

INT. ELABORATE CAVE LAIR - PANNING SHOT - NIGHT

SHOOT-THEM is in a metal-floored room. He's muscular, with goggles, a wide grin, and a gun slung over his back. He wears a black and red jump suit, and is tightening a rope that has been wrapped around a beautiful woman and a freckled boy. Both are gagged.

We stop upon an enormous, absurd looking machine. Next to it stands LORD BALKOR, 6'5 and lean; the most infamous super-villain in the world. His black, armored suit is adorned with shiny purple stripes and ribbon, with white cotton flourishes by his wrists and neck. You would think Prince dressed him.

At his side is a tiny man with rosy cheeks, a Flock of Seagulls hairdo, and a glint of insanity in his eyes. He is Lord Balkor's assistant FRINGE BRINK.

Behind them, a large group of jump-suit wearing henchmen stand in line. Fringe rubs his hands in anticipation as Lord Balkor presses buttons and pulls switches on the machine.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)

Years ago, a teacher of mine told me that ambition is a double-edged sword. Because I naturally assumed that something with more deadly edges was superior than something with less, I quickly found myself very fond of ambition.

The machine begins to light up. A HUM begins, and crescendos steadily. Balkor becomes filled with maniacal glee, while Fringe jumps up and down, giggling.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)

With age, came brilliant realization, and I soon set my eyes on the most ambitious goal of all...

Balkor and Fringe look up at a monitor with an image of the earth rotating in space.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)

...WORLD DOMINATION! My name is Lord Balkor, and I, am a Super-Villain!

Small lightning bolts spark out from the machine. One hits Fringe in the eye, causing him to yelp like an injured puppy. Lord Balkor pats him on the head like a caring master would.

LORD BALKOR

Pain not, dear Fringe, for soon, my master plan will go into full effect! My Brain Oblivion device shall wipe clean all the independent thought on the planet, turning everyone into an easily manipulated slave.

FRINGE

Could I please have an ice pack, Lord Balkor?

LORD BALKOR

Dear Fringe, you can have all the ice packs you desire once the world is mine!

Fringe moans.

FRINGE

Your endless generosity brings me the fuzzy warmth of happiness.

CRASH! Lord Balkor and Fringe turn to see a yellow, red, and blue flash slam into the henchmen, sending them flying into the cave wall.

Standing where the henchmen had been is famed super-hero, MR. COLOSSAL. The shining star of Super Heroes. Dashing, handsome, muscular, pure, near-perfect.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)

And of course, for every villain, there's a hero. I unfortunately found myself paired with the most pompously patriotic one America could defecate out.

LORD BALKOR

Shoot-Them!

Mr. Colossal walks confidently towards Shoot-Them, who pulls out...a tooth brush, bristled end pointing towards Colossal.

Both look down at the utensil with confusion. Shoot-Them quickly turns the tooth brush around, and presses a button in the bristles.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)
Shoot-Them's never been the best at
communication, but he gets his
point across in his own special
ways.

The other end of the tooth brush opens up, and a bright blue
plasma ray shoots out, blasting Mr. Colossal against the
wall. Shoot-Them laughs like a hyena, until Colossal flies
right into him, knocking him out cold.

Mr Colossal quickly snaps the ropes around the woman and
boy, and then turns his attention to Lord Balkor.

RESCUED DAMSEL
Mr. Colossal, thank God in Heaven
you rescued us!

RESCUED BOY
Bless you, Mr. Colossal!

MR. COLOSSAL
LUCY, BILLY, it was my pleasure.

Mr. Colossal turns to Lord Balkor, his face changing from
pleasantly cheerful to ominously dangerous. Lord Balkor
looks at his foe with equal menace.

LUCY
Oh, what would we ever do without
you Mr. Colossal? May Jesus shine
his light upon you!

BILLY
You're my hero, Mr. Colossal, hail
Mary Mother of God.

Mr. Colossal turns around, putting back on his smile.

MR. COLOSSAL
Uh...thanks, that's great, now run
on home. It's not safe here!

Lord Balkor makes mocking imitations of the rescued
hostages. Mr. Colossal turns back to him, menacingly.

LUCY
Of course, Mr. Colossal, blessed be
thee by the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost.

BILLY

May Heaven await your glory, oh
saintly---

MR. COLOSSAL
Bloody Christ, will you two get
lost? Jesus fuck, I'm working
here!

Mr. Colossal turns back to Lord Balkor. Lucy and Billy
leave, with Billy mooning Mr. Colossal before exiting.

MR. COLOSSAL
Lord Balkor, surrender now, or face
defeat for the sixty-third time!

Lord Balkor looks at Fringe.

LORD BALKOR
Sixty-three?

FRINGE
I think he's right.

LORD BALKOR
But what about when we made the
mutant---

FRINGE
Oh yes, the giant, ten legged
octopus!

LORD BALKOR
The decapus!

He looks back at Mr. Colossal, who has been left dumbstruck
by Lord Balkor's interruption.

LORD BALKOR
You only have defeated me sixty-two
times. The Spastic Decapitator
defeated us once while you were
stuck in a parallel universe.

MR. COLOSSAL
I don't care! Now give up, will
you? It's almost one o'clock in
the morning and I'm really tired.

FRINGE
Never! We will go down fighting!

Mr. Colossal walks up closer to them, and Fringe pounces on
him, teeth first.

MR. COLOSSAL

Ow!

Colossal begins to stumble around, trying to get Fringe off.

LORD BALKOR

Haha, you always forget Colossal,
that Fringe is a vicious biter!

Colossal finally pulls Fringe off, though the little man continues to growl and nip at him like a dog.

FRINGE

Come on, fight like a man. I'll
floss your skin from my teeth to---

Colossal tosses Fringe across the room, and continues on towards Balkor. Lord Balkor gets in a weak fighting stance, as Mr. Colossal continues his advance.

LORD BALKOR

So Colossal, you wish to pit my
vast intelligence against your
super strength? You think this
wise?

Mr. Colossal continues to advance.

LORD BALKOR

Fine, my old foe, you leave me no
choice, but to sick upon you the
loathsome Defenestrator of Gargamon
X!

Lord Balkor's threat ECHOES through the cave. Mr. Colossal looks around, trying to find where this beast will appear. Lord Balkor pulls a small, disgusting, stupid looking creature from behind his back and thrusts it in front of Mr. Colossal's face.

The DEFENESTRATOR, looking somewhat like a retarded beagle made out of goo, CROAKS out a strange noise that sounds almost like "waffles".

MR. COLOSSAL

Eeewwwww, get that away from me!

LORD BALKOR

Surrender hero, or prepare to meet
your maker!

Lord Balkor advances on the worried Mr. Colossal. Looking around for a savior, Mr. Colossal's eyes go wide as he sees

his ray of hope below Balkor's waist. With one swift kick to the groin, Lord Balkor falls, the Defenestrator falling to the ground with him.

LORD BALKOR (V.O.)
That would be the third time
Colossal defeated me with his
vicious Nut-Nuke.