

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CHALET HIGH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAY

This is the chalet of the master-criminal BLOWHARD. It looks like something Hitler would have built for himself: a five star Aryan resort.

EXT. CHALET IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS - ON WINDOW

Slight UPSHOT of a large floor to ceiling window overlooking a steep slope of snow.

The glass shatters suddenly as Our Hero, DOUGIE FRASER flies through the window on a pair of skis.

ANGLE ON DOWN SLOPE

Dougie flies in and lands on the snow. He skis down the mountain like one of Canada's famed Crazy Canucks.

MEDIUM C.U. ON DOUGIE SKIING

His face is covered in kisses.

ANGLE ON SHATTERED WINDOW

Blowhard stands at the window shaking his fist. Next to him is your typical drop-dead gorgeous semi-clad "James Bond" WOMAN. Her hair is tousled as she's obviously just made love. Her expression is torn between her loyalty to Blowhard and her love for Fraser.

BLOWHARD

You've foiled my plans for the last time, Mr. Fraser! I'll get you for this!

(He turns to the Woman)

At least I can take solace in your bountiful bosom!

Blowhard buries his face in the woman's cleavage. He laps at her like a pig at the trough.

BLOWHARD

<Ad lib face in cleavage lascivious grunts of pleasure>

He suddenly recoils, looking down at the woman's cleavage.

INSERT OF CLEAVAGE

We see a small explosive device wedged between the woman's breasts.

ON BLOWHARD

BLOWHARD  
Booby trapped. Noooooooooooo!

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE-ON FRASER

Fraser skis down the slope. Behind him we HEAR a DEAFENING EXPLOSION O.S. Flaming debris rains down the slope.

FRASER  
Ha! Looks like I *nipped* his plans  
in the bud.

He pulls down his pants and moons the destruction as he continues skiing down the mountain. There are Canadian flags painted on both of his cheeks.

FRASER  
Bite my Maple Leaf, Blowhard!

Suddenly Blowhard's severed, flaming head falls into SHOT and bites down on Fraser's ass. Fraser screams as he frantically tries to get Blowhard's head off his butt. The head won't let go. It's bitten down like a crazed zombie terrier.

FRASER  
<Ad lib frantic screams of panic>

Fraser stops screaming.

ON FRASER

He stares ahead, looking pale.

FRASER  
Oh oh.

CUT WIDE

As Fraser skis off the edge of a cliff and goes into a dizzying free fall. His skis fly off so we don't have to animate them through the following scenes. His scream trails off as he falls like a flaming comet.

FRASER  
<Ad lib scream of horror>

EXT. DIFFERENT CHALET

A group of college kids party on the deck over looking the gorge that Fraser is about to fall into. There's plenty of alcohol and gorgeous chicks to go around. It's a scene right out of a beer commercial.

ANGLE ON DUDE

He HEARS Fraser's scream and looks up.

FRASER (O.S.)  
<Ad lib scream in distance growing louder>

The Dude points up.

DUDE  
Check it, man. That dude's in, like, total free fall with a flaming severed head biting his ass.

WIDEN to include DUDE #2.

DUDE #2  
(With admiration.)  
Extreme.  
(Beat. Then with enthusiasm.)  
Let's pelt his ass with Coors!

WIDE ON WHOLE GROUP

They all cheer in unison.

ALL  
Yeah!

EXT. GORGE - ON FRASER FALLING

Fraser is pelted with bottles and cans from OS.

FRASER  
Oh! Ow! Hey! Stop! Those are  
returnable! Ow!

A two-four hurls IN hitting Fraser in the face and knocking him OS.

INT. HOCKEY RINK - ON ICE

It's the start of the period. The REFEREE is at centre ice about to drop the puck between TWO OPPOSING HOCKEY PLAYERS. We HEAR a CRASH above OS. Fraser falls in. He does a total face plant at center ice between the two hockey players. They immediately start whacking Fraser with their sticks as if he were the puck.

CLOSE UP ON FRASER

We watch joyfully as Fraser is repeatedly hit in the face with hockey sticks.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Fraser sits at the kitchen table (We only see his half of the table). He's bandaged from head to toe. His face is black and blue. He sits on an inflatable cushion. His wife, Fiona, stands with her arms crossed. She's holding a cast iron frying pan and she looks none too pleased.

FRASER  
(Cheerfully)  
And how was your day, dear?

FIONA  
You slept with the Russian girl,  
didn't you?

FRASER  
(Without a hope)  
It was a matter of national  
security.

Fiona hits him in the side of the head with the frying pan knocking him O.S.

PAN with Fiona as she turns quickly to the opposite side of the table. Blowhard's head is propped up in front of a plate of food. He has a cloth napkin tucked under his chin. He has a smile of contentment on his face like one who has just enjoyed a good meal with friends. Fiona addresses him sweetly, like an honoured guest.

FIONA  
More turkey?

BLOWHARD  
Please!

SMASH CUT TO  
TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is simple. Couch. Chairs. Fire place. There is a curling trophy on the mantelpiece along with a gold medal. There are several framed photos of Fiona and her curling team on the wall. There is a wide screen TV.

Fraser sits in an arm chair with a beer. He has a sour expression on his face. Fiona sits reading a curling magazine.

FRASER  
Great. So what am I supposed to do now that I've quit the Service?

FIONA  
I'm sure you'll find work.

FRASER  
As what? All I know how to do is kill people, blow things up, and sleep with many beautiful women.

TRACY, 16, enters.

TRACY  
Hi mom.  
(She salutes Fraser)  
Sieg Heil, mein fuehrer

FIONA  
Your father quit the service,  
Tracy. He's not a fascist any more.

TRACY  
Why? Because of the whole adultery  
thing?

FRASER  
I was gathering intelligence!

FIONA  
It would have been nice had you  
shared that intelligence with your  
wife maybe once or twice a week.

TRACY  
Yuck! Hello! Only child in the  
room! The last thing I want to hear  
about is your sex life. It's bad  
enough I have to share a wall with  
a champion curler.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracy sits on her bed with TWO FRIENDS. We HEAR a headboard  
THUMPING against the wall. Fiona screams out in passion from  
OS.

FIONA (O.S.)  
Hurry *hard*! Hurry *hard*! Hurry *hard*!

ON TRACY AND HER FRIENDS

No one knows what to say. Their eyes slowly meet. This is so  
embarrassing.

BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

FRASER  
Well, it's not as bad as listening  
to you and your boyfriends.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME - BEDROOM

Fraser and Tracy sit in bed reading. We HEAR a headboard THUMPING against the wall behind them. It bangs once or twice then stops.

TRACY (O.S.)

Oh, yes! Oh. Ye-- What? Why are you stopping? You what? You didn't! You couldn't! I'll kill you!

ON FRASER AND FIONA

Their eyes slowly meet. This is so embarrassing.

BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

Fiona is on her feet.

FIONA

Dougie!

TRACY

Dad!

FRASER

Fine! I'll go out and look for work.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTARAUNT - DAY

Fraser sits with a HOLLYWOOD AGENT. The agent is reviewing Fraser's script.

HOLLYWOOD AGENT

I don't know, Dougie. It's all action, action, action. All your character does is kill people, blow things up and have sex with many beautiful women. Pass.

A MAN at the next table wipes his mouth with his napkin. The Hollywood Agent is ecstatic.

HOLLYWOOD AGENT

(to the Man)

Whoa! Hey! I love what you just did with your napkin. Have you got anything else?

The man holds up a used Kleenex.

MAN

I blew my nose in this.

HOLLYWOOD AGENT

I'm thinking three picture deal! Have you been to the bathroom today?

MAN

I was just going.

The Hollywood Agent snaps on a pair of rubber gloves.

HOLLYWOOD AGENT

Great. We'll walk and talk.

They exit together leaving Fraser alone.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ZOO - BIRD OF PREY EXHIBIT - DAY

Fraser is dressed in navy overalls with a Zoo crest. He has a thick glove on and is holding a GREAT HORNED OWL.

ON FRASER AND OWL

FRASER

Any questions?

KID (O.S.)

Yeah. Can I hold the owl?

Fraser shrugs.

FRASER

Yeah, sure. Why the heck not?

He hands the owl O.S. We immediately HEAR the sound of the owl ATTACKING the kid. Fraser recoils in disgust.

KID (O.S.)

<Ad lib screaming>



OWL (O.S.)  
<Screeching>

FRASER  
Eew!

A mother cries out O.S.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Gordie! My baby!

Fraser tries to calm the situation.

FRASER  
It's okay. Don't worry. It's  
perfectly natural for owls to only  
eat the head.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. URBAN HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Normal looking bathroom. Sink. Toilet. Tub. The door is closed.

Hold a BEAT.

The door slams open as Fraser enters in a panic. He's dressed as an exterminator. He's desperately trying to get a rabid CHIPMUNK off his face. A WOMAN enters after him.

FRASER  
<Ad lib screams>

WOMAN  
(A crescendo)  
Kill it! Kill it! Kill it!

FRASER  
I'm-- trying-- to--

He tears the chipmunk off his face and plunges it into the toilet. He holds it there for what feels like forever in airtime.

FRASER  
Die you son-of-a--

The woman grabs a plunger and starts plunging the toilet while Fraser holds the chipmunk underwater. After a few plunges they both relax. Fraser lifts the chipmunk up out of the water.

ON CHIPMUNK

It lies limply in Fraser's hands.

Hold a long BEAT.

Suddenly the chipmunk's eyes open wide as it gasps for air.

CHIPMUNK  
(huge inhale of air)  
Gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaassssssp!

WIDE ON SHOT

Both Fraser and the woman scream.

FRASER/WOMAN  
Yeaaaah!

The woman attacks with the plunger but catches the back of Fraser's head instead. She shoves his head into the toilet and starts plunging. The chipmunk does the Scottish Sword dance on the lid of the water tank.

FRASER  
(Head in toilet)  
<Ad lib head in toilet sounds>

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

Fiona and Tracy are at the computer. Fraser enters.

FRASER  
Well that was a total disaster.

TRACY  
We know. We saw it all on YouTube.  
See?

Fraser stares at the screen. We HEAR his head being plunged in the toilet OS accompanied by a VOICE singing.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(singing to the tune of "I  
Fought the Law")  
I fought the squirrel but the  
squirrel won.  
(MORE)

VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I fought the squirrel but the  
squirrel won.

FRASER (O.S.)  
(Head in toilet)  
<Ad lib head in toilet sounds>

FRASER  
First of all, it was a chipmunk.  
Secondly, I woulda nailed him if I  
had a piece of Inuit sculpture.

FIONA  
It's okay. One of your buddy's from  
the CIA finished the job.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS STREET - DAY

The chipmunk is riding in JFK's limo as in the opening of  
Oliver Stone's film. SNARE DRUMS play a sombre march on the  
music track. The film is very grainy. The chipmunk is waving  
to the crowd. The film slows. It freezes on the chipmunk  
smiling and waving at the camera. We hear THREE SHOTS fired.

BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

Fraser is unimpressed.

FRASER  
It's faked.

He notices something on the screen.

FRASER  
Hey-- Is that Vice President  
Chaney? Click on that!

Tracy double clicks the mouse.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The face of Vice President LON CHANEY in full Phantom of the  
Opera makeup fills the screen. We PUSH IN on him even closer  
as in the vintage 1925 film at the very moment when he's been  
unmasked. Country hoedown MUSIC UP.

WIDE ON SHOT

Chaney stands on stage in front of a CHORUS of MARINES. They sing a parody of "I Owe Ioway" from Roger's & Hammerstein's "State Fair".

CHANEY

(singing)

I can hear a screamin' comin'  
'cross the Iraqi skies.  
I finally got myself a war that I  
can privatize.

CHORUS

(singing)

You've got Iraqi's oil in yer tank.

CHANEY

(singing)

I've got Iraqi's money in my bank.  
And a new regime who knows how to  
comply!  
All I know's all I own I owe I-a-  
raq,  
I owe I-a-raq for I own and I know  
why.  
Iraqi's wealth has all been bled  
And our coffers it has fed  
While democracy has simply gone  
awry.

CHORUS

(singing)

Your pockets you have lined  
The United Nations undermined  
Gangsterism redefined

CHANEY

(singing)

Hey, we try.  
We gave Saddam a good ol' Yankee  
hurtin'.  
Now we'll all be just as rich as  
Halliburton.

CHORUS

(singing)

What a crime!  
What a crime!

CHANEY

(singing)

Perhaps, but you won't see me doin'  
time.

I owe Iraq for more than they can  
pay.

God bless the war and the USA!

CHORUS

(singing)

What a crime!(What a crime!)

What a crime!(What a crime!)

CHANEY

(singing)

Perhaps, but you won't see me doin'  
time.

CHORUS

(singing)

Doing time.

CHANEY

(singing)

I owe Iraq for more than they can  
pay.

So God bless the war and the USA!

BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

Fraser, Fiona and Tracy stare at the computer screen.

FRASER

That's it! I'll incorporate, form a  
company and bid on military  
reconstruction and troop support  
contracts.

TRACY

You mean you're going to be a war  
profiteer?

FRASER

The word is "entrepreneur".

TRACY

And do the words "Global Justice"  
mean nothing to you?

Fraser winks away a tear.

FRASER  
Ah, yes. The Global justice  
movement...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fraser in full riot gear is whaling on a PROTESTOR with his club.

FRASER  
This is what I think of your  
stinkin' Freedom and Democracy!

BACK TO:

INT. FRASER'S HOME -LIVING ROOM

Fraser looks nostalgic.

FRASER  
So many memories.

TRACY  
Dad! You can't do this! Why can't  
the military look after themselves?  
Why do they need private  
contractors?

They are interrupted by the sound of something CRASHING on their front lawn followed by an EXPLOSION. Hold a BEAT. There is a KNOCK on the door. Fiona answers it.

INT./EXT. FRASER'S HOME

TWO SOLDIERS stand on doorstep. They have no boots on and their pants are held up by razor wire. Behind them their helicopter lies crashed and burning on the lawn.

FIRST SOLDIER  
Can we please borrow your phone?

A giant cartoon spring pops out of the burning helicopter.

SFX: BOING!

FRASER  
Oh, man! I'm going to make a  
killing!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE