)
 Pass muster with an exhumation?

 CLAUDE
 You know what I mean.

 BREWMEISTER SMITH
 They don't know. These two couldn't
 tie their shoes and spit at the same
 time.

On the monitor: Just then, Doug drops to his knees and
 ties his shoes.

56 IN ANOTHER LOCATION - LATER

 Bob spits.

57 INT. VENDING MACHINE ROOM

 We're in a vending machine room. Everybody sits on a
 couch in the following order: Pam, Bob, Doug, and Boom
 Boom. Many many empties sit in front of them. Plus a pot
 of coffee that Pam has been drinking. The guys are very
 loaded, listening to her life story. She talks about her
 Dad:

 PAM
 We were estranged years ago. I
 never wrote. I never called. I
 never got a chance to tell him how
 much I admired him.

 The sprinklers above them begin to spray and dribble
 slightly. As if tears for the sob story she tells.

 PAM
 He never used to drink. For him to
 die that way. Maybe it's my fault.
 I drove him to drink by being such
 an ungrateful daughter.

57 The lights flicker a little bit and a LOW RUMBLE in a faraway boiler is heard. More dribbles.

BOB

Geez... it's uh like stormin' in here.

Bob and Doug both pull their parka hoods up over their toques.

PAM

And Brad was so much like Daddy.
That's when I realized how I felt.
But where did I go wrong with Brad...

Bob and Doug look over at the beer vending machines. Non-verbally ask each other who's gonna go get a few more beers. Both are too hosed to move.

PAM

Oh Gawd... He was tall. He was dark. He was rich. He was smart. He was kind. Oh... he was too good for me, I guess. I should have done those things he wanted me to do. Why didn't I listen. Oh Brad... Brad... Brad! I can change!

Doug nudges Boom Boom, who's being polite but is hurt by her ramblings on about other men. He looks at Doug who's trying to relieve the boredom. Doug shows Boom Boom the nose trick. Putting both hands up to his nose (concealing the nose and mouth) and jerking the hand to the side as if cracking his nose (at the same time, flicking thumbnail across the teeth to make a SNAP NOISE).

Boom Boom double-takes at that and glances over to see Pam holding Bob's hand in hers, platonically, but still, it does not please the big French ape.

PAM

Oh don't know if I can ever love again.

Doug does the nose trick again. Encourages Boom Boom to try it too. Boom Boom puts his hands to his nose, slowly. But doesn't know the thumbnail trick of it. Doug demonstrates the trick again. CRACKING his nose back and forth. Boom Boom CRACKS his. It makes approximately the same noise as Doug's. But it is real. He stifles a moan the best he can but winces in great pain. Doug feels bad. Demonstrates (visibly) the thumbnail bit. Blood leaks onto Boom Boom's hand. He looks at it.

PAM

Oh dear. Look at the time.
(MORE)

57

PAM (cont'd)
Thanks, guys, for listening to my
troubles. I'll see you tomorrow.
We'll party, okay?

She gets up. Boom Boom does too, wiping the blood on his
pant leg.

PAM
I have to go meet the new
Brewmeister. Where's the yeast
lab?

BOOM BOOM
I will walk Mademoiselle.

He ushers her away though she still barely notices his
amorous interest.

BOB
Geez, do you like think Pam loves
me?

DOUG
Sure, you got your little finger
wrapped around her.

BOB
Listen to you. You're loaded.
Your turn to go get another six.

Doug just grins and wheezes. Bob and Doug lean against
each others' shoulders.

BOB
Naptime, eh?

Doug's eyes droop closed. His head slowly leans down. So
does Bob's, till they sleep heads together. Cute as kit-
tens. Each has a distinctive snore.

58 INT. YEAST LAB - CLOSE-UP HAND

... turns a rheostat. Things get darker as it does. PULL-
ING BACK (at the same rate as the light changes), we SEE
Claude standing by the door, dousing the lights. Pam and
Boom Boom can be SEEN through a tiny window approaching
from down the hall.

Brewmeister Smith walks back into the darkness and nestles
behind a lab table full of flasks and GURGLING TUBING, lit
with blue light.

We SEE Henry Green already there, hiding in the shadows.

58 The door opens, letting a wedge of light in. Pam and Boom Boom stand in the doorway. We HEAR them from across the room.

BOOM BOOM

So if you would want to, please
come watch our practice game today.

PAM

Well, I'm not really that much into
violent sports, Mr. Lorraine, but
best of luck to you.

She shakes his hand. He slinks away. She enters.

CLAUDE

Brewmeister Smith has bad eyes.
This is my niece...

PAM

(correcting)
Stepdaughter.

Claude is startled by her reversal of the previous
correction.

CLAUDE

... Pamela.

She starts to walk to him. Claude cuts her off and seats
her right there.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Pleasure to make your acquaintance,
Miss Elsinore. Oh... please sit
where you are. My eyes are weak,
but my ears are strong. What did
you wish to discuss.

PAM

Well... the more I've been thinking
about it, the more I'm really
beginning to form a train of thought
and I'm about ready to really come
to a decision about something.

CLAUDE

About what?

PAM

Well, ya know I realized something.
I just... well, I just plain don't
like beer.

CLAUDE

Oh. Well just leave it all up to
us, then.

58

PAM

I don't like the calories. I don't like the taste. I don't even like the way it looks.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

She doesn't like beer.

Both Claude and Mr. Smith seem contented. We SEE Henry Green lurking in the shadows.

PAM

So, I think I wanna covert the whole place over.

Their contentment fades.

PAM

(continues)

And not make beer. Apple juice, maybe. Or diet drinks. All those flavours I crave but that nobody makes. Raspberry with vitamin enrichment. I hate to get rich off people getting fat. Would it be a very big deal to do something like that?

Claude is speechless. We SEE Henry Green. His mouth hangs open too.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Sound thinking. You have vision and business acumen to match your most pleasant appearance.

PAM

Thanks. Well, okay then. I'm gonna go type up a memo on the subject. So let's all think up a bunch of flavours.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Peachy.

PAM

Good. I woulda thought of that, though. Let's all have lunch tomorrow. I gotta get my hair cut at eleven. So, let's call it oneish. Bye now.

She leaves.

CLAUDE

(horrified)

Diet Drinks.

58

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Really not a bad idea. It won't
affect the formula. But of course,
she must be removed.

As they leave, Henry Green stifles a belch, but some sound
leaks out. Mr. Smith doesn't acknowledge but definitely
heard it.

59 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A tremendous space, so big it could almost rain inside.
Stacks of beer hundreds of stories high all around a "rink"
sized area of cement. Textured light filters down in
shafts from skylights above. It's cold in here. Breath
clouds blow from the mouths of Boom Boom and five or six
OTHERS.

Kegs are uncapped and spilled on the cement. Hoses run-
ning both beer and water squirt out on the floor. Beer
Ice.

We SEE about fifteen more PEOPLE coming in from the load-
ing dock area. Dressed in white smocks and carrying
hockey gear. They seem to shuffle zombie-like to the
rink ORGAN SOUND.

60 INT. ORGAN ROOM

Two men observe them. One plays the organ. They wear
scientific white smocks and have notebooks. They look
like shrinks. They are, in fact, SHRINKS.

The colossal molded-tin calliope/Rink Organ is beefed up
with racks of outboard equipment, oscilloscopes, and the
McLeyvier with its video screen.

ORGAN PLAYING SHRINK

We're short a couple today. Have
Lorraine fetch a couple of goalies.

He pushes a button and the keyboard plays a FLUTE MELODY.

61 ON THE RINK FLOOR

Boom Boom responds to this instrument. The others still
shuffle zombie-like.

62 INT. VENDING MACHINE ROOM

Bob and Doug snoring on the couch. Heads still together.

A moth has lit on Bob's bottom lip. Wings flapping softly
with the inhales and exhailes.

- 62 A bucket of beer is thrown and splashes in their faces.
Bob swallows the moth.

HENRY GREEN (O.S.)
Come on, Hosers! Let's learn about
beer!

CUT TO:

- 63 INT. BOTTLING FLOOR

Bob and Doug and Henry Green standing in front of the
assembly line up close and horrendously loud. Everybody
shouts above the DIN.

HENRY GREEN
You wanted to be tasters... you pay
the price.

DOUG
Oh geez... like can't we have
coffee and back bacon first.

HENRY GREEN
Drinking beer is a job like anything
else except, you put in an eight-
hour shift and you don't feel much
like getting loaded after work. You
will learn the hard way. That is
the only way.

BOB
Like, can I have an aspirin, eh?
Oh my head...

Green hits a switch and shuts the line down... SILENCE...
When Bob talks, his voice is wavering in a high-pitched
way because of the moth.

DOUG
What a frog in the throat you got
this morning, Hosehead.

HENRY GREEN
Frog in the throat... mouse in the
bottle. You're a real coupla
clucks.

(pause)
You still have that mouse?

Doug pulls it out of his parka pocket and shows him.

HENRY GREEN
I know what a sham this thing is.
(MORE)

63

HENRY GREEN (cont'd)
 You two guys have no business being
 in the position you are. You're a
 coupla goose eggs. But fate dealt
 you a favourable hand. I may need
 some allies in here to... wait.
Shhh.

He stops himself, looks around, then hits the switch again.
 The assembly line springs to life with a ROAR.

HENRY GREEN
 (shouting)
 Here... one sip of each. Rinse
 with water in between.

He hands them two unlabelled beer bottles. Bob coughs.
 Doug slaps Bob on the back. Four moths fly out.

BOB
 (normal voice)
 Beauty.

They taste the brew.

BOB
 Nice one, eh? Ale.

DOUG
 Mine's a Lager.

HENRY GREEN
 Wrong. Been here twenty-five
 years. Started as a bottle washer...
 Five years.

He holds up five fingers and demonstrates the repetitive
 physical movement... almost like a mime, not actually
 picking up bottles on the assembly line but pretending to.

HENRY GREEN
 Labeller... seven years.

He holds up seven fingers, then pushes a lever... speeding
 up the assembly line. Another movement, over and over
 again.

HENRY GREEN
 Inspection Manager... thirteen years.

He gives up on the fingers and he looks down in concentra-
 tion, then looks up and shows the boys, his "crossed-eyes."
 Bob chortles, Doug wheezes. They all take another sip.

HENRY GREEN
 Now I just do this.

63 Demonstrates drinking motion.

HENRY GREEN

They have machines for the rest.
The new Brewmeister is supposedly
coming out with a computer to
spectrum analyze beer. To do away
with my job, too.

They all take sips of new beers.

BOB

Uh... Lager.

HENRY GREEN

Right.

DOUG

Mine too.

HENRY GREEN

Wrong. I should've been
Brewmeister.

Henry Green gets confidential. He shows them a stack of
labels. Every kind of beer imaginable.

HENRY GREEN

Look... we make a lot of beer here
but not all these.

BOB

Like why do you have all them,
then?

DOUG

Is it like a collection?

He motions them closer.

HENRY GREEN

There's a restricted part of this
brewery. Did you notice that? Why?
What can possibly be sinister or
secret in a damn beer factory? I
found these down there.

Claude walks by on the People Mover up above them. Henry
quickly covers the labels over. They all sip another one.

BOB

Another Lager.

HENRY GREEN

Wrong.

63

DOUG
Mine's an Ale, eh?

HENRY GREEN
Right.

Henry Green is distracted watching Claude from the corner of his eye.

HENRY GREEN
Okay... so taste every fiftieth
beer coming down the line.

He cranks it up even faster.

BOB
Okay... go.

Bob and Doug take turns reaching in and grabbing beers, trying to count real fast to fifty, then snatching again. It's pretty darn comical.

64 CUTAWAY

LOOKING UP at Pam on the People Mover on the second level. TRACKING along with her... In the foreground, Boom Boom's face catches up and ENTERS THE FRAME... moving in the same direction. He cranes his neck up, looking lovesick at Pam. As she enters a door to her office... Henry Green's face appears on the other side of the FRAME. Likewise looking up at Pam. Boom Boom runs smack dab into him.

They fall on the floor. Boom Boom helps him to his feet.

BOOM BOOM
Sorry, Mr. Green. We need goalies
for the game.

HENRY GREEN
No thank you. I'm too old to get
my boots shot by nutcases today...
no thank you.

BOOM BOOM
I meant these two.

Points at Bob and Doug.

HENRY GREEN
Oh sure... hey, Hosers... you go
slap pucks awhile... we'll finish
where we left off tomorrow.

DOUG
Beauty.

Henry Green eyes Pamela's office door as she closes it.

65 THE RINK IN THE WAREHOUSE

The ice has hardened. Players skate around, ugly and mad-looking fellows.

Bob on the left and Doug on the right (as per usual) come gliding out in unison, then split off to their respective goals.

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE: Unlike most of the film, till now that has been somewhat static (due to the immobility of Bob and Doug)... this section roars in motion... a vicious ballet... solid action... hyperkinetic... driven by fast tempo RINK ORGAN MUSIC.

The two teams face off, tensed in readiness. Boom Boom and Doug are on the same team.

One team wears Penetang Institute A Team. The other -- Penetang Institute B Team.

Doug gulps. We gulp. We LOOK at the players as they face off. A herd of certifiabes: a burly guy with incredible facial hair, eyebrows (or rather, one) two inches long, nose hairs even longer; two pinheads; a mongoloid; a hooded somebody with the death mask of the Grim Reaper. He has a hockey stick curved just like a scythe; a mental midget in a 6'11" giant's body; a neurotic who skates endlessly in small circles and repeats that he wants to go fishin' with Dag Hammershold... and other various and sundry madmen.

The puck drops to the cement... sticks slap... bodies bump... the puck shoots across the rink... legs pump up to speed... feet shift... puck is slapped... elbows crack noses... feet pivot... blood flies... puck bounces off the wall... people bounce off the wall...

Bob wiped out in SLOW MO... knocked high up into the air off his feet by a mountain named Boom Boom.

Action racing back towards Doug... Two players charging... clear shot on goal... Doug drops cringing past the impending mayhem... they fight each other for the puck... go right past Doug... slapping and cracking sticks at each other... Doug turns watching them... A pinhead scores a goal on him by falling down and inadvertently kicking the puck past him...

The two players square off for a fight. Others circle round, as they start to pummel each other.

66 ORGAN ROOM

SHRINK ONE
Neut both of 'em.
(MORE)

66

SHRINK ONE (cont'd)

Then turn one vicious

He plays some NOTES.

67

RINK FLOOR

The players halt, hang their arms and stare blankly. The MUSIC CHANGES and one gets mad again, practically frothing at the mouth. He pummels the defenseless guy who doesn't lift a finger on his own behalf. Everybody stands around watching, until another CHORD CHANGES, then the others break up the fight.

The GAME MUSIC PLAYS again and the game resumes.

More pucks slapped... skates flashing in the sunlight... Hi-sticking... low sticking...

Bob flipped end over end the other way, again by Boom Boom, scoring at will.

Sticks break... a succession of bruising body slams... a puck skips across the ice... a pair of dentures skips across the ice... beer pours out of cases in the wall, people stop to guzzle from the flow...

Doug actually makes a real decent move to stop the giant from scoring on him, then slaps it all the way to the other end of the rink... Boom Boom tells him... "Beauty"...

Boom Boom charges on Bob again... Bob yells... "Hey, Pam!" and waves... Boom Boom glances back over his shoulder. Nothing. A fake out... Bob slaps the puck away and lowers the boom on Boom Boom... he flips head over heels and lands on his butt awkwardly...

Boom Boom regains himself, skates maniacly toward the puck... he steals it, keeps it, wipes out every player who comes near him... builds up steam for a full-length charge... on goal... centershot... he hits it so hard the puck goes airborne...

The puck keeps rising... Bob ducks just in time... Like a Mickey Mantle long ball... It smashes through the glass brick.

The game subdues. Exhausted, bloody players skate around, recuperating. The two players suck their thumbs.

SOMEONE

(to Boom Boom)

Go find the puck!

BOOM BOOM

Go find puck yourself!

68 CORRIDOR

Bob and Doug stand there looking down a gleaming metallic corridor with all sorts of pipes and vessels, dials and meters. Ultra-modern and futuristic. And them in goalie garb.

BOB

Boy... this is just like Star Wars,
eh!

Doug makes phaser noises.

BOB

We're Imperial Storm Troopers on
the Death Star.

DOUG

I don't wanna be one. They always
get phased out.

BOB

Look.

He points. The puck can be SEEN sitting precariously in
the bars of a grate about twenty-five yards away.

69 AT THE GRATE

Them standing on the grate. Doug takes a step, the puck
moves. It's about ready to slip through and fall god-
knows-where.

BOB

Okay... Like gimme the string from
your pants, eh.

Doug starts to pull it out, and Bob grabs it and yanks it
the rest of the way out. He sticks his big wad of gum on
the end and holds it out over the puck. Just as he gets
it to stick and actually starts to pick it up, he falls
off balance, crashing to the grate, hard. The puck
bounces up. Doug jumps for it, bouncing it up again. It
slips through the grate. The boys lay there. We HEAR it
clank down several stories. Doug's pants fall down.

DOUG

It was your idea, Hosehead. You
go get it.

70 CORRIDOR

Bob stands looking down another corridor, with immense
cylindrical vats. The SOUND of RUSHING LIQUID. Doug
calls down from the grate above:

70

DOUG
Like whatta ya see, Hoser?

BOB
Beer.

71 ANOTHER CORRIDOR

With even larger vats. Bob stands there again. No puck.

BOB
Beer.

72 ANOTHER CORRIDOR - EVEN BIGGER VATS

No puck.

BOB
More beer.

73 UP ON THE GRATE

Doug opens a beer. Slumps on the wall. He looks way down through the levels. Sees nothing.

DOUG
What now?

74 THE NEW CORRIDOR

Bricks and more pipeage. A sign on a door: RESTRICTED AREA: UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ENTER. No puck. No Bob.

DOUG (V.O.)
Hoser?... coo roo coo coo...

75 INT. CONTROL ROOM

We SEE Doug sitting there on a monitor. Henry Green sneaking through the plant. The hockey game resuming with another puck. More GAME MUSIC. Pam in her room getting ready to type.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
I have a plan.

He goes over to a safe and turns the combo. On the video, we HEAR Bob and Doug calling each other Hoser and Hosehead from their positions... lost in the Death Star.

CLAUDE
(disgruntled)
Him and his plans.

He comes back in with three handguns. Claude gulps.

76 INT. PAM'S OFFICE - CLOSE-UP TYPEWRITER

She types a few words... a date and a memo heading... then as she pauses to think, the infernal machine starts typing by itself. She's startled, but mainly just angered about any sort of technical problem.

The letters it types are gibberish, or at least seem so at first. No recognizable words other than "MOM" and "TOOT."

Pam tries to type, gets a few words in, then the thing takes over writing another paragraph.

It keeps writing the words "NAMROB NITRAM" over and over and over again.

PAM

"Namrob Nitram"... what is this?
A Turkish typewriter?

She gets up, turns the machine off, and goes to the bathroom.

77 INT. BATHROOM

She primps her face in the mirror, puts on a new layer of lipstick.

PAM

(to self)

To make beer or not to make beer...
that is a good question.

The SOUND of the TYPEWRITER clicking and humming on is heard.

PAM

Boy, how weird!

The SOUND of the paper being ripped out of the typewriter carriage. There's a KNOCK at the door. She smears her lipstick.

HENRY GREEN (O.S.)

Miss Elsinore... it's Henry Green,
the Head Taster.

He opens the door and begins to whisper frantically.

PAM

Hey... what if I woulda been...

HENRY GREEN

You're not. Listen to me... your
life is in danger.

(MORE)

77

HENRY GREEN (cont'd)

I know two things... Claude had something to do with your father's death and it didn't happen the way they say it did. And this Brewmeister Smith isn't who he says he is.

PAM

That's three things. But why should I believe any of this.

In the mirror, we can SEE her ignoring him. Correcting her make-up. We SEE the letters of the piece of paper she was typing on that Henry holds in his hands. In the reversal the letters make words now. Like... "I'm alive, somehow I don't know but..."

HENRY GREEN

He's not really named Smith. His real name is...

PHHTT PHHTT. In the doorway, what looks like Doug, with his toque pulled down over his face, holds a gun.

PAM

What? Mr. Phhttt?

Pam turns. Henry Green lays on the floor.

PHHTT. She gets one, too.

78 INT. GRATE

Doug sits there. (Long pause. Almost sad.) We've never seen these guys separated. They barely operate when not in tandem. Doug looks down through the five stories of grate. Then over at a chute nearby that filters grains down below. He goes over, sticks his head inside... Coo roo coo coo's.

BOB (O.S.)

(faint)

This is like hops, eh... so like hop down.

Doug does... disappearing... falling like Alice in Wonderland.

79 BOTTOM CORRIDOR

He comes flying out of the chute in a pile of grain. Bob stands there laughing.

DOUG

Take Off!

80 CONTROL ROOM

Pam and Henry are laid out cold on the floor.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Where are those two half-wits?

TED
We lost 'em for a sec. But they're not far from here. It's okay, we need coverage of them walking around.

CLAUDE
Gimme a hand.

Claude is opening a special "oversized" keg with an Elsinore emblem on it.

CLAUDE
We used this at the last plant picnic. Two belly dancers popped out of them.

TED
Well, today's the new employees picnic.

As Ted leaves his post and the three bad guys proceed to stuff Henry Green into a keg... we SEE Bob and Doug on a monitor. The location seems to be a Computer Room. None of the three notice.

CLAUDE
Who do we blame it on? Mental patients from your institute... how 'bout that?

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Nein. We do not want undue attention drawn to the Institute.

TED
How 'bout ole Boom Boom. Spurned lover. He's more mush headed than these other two.

CLAUDE
Still though, he is an idol of the people and a symbol of Elsinore's.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Those letters from that Scotsman. That quack, what is his name?

80

CLAUDE

Matt Claymore. A self-proclaimed
terrorist.

They have Henry stuffed inside and closed up tight. They
gag Pam and begin to stuff her in.

In the background on monitor screen: The computer is
flashing like crazy. Something shoots out of a slot...
by Doug.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Yes. The Scottish Separatists
Junta is responsible. Two
terrorists who infiltrated our
plant.

Ted smiles. Genius.

81 COMPUTER ROOM

Bob is in awe of the hi-tech "stereo system." Doug picks
up something off the ground.

BOB

Beauty. What a stereo.

DOUG

Look... records.

He holds up six or seven floppy disks. Five-inch
Winchester digital drive units.

BOB

Like that's what's secret about
things down here, eh? Bootlegs.

Doug wiggles a disk.

DOUG

The pirates musta just left, eh.
Like they're not even dry yet.

A little frightened, they walk out of the monitor's view.

BOB

Like I hope there's some Zeppelin,
eh?

82 CONTROL ROOM

As they wander closer... they see the room full of TV's.
They wander into the control room. Nobody is there...
the three bad guys are out lugging the kegs to the
elevator.

82

BOB

Geez... they must have like uh
cable, eh?

DOUG

Look... there's me.

BOB

Get out!

Indeed, they do see themselves on one of the monitors.
They inch closer.

In a doorway behind them, Claude, Ted and Brewmeister
Smith can be SEEN coming back from lugging. They see the
bozos. Claude is touchy and starts to shoot. Ted grabs
his arm as he raises to fire.

83 OVER BY THE MONITOR BANK

Bob and Doug stare at the TV's. Ted's VOICE can be HEARD
to whisper... "Half doses."

One screen (showing the kegs on the loading dock near
their van) strobes and zooms in and out rapidly. Defi-
nitely trying to get the boys' attention.

DOUG

I bet you get like loaded lookin'
at all this beer.

Two PHHFFTS are heard. The guys look at each other.

DOUG

Bob?

BOB

Doug?

They get instantly drowsy and sink down in their tracks,
dropping OUT OF FRAME to REVEAL the three bad guys with
their guns drawn.

84 LOADING DOCK - LATER

Their van is parked up a ramp against the dock. Claude
can be SEEN sitting nearby. Two feet stick out from
under the van.

85 INT. VAN

Dressed again in toques and parkas, Bob and Doug snore in
the front seat. The special kegs sit in the back. Some-
thing is SQUEAKING underneath the van. Claude, sitting on
a box a few yards away, sees that the boys are ready to

85 wake. Doug rouses a little and Claude whistles and motions to someone under the van.

Ted appears, wipes brake fluid on his grease monkey jumpsuit. He passes Claude, then slips away.

TED

They get three stops, then -- Look,
Ma -- No brakes!

Claude steps closer over to the window.

CLAUDE

(overly loud)

How do you like being tasters?

Bob and Doug shake themselves from slumber.

BOB

Oh... Good Day, Mr. Elsinore.

DOUG

How's it goin', eh?

CLAUDE

You boys have a nice nap?

BOB

Uh yeah... uh beauty.

DOUG

We're ready to taste more beer.

BOB

Like we're real hard workers.

CLAUDE

Well, you're in luck. There's a couple of special kegs of our best in the back here. My niece... er ah... daughter wants you to meet her at a park. Her birthday party.

In the background, Boom Boom and a few other hockey players come out. Boom Boom heads over towards the van.

BOB

Beauty.

CLAUDE

Here's a map... just go down the road here... up this hill and then right down at the water's edge... there's a park. She'll meet you there.

85

DOUG
Provincial Park?

Claude doesn't answer, he just backs away. Boom Boom approaches. They exchange wary glances. Boom Boom goes to the van window.

BOOM BOOM
(to guys)
You find no puck?

BOB
Oh geez, like we forgot, eh?

Doug takes a handful of floppy disks out of his parka pocket and holds them out the window, showing Boom Boom. One falls to the ground.

DOUG
Maybe these are pucks that got
like... squashed.

BOOM BOOM
(angry)
Ze are records!

86 OVER BY THE DOOR

Ted observes the scene. His jaw drops and his cigarette falls from his lips. The disks. Bob and Doug can be HEARD pacifying Boom Boom with the party at the park.

Not too far from the monitor, some of the outpatient hockey players talk about what a drag it is to have to go back to the Institute. But they need their... "sustenance." One of them looks at Ted, who's looking at the van. A curious look on their faces. Ted glances over, sees them looking, and steps back in the shadows. Paranoid about being seen by them.

The van starts up. He can't go fetch the floppy disks.

87 INT. CONTROL ROOM - BANK OF MONITORS

The scene is observed on two monitors. Claude and Mr. Smith are watching.

CLAUDE
I hired you to automate and modernize
our archaic system. I broached
common sense and encouraged you to
utilize dirty tricks on our
competition.

87

BREWMEISTER SMITH

And you sold your soul to me to
have your brother out of the picture.

CLAUDE

Now this. When will it end? It's
turning into a bloody tragedy.

On the tunnel monitor: the van zooms outside.

88 EXT. STREET - DAY

We MOVE WITH the van through an unusually long series of
green lights. Suddenly, a blind man steps off the curb in
front of their speeding van. They screech to a halt. One
stop used up.

They resume and we MOVE WITH the van through another
unusually long series of green lights. Suddenly, a
second blind man steps in front of their van. They
screech to a halt again.

BOB

(shouting from
the window)

Why don't you watch where you're...
Oh... geez, sorry, eh?

89 EXT. McKENZIE HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Their van screeches INTO FRAME skidding to a stop curb-
side in front of their house.

BOB

Geez, why didn't you use the
driveway?

DOUG

I was just testin' the brakes, eh.

Doug gives a knowing look to the CAMERA.

90 INT. BOB AND DOUG'S HOUSE - DAY

The COLEMAN SIZZLES. Bob is at the record player and
Doug feeds Hosehead, their dog. He pours a beer in part
of the two-bowl dish and scoops out back bacon flavoured
dog food into the other part.

DOUG

Geez, like I think we got jobs in
heaven, eh?

BOB

Drinkin' beer for a livin'.

90

DOUG
And gettin' paid for it, too.

BOB
And like playin' hockey with Boom
Boom Lorraine.

Bob puts a floppy disk on the turntable and sets the needle down on it. Nothing but excruciating WHITE NOISE. Bob lifts the needle and tosses the disk on the floor. It lands in Hosehead's bowl.

BOB
Real poor quality boots, eh?

Another disk grinds under the needle. Bob winces and tries a couple of spots but gets nothing but AURAL GRIT.

DOUG
Take it off!

He does and tosses it away.

BOB
Must be punk rock, eh?

He takes it off and tosses it in the garbage can with the others. Hosehead, their dog, is sniffing around the can gobbling up the remnants of their back bacon sandwiches. He sticks his snout into the can and gobbles up a floppy disk. Bob notices.

91 EXT. STREET - DAY

CIRCULAR FRAME. LOOKING IN the moon window into the back of the van. One of the kegs tips itself over. We HEAR a stifled WAIL inside. Bob and Doug are just getting in, fumbling with the map.

BOB
Hurry up, Hoser, we're late.

Doug starts it and steps on the gas. As the van pulls away, MOVING DOWN to the ground... we SEE a puddle of brake fluid. And the trail left behind the van.

92 MONTAGE

The Toronto Sun comes SPINNING out like a million other movie montage papers... Banner headlines: BEER HEIRESS SNATCHED!!! Scottish Separatist Junta Blamed! There's a sketch of Bob and Doug with their toques, a likeness but not a good one.

93 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

Flatland. The van travelling 35 MPH towards a four-way stop intersection. Big truck coming. The van doesn't stop... Narrow collision missed by the van swerving slightly and the truck swerving greatly.

94 INT. VAN - DAY

Empties galore rattle all around the van. The kegs, too. Bob peeks out from behind his hands covering his eyes. Doug tests the brakes, but they're going up a hill now. He doesn't really catch on to the emergency.

DOUG

I know... I know... whata hoser
I am.

The road gets steeper. From the back, a MUFFLED "PEEP" is heard. The guys look at each other. Bob holds up the trusty mouse in the bottle.

BOB

Beauty.

We SEE cops in the rearview mirror. They flash their cherry.

95 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The van crests the summit and starts down a long, straight incline... a mile down to a wharf on the shoreline of Lake Ontario.

96 EXT. WHARF - DAY

Boom Boom stands there with flowers. (He was told of the birthday party.) Watches the two vehicles roaring down the hill.

97 EXT. ROAD - DAY

RACING ALONG at the same speed as the vehicles... COPS gaining on them, waving and yelling, ready to fire guns. We HEAR the word "Hoser" yelled inside the van.

98 INT. VAN - CLOSE-UP FOOT

pumping the worthless brake.

99 INT. VAN

In back, a minor bump jars the lid off Pam's keg. Her head sticks out, mouth gagged but shrieking anyway.

Bob has his eyes covered again. Doug bugs his out.

100 EXT. ROAD - DAY

They hit a major bump... the van leaves the ground. The back door flies open and a keg rolls out (the other one, containing Henry Green).

The cop car swerves but hits it anyway... skids it off like a puck across the wharf.

As it rolls, the van is about ready to fly off the end of the pier.

The cop car hits the brakes, hard.

The keg is saved from rolling into the water, but hits a cement wall and rolls back to where Boom Boom stands.

101 INT. VAN

Bob still has his eyes covered. Doug takes a cue from his brother and lets go of the wheel and covers his eyes too.

102 EXT. WHARF - DAY

As the van sails off into the sunset in ULTRA SLOW MO.

The keg falls out of the back, plopping almost gently into the water like a re-entering space capsule.

The van plummets down about forty yards further out... sliding into the water. Floats briefly, then starts to sink.

Boom Boom jumps off the pier, swimming toward the floating keg.

Pam strains her head out, then shifting her position, she tips herself over, filling up fast with water.

He keeps swimming with his head down. She sinks just before he gets there.

He looks up, grabs a breath, and sees that she's gone. The van as well is just sinking under the surface. He sticks his face under the water to look down.

103 BOTTOM OF THE LAKE

From the floor below, we SEE a gleaming keg floating down and a gleaming yellow van about thirty yards away, as if they're racing. Boom Boom swims down, gaining on the keg.

We SEE about another half-dozen vehicles on the bottom. All rusted and corroded.

104 ON THE PIER

Another couple of cop cars pulling up. A helicopter zooms over the hill and heads over.

Two COPS examine the battered keg. They pump the spigot. Blood squirts out.

105 ON THE LAKE BOTTOM

Boom Boom has just about pulled Pam out. He unties her, signals to her that she should take "air" from his lips. They kiss and exchange breath. He unties her hands. They look at each other briefly, meaningfully. Then he starts kicking furiously, taking them up to the top.

We leave the van on the floor with the other cars. We still do not know the fate of the boys.

106 WAY TO THE SURFACE

As they almost get to the surface, Boom Boom hits oxygen debt and turns to weak jelly. Rather than drag her down, he gives her one last shove upwards, then falls away from her and sinks back down.

She reaches out to grab him, but he's gone. She's almost to the top. She desperately claws her way up through the water.

107 ON THE BOTTOM

Boom Boom's drowning body lands on top of the van.

108 SURFACE

Her head pops up and gasps for wind. About three or four heaving lungfuls and she gets ready to dive back down for Boom Boom.

A rope is thrown around her, pulling tight on her arm. She tries to signal the cops on the pier that somebody is down there. They drag her to shore anyway.

109 ON THE PIER - LATER

Pam (covered in blankets) stares out at the water.

Across the way in the background, they load Henry in an ambulance. We HEAR that he's broken every bone in his body in three places, but he'll live. A cop comes over to Pam. Plainclothesman (INSPECTOR). Premature grey hair.

INSPECTOR
Miss Elsinore?

109 A cup of water spills out of her lips as she starts to speak.

PAM

Whaaa... t?

He helps her to her feet, pulls her back towards the ambulance.

Some bubbles break the surface. A couple of DIVERS with an underwater light prepare to dive. She looks back to the water.

INSPECTOR

Ten minutes. Can't stay down that long and live. Not Houdini. Not nobody.

110 LAKE BOTTOM

We SEE the divers' light coming down from the surface. The van sits there. Boom Boom is not on top of it. Miraculously, the headlights come on.

111 INT. VAN

Bob and Doug are fine. The van is completely flooded. Several dozen empties floating upside down at various levels. Like a weightlessness scene in space. They grab bottles and put them in their mouths and get very satisfactory breaths, tipping them right side up. There are many more to go.

Even more miraculously, we SEE Boom Boom there too, in worse shape but alive and getting better. They keep pouring air into him.

A flurry of air bubbles explodes from under Doug's pants. A submarine fart. Bob gives him a dirty look and waves at the water just as if it were air and they were topside. They exhale words in bubbling clouds, barely audible, but of course, we know what they say.

BOB

You hoser!

DOUG

Take Off!

A light nears the moon window. Shining in on them. A badge is held up against the glass and a gun points. The light shines in their faces.

112 MONTAGE

(Yet another homage to Slavko Vorkapich, the Zen master of the wipe and lap dissolve.)

Continuing the "lights" motif...

A) PRESS CAMERAS

pop flashcubes like crazy as Bob and Doug are hauled in handcuffs into a cop car at dusk.

B) MUG SHOTS

Humorless faces in the flat, grainy, black and white that makes everybody look criminal... Numbers across their chest. We think we're looking at two photographs of them, then they unfreeze... and insult each other.

C) GRILLED UNDER A HOT LAMP

The guys are thirsty, smack dry, cottonmouth gums. A frosty mug of beer is placed in front of them, then pulled away. A despicable cop takes a sip, says "aah" then pours the rest out. Police Brutality.

D) FINGERPRINTED

The guys poke their prints onto each other's faces.

E) LINE UP

Bob and Doug and six other pairs of hosers who look remarkably just like clones of them, toques and parkas and all. Pam is brought in to look at the pairs. Bob and Doug see her and wave.

BOB

(identifying)

That's her.

She's taken away by the cops, seems very spacey.

F) PARENTS' HOUSE

A tactical SQUAD surrounds the house. Hosehead comes HOWLING out with the din of SIRENS. Followed by Mom and Dad with their hands raised over their heads.

G) INSIDE THE HOUSE

The place is ransacked... every room. The barrier between their beds is ripped apart. Parents questioned.

112 Hosehead is upset and starts puking. A disgusted cop ushers him outside by kicking him in the butt. He pukes in the garden and covers it up... Two bio-undegradable plastic "disks."

H) JAIL - THE DOOR OF THEIR CELL

CLANGS shut. An assortment of others. Two JAMAICANS with long natty dreadlocks.

BOB

Good Day. I'm Bob McKenzie and this is my brother Doug.

DOUG

How's it goin', eh?

Ice cold stares from everybody. Bob and Doug exchange an awkward glance.

END MONTAGE.

113 INT. ELSINORE CASTLE - NIGHT

Pam still sits there staring into space. A handmaiden washes some cuts on her hand. There's a glass of soapy water on the stand next to her. She reaches out like a zombie and takes a drink of the soap and then sets it back down without anybody noticing.

Claude and Gertrude and the Police Inspector chat on the other side of the room.

GERTRUDE

How is poor Henry Green?

INSPECTOR

Still in a coma, but there is hope.
No brain damage.

CLAUDE

(whispering about Pam)
Let's hope for the same of Pamela.
Frankly, I'm worried.

Pam displays no reaction to any conversation or actions going on around her.

GERTRUDE

She's said only two words.

INSPECTOR

And what were those, Mrs. Elsinore?

113

GERTRUDE

(trying to get her
attention)

Pam? Pammy? Pamela?

Her face reacts ever so slightly and she starts to speak slowly. As she does, a large soap bubble blows up from her lips, and with each word, a bubble floats away across the room.

PAM

Boom... Boom...

Gertrude sobs.

INSPECTOR

Will she be fit to stand witness
at the Grand Jury tomorrow?

Gertrude collects her tears pouring from her eyes in a goblet, when she gets enough, she swirls it around a moment as if it were wine and sips it down. Claude wiggles a thumb at that.

CLAUDE

(whispers to the
Inspector)

Uhh... um... Frankly, there's a
history of mental illness in the
family. On her mother's side, of
course.

INSPECTOR

I see.

Pam, unbeknownst to anyone but us, pricks her ears slightly. We can tell from a look in her eyes that there's probably more going on in there than she wants the others to realize. Claude walks the Inspector towards the door.

CLAUDE

Frankly, I think we may take a
little drive over to the Penetang
Institute for a few tests.

GERTRUDE

(screaming)

Will you please stop saying...
frankly!

Claude and the Inspector react to her outburst as if to say... "See what I mean." Gertrude storms out of the room.

CLAUDE

Both of 'em.

The Inspector leaves.

114 INT. CONTROL ROOM - BANK OF MONITORS - DAY

On one screen: We SEE an "edited" version of the Scottish Terrorist kidnaping of Pam Elsinore. It's been culled from recorded views down all sorts of hallways, etc.... real SHOTS of Bob and Doug standing around... cut with doubles of them with guns... sneaking around. CLOSE-UPS of them (obviously unconscious from between the time they were tranquilized and they woke up in the van)... Pam and Henry Green get "phhtted." More doubles putting on lids on the kegs and loading them on the van... then finally the real Bob and Doug pulling away in the van.

Ted hits the rewind button on the tape machine.

TED

Exhibit A... open and shut.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Yes, not all went according to plan.
But I do trust, we will salvage our purpose.

TED

I tell you, I'm worried about those missing Winchesters... lookie...

He punches a button. A replay of when the computer spit out the floppy disks and Bob and Doug picked them up.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

What is it that's missing?

Ted packs up the other tape and marks it for the cops.

TED

Difficult to say, until you're looking for it and it's not there.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Look for Fourth Reich Phases Ein through Zehn.

He punches up something. Like a giant jukebox, a floppy disk is selected and inserted. Then another and another... On seven simultaneously TV's we SEE headings for Phase Ein, Phase Swei, etc. (No Phase Funf.) Various plans.

We hear no audio, but if we are very observant can pick up the following from the visual overload:

EIN...	To take over the Brewery by any means necessary.
ZWEI...	To automate and render efficient the process of beer.
DREI...	Remove John Elsinore

114 VIER... To discredit and ruin all competition.
 FUNF... ?
 SECHT... Put addictive substances in beer.
 ZIEBEN... Selective virility and sterilization agents.
 ACHT... Missing
 NEUN... Stealing Stanley Cup
 ZEHN... Kidnapping Wayne Gretzky.
 ELF... Missing
 ZWOLF... White noise music control.
 DREIZEHN... Video game disciplinary program.
 VIERZEHN... Armed assault of Duluth, Minn.

TED

Marty?

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Yes?

TED

You done a lot of jobs for a lot of big people. I know you worked for Nixon, too. How come you tape everything? That's what messed him up. You more than just about anybody in the Western Hemisphere has gotta be paranoid about... visibility. How come you didn't learn from Tricky Dicky's mistake?

BREWMEISTER SMITH

You were right... I have done a lot of things for other people. But this... all this... here, this is for me! And history.

Still nothing on Phase Funf. Or Acht.

TED

Looks like it could be Acht.
 That's Oktoberfest. And Elf.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

What about the removal of John Elsinore.

Ted punches up that and another disk is rolling. We SEE John Elsinore as someone sneaks up on him and hits him over the head, knocking him unconscious. Booze is poured down his throat and in his ear.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Did we not make a duplicate of this? If I remember.

114

TED

You usually do.

On the monitor: Claude drags a limp John Elsinore out to the electric fence. Pulls out his weenie and ties something around it and stands back, ready to toss the other end over the electric fence.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

I think I would prefer to have our Scottish Terrorists, under... "observation" 'till we recover those missing disks. Phase Act is coming up in a few days.

TED

The dupe is gone. So are Acht, Funf, and Elf.

On screen: Claude tosses the wire over the electric fence and stands back as huge sparks and bolts of juice zap the prone John Elsinore. Horror of Horrors.

Then the electricity in the room and around the brewery flares up. Ted punches buttons furiously. Brewmeister Smith struggling with a riddle of irrational phenomenon. The two look at each other.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

If I was not a man of science, I just might believe that...

He trails off. The flare-up subdues.

TED

Me too.

They shrug it off. Brewmeister Smith punches a number on the phone.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Get me Solicitor Hawkland.

115 INT. JAIL - MEETING AREA - DAY

Bob and Doug sit together on one side of a steel mesh and bullet-proof glass partition. A man (JACK HAWKLAND) dressed razor-sharp and oozing oily charm unlocks his attache case and sits down. He talks as fast as is humanly possible. (We recognize his voice from the squawk box in the Boardroom earlier.)

115

HAWKLAND

So you're the much-feared
Scottish Terror Brothers. I'm
Jack Hawkland.

BOB

I'm Bob McKenzie and this is...

HAWKLAND

(cutting him off)

I know I know... Huddle in here
and listen up quick, kids... you
just leave it all to me... do as
I say... do as I do... word for
word and I'll get you both off...

(ha)

... "scot free," eh? Now, I want
you to cop a mental and we'll
barg the rap down to a lesser...
intent to sell tainted beverages...
or somethin'. You were never in
full control of your vehicle, or
your senses... eh? Get me?
Might get off with a speeding
ticket. You guys read me?

BOB

Like uh Mr. Hawkman... do we
like have to go back to jail?

HAWKLAND

Nope, no dice. Not jail.
Somewhere else for some...
"observation." Then we'll just
slip you out of there on appeal
or with a well-orchestrated mass
of red tape. When this media
blitz peters out. So you just
play puppet on my string for a
few hours and we'll get you on
the street by Christmas.

DOUG

Uh, Mr. Hawkwind?

HAWKLAND

Yeah, Tiger?

DOUG

Can I like ask you a question?

HAWKLAND

Shoot.

DOUG

Like what about our van, eh?
(MORE)

115

DOUG (cont'd)
It'll get rusty down there, won't it?

HAWKLAND
(standing up)
I'll see what I can do. We're due in court, bozos.

116 EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Bob and Doug in handcuffs and jailhouse blues (and toques). They are trying to inch their way up the steps but are completely deluged by REPORTERS. They're not moving. Hawkland pulls their toques down over their faces and tries to cover his face from the cameras too.

REPORTER ONE
How many members in the Scottish Separatist Movement?

REPORTER TWO
Which one is Doug?

Doug points at Bob.

DOUG
Hosehead there.

REPORTER THREE
How come you don't wear kilts?

REPORTER FOUR
Were you going to slowly kill Miss Elsinore? And sexually molest her?

HAWKLAND
You must be from the "Sun."

REPORTER TWO
Which one's Bob?

Bob points at Doug.

BOB
That one there with the noggin that you could wash cars with.

REPORTER
Are you related to William Lyon MacKenzie of the Rebellion of 1837?

116

REPORTER
Hawkland... do you have a statement?

HAWKLAND
No comment.

REPORTER
I said a statement.

HAWKLAND
No statement.

BOB
I do. Like anybody who uh fishes
our van out of the lake by
Provincial Park... uh gets like a
reward, eh?

They finally break inside the doors... reporters still
shouting questions... "What reward?" etc., etc.

117 INT. LIMO - DAY

Claude, Pam and the Inspector ride along together in the
backseat of a limo.

They drive by the crowd of reporters, photographers, and
papparazzi. The mob sees the limo and heads for it like
carrion.

CLAUDE
Get the hell out of here...
go round the block.

The Inspector watches Pam's eyes. They sneak out of
their stare for an instant and scan the crowd.

INSPECTOR
Miss Elsinore, is there anything
else you know?

PAM
(slowly)
I know my father didn't die
that way everybody says.

Claude about poops his pantaloons. Tries not to show
any reaction.

PAM
He told me.

INSPECTOR
Who told you?

117

PAM

My father.

INSPECTOR

You mean Claude here.

PAM

My real father.

CLAUDE

Did he talk to you on the phone?

PAM

(staring again)

On the typewriter.

INSPECTOR

Oh.

The Inspector and Claude roll eyes at each other over that. The limo pulls up to a door in back.

INSPECTOR

I'll go see if the coast is clear.

He leaves. When the door closes, Claude pulls out a gun. Pam stares.

CLAUDE

Do you really know something,
Pamela?

She pretends to just stare, but her face belies just a little fear. Once again a PHHT is heard. Pam's eyelids droop. Claude looks at the chauffeur's eyes in the rear-view mirror. The door opens. The Inspector pokes his head in.

INSPECTOR

Is she okay?

CLAUDE

Just collapsed.

INSPECTOR

Drat! Goose a moose... this'll make a mess of the prosecution's case. She'll be livid. Better get her to a hopsital. I'll go square things.

The car drives off. We SEE that it was Ted's eyes in the rearview mirror. He's driving the limo.

118 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The gavel pounds. The BARRISTERS are in their gowns. Still Hawkland oozes a different air about him.

Bob and Doug sit there together, Bob on the left of course and Doug on the right.

The PROSECUTOR is an eagle-beaked woman in her thirties with silver-grey hair and out-of-date Gloria Steinmen "tints."

HAWKLAND

I'll plead my clients guilty to Statutes 233 and 125 of the Criminal Code and not guilty to all other charges due to mental incompetence.

PROSECUTOR

Objection! You should plead that of yourself as well, Solicitor Hawkland. You cannot split pleas like that.

HAWKLAND

(laughing under breath)
Split pleas.

We NOTICE a MAN sitting all alone in back, watching very intently, through thick wire rims, smoking a crooked pipe.

PROSECUTOR

I demand to question the accused before the defense can enter those pleas.

JUDGE

Very well, but seeing as how the star witness cannot appear and of the other two witnesses who are both unable to appear, one has a collapsed lung and the other is in a coma... I don't know what you want to prove at this point.

PROSECUTOR

I have a Security Monitor tape that I would like to place in evidence.

119 WITNESS STAND

Bob and Doug swearing on Bible simultaneously. A pretty BAILIFF swearing them in.

119

BAILIFF

Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God.

BOB

I do.

DOUG

Like same here, eh?

BAILIFF

Say I do.

DOUG

You do.

She shrugs and leaves.

BOB

Like I think we're married now, Hoser.

DOUG

And you get to be Mrs. Hosehead, eh?

They tell each other to take off and get out, etc. Then the gavel sounds and they look up to see the steely countenance of the Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

I want the court to understand that these two cunning highly trained terrorists planned and executed a brutal criminal act. And if not for stalwart police work...

She catches a glance with the Inspector, he winks and she turns away.

PROSECUTOR

... they would still be at large, holding a knife to the breast of society.

(pause)

Please roll tape...

They do. We SEE once more the same version of the edited kidnap from the compilation of monitor views, accurate and fabricated.

BOB

Decent show, eh?

119

DOUG

Do we get like... residuals for this?

PROSECUTOR

Pretty darned damning evidence...

She turns to the boys.

PROSECUTOR

As you executed your bloody operation... when you bound and gagged the helpless Ms. Elsinore and stuffed her into the tight confines of that cold metallic container...

The JUDGE, a proper old gentleman, tweeks the tip of his waxed moustache, just a little bit aroused.

PROSECUTOR

What did you plan to do with her?

BOB

Oh geez, we like didn't know she was in there.

DOUG

We probably woulda drank her, eh?

Titters from the crowd. The Judge pounds his gavel.

PROSECUTOR

And Henry Green. He's teetering on the brink of the very fabric of life itself right this moment... Would he have been the first one you executed if your demands were not met?

DOUG

Like, he's our boss, eh. That could get us fired, couldn't it?

PROSECUTOR

And just what are the demands of the Scottish Separatist Hunta, otherwise known as SHH?

BOB

Uh... it's a secret.

DOUG

He doesn't know. I know. It was my idea.

119

BOB

Oh get out... it's a secret... sshhh.

The man with the steel rims smiles, proud somehow of them not revealing anything.

PROSECUTOR

I have here a list of demands these two cutthroats made to Claude Elsinore, Pamela's uncle... er ah... rather stepfather.

(reading)

Ten free cases of every kind of beer... a tour of the plant... a date with Ms. Elsinore... jobs... beer coming out of their faucets at home.

DOUG

We didn't get that yet.

JUDGE

Solicitor Hawkland, have you no comment.

HAWKLAND

These guys went out to lunch years ago and never came back. Isn't that obvious? There's no conspiracy. They are daft! Mad! I mean really... when they were caught they were trying to drive to the United States.

PROSECUTOR

Why does that make them crazy?

HAWKLAND

(setting her up)

Across Lake Ontario?

(titters)

Now c'mon... I got 'em pencilled in for tests at the Penetang Institute tomorrow. I say we leave it to the pros to say who's nuts.

As the gavel pounds and the courtroom adjourns, the man with the pipe and steel rims stands and puts a tam on his noggin. As he walks away we SEE that he is wearing a kilt.

120 INT. FORENSICS LAB

The Inspector sits in a rocking chair, rolling a cigarette.

120

INSPECTOR

Anything?

One of the giant kegs is covering the head and torso of another man. He examines the insides with a flashlight.

VOICE

(muffled)

Yeah, the bugger scratched the side here with a coin, looks like...

(pause)

... a name...

The Inspector licks the paper and perks up at the clue.

121 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

In the corner of the room, we SEE an oxygen tent. Boom Boom rests underneath it and looks out the window. Sunlight streams in onto the window sill. We HEAR the sound of SQUEAKY SHOES entering the room.

122 FROM UNDER THE TENT

A classic body comes over and sets something on the window sill. We don't see her face but we'd like too.

BOOM BOOM

I can speak. My lung eez much better. Can I go now?

NURSE'S VOICE

I'm just a nurse. I'm sure you can go soon.

She sets a vase of flowers down in the sunlight on the sill.

NURSE

Just a little more oxygen.

We HEAR the HISS of oxygen being turned up a little higher.

BOOM BOOM

Eez Miss Elsinore alright?

NURSE

Fine I imagine. She sent these.

Boom Boom is so touched he can't speak.

NURSE

Rest up. You'll see her soon.

122 She positions the vase very carefully and sets something else down near it. Boom Boom speaks hushed French to himself as her shoes SQUEAK out of the room.

123 ON THE SILL

The vase acts as a lens, focusing the bright sunlight... down to a "hot spot." The object the nurse left is just a few centimeters away from the hot spot. It is an open packet of matches. The hot spot moves closer to the sulfur ignition part. The oxygen HISSES. Doom is a moment away.

When it's almost there, the sunlight fades rapidly as a cloud passes over the sun. Saved. A miracle.

124 EXT. PENETANG INSTITUTE - AFTERNOON

Gothic wrought iron gates. Behind it a spooky clinical structure. The Penetang Institute. It sits on the opposite side of a small hill from the brewery. We SEE the vapor rising from the Labatt stacks.

Storm clouds gather. It is very dark for the middle of the day. A little flash of lightning.

125 INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Thunder, distant, Pam lays down on a couch, classic shrink scene style. A bearded bespectacled PSYCHIATRIST sits behind her, listening politely to her ramblings.

PAM

That's what I'm afraid of... trust. Not crime, not terrorists, not even wars. Just people. All bad things come from people's hearts. They change so much these days. It's not fair. They don't stay who they are.

(pause)

But I was telling you... I don't belong in here... I'm the victim... My uncle Claude... I think he pulled something...

She sits up and stops dead in her tracks. Double-takes at the shrink. We might too. It is not the same guy it was just a moment ago. Same glasses, same beard but not the guy.

125

SHRINK

Yes, yes... no one here feels they belong. That's why they're here.

She just stares, confused. Thinks perhaps she is cracking up.

SHRINK

What else do you fear, Miss Elsinore? No specific terror.

She starts to lay back down. She doesn't say anything.

SHRINK

I had some discussion about this with some of the previous counsellors you've had.

PAM

I've had five shrinks.

SHRINK

I talked to three of them.

Pam smiles.

PAM

Really, which ones? Larry or Doctor Fuller.

SHRINK

Doctor Fuller but not Larry.

Pam seems a little dazed. She reminisces.

PAM

I always liked Doctor Fuller.

SHRINK

So he said.

(pause)

He also said you were a herptaphobiatic.

PAM

What does that mean?

SHRINK

It doesn't mean that you're afraid of getting herpies.

PAM

I didn't ask you what it didn't mean.

125

SHRINK

It means you're afraid of a certain kind of animal... that starts with the letter "L."

Pam closes her eyes, getting very upset. She can barely utter the word.

PAM

Lizards.

HOLDING CLOSE up on her face, her eyes remain closed.

PAM

Oh God. I don't know why. I am abnormally afraid of them. If I see one my heart just jumps right up my throat. I petrify. It's something in my genetic makeup kit... primordial... prehistoric...

Her eyes remain closed. We SEE a chameleon crawling along the bench she lies on, just inches from her... PULLING BACK we SEE more lizards of all kinds on the floor all around her.

PAM

Something in the way they move.

Just then she feels something flicking little feet up her leg... across her belly. She's stricken. Can't speak. We can almost feel her chill shudder through her. She is petrified. The lizard walks all the way up between her breasts.

SHRINK (O.S.)

Yes, Miss Elsinore. Please continue.

126 CLOSE UP - PAM

Her eyes trembling open... looking straight up at the ceiling. Afraid to look down, but slowly her gaze begins to lower.

127 HER POV

PANNING DOWN from the ceiling, down till a soft focus nose is IN THE SHOT... then PANNING DOWN as she raises her head... a scaly multi-coloured lizard face. It fans out its sulap and flicks it's long triple-forked tongue.

She bolts up in a silent scream. She's seen the room full of lizards, doubling her fright. She jerks her head back to the shrink and passes out.

127 We SEE that there is a giant lizard sitting there behind the desk.

128 INT. CONTROL ROOM

We SEE the room now from a MONITOR'S VIEW. Next to the tv, a hand turns a holograph switch off and most of the lizards in the room disappear. The big lizard behind the desk takes off his "lizard head" revealing a bearded bespectacled MAN. He removes his beard and glasses. He goes over and checks Pam's pulse..

TED

(reminiscing)

Remember the guy in... Ottawa?
Afraid of heights and spiders.
Woke up in a balloon with a
hundred tarantulas. Got him
comin' and goin'.

He has a good laugh then sighs, reminiscing. Brewmeister Smith chuckles Germanically as well.

129 EXT. GRASSY FIELD BANK - DAY

The bespectacled pipe chomping man from the courtroom is MATT CLAYMORE. He walks towards three kilt-clad MEN who practice tossing the caber. (NOTE: Tossing the caber is a certified Scottish Highland Games sport which involves a competitor balancing a twelve-foot 250 pound telephone pole in cupped hands, running with it to gain momentum and then with one backbreaking effort tossing it high into the air.)

CLAYMORE

Lads!

(shouts)

C'mon you haigus-headed hambones,
let's have a meeting.

The THREE HULKS trot to Matt's side. They're huge. They make the Pittsburgh Steelers line look like chess final-ists.

CLAYMORE

Are you deaf or are you daft. Did I not tell you no more than a fortnight ago that all new members must be cleared through me. This is a secret organization. I suppose if I had any brains, I'd have kept it to myself.

129

IAN

(one of the big guys)

We did no' do anything.

Claymore holds up a newspaper with the McKenzies' photo on it: "Scottish Separatists Go To Asylum."

CLAYMORE

Shut up. Here's my proof right here. Now you listen to me. These poor wee souls -- brave lads who kept their mouths shut -- a credit to their McKenzie name -- are languishing in the looney bin -- but not for long.

(to the biggest man)

Fife. I want you to get Hamish and Ian here into the bin. Hamish and Ian -- I want you to get the McKenzies out. Use your strength and use your skill and don't take on any new members or I'll drop your breeks and tan your backsides. Now go on.

They trot off.

130 ASYLUM CAFETERIA AREA

Bob and Doug sit at a table by themselves. In a big industrial green space not unlike Coo Coo's Nest. Others eat down the table from them. A couple we might recognize from the hockey game. Bob and Doug have a whole plate of stale donuts in front of them. Two empty beer bottles.

BOB

Decent lunch, eh?

DOUG

'Cept like the crullers are... old.

BOB

Why don't you start a war about it... Like... a new cruller war, eh?

Bob chortles. Doug winces at the terrible pun.

DOUG

Oh what a bad one, Hosehead.

130

BOB

(continuing the
nuke theme)

Look... okay... I'm the States...
and I'm like ready to launch a
pineapple filled warhead.

DOUG

And like I'm Russia.

Doug blasts off a cruller from the heap... like a mis-
sile, eh. It arcs over accompanied by Doug's air raid
noises. Bob puts two beer bottles in between the war-
ring sides.

BOB

Go... everybody in the Great White
North just gets to sit around and
watch the fireworks fly over, eh.
And drink beer.

The cruller hits Bob's sugar donut. Where it sits on
the table.

DOUG

Good-bye Chicago.

But not before Bob launches his pineapple-filled rocket.

BOB

Second strike... centreshot.

Doug launches another atomic pastry.

DOUG

Twenty Megaton Bearclaw...

Everyone in the room is watching. The missiles have a big
collision half-way between, squashing together and falling
down on the Great White North beer bottles.

BOB

Uh... oh... there go the Great White
North.

DOUG

Everybody in the world goes to the
penalty box for twenty-seven years.

BOB

Half-life.

DOUG

Except bugs. Bugs get to do whatever
they want.

- 130 A doctor, one of the ones who psychoanalyzed Pam, stands behind the boys, observing. They stop.

DOCTOR
Gentlemen? Please come with me for
a series of tests.

They get up like obedient puppy dogs and follow the doctor out of the room.

BOB
Geez, tests? Like we didn't even
get to study.

As they leave, we...

CUT TO:

- 131 THREE OR FOUR OTHER PATIENTS

around the room who have been watching them wage "war."
Comments: "nuts," "looney," "bonkers."

- 132 SMALL OFFICE - CLOSE UP - RORSCHACH TEST

ink blot. Mirror pattern with long shapes.

DOUG (O.S.)
Bananas.

We SEE the three of them in an examination room.

Another blot.

BOB
Like it's a black hole, eh. A big
black hole.

Next... instead of an ink blot, the doctor slips in a photograph of a "floppy disk."

BOB
Bad boots.

The shrink doesn't get what Bob means of course but writes down... "Bad Boots." Shows the same thing to Doug.

DOUG
Yeah same here... punk rock.

The shrink catches on. Writes down... "thinks it's a record."

132

SHRINK

Okay, now we're going to do some word association. You just say the first thing that pops into your mind, okay?...

DOUG

Beer.

SHRINK

I haven't yet begun...

BOB

To fight.

DOUG

Beauty.

SHRINK

Please... just listen... If I say "snails," you might say "pace." If I said "back," you might say... "front."

DOUG

No... I'd say bacon.

He writes that down.

SHRINK

Oh you would?

BOB

Timber.

SHRINK

Wait.

DOUG

Heavy.

BOB

Like, Zeppelin.

DOUG

Uh, hot air...

BOB

My brother... Hosehead...

SHRINK

(pleading)

Guys...

132

Gals. DOUG
Pam. BOB
Elsinore? SHRINK
Beer. DOUG
More beer. BOB
Loaded. DOUG
Prost. BOB
Oktoberfest. DOUG

The doctor gets very concerned over that word.

SHRINK
What do you know about Oktoberfest?

BOB
It happens uh... in October.

The shrink jots down more observations. The guys look at each other.

DOUG
Did we flunk?

BOB
You flunked. I got uh, like a C minus.

DOUG
Get out!

SHRINK
I think I need to continue our discussions of your psychiatric history. Since you are famous separatists I suggest we do that now... Which one first? Robert or Douglas?

They flip a bottle cap... it lands heads up.

133 INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE

Bob lays down on the couch. In the middle of a session.
An hour glass is half run out.

SHRINK

Yes and now the record didn't have
any music on it?

BOB

Just noise. No quality control, eh.

SHRINK

And what happened to it?

BOB

I dunno. Hosehead has it.

The shrink writes down... "Hosehead has it."

The shrink comes over towards Bob, revealing a large
syringe from behind his back.

SHRINK

This won't hurt.

Bob screams when the needle goes in.

134 INT. SOUND ROOMS

We SEE two separate little sound-proofed compartments.
Bob is in one and Doug in the other. The shrink looks
in on them from behind a two-way mirror. They're hooked
up to tandem polygraph machines.

TED

Twenty cc's of sody p. One of them
is lying. The truth will come out.

SHRINK

What is your name?

BOB

Okay, I'm Bob
McKenzie.

DOUG

I'm Doug. How's it
goin', eh?

SHRINK

Do you live in Tokyo?

BOB

No. The Great White
North.

DOUG

I don't think so.

SHRINK

Who has the floppy disks?

134

BOB
Hosehead.

DOUG
Hosehead.

SHRINK
Hosehead has them.

BOB
Yeah.

DOUG
Uh... huh.

Smith clicks the intercom dead. Turns to Ted and shakes his head.

TED
Dammit these are tough nuts to crack. I'll give 'em three hours of brain salad surgery and let Marla have a go.

135 INT. SOUND ROOMS - LATER

In the sound-proof rooms, we SEE Bob and Doug being helped by someone putting their parkas on. Their arms are in the sleeves... we realize that they have been altered into straight-parkas. The arms are pulled around and lashed behind them. Their toques pulled down over their faces.

WHITE NOISE is heard at high decibel level. Much smoother stuff than came from the floppy disk on the turntable. This is a Canadian-born technique utilized in Northern Ireland and Brazil to neutralize suspects.

TED
Wash... rinse... spin dry...

136 INT. PAM'S QUARTERS - CLOSE UP - AN EYE

Pamela's eye. It opens. We do not see her face.

137 ANGLE - BEHIND PAM

She sits up. The room seems to be her bedroom at home in the Elsinore Castle.

PAM
Boy, whatta dream!

She gets up and we FOLLOW HER from behind as she heads towards the bathroom.

We see a glimpse of a "profile shadow" of her on a wall as she walks by a light. We haven't seen her face yet. The shadow of her face looks abnormally elongated.

137 The mirror on the medicine cabinet is ajar (facing away). We SEE her suddenly touch her face, just before she gets to the mirror. She slams the mirror closed and looks at her reflection... and SCREAMS. We SEE her face too. An A-1 make-up job. The prettiest lizard face you ever saw. But not to a herptaphobiatic. She drops to the floor again. Out cold in fright.

As she falls the image turns from FILM to VIDEO TAPE.

138 CONTROL ROOM

We SEE her on a monitor. On another monitor, we SEE Bob and Doug still sitting in their respective white noise chambers.

TED

Trouble brewing in vat room seven.

On the other monitor bank, we can SEE Boom Boom looking directly up at a monitor. We hear his voice faintly.

BOOM BOOM

(on monitor)

I want to speak to Meese Elsinore.

He leaves the MONITOR'S VIEW.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

What does he know?

TED

If he knows much he doesn't understand it.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Maybe we have underestimated his mental facilities. After all, Marla did not "arrange" his accident.

He APPEARS on another MONITOR, hence, a different room. He looks up, right in the eye of the monitor too.

BOOM BOOM

I want to see Pamela.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Perhaps we can use him to advantage. To manipulate.

138

TED
(harumphing)
Okay... you're the boss, but I think
we should stop playin' games and get
on with the Master Plan, eh?

139 WHITE NOISE ROOMS

The NOISE is turned OFF. Toques are removed. Both Bob and Doug look enormously blitzed.

140 OTHER ROOM

The two sit together in the same room. They look at each other.

BOB
Boy... geez... like...

Doug can't say anything, just stares.

141 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Fifty beds in a long dark room. A few twitches and mumbles here and there but generally quiet.

An hourglass shape slinks through shadows towards us from way on the other side of the room. A Cadillac walk, Haiku in motion (or more like a dirty limerick in motion). SQUEAKING in rubber-soled shoes. A few heads pop up watching her walk down the line. The closer she comes, the better she looks. This is MARLA. Same girl who brought flowers and matches to Boom Boom. She goes over to Bob who's sleeping and reaches her hand under the covers.

Bob's face smiles in his sleep.

142 WOMEN'S WING - A BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marla is snuggled up with Doug (both fully clothed). One of her long legs draped over him, stroking him as she whispers and licks in his ear.

MARLA
Darling Dougie Dear... Now you know
how poor lil Marla wants to hear it.
You're sure that Hosehead has it?

DOUG
Like... uh... huh.

142 She gives him a passionate kiss and gets off him.

MARLA
Be right back honey.

Her sweet smile fades as she exits. She enters a bathroom.

143 BATHROOM

Looks up at the monitor... and shrugs. She pretends to primp herself and opens the door into another room adjoining on the other side of the bathroom. Bob is in there under the covers. It seems that maybe he's already in "motion."

MARLA
Wait for me Bobbie...

She heads over, dropping her skirt as she goes.

144 INT. PAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Asleep again, Pam lays there in view of the monitor. Her eyelids twitch in wild REM sleep. She mumbles softly, incoherently.

She sits up with eyes twitching open just slightly and shuffles across the room like a sleepwalker, going over to brush her teeth. When she gets to the wall beneath the camera, she drops her "act." She steps up on something, sneaks her hand up by the camera, and squishes a glob of toothpaste all over the lens.

She looks over at the "sunlight" softly coming up outside the window on the other side of the room. She can't see anything out side through the semi-opaque drapes, but runs towards it anyway...

As she gets to the window, she jumps up like a long jumper and plunges her feet through the window...

145 INT. BRICK CORRIDOR

She doesn't end up outside, she comes plunging out and crashes into the wall on the other side of a crawlspace. There's a light on a stand with some diffusion in front of it. She gets up, brushes off some cuts and glass and runs down the narrow brick corridor.

146 CONTROL ROOM

Ted presses a silent alarm button.

147 BOB'S BEDROOM

Bob and Marla in bed. She's wearing his toque and little else.

MARLA

I don't care if you are saving yourself for Pam. Are you sure he has the record.

BOB

Like I think he ate it.

MARLA

Ate it?

She leaves him cold (or hot as the case may be). She walks back through the bathroom, wearing just bra and panties and his toque.

148 BATHROOM

She picks up something in the bathroom from a drawer... and looks up at the monitor camera.

MARLA

He ate it! Hosehead ate it.

She walks into the room where she left Doug and flicks on the light.

149 DOUG'S ROOM

Doug looks up out from under the covers and sees her coming toward him menacingly.

MARLA

You guys shoulda told 'em before. You're a cute little guy but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to do a little appendectomy...

She flicks open the switchblade knife.

Doug tucks his head inside and backs up on all fours across the bed 'til he's up against the wall. He pokes his head back out. In his crouch and with the blanket over him he looks very much like a turtle.

MARLA

Cuz like we can't wait around for it to come out, cuz like I got other jobs stacked up.

(MORE)

149

MARLA (cont'd)

This gig ends with me handing over some computer software that you guys think is records. For five G's. You dig? Nuthin' personal...

She comes closer.

MARLA

Your brother said you ate those records.

DOUG

Not me... Hosehead! Hosehead ate 'em.

MARLA

That's what he says about you. If you don't have it, then maybe he does. Gotta start somewhere.

She comes closer. Doug barks, then snarls like a real vicious dog. The sounds actually startle the cold-hearted hit lady. Then she smiles.

DOUG

Hosehead's a dog. He's like our dog!

She twiddles the knife around like a baton and takes another step.

MARLA

I always wanted to be a vet.

Doug whimpers, pleadingly.

MARLA

Nice doggie, Dougie...

He pulls his head back inside the covers. The knifepoint flicks around the opening.

MARLA

Sponge... Scalpel...

The SOUND of GLASS CRACKING and a big "CLUNK" almost simultaneously. The hand goes lax and the knife drops from it.

BOB (O.S.)

Hourglass, eh?

As Marla drops from the FRAME we SEE Bob standing behind her with a large hourglass. Doug sticks his head back out.

149

DOUG

Beauty.

BOB

Let's like get outa here, eh?

Doug throws the covers off.

SHRINK (O.S.)

Not so fast!

They look over to the doorway of the bathroom to see Shrink Number One standing there with a gun.

150 EXT. PENETANG INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Boom Boom strolls up the road approaching the Gothic wrought iron gates of the Penetang Institute. He carries a big brown paper bag and a bundle of flowers. He whistles badly to the tune of "Louise."

Before he gets to the gate, a floodlight hits him. He's blinded in brightness.

The light shines from a powerful beam on the hood of an unmarked cop car. A car door opens, another light pops on inside the vehicle. A man gets out. The beam cuts off, things go back to moonlight. As the man in the car walks over to Boom Boom, we SEE that it's the Inspector.

INSPECTOR

Mr. Lorraine, I'm Inspector Davis.

BOOM BOOM

(nervous)

I am just goin' to see Meece Elsinore.

INSPECTOR

Oh. No problem. Glad to see you're on your feet. You know Pam kept asking for you. Before she... uh... needed a "rest."

Boom Boom feels bashfully good about that.

BOOM BOOM

That's nice to hear. Uh... how is Mr. Green?

INSPECTOR

Stable. No better. No worse. We found a name scratched on the inside of that keg.

(MORE)

150

INSPECTOR (cont'd)
That's why I'm here. He wrote the
name of someone who used to be a
patient here.

BOOM BOOM
(nervous again)
Not mine?

INSPECTOR
No... though here, I'd like one of
yours on this. For the kids.

Boom Boom signs an autograph. While they chat, we SEE four
large kilt-clad shapes darting between trees 75 yards in
the background.

BOOM BOOM
With pleasure. To whom?

INSPECTOR
Roy and Jesse.
(pause)
Ah... you were in here once?

BOOM BOOM
With regrets, oui. Terrible place.
Bad people. I much hate to go back
inside of eet.

INSPECTOR
Gee I didn't know.

BOOM BOOM
I play hockey since before I could
walk. I found it hard when I retire
to score goals in life. The world
wuz not always like eet wuz on the
ice.

INSPECTOR
Tell me this... do you think these
McKenzies could have really pulled
this off alone?

He shakes his head.

BOOM BOOM
They save my life. They not bad
guys.

INSPECTOR
I don't trust Claude Elsinore.
There were some funny things about
the way John Elsinore died.

150

BOOM BOOM

I do not think it funny.

INSPECTOR

I didn't mean funny, ha-ha. I
meant funny -- odd.

Just then, the paper bag breaks and some cans drop to the concrete. Both men stoop and pick them up. The Inspector holds on to one can, noticing a few drops of wetness on the side of it.

BOOM BOOM

I hear that Pamela likes the diet
drink.

INSPECTOR

Did Claude give you these to give
her?

BOOM BOOM

Oui.

INSPECTOR

Mind if I hang on to one? Thanks.
Well I hope Pam snaps out of it
when she sees you.

Boom Boom smiles a shy toothless smile and squeaks the
gate open and heads up the walk.

The Inspector strolls back to the car, examines the liquid
on the side of the can.

151 INT. FORCED PERSPECTIVE ROOM - NIGHT

A room built to completely distort relative sizes. Not
built at perpendicular right angles.

Bob and Doug seem to be tiny on their side of the room,
while the shrink in the foreground appears to be a giant.
They seem oblivious to their predicament.

SHRINK

(brag)

We put a guy who was seven-foot-
four in here once. Worked on him
and when he walked out he was
convinced he was four feet tall.

BOB

Belch.

DOUG

Beauty.

151

SHRINK

We'll find your weakness and keep workin' on it 'til you go under. We're experts. The U.S. Government lets us go hogwild with any crazy experiment we can devise. We got Pam Elsinore primed for the point of no return now. Next time she sees something slither... it's all over.

152 INT . NEXT ROOM

Through a two-way mirror, we can SEE them inside the forced perspective room. Pamela is in this chamber watching, listening. She reaches out and touches the wall. It's thin. Not wood. Some sort of thick paper. She looks around and sees some medical supplies on a counter.

153 FORCED PERSPECTIVE ROOM

SHRINK

Now we know one of you two ate that floppy disk. You've admitted that much.

He stands up and towers over them in the room. As his back brushes against the wall, near the mirror. His face is stricken and he drops the gun. He stumbles down toward the boys, "shrinking" as he rolls across the room.

Pam breaks through the paper wall, holding the syringe. She looks like a giant, eight feet tall.

BOB

Geez... thanks, Pam. Beauty.

The shrink groans, glassy-eyed.

SHRINK

Truth serum...

They get up and walk across the room, growing taller with each step.

SHRINK

(under the influence)
Psychiatry is a sham.

154 INT. MAZE

Bob and Doug and Pam walk through a door and down a narrow cement corridor. Bob and Doug actually walking.

PAM

Boy am I glad to see you guys.
Now I think I know what's going
on.. For a while there I was
pretty confused.

They keep walking, making rights and lefts down other narrow corridors. Light is top soft from above, eerie. Nothing in the depths anywhere.

DOUG

Geez, like what is goin' on,
Pam?

BOB

Where are we?

They stop and look down the corridors from a crossroads. They all begin to wonder. They are in a maze.

155 INT. MEN'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Boom Boom walks through the dark room, we saw before. Somebody recognizes him.

BEANY

Hey, Boom Boom... It's me,
Beany.

Boom Boom signals... "Sshh" and waves the guy to come along. Beany gets his crutches and propels himself after him.

156 INT. MAZE

Tired, confused, at another cross-corridor, they are lost.

PAM

We're lost.

Doug takes the trusty mouse-in-the-bottle out.

DOUG

Like maybe he knows how to get
out.

156

BOB

What a hoser you are. How could he know, he's never been here before. Like I'm gonna leave a trail of beer, eh?

He uncaps a stubby with his church key.

PAM

Well, I'm just gonna make a little noise.

She takes a deep breath.

157 INT. WOMEN'S WING.

It appears to still be the men's sleeping quarters as Boom Boom and Beany tiptoe (and limp) quietly through the room.

BOOM BOOM

(whispers)

Meece Elsinore? Pam?

We HEAR a faraway SCREAM. Then a few others do too. As they sit up, we realize that we are in the women's section. Boom Boom and Beany hurry down out of this sleeping area into another corridor toward the scream.

One deranged GAL sits up with a criminally lecherous grin on her face.

GIRL

Men!

Three girls get up and follow after Boom Boom and Beany. Beany looks back with trepidation at the girls.

158 CORRIDOR

The SCREAMS seem to be coming from a certain place in the wall. Boom Boom puts his ear to the plywood.

PAM (O.S.)

Help us. This is Pam Elsinore!
Help! I'll give a reward.

He smiles, backs up across the corridor. Beany glances down the hall where the lustful women inch closer, licking their lips.

158 Boom Boom charges and cracks through the wall.

159 INT. MAZE

The threesome HEAR something in the wall just before Boom Boom blasts out of it. Pam helps him to his feet. She kisses him. The thrill of his life. A long, long kiss.

DOUG

Like I don't think she's gonna marry you, Hosehead.

BOB

I'm gonna like marry Marla than.

Beany stands there on crutches in the hole. Boom Boom comes up for air. They all head through the hole in the wall.

They move back through a space of about twenty-five feet.

As they head out the hole on the other side, the other shrink appears, standing there in the women's wing holding a gun. Doug accidentally kicks a beer bottle that's on the floor. It rolls back and forth to a stop on the cement floor.

SHRINK TWO

Nice try.

Something down the hall from him (out of our vision) distracts him for a second.

Boom Boom, lightning quick grabs a crutch from Beany... swings it like a hockey stick and slaps the beer bottle off the floor. Beany falls to the ground.

The bottle flies a perfect bull's-eye smashing the gun from the shrink's hand. Before he can pick it up, the group runs back into the maze. We SEE the shrink prone on the floor looking up in horror at something descending upon him.

SHRINK TWO

Oh no... Nymphos!

In homage to Shock Corridor, three lascivious women engulf him with brutal caresses. (Sam Fuller to play the Shrink.)

160 INT. MAZE

The group runs back into the maze, chasing down the corridor and corners at a fast trot. Lost again.

161 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Fife the giant cups his hands, Ian steps into them, and Fife tosses him up over a twelve-foot wall.

162 INT. MAZE

Sweat-drenched faces in the maze. Doug is dog tired. He pants like one.

163 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

On the other side of the wall, Ian and Hamish have sawed down a telephone pole and begin to saw it in two. Fife uproots a massive tree. Matt Claymore puts batteries in a portable loudspeaker.

164 INT. MAZE

Pam is on the verge of collapse and stumbles. Boom Boom catches her.

PAM

I'm gonna have a conipation fit
if we don't get out soon. I
can't stand it... I can't, Boom
Boom... I can't.

He slaps her ever so gently then embraces her with his big French arms.

BOOM BOOM

Sshhhh. Pleeze. Take a load
from your foot. Sit. Boom Boom
will soothe you.

He begins to croon a ghastly rendition of Maurice Chevalier's "Thank Heaven for Little Girls." He even attempts some soft-shoe.

The off-key baritone fades as Bob and Doug wander away down a few turns in the maze.

BOB

Talk about off-key.

- 164 The maze turns a corner and miraculously heads into a theater lobby.

DOUG

Oh... Beauty. Popcorn break.

- 165 INT. THEATER LOBBY

They head out of the maze, over to the counter. Just in time, too, as dozens of others barge out grumbling. Boom Boom's SINGING rises in volume when the doors open. The MOVIE is PLAYING inside. Bob and Doug get a big tub of popcorn and hurry back to the maze. Bob leaves a trail of kernels so they can like find their way out, eh?

SOMEONE at the doors into the theater yells to a friend:

SOMEONE

The song's just about over, hurry up.

Everyone rushes back in to catch the rest of the movie.

- 166 INT. MAZE

Bob and Doug leave a trail of kernels, coming round the corner. Pamela is despondent. Boom Boom stops singing. She tries to smile politely. Bob and Doug hold out the popcorn and motion for the other two to follow them.

We FOLLOW the trail of kernels on the floor as they lead back around a couple of corners and then right up against an abrupt wall. No lobby this time. Pam sighs in despair.

Boom Boom lowers his head and charges... drilling a new route with his head. The others follow in through the hole.

- 167 BLACKNESS

Complete and utter. When they turn around they don't even see the hole anymore. There's just the slightest sliver of light on their profiles.

DOUG

Black Hole.

- 168 INT. MIRROR ROOM

Pam flicks a Bic. Amber light bathes all their faces.

Thousands of other little flames are SEEN in the mirrors all around them. Lights come on from somewhere, illuminating brightly, evenly. Boom Boom and Pam are wary,

168 concerned about a way out. The walls are seamless reflections. The ceiling and floor, too.

An infinity of Bobs and Dougs. They're fascinated staring at themselves.

Doug waves. So does his clones.

DOUG

Boy, like I could be my own army
with all these Dougs, eh?

BOB

(challenging)
Slapfight... go!

They watch their reflections bat at each other, ripping the others' toques off, etc.

Pam vainly checks her appearance in the mirror.

PAM

Boy, I'm a mess.

Boom Boom walks up to his reflection, checks his appearance briefly, then punches himself (reflection) in the nose. Glass shatters.

The eerie lilt of faraway BAGPIPES grows louder. Everybody in the mirror room looks at each other or tries to since there are so many of each. We hear some STATIC, then a Scottish BROGUE AMPLIFIED through a loudspeaker:

CLAYMORE (V.O.)

You have thirty seconds to release
the McKenzie Brothers!

169 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Claymore has the loudspeaker to his lips. Fife the giant holds the tree in his cupped hands. The other two, Hamish and Ian, have half-telephone poles poised.

FIFE

I cannot hold it thirty seconds.

He starts to run, getting ready to toss.

CLAYMORE

Let 'em go!

They all charge and toss their cabers. They fly up into the air towards the second-story windows in SLOW MOTION. The tree hits a powerline and catches fire.

170 INT. MIRROR ROOM

The single BAGPIPE BECOMES A CACOPHONY OF THOUSANDS... ECHOING into infinity. We hear SOMETHING CRASHING through somewhere nearby.

171 INT. MAZE

A telephone pole crunches down destroying several walls of the maze.

172 INT. THEATER LOBBY

The other pole spears down from above into the theater lobby and skewers the popcorn machine.

173 INT. MIRROR ROOM

The glass begins to shatter in the ceiling. The walls warp and begin to crack. The tree plunges down from above. ULTRA SLOW MOTION. Boom Boom pushes Pam through an opening to safety. Bob and Doug just stand there. As things settle, mirror glass still tinkling on the floor, we SEE that they're all right. Standing in the middle of a flaming tree.

BOB

Must be a hurricane, eh?

DOUG

Somebody's gonna get like a million years bad luck, eh?

They step out of the tree. The fire on the branches catches onto some flammable drapes nearby and spreads rapidly.

Bob and Doug walk over to Pam and Boom Boom. They look down into the dark depths of a tunnel. FOOTSTEPS are approaching from within. There's a glint of metal, then we SEE Ted appear. He holds a gun.

The gang looks back at the shambles of the room. There's nowhere to go. Fire everywhere. Ted waves the gun for them to enter the tunnel.

BOB

Oh geez.

174 INT. LOADING DOCK AREA - NIGHT

Two forklift OPERATORS are loading cases onto a semi-truck. They drive together and around in little circles as they talk:

174

FORKLIFT ONE
Why the graveyard tonight?

FORKLIFT TWO
The new Brewmeister had these all
run off special today. Wants 'em
at the Oktoberfest at dawn.

175 INT. HUGE VAT - NIGHT

We SEE Brewmeister Smith peering in a porthole (with a
latch on hinges). Behind him, one of the space age corri-
dors in the Brewery.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
(applauding)
Bravo! Wunderbar. I really
enjoyed the performance of your
would-be escape. Someone should
make a movie of it. It is a pity
it must all end now.

CUT TO:

176 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HUGE VAT

A cylindrical shape twenty feet tall and sixty feet long
of shiny stainless steel.

Pam and Bob and Doug are tied to pipe on the slope of one
side.

Ted finishes tying, keeping his gun on Boom Boom, who is
not tied up. Boom Boom seems ready to make a stupid move.
Ted notices.

TED
This shoots twenty little pucks a
second, pal. And you ain't no
goalie. Forget it.

Boom Boom leaves, looking back at Pam, trying to reassure
her that he'll do something to rescue her. They climb out
the hold.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
You know too much.

PAM
Not that much.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
Enough.

Beer starts flowing into the vat.

176

PAM

As long as you're gonna drown us,
why don't you tell us what you
think we know. What could it hurt?

BREWMEISTER SMITH

You know that I am Martin Borman.

PAM

The Martin Borman?

The beer soaks up to Bob's pants.

BOB

Like this is not fair... We already
almost drowned once, eh?

DOUG

But at least it's beer this time.

BOB

Uh yeah... lucky us.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

You may know that I've perfected a
genetic virility catalyst,
promulgating multiple births for
Aryan eggs when merged with Aryan
sperm cells. Always at least
twins, sometimes triplets...
quintuplets, even... litters.
Other races are made forever
sterile.

PAM

You're a madman. A lousy Nazi,
commie madman!

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Canada is ripe for overpopulation.
Three million square miles and only
twenty million people. It's a
crime. We are at this very moment
putting mind-altering and will-
weakening drugs in our beer. And
thanks to your inspiration, we will
soon have a line of soft drinks as
well. Our special vid-yo arcade
games will flood the market soon.
Long play for only a dime. The
competition will wither. We will
subtly be reconstructing the brains
of youth everywhere.

(MORE)

176

BREWMEISTER SMITH (cont'd)

Training them in warfare, making
them susceptible to... command.
My command. Plus many more diabolic
plans too numerous to mention here.

(pause)

You will excuse me now. The first
shipment is ready for Oktoberfest...
I must bid you... auf widerzahn.
Drink up and enjoy...

Boom Boom hocks a big lugie on the vat as Smith closes the
latch. An industrial blue light remains on inside.

PAM

Daddy? Can you hear me?

The guys look at her like she's crazy.

PAM

My dad's ghost is in the wires!
He tried to talk to me.

The guys look at her like she's crazy.

177 EXT. PENETANG INSTITUTE - NIGHT

The Inspector at the wrought iron gates again. But this
time, the air is smoke filled. Flames rage about fifty
yards inside the gate.

FIREFIGHTERS are dragging hoses in, trying to put the
flames out. Men in kilts taken away in handcuffs.

Scads of patients run the other way.

178 INT. VAT - NIGHT

Beer is rising a few inches a minute. Up past the pocket
of Doug's parka. We hear a SQUEAK, the mouse in the bot-
tle floats up out of the pocket.

BOB

Oh geez... poor little Hoser.

The current swirls the bottle around.

Doug has an idea. As it floats over to the big pipe
they're all tied to... and clanks against it.

DOUG

This was my idea...

Doug leans over and grabs the bottle in his mouth. He
bites the top of the bottle off, holding onto a jagged
piece of glass. The rest falls into the brew.

178

BOB
Last Meal, eh?

Doug leans over with the glass in his mouth and starts to cut Bob's rope. The grateful mouse swims over, climbs up on the rope. He begins to gnaw like crazy.

BOB
Beauty. He's hungry. Eat rope...
little hoser... mmm, good stuff, eh?

179 EXT. RUBBLE OF PENETANG INSTITUTE - DAWN

Faint light of dawn. Building burned down to the foundation. Steam and smoke everywhere.

The Inspector searches a basement with a flashlight. He finds a huge opening. A tunnel that seems to burrow into the hillside. He shines a light and steps inside.

180 INT. CONTROL ROOM

We SEE Boom Boom sitting, despondent but trying to think of some move. The monitor bank is in the background.

TED (O.S.)
I, Alphonse "Boom Boom" Lorraine,
disposed of Pam Elsinore and the
McKenzie Brothers on October
eleventh. Eet was my birthday.
I was jealous, and despondent.
They had threatened to expose my
mental problems to my adoring fans.
When you read this, I will have
taken my own life as well.

A gun appears from the side, pointing at Boom Boom's head.
Ted holds it.

TED
Sign it.

Hands him a ballpoint pen.

BREWMEISTER SMITH
We must devise a way for this
adverse publicity to be utilized
in a marketing strategy.

Suddenly, the lights go out. As the lights from forty TV's fade down to their residual dots on their tubes. We SEE a FADING IMAGE of Boom Boom plunging the pen into Ted's gut. Then, PITCH BLACK.

180

TED

Another damn power problem. Ouch!
I think I took a Bic in the belly.
Marty?

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Yes. What games are you playing?

Lights shows up on one TV... faint, but the dots of fuzz
look like a face. That of John Elsinore.

TED

Me? What about you? I'm loyal to
you. You know me. I was a basket
case in your zoo 'till you gave me
a chance in the "Plan." I wouldn't
try anything on you.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Then what is that on the monitor?
The power is completely shut down,
is it not? Are you playing tricks
with some battery? I trust no one.

A HAMMER on a gun CLICKS over by Brewmeister Smith.

TED

Marty, don't mess with my brain.
I gotta gun too, remember. I think...
ah I'm bleeding badly here in the
dark. Are the phone lines down,
Marty? Call me an ambulance.

A SHOT FIRES from Brewmeister Smith's side of the room.
In the flash, we SEE it's not Smith with a gun but some-
one behind him.

Ted FIRES at him anyway, thinking he does have a gun.

181 INT. CORRIDOR (BLACK)

Somewhere in the dark, some SHOTS EXCHANGED, FAINTER now
about seventy-five yards away. A match is lit. Boom
Boom feels his way along the wall, trying to find the vat
in the labyrinth. The match goes out.

182 INT. VAT

Black here, too. We HEAR SLOSHING. Pam has a silly grin.

PAM

You guys... I'm uh like getting
durh... unk, eh?

BOB

Like she just said "eh," eh?

182

DOUG

Beauty. You just said eh. At least you'll die a Canadian.

The light comes on. We SEE that they're less than two feet from the top. Seeing the ceiling, they are able to reach up and grab pipes and pull themselves up out of the six inches of foam that sits on the surface. The brew is rising fast, though. No way out. The mouse sits safely on top of Doug's toque.

183 INT. CORRIDOR

With the lights back on, Boom Boom can make better time, dashing down the corridors. He stops, opens a vat, nothing inside. Tries another, then runs on.

184 INT. VAT

Barely a couple of inches left of air. They all poke their snouts up, waiting for the end.

PAM

You guys, there's a bunch of air trapped under my skirt, from the bubbles. Go down and breath it. And take your parkas off and trap some more.

They dive down. Her face gasps slightly.

185 DOWN THERE

They breathe the pocket under her dress and take off their parkas, doing as she said.

BOB

Nice view, eh?

186 INT. CONTROL ROOM

We SEE Boom Boom running down a corridor on a video monitor. On another we SEE the semi-truck driving away.

INSPECTOR (O.S.)

Lennie Schultz.

Both Ted and Brewmeister Smith are dying in their pools of blood. The Inspector steps into the light.

TED

Lennie Schultz? There was a master criminal at Penetang... before my time. A legend of sorts.

186

INSPECTOR

Yes, he escaped without a trace.
How? He became Professor Otto
Schuler on the staff, eventually
running the institute and recruiting
other select patients like yourself
to perform hideous experiments for
the U.S. Government. He had a
delusion that he was Martin Borman.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

How did you find out?

INSPECTOR

Henry Green recognized you. You
washed bottles together here back
in 1937.

TED

(feeling foolish)

And I thought I was apprenticing
to an historical figure.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Inspector... tell me... Did you
cut the power.

He shakes his head no.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

Something... someone... John
Elsinore, I suppose, is alive.
In the wires.

He tries to move himself a few painful inches along the
floor.

BREWMEISTER SMITH

I... want... immor... tal... ity...
too...

He pulls himself over to where several plugs poke into the
same socket on the floor. He rips them out and struggles
to hold his hand over the socket. A droplet of blood
falls down and causes sparks.

The Inspector holds a gun on him.

INSPECTOR

Don't...

What can he do to stop him? Shoot him? Smith jabs his
blood-wet hand into the socket. His body riddled with
herky-jerky convulsions. Smoke rises from him and jolts
of blue light.

187 INT. CORRIDOR

The lights reel with yet another power problem. Boom Boom checks another vat. Wrong again. Time running out.

188 INT. VAT

It's an inch from the top. No heads seen. The inch disappears... the vat is full of beer.

189 UNDER

We're in an air pocket under the parkas. Three heads poking up from the mini-surface.

PAM

(drunk)

You guys... The reason I never drink much is cuz like I get real excited, eh? And like I think we're gonna die in a few minutes and I know we should conserve oxygen but... Like I'm game if ya wanna... like you know.

BOB

(gets her drift)

Like we don't wanna die virgins either.

PAM

Well, I'm no virgin, but...

DOUG

It's party time!

The brothers flip their bottle cap.

190 INT. CONTROL ROOM

Smoke still rising off the charred Smith. The Inspector waves away the stench and kneels by Ted. Blood trickles out of his mouth.

INSPECTOR

Where was the truck going? C'mon... you'll die a hero, not a fool. The beer with the stuff in it. I gotta stop it... c'mon... where?

TED

I wouldn't lie to you... it was going... to Niagara Falls.

He would too lie.

190

TED

He was a genius, whoever he was...
 (spits up blood)
 ... Lennie Schultz.

Ted drops dead.

191 INT. CORRIDOR

Boom Boom finds the vat with the snot dripping off the handle. The indicator says it is already 100% full. Boom Boom hesitates, fearing the worst. The elevator doors in the background open and close erratically. Boom Boom twists the latch and yanks with all his might. The porthold opens... Beer pours out with tremendous force...

CUT TO:

192 THE CORRIDOR BELOW

A STATIC SHOT. Nothing moving. Another long corridor of vats. An elevator at the end. Long pause -- This looks exactly like the trailer for The Shining. (In fact, this next SHOT can be used as a spoof trailer for Strange Brew.)

Finally... The elevator creaks open. Beer leaks through in SLOW MOTION. A huge quantity sloshing out as the elevator doors open... foaming up... Bob and Doug come washing out with it... riding the waves like body surfers... right INTO THE CAMERA.

193 PAM'S OFFICE - LATER

Pam and Bob and Doug laying on the wet floor like beached fish. Breathing hard and giggling. Drunk as can be. Boom Boom is a little panicked. He picks up Pam and sets her on a more comfortable spot... the couch.

BOB

Geez... we got hosed.

BOOM BOOM

Pleeze, we must get to the
 Oktoberfest. I made cafe... you
 must get sobered. We have to break
 every beer.

PAM

Boom Boom... you keep rescuing me.

BOOM BOOM

Ssshhh. Save up your strength.

PAM

Alphonse... will you marry me?

193 He's confused by the proposition. As much as he loves the thought, it infuriates his macho French code of male dominant ethics.

BOOM BOOM

You are introxibated. Besides...
that would be my question... a man
must...

PAM

Yes or no?

He still hesitates.

PAM

Now or never!

BOOM BOOM

Oui.

Pam grabs him and pulls him down to her lips for a hungry kiss. Then pushes him back up.

PAM

Go get 'em... we'll catch up.

He breaks away.

BOOM BOOM

You will forget me again. When the
beers wear away.

PAM

We're settin' a date, pal. Get
going now... go through that brew
like you went through the Canucks
in '72.

He gets psyched, bolstered by her love and the fact she actually remembered something of his hockey past. He hands everyone a cup of coffee and dashes off.

The electric TYPEWRITER near Bob CLICKS ON. She reacts, gulps coffee, and sits up. It types out words. Bob goes over and watches it type.

PAM

What's it say?

BOB

(reading)

This... is... the... ghost... of...

PAM

Daddy?

193

BOB
(continues reading)
Guy Lombardo.

Pause. Everybody looks at each other. Then the typewriter starts up again.

BOB
(reading)
Just kidding... This is John
Elsinore.

PAM
Oh Dad!

BOB
Through some freak phenomenon I've survived here in the electrical system, but I'm glad I had a chance to communicate with you. I was greatly weakened by the power cutting off. I know I may not last long if I'm not recharged in the city's main electrical network. There's a switch by the video games in the cafeteria. Please throw it. It may destroy me, it may make me a God. I really don't know... but please hurry. All my love to you Pamela... Dad.

She sheds a tear.

194 CAFETERIA

The power is failing. Doug plays a Pac-Man. The THEME is SLUGGISH, like a record slowing waayyy down.

The switch is thrown. More weird ELECTRICAL effects and SOUNDS.

BOB
Who's drivin'?

DOUG
You are, Hosehead. Look what shape we're in, eh?

195 EXT. ELSINORE BREWERY - DAY

The powerline leading away from the brewery is glowing with a swift moving ball of light. The spirit of John Elsinore let loose.

196 EXT. ELSINORE CASTLE

The glow zips along high tension wires, splits off to regular wires... running up the lane to the Castle

197 INT. ELSINORE BEDROOM

The glow zips out of the socket running along the wire into the electric blanket. A blinding jolt of Claude and Gertrude being charred.

198 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Her Mercedes chokes along... weaving down the road across three lanes. The glow zips up from behind and travels alongside. Pam sees it.

PAM

Look... there's Dad!

They wave. Bob doesn't look. He concentrates on the road (trying to find it). The glow zooms on ahead.

199 EXT. OKTOBERFEST - DAY

The early morning crowd is thin. About half the 75 people in the huge beer garden area are employees clad in the always ridiculous "Alpine Look." This is the once a year phenomenon of krautmania known as Oktoberfest.

The glow runs around the powerlines of the park. People look up and point, then they all stare across the way where:

200 THE SEMI

is parked. The two forklift workers just about have all the cases off the truck and stacked nearby... Boom Boom comes over on the run, knocking beer from people's hands with his hockey stick. The guys look up at him running their way. They know him.

FORKLIFT ONE

Boom Boom, what in the hell...

He runs over and starts hacking his stick into the cases they have stacked up. Booze bleeds out.

BOOM BOOM

Eet eez okay. These all must be ruined.

FORKLIFT ONE

You'll get fired.

200

BOOM BOOM

I am goin' to marry Meece Elsinore.
 You help me or you will be fired.
 I am your future boss.

Before they can have any further discussion, a HORN HONKS, fast approaching. The guys all run for cover as the smoking Mercedes heads straight for the stacks, crunching into it. Glass and beer and smoke flying.

A crowd of towheads watch as Bob and Doug get out of the car. Boom Boom walks over to Pam.

BOOM BOOM

You still feel the same?

Pam plays dumb.

PAM

(pretending not
 to recognize)

Uh... who are you?

Boom Boom sighs... getting sad again. Then she smiles, jumping up into his arms. Straddles her legs around him. Bob and Doug start smashing bottles. The forklifters join in.

PAM

As my hubby, Alphonse, you will be
 Vice-President. McKenzies...
 until Henry Green recovers, you
 will be interim Brewmeisters.
 Then full-time Head Tasters.

BOB/DOUG

Interim Brewmeisters!!! Beauty!

They break bottles even faster. The glow zips around the wires of the park.

201 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Henry Green opens his eyes in his bed. Pulling out of his coma. The JUICE BUZZES in the room somewhere.

202 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DUSK

The Inspector sits on the hood of his car rolling a cigarette. The falls are far away distant WHITE NOISE. In the dying light of dusk, the POWERLINES CRACKLE above him. He looks up and lights his cigarette.

203 EXT. CITY LIGHTS - NIGHT

The skyline of scrapers. The fully lit buildings begin to lose individual lights... spelling out the words...

203 "THE END"... We HEAR Bob and Doug TALKING over it:

BOB (V.O.)

Like in that vat before we got
saved and me and Pam... you know...

DOUG (V.O.)

Me too, eh?

BOB (V.O.)

Like what if that was the beer
that guy was talkin' about. That
made litters of kids.

DOUG (V.O.)

Oh geez, like Boom Boom'll be
ticked, eh?

The lights of the city begin to change... they spell out...
"OR IS IT?"...

204 EPILOG

We SEE seven little hosers in diapers sitting in a crib.
They all wear toques and suck on baby bottles. One kid
slaps at another and in baby-goo-goo talk says something
to another that sounds very familiar:

BABY

Take Off!

As the CREDITS ROLL, we SEE two shadows of Bob and Doug
again, as if in the theater. They stand up. VOICES from
the movie audience...

VOICES IN THE THEATER

Sit down, you Hosers!

Doug's shadow unscrews a quart jar... the shadows of the
flying creatures in it escape. Gradually as the CREDITS
ROLL... the SCREEN becomes BLACKER and BLACKER.

FADE OUT.

THE REAL END

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