

DISCLAIMER

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This story is not for the faint of heart.

# The Muppets

## Yakuza

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FADE IN:

EXT. BOSS SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon shines brightly in the reflection of a puddle. After a few seconds, a cigarette drops into the shallow water, causing ripples as it fizzles out. The camera tilts up to reveal who dropped the cigarette - a muppet. Not a recognisable muppet but a generic looking one, let's call him... GRUNBER. We don't really need to learn anything about him, because GRUNBER is about to die.

He is patrolling around a very fancy estate, topiary bushes lining expensive stone paths, all illuminated by moonlight. Koi carp swim in fountains and the sound of flowing water breaks the silence. In the background is a large, impressive house; modern looking, but with some classic Japanese architectural elements. The soundtrack should be subtle Japanese influenced strings for tension. If necessary, put a title card up that says THIS IS FUCKING JAPAN, BY THE WAY. Hopefully not necessary.

Something in one of the fountains catches GRUNBER's eye. He walks over and sets down his Uzi on the edge. Leaning in, he jerks his arm around until finally he grabs hold of a carp. He pulls it out of the water where we see that there are Japanese characters painted on the fish in bright green paint. A subtitle lets us know that it reads:

FUCK YOU!

A gloved hand pushes GRUNBER's head down into the water. He kicks and fights but another gloved hand brings a knife down in his back, again and again in succession until he stops moving. His body is pushed into the pool.

ROWLF the dog stands at the front door of the house, polishing his katana. He is dressed in a sharp suit, and whistling confidently to himself. Suddenly, he hears a twig snap and leaps to his feet. Sword raised, he looks around, and moves slowly away from the door.

ROWLF

## Bunger?

Bunger isn't a character, by the way. ROWLF thinks that GRUNBER's name was 'Bunger'. ROWLF looks down and sees the Uzi laying on the path. He bends down to pick it up, almost touching it, then pauses. Quickly, he turns around, slashing with his katana - but nobody is there. He scoffs to himself, before a DISGUISED FIGURE steps out of the shadows and slices his throat.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSS SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOSS SAM, who we know as SAM THE EAGLE, sits up in bed, startled. He looks around his room nervously, but everything is quiet. He takes a gun from his bedside table, and carefully gets out of bed. He walks out tentatively into his hallway, waving his gun around, but things are still. There is no-one there. He grunts, and turns back into his bedroom.

He enters his en-suite bathroom, and places his gun on the toilet cistern, before unbuttoning his boxer shorts with a deep sigh. BOSS SAM begins to urinate. Do muppets piss? They do now. He throws his head back, eyes closed and hums to himself. Then we hear the swish of a blade.

BOSS SAM opens his eyes, a look of shock on his muppet face. Very slowly, he leans forward and looks down. From above, we see that his muppet penis and testicles are floating in the water. Then a gloved hand reaches into frame and flushes the toilet.

Yelling in fear, BOSS SAM drops to his knees and thrusts his arm into the bowl, desperate to rescue his fuzzy blue genitals. But the DISGUISED FIGURE pushes him to the floor, his arm still wedged in the commode, and stamps hard on his elbow, breaking his arm.

Screaming, BOSS SAM reaches up for his gun on the cistern, but the gloved hand of the DISGUISED FIGURE brings a knife down through his hand and into the ceramic lid of the cistern. Still wailing with pain, BOSS SAM rolls away from the commode, one arm broken and the other with the toilet cistern pinned to

it with the long, sharp knife. He tries to shake the lid off but it's stuck tight, so he starts to crawl.

BOSS SAM crawls frantically out of the bathroom, dragging himself with broken arm and cistern lid, leaving a long trail of stuffing behind from between his legs as he drags his mutilated crotch over the carpet. The DISGUISED FIGURE picks up the gun from the bathroom floor, and calmly walks behind him as he whimpers. The assailant lets him fruitlessly drag himself a few more feet, then aims and shoots him through the back of the head, covering the carpet in stuffing. We hear the footsteps of the DISGUISED FIGURE leaving, but the camera pans over the carpet, where the stuffing spells out the name of the movie:

#### THE MUPPETS YAKUZA

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Fade into room, at a godfather-like table, the muppets are gathered arguing about the recent tragedy that befell their semi-liked and moderately respected gang leader, BOSS SAM. Muppets are sat around the table awkwardly, shooting each other accusing glances. At the head of the table is an empty seat, and to the left and two more empty seats. To the right sits FOZZIE, adjusting his little hat. Beside him is GONZO, his loyal second in command, and then RIZZO the rat. Opposite them are DR HONEYDEW and BEAKER, whispering to each other. WALTER from the muppets movie is standing by the window, talking on a cellphone. All of the members of the Electric Mayhem sit together' DR TEETH, JANICE, FLOYD PEPPER, ZOOT and of course ANIMAL. PEPE the king prawn sits beside SWEDISH CHEF at the bottom of the table. SCOOTER, the gangs unofficial secretary and BEAKER's sexual plaything, steps up to call the group into order.

SCOOTER

Hey guys, order order!!

Immediately Fozzie punches Scooter in his tiny muppet balls.

FOZZIE

Order what? Is this a restaurant now? WOCKA WOCKA

The entire gang laughs as Scooter lies in a pile of tears and shit on the table in a deep, physical and emotional pain.

FOZZIE

You've all heard by now what happened to the Boss. He was found early this morning by Uncle Deadly. Someone fucked him up real bad. Wakka wakka.

ALL IN UNISON

(mournfully)

Wakka wakka.

FOZZIE

Took out one of the Boss' guards and tried to kill Rowlf too. Luckily we got him before he lost too much stuffing.

(calling)

Rowlf, you wanna come in here?

A small door at the back of the room opens, and ROWLF slowly emerges in a wheelchair. His throat is crudely stitched back together, with a little stuffing on show. The muppets all wince, and some gasp in horror.

PEPE

Hold up, why's he in a wheelchair did something happen to his legs?

ROWLF

Good point actualy

ROWLF gets up and walks to the table, taking a seat beside FOZZIE, who pats him on the back.

SCOOTER

How you doin, buddy?

ROWLF stares expressionlessly at SCOOTER for a good few seconds, and points at his throat.

ROWLF

Not fucking wonderful, mate.

FOZZIE

Lets get down to the real business. Our gang needs a new leader damnit, and i know the perfect person for the job.

RIZZO

Wow yall are really gonna just move on to a new G just like that? First thing in the morning? Yall's are deadass heartless yo.

FOZZIE

What are you doing

RIZZO

What

FOZZIE

Why are you talking like that what are you doing

Everyone is staring at RIZZO.

RIZZO

I'm just saying like... deadass

FOZZIE

Does anyone know what that means

Everyone shakes their heads.

FOZZIE

(to RIZZO)

Shut the fuck up

PEPE

So who's the new leader. You're about to tell us it's gonna be you?

FOZZIE

Actually, no. I present to you, the grandma from Muppet Babies!!!

A Large curtain in the back of the room is pulled revealing a menacing cage, likely electrically charged with spikes pointed inwards to stop the creature inside from trying to attack through the bars. The cage opens and out falls an incredibly

deceased elderly woman, so decayed that when her body hits the ground she literally explodes and covers the nearby muppets in dead old lady juices.

FOZZIE

Well fuck. How did she die?

KERMIT appears leaning up against the doorway, smoking a cigarette. He wears a leather jacket and his trademark aviator sunglasses. He is polishing his beautiful uzis he lovingly nicknamed Maria Ponderosa and baby boom boom, respectively. He is the epitome of badass. Behind him, MISS PIGGY follows him, adjusting her ample cleavage and winking a sultry wink at a lampshade, clearly mistaking it for someone she knows and immediately trying to play it off by pushing it over. The lampshade falls directly onto SCOOTERS tiny muppet balls and he screams in pain

KERMIT

I killed her.

FOZZIE

The fuck bro why

Flashback to 30 minutes ago:

MISS PIGGY and KERMIT sitting on their bed, having just learned that BOSS SAM died. KERMIT is in tears as he wonders what his family will have to do to survive.

KERMIT

What are we gonna do for money beatrice? Aint no job in the whole city that'll hire a guy like me. Without Sam here to provide for us, we wont have any money to get the essentials, like yoghurt or uzi ammo. And how will we pay for our beautiful kids to survive?

KERMIT looks down the hall at his childrens room. We see a disgusting frog-pig hybrid very clearly in pain because of its mere existence and a pig-bear hybrid that sleeps soundly.

BEATRICE PIG (AKA MISS. PIGGY)

Kermie, why dont you lead the gang? Youre the natural leader and everyone likes you!

KERMIT

(a la Jimmy Stewart)

Say thats a swell idea! You know what else is a good idea...

KERMIT derobes MISS PIGGY, revealing her voluptuous titties, and kisses her on the mouth. Their kissing becomes more advanced, and their muppet tongues become intertwined as Kermit uses his little muppet hands to undo his little muppet belt, revealing an incredibly human penis underneath his clothes. The two have remarkably consensual, albeit passionless sex until piggy climaxes. At this point in her life Piggy has gone through Pig menopause and her body has become an EMP. As she climaxes, a shock wave is sent throughout space and time, causing the Grandma from Muppet Babies' heart to implode and a young Jared Leto down the road to slip on a banana peel and comedically tumble for 3 minutes as he tries to regain his balance, ultimately stopping himself by tripping over a very rushed SCOOTER who was on his way to the meeting. SCOOTER and Jared Leto share a loving glance before BEAKER lets out a threatening "meep" and slaps Scooter's tiny muppet ass to keep going. We are now caught up back in the meeting room

KERMIT

Because I'm the natural leader of this gang. I can lead us to greatness. We can rule this city, and all you have to do is follow me.

FOZZIE

Hey now wait a minute I disagree with that egregious statement and I believe I will react violently towards it

UNCLE DEADLY

(appearing from the back room)

Enough.

KERMIT

[Pushing up sunglasses even though they hadn't even fallen down. Like not even a little bit] This isn't even a fucking question. I'm Kermit the motherfucking Frog. I'm gonna lead—

FOZZIE

Kermit, listen to me. Shut the fuck up. No one asked.

UNCLE DEADLY

[Significantly more convincing] ENOUGH.

SCOOTER

Alright, alright, let the man talk.

UNCLE DEADLY

If I get interrupted again—

KERMIT

What are you going to do, stab me?

[Laugh track due to anticipation but stops when it becomes apparent that no one is gonna stab him]

MISS PIGGY

Alright, alright, honey, let him talk. No one's stabbing anyone or they'll deal with me!

WALTER

What are you, a cop? Questions not about the stabbing thing, by the way.

GONZO

Knock it off.

UNCLE DEADLY

We have to divide into two teams until we bring Sam's killer to justice. Those in favor of Kermit's leadership, to the left, to the left.

ROWLF

God, no. This reminds me of middle school gym class.

WALTER

Whatever. I'm with the green one, because, like, recycling.

MISS PIGGY

Yes, right. I'm with [motioning hands up and down awkwardly tryna do quotations but a bitch has no fingers jus hooves] "the green one".

FOZZIO THE BEAR

[gesturing to the others] C'mon. Only you can stop murder.

RIZZO

Hahah, shiiiiit. You know what? This actually sounds like a fucking awful idea. I mean, we all armed here. Splitting us up for an indefinite amount of time has no possible good end, man. We only ever survived 'cause we been protectin' each other—and if we don't, who the hell will?

UNCLE DEADLY

Fuck you, Rizzo. You are shit. Your name sounds like a knock-off Spaghettios that's supposed to be more "genuine" or what-fuckin'-ever because it's Italian, but it's not. It's not more genuine, and no one even wants genuine otherwise they wouldn't buy fucking Spaghettios. There's a trace of fuckin' ghurt in your nose, or maybe that's a nosestuff from you trying to snort the shit. Rizzo, I have never listened to any of your raps. None of us have. But I still know they're shit because the garbage you post onto fucking facebook surrounded by music emojis is fucking awful.

RIZZO

[Wiping the ghurt from his nose and then attempting to snort it back] Those ain't even my lyrics.

BEAKER

Yeah, wasn't your status J. Cole?

UNCLE DEADLY

He's shit.

FOZZIE

He's pretty awful.

KERMIT

You need a certain level of intelligence to appreciate his music and really vibe to it.

RIZZO

I'm on Fozzie's side.

ANIMAL

Seconded.

THE MUPPETS ALL PICK THEIR SIDES, SEALING THEIR FATES.

WITH KERMIT ARE MISS PIGGY, SCOOTER, SWEDISH CHEF, DR. HONEYDEW, BEAKER, WALTER, AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM BAND.

WITH FOZZIE, GONZO, ROWLF, ANIMAL, PEPE THE PRAWN, AND RIZZO; THE FURRY GANG.

MISS PIGGY'S PHONE LIGHTS UP; SHE IS RECEIVING TEXTS FROM KERMIT

>>>FROM KERMIT: hay sexy. im Pinkin' about you. you must be a pig cuz u BACON me crazy lol

[MISS PIGGY types "I've been sleeping with your brother." before erasing it and ignoring the text]

ANIMAL

So, uh...this sure is a thing. What now?

SCOOTER

Should we do a round of beer pong? I think we should do beer pong.

ANIMAL

How's getting shitfaced gonna help solve the murder?

SCOOTER

Just trust me

DR TEETH

Here's my input. Fozzie Gang has the count of ten to get the fuck atta' my sight before I pump the damn furries with more lead than a pencil. Count 'em off, Chef.

SWEDISH CHEF

Bork.

MISS PIGGY

Isn't it interesting that we still call it 'lead' in pencils? It's not lead, though. It's graphite. Isn't it interesting?

SWEDISH CHEF

Jork!

PRAWN

What the fuck is your damage, man? Gordon Ramsay talk shit about one a' ya' recipes again?

SWEDISH CHEF

[quickenning like that one shitty kid always did when they were 'it' for hide and seek. you know the one, same fucker who in rock paper scissors would go "gun, gun kills everything". Just a total piece of shit] Flork, Gork, Schwork, Hork...

FOZZIE

Alright, let's get the hell outta here.

[FOZZIE GANG scurry away.]

MISS PIGGY

Now what was the point of that?

KERMIT

Eh, so be it. We gotta act like two separate gangs now and start plannin'.

SCOOTER

The beer pong thing still stands, by the way,

WALTER

For the love of sweet baby Jesus, we are not celebrating splitting our gang in half because our friend got murdered.

[Scene montage reveals that is, in fact, exactly what they end up doing. Miss Piggy makes the winning shot]

DR. TEETH

S-so, uh-is ol' Sam gonna get a funeral of some sort?

MISS PIGGY

We can't really fit that into the schedule.

SCOOTER

Damn, that's kinda fucked.

DR HONEYDEW and BEAKER are sitting in complete silence. IT's kind of creepy. Anyway

KERMIT

Funerals are for the living anyways. We're getting him *justice*. That...that's for the dead.

DR TEETH

Nothin' is for the dead. Nothin' but rotting.

MISS PIGGY

Like, we're just really busy

SCOOTER

Semantics aside, we could possibly...like...I dunno, have something out of respect for him?

KERMIT

His family can deal with that.

SCOOTER

Aren't we supposed to...be his family.

DR. TEETH

I think we, uh, broke that lil' family figure thing around the time Chef here threatened to murder half the group if they remained in our sight.

MISS PIGGY

You know? It's just hard to have time for something like that. No, I don't think we can afford to do a funeral. He would have wanted it this way anyways

SCOOTER  
Pretty fucked up, Piggy

MISS PIGGY  
Pretty fucked up, Scooter!

[The frame pans out. Kermit tosses his beer can to a nearby trashcan but the camera pans so you can't tell if he made it or not. There's definitely no aluminum-against-can sound there though. They're all just murmuring amongst themselves quietly for several minutes until Scooter speaks up]

SCOOTER  
I feel like...Chef has a point, though, that everything is for the living. If death is the end of it all—it just,,,goes black...then the pain is gone, and you can't care about justice, or revenge—that's the lie Shakespeare told, that ol' Macbeth wanted vengeance—young Macbeth wanted peace. Closure. Young Macbeth is the one who wanted vengeance. And that's us. Sam ain't anywhere, watching over us, guiding us. He's just gone. We will be someday too. Hell, if he could say anything, he'd probably just tell us to drop this and do something worthwhile with the rest of our brief lives. Christ. You think it's worth it? I wanna say yes. I believe in justice, even if it *is* just for our peace of mind. Do you—you think we'll find the peace we're looking for? You think—

[SCOOTER looks to his sides and sees the others have all passed out. He sighs, tosses the rest of the cans into the garbage, and straightens his shirt.]

FADE TO:

INT. NIGHT - KERMIT'S HIDEOUT

We open the scene on a shot of the hideout from the street. It's an old, rusted warehouse on the other side of town. Soft, yellow light peaks through the windows and onto the ground below. We slowly pan down and in the light there are shadows and outlines of two of our Muppet pals, Kermit and Miss Piggy. They are clearly fucking.

MISS PIGGY  
Aw, fuck. Pork me, daddy.

KERMIT  
Say my name.

MISS PIGGY

Oh, Kermy.

KERMIT  
Louder.

MISS PIGGY  
KERMYYYYYYY

We cut to the inside of Kermit's office, where you see a group of tadpoles fly through the air, accompanied by the moans of both Kermit and Miss Piggy.

KERMIT  
Fuck. That was so good. What- what was that thing you were doing with your finger? It felt like there was a whole hand inside of me.

MISS PIGGY  
In a good way?

KERMIT  
In the best way.

KERMIT kisses her on the snout and pours himself a cup of coffee. It's late at night and the pot is clearly old by now, but he needs something to take the edge off. The sex wasn't enough for him anymore. There was a war going on. Unexpectedly, he gets a call on his cell. His ringtone is a song by Green Day or Cee Lo Green or some shit.

KERMIT  
Hi oh! Kermit the frog here.

We hear mumbling on the other line. They are saying something to Kermit but the audience can't hear it. Kermit's expression goes blank.

KERMIT  
You slick son of a bitch. I'll be out there in 10.

He presses the button to the intercom system where his secretary sits outside. She had been listening to KERMIT and MISS PIGGY fuck the whole time and was masturbating to it.

KERMIT  
Janice?

JANICE  
Yes, Mr. Kermit.

KERMIT

Tell the crew to head into the lounge. I'll be down shortly. I have to meet with an associate first.

JANICE  
Yes, Mr. Kermit.

KERMIT  
And Janice?

JANICE  
Yes, Mr. Kermit?

KERMIT  
I don't feel comfortable with having a woman character be so flat and confined to one role, so can you tell the audience a little bit about your backstory?

JANICE  
Yes, Mr. Kermit. Well, I was abandoned in my youth by my biological parents. I was quickly adopted by a nice couple from the east, who both came from a family of coal miners. Life was hard, but it was full of love. When my sister passed from-

KERMIT  
Yeah, that's good. Thanks Janice.

Kermit grabs his overcoat and gloves and heads outside to the parking lot. Among the many vans the crew uses for business, there are a few luxurious cars that belong to each of them. Kermit heads to his, a 2017 Mercedes-Benz SL65 AMG, green of course. It looks fucking hideous with that paint job, but it's his thing. He unlocks the door and sees his old pal in the passenger seat. It's Triumph, the insult comic dog.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG  
Hey, buddy. HOP in. Get it. Because you're a frog.

KERMIT  
Thanks for calling me, TRIUMPH.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG  
KERMIT, you old fuck. Jesus. You look like you're about to be dissected in an 8<sup>th</sup> grade biology lab.

KERMIT  
I'm fucking stressed is all. I don't know who to trust.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG  
Well, that's no excuse for you to croak on me, old friend.

KERMIT

Just tell me what you know.

TRIUMPH takes his comically large cigar out of his mouth and puts it in the ashtray. He pauses for a moment.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG

Word on the streets is that someone from a rival gang is who went and killed Sam up.

KERMIT

Word on the streets? You don't mean-

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG

I do, buddy. The Sesame Streets.

KERMIT

I fucking knew it. They've been after our turf for months. Slings 'ghurt on corners they know are ours. I'm gonna have to make an example out of one of 'em.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG

Just keep me out of it. I don't want any part of this. I'm just paying a debt to an old friend.

KERMIT

Well, thank you. 24/7 and 365 I could always count on you. I could kiss you right now.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG

Wouldn't that turn you into a prince? I kid. I kid. Old habits. You know, buddy.

KERMIT

Which is why it makes what I have to do now so hard.

KERMIT pulls out two matching Uzis from his...pocket? Does Kermit have pockets? Wait, I said he had an overcoat on earlier. Awesome. Okay, yeah he takes the Uzis out of his overcoat pocket.

KERMIT

I can't have any loose ends knowing what's about to go down. And since you want out, this is how you get to go out.

TRIUMPH, THE INSULT COMIC DOG

Woah, woah, woah. What happened to being able to count on me 24/7 and 365 days a year?

KERMIT

I'm a frog, bitch. And unfortunately for you, it's a leap year.

We cut to the outside of the car. There is sustained shooting for like 10 minutes. Stuffing begins to pool on the parking lot. When we cut back to the inside of the car, Kermit blows the smoke from the end of his double Uzis, and puts them back into his pocket. He exits the car, locks it, and heads back inside.

INT. NIGHT - THE MEETING ROOM IN KERMIT'S HIDEOUT

MISS PIGGY, BUNSEN HONEYDEW, BEAKER, WALTER, and DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM (sans Animal) all sit around a poker table. Walter looks on edge and is tapping his finger repeatedly. Everyone is talking loudly and waiting for the meeting to start when SCOOTER walks in.

SCOOTER

Alright, everyone. Settle down. KERMIT should be back any minute.

MISS PIGGY

Who put you in charge?

SCOOTER

I did. Don't think just because you and the frog are back together means you can act all high and mighty to his second-in-command.

KERMIT walks in and hangs his coat up on a hook on the wall. Everyone goes silent and stares at him.

KERMIT

Jesus, did someone die or something?

WALTER

Too soon, Kermit.

KERMIT

What? Am I not allowed to make a joke anymore? We gotta get over it. You stiffs should lighten up. In fact-

He pauses for a moment, then smiles slyly.

KERMIT

That's an order.

The gang begins to engage in a multitude of sins, including, but not limited to, drinking, smoking, lewd sexual acts, and

gambling. DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM try to play a song, but without a drummer, they are all off tempo and it sounds like shit. No one is paying attention to the music anyway, as they are too busy sinning.

KERMIT

So then I says, "What do you think it was? Frogs don't have tails!"

The gang all start to laugh as they continue sinning.

WALTER [chuckling]

That's funny. You're really funny.

KERMIT

What do you mean?

WALTER

It's funny, you know. It's a good story. You're a funny guy.

KERMIT

You mean the way I talk? What?

WALTER

It's just, you know. You're just funny. Y-you know, the way you tell the story and everything.

KERMIT

Funny how? What's funny about it?

SCOOTER

Kermit, you got it all wrong.

KERMIT

He's a big boy- he knows what he said. Funny, how?

WALTER

Just, you know. You're funny.

WALTER is visibly shaken. As the new guy, he's nervous that no one trusts him.

KERMIT

You mean- let me understand this. Cause maybe I'm a little fucked up, but I'm funny how? Funny like a clown? I amuse you? I make you laugh? I'm here to fucking amuse you? What do you mean, funny? How am I funny?

WALTER

Just- you know, how you tell a story.

KERMIT

No, no. I don't know. You said it. You said I'm funny. How the fuck am I funny? What the fuck is so funny about me? Tell me about it. Tell me what's funny.

KERMIT stares at him for like 10 seconds and no one moves. It looks like the video is buffering but it's not- it's just dramatic. Walter realizes that KERMIT is messing with him, and he starts laughing.

WALTER

Get the fuck out of here, KERMIT.

KERMIT [chuckling]

Motherfucker! I almost had him. It's not easy being green, but it's a lot harder pretending to be red!

They all join KERMIT in laughing. The life of sins and crimes is good and full of jokes.

KERMIT

And where the fuck is the food? How are we supposed to sin and crime without food, am I right?

KERMIT leans forward in his rocking chair to get up. He goes up to the bar to make another drink. The look on his face says, "It's going to be a long night."

KERMIT

It's going to be a long night.

MISS PIGGY walks up to him and starts massaging his shoulders.

KERMIT

Not right now, babe. I don't think I can write another sex scene.

He swishes his new drink and looks around for a lighter. Swedish Chef walks in with platters and trays full of food. He is yelling in fake Swedish but no one is from fake Sweden so they can't understand him.

KERMIT

Thanks, CHEF. And hey, before we eat, I gotta tell you guys something.

SCOOTER  
What is it boss?

KERMIT  
I got word on who might have killed Sam. And you all aren't going to like it.

SWEDISH CHEF  
[unintelligible]

WALTER  
Tell me it's not those fucks from the Sesame Streets.

Kermit looks at his drink, throws his head back, and downs the whole thing. He still can't find a lighter for his cigarette.

KERMIT  
It might be. And I need to send a team of you down there to get some "information" for me.

He does the air quotes over information. This means he's after something other than information.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM [in unison]  
Boss, if you need information, you know you can count on us.

KERMIT  
Just the group I was thinking of. Excellent. After we eat, you all head out.

SCOOTER  
Speaking of eating, what's on the menu? I'm starving.

SWEDISH CHEF sets a platter in the middle of the table and lifts the lid.

SWEDISH CHEF  
[unintelligible]

KERMIT  
Chicken- my favorite. Thanks, CHEF.

The gang cheers merrily and eats every last bite over the course of the next hour. After the feast, KERMIT looks at DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM and nods his head. It's time for them to head out.

KERMIT

Be careful out there, boys. Can't be losing more of you. I'm over 60 now, I can't handle that kinda stress.

SCOOTER

Wow, Kermit. I didn't know you were that old.

KERMIT

You know what they say- green don't crack. Now get outta here.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM head outside into one of the vans parked outside. They get onto the highway and there's a montage of them hyping each other up. Along the way, they pass the Hollyweed sign. That's right. I said Hollyweed. In this universe, it's always been Hollyweed. It's canon now. Anyway, they park a block away from Sesame Street and see a guy going down a sidewalk.

DR. TEETH

After him, boys.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM hop out of the van and run up to the man, who is a known member of the Sesame Street gang.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM [unison]  
You're coming with us, bitch.

GROVER

Hell nah- no. No, no, fuck that. I'm not going anywhere.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM [unison]  
We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

GROVER

What'dya gonna do? Kidnap me?

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM then kidnap Grover.

GROVER

Ahhh. Damn.

They throw a potato sack over his head and punch it violently before throwing him in the back of the van.

GROVER

Who will save me now? It's hopeless.

Suddenly a biplane flies overhead. It's carrying a sign behind it that reads "Bernie would have won."

GROVER  
I'm saved!

The camera zooms in to show the pilot, Bernie Sanders himself, who gives a thumbs up before doing a barrel roll and crashing into the side of the Hollywood sign.

Bernie Sanders  
Ahhh. Damn.

DR. TEETH AND THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's super dark and dingy. Water drips from a pipe somewhere. Camera pans over to reveal FOZZIE, GONZO, and ROWLF sitting on folding chairs in a small circle, playing cards of some sort. FOZZIE is clearly winning.

FOZZIE  
Wow, I sure love winning at this card game. Waka waka.

ROWLF  
Shut the fuck up, Fozzie.

GONZO draws a card

GONZO  
This game is bullshit.

ROWLF  
You're telling me, weirdo.

GONZO is clearly annoyed.

GONZO  
I'm not a weirdo!

FOZZIE  
Fine, fucker. Play a card.

GONZO throws down the 2 of spades

ROWLF  
You fucking idiot.

GONZO  
What'd I do?

FOZZIE chuckles and plays the final card, winning the game.

ROWLF  
You ignorant cretin. All you had to do was keep the suit hearts and he wouldn't have won. I'm so tired of you ruining everything Gonzo, you oaf. It's no wonder someone killed Sam with you being such a moron. We'll probably never find his killer with you being such an imbecile. For fuck's sake. If you keep dicking around, Kermit will be the new leader of the Muppet Yakuza. Shit-for-brains. Jesus.

GONZO is crushed. He looks over at a spoon, wistfully eyeing some yogurt to take his mind away from the pain of being the Muppet bitch boy.

FOZZIE  
Waka waka.

ROWLF  
Go fuck yourself.

GONZO  
I'd just appreciate it if you weren't so mean, you know?

ROWLF stands up quickly and slams his folding chair shut. He cocks his arm back, threatening GONZO. GONZO cowers.

ROWLF  
If you weren't so awful at cards I wouldn't have to be mean.

A loud noise comes crashing in. FOZZIE, GONZO, and ROWLF all put their hands on their weapons. FOZZIE brandishes a crowbar. GONZO dual wields laser swords. ROWLF has a katana. We see the stitches covering his neck tense. In the background there are bits of stuffing, suggesting this warehouse basement has been used before. Dramatic music crescendos until a shitty beat break cuts it. RIZZO THE RAT appears, a laptop in his arms.

ROWLF

I hate myself.

RIZZO

Whussup y'all, itcha boy Rizzo Rat breakin' it dowwwwwwn.

FOZZIE

Ratatat-tat, eh??

GONZO covers his face in embarrassment. Camera pans back to RIZZO. RIZZO scratches his ears, clearly high as a goddamn kite.

RIZZO

Gang, I just got my hands on a new shipment of strawberry 'ghurt. This shit is fuckin' insaaaaane.

GONZO

Say Rizzo, you have any new songs?

ROWLF

Why the fuck would you ask that. You dolt.

FOZZIE

Rowlf, be nice.

ROWLF

Fine.

RIZZO

I'm uh, I'm glad ya asked. Lemme lay down dis joint for ya.

RIZZO stumbles to set the computer down on the folding chair. He twitches frequently and presses spacebar on the computer. A very generic hip-hop beat plays.

RIZZO

Uh, yo, it's Rizzy spitting shit that make ya dizzy  
Bear with me y'all cause it's about to get grizzly  
I'm a lyrical miracle rhyme so fast I'm invisible  
Unequivocally egotistical my bars are atypical  
But even though I'm not biblical I'm a goddamn miracle

Cause I span from the mental to the metaphysical  
I'm crazy fucked up off the grey goose, drunk from the henny  
Pack it up, wrap it up, stack it up, sell it for twenty  
Slinging yoghurt in the streets dealing with dope fiends  
Just so I could try and fucking make me some proceeds  
So proceed if you think you fucking know what I mean

Beat cuts off. ROWLF is scowling in front of the laptop.  
FOZZIE stands, blank stare on his face. GONZO is clearly  
impressed, and claps. GONZO is the only one clapping. ROWLF  
raises his arm again. GONZO flinches.

FOZZIE  
Very nice, Rizzo.

ROWLF  
It wasn't.

GONZO  
I thought it was incredible.

RIZZO  
You can check my soundcloud. It's Rizzo Ra-

FOZZIE  
We have business.

ROWLF  
Finally!

FOZZIE  
Now, I know you all are ready for me to step in as the new  
leader of the Muppets. We can expand the yogurt dealing empire  
further than ever before, under my guidance. We just need to  
find Sam's murderer.

ROWLF rubs his hands mischievously.

ROWLF  
Yeah, but Kermit's gang are doing the same thing. I think I  
know how to get an advantage.

GONZO, clearly unaware of ROWLF's plan to murder some of  
Kermit's gang.

GONZO

I'm unaware of your plan

ROWLF

We murder some of Kermit's gang, dipshit.

FOZZIE

That's brilliant, Rowlf!

GONZO

I don't know, that seems a little unethical.

ROWLF

Bitchboy.

GONZO

Hey, I just was sayi-

ROWLF

Scared ass.

GONZO is fuming mad. His phallic nose begins to steam and turn red in anger.

GONZO

I'm not scared! I was just sayi-

ROWLF

Shove it up your ass.

FOZZIE

Gonzo, just give it up. We need to eliminate some of Kermit's gang so it'll be easier for us to find Sam's killer, so I can be the new leader of the Muppets gang.

GONZO

I just fear they'll retaliate.

ROWLF

Psssht, yeah right. Like that'll happen.

RIZZO

Cheese, please. Huh... cheese, please, sneeze, breeze

FOZZIE, ROWLF, and GONZO  
Rizzo, shut up!

RIZZO sulks off, dejectedly.

FOZZIE  
Boys, focus. Who should we take out?

ROWLF  
I say we take one of the best in the biz. The toughest  
motherfucker I know. He's a badass.

Camera jump cuts to PEPE THE KING PRAWN. A quick montage of  
him training. A RIZZO song underscores the montage. PEPE is  
buff as fuck and toned as hell doing jumping jacks or some  
other shit.

FOZZIE  
Pepe, the King Prawn? That's a good idea. He knows how to  
kill. He'll be in. Who do we target?

GONZO  
What about Miss Piggy? She's frail. She's a crucial part of  
the team too. If she gets killed, Kermit's whole operation  
could fall.

ROWLF  
Shut up, Gonzo.

GONZO  
Wha-

ROWLF  
I've got it! Miss Piggy. She's weak, but an essential part of  
the operation. If we take her out, Kermit's whole team might  
fall apart

GONZO  
What the fu-

FOZZIE  
Rowlf, that's genius. Let's do it.

GONZO  
Fuck this.

GONZO leaves. Literally no one gives a shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gonzo pulls a phone from his pocket as he walks down the street. The camera does not show who is being called. Black out. Phone ringing sound effect. The call is answered after a few rings.

GONZO  
I have some information you might be interested in.

STATLER  
Oh yeah, you might be interested in this. Boooooo!

STATLER and WALDORF chuckle. The screen is still black. GONZO sighs.

GONZO  
You're gonna wanna take this.

Fade in from black. STATLER and WALDORF are at a police desk. Various FRAGGLES are running paperwork in the back. Clearly, it is busy.

STATLER  
Fine, you got two minutes. What is it?

WALDORF  
1:59, 1:58

STATLER and WALDORF chuckle again.

GONZO  
Fozzie, Rowlf, and the rest of their gang are planning an attack on Kermit's gang. They're targeting Miss Piggy.

WALDORF  
Now we're interested.

STATLER

Yeah, but why should we believe you?

GONZO

Because I've had enough! Everyone treats me like shit. I don't want Kermit to retaliate. Things are gonna get out of hand.

STATLER and WALDORF beckon over a FRAGGLE. FRAGGLE hands them papers, and they begin jotting notes. FRAGGLE leaves, making whatever the fuck noise a Fraggie makes.

GONZO

Look, my name's Gonzo, and I'm in with Fozzie and Rowlf. You gotta believe me.

STATLER

Gonzo?

WALDORF

More like bozo!

STATLER and WALDORF break into hysterics.

GONZO

Why do I even bother.

WALDORF

Swing by the office around 4 tomorrow, Gonzo. We'll talk in person and see if we can bring down those yoghurt slingers.

GONZO

[Deep sigh] Thank you.

GONZO shuts his flip phone, ending the call.

STATLER

Yeah, and you can bring down my purple headed yoghurt slinger!

STATLER and WALDORF just lose their goddamned minds. All the FRAGGLE cops and paperpushers scream in laughter. One FRAGGLE laughs so hard he explodes. Papers are flying everywhere. It's just fuckin' madness. Fade to black.

INT. NIGHT--Kermit Gang Torture Lab

GROVER slowly blinks into consciousness. In bleary confusion, he attempts to scratch an itch underneath his eyepatch and abruptly wakes in terror, realizing he is restrained. The location is an unfamiliar one, and he's been placed in front of a mirror, narrowing his observations to the chrome exam tables and various cabinets and trays piled high with various horrific instruments behind him. A shock of carrot orange hair darts behind him, and slides close to the chair. GROVER groans.

GROVER

Meep boy, why we gotta meet like this?

BEAKER approaches from behind, his pale felt hands wrapped in plastic, wringing around something small and bright that GROVER can't discern with his one good eye. As the lab assistant comes closer, the cloying stench of tutti-frutti overwhelms his nose and he begins to thrash against the chair he's been strapped to. With trembling hands, Beaker reveals the object in his hands to be a wad of sticky, chewed gum, and he presses it to GROVER'S fuzzy indigo chest in a cruel, clammy bear hug, despite his struggle.

GROVER

Fuck, fuck! Who'd you suck off for this? Walter's pretty chummy with the toothy, fleshy types, isn't he? I bet he promised you a fat wad if you'd get his velcro wet, you--

DR. HONEYDEW

No need to be crass, Mr. Grover.

DR. HONEYDEW appears from behind the sliding mirror door GROVER had first glimpsed himself in (and thought to be a stationary mirror). The doctor emerges with a smirk that becomes infinitely more smug when he detects GROVER'S horror and discomfort. Before closing the sliding door behind him, HONEYDEW turns away and reaches into the small observation room he'd just occupied to drag a large, menacing oak chair out. He lets it scrape obnoxiously across the floor as he plants it in front of GROVER and seats himself. BEAKER frantically scurries away from the two puppets, softly meeping to himself as he busies himself with polishing knives and other miscellaneous lab lackey work.

DR. HONEYDEW

I apologize for the voyeurism, I had hoped Beaker would come into his own and express some artisanal finesse in his placing of the torture implement. As per usual, his nerves overcame him...tut tut.

GROVER

It's fuckin' gum, Doc. Ain't a torture implement. Get it the fuck off me.

HONEYDEW grimaces at GROVER'S coarse language, but only for a moment. The thrill of GROVER'S rigid posture, his feeble attempt to keep the gum from attaching to other clumps of fuzz, is enough to sate his torture lust and focus him on the task at hand. He leans forward, an elbow propped on each thigh, and he speaks calmly with his chin resting on clasped hands.

DR. HONEYDEW

There's been a murder, Mr. Grover. You know that, yes?

GROVER

The old bird? You'd have to be six foot under already not to know. You think *I* fuckin' did it? You need your stitching mended, asshole. Elmo's good with a butterfly, I'm sure he'd be happy to do the honors.

GROVER scoffs, but his head hangs when he's done retorting, heavy with worry. The tensions between KERMIT and FOZZIE'S crews are enough, and he's not confident that anyone from the Sesame Street gang will give a shit that he's missing, given the emphasis on getting involved in the mayhem. He's not an especially high ranked member. It's almost as if Dr. Honeydew can smell this.

DR. HONEYDEW

Elmo? The little red terror? Highly unlikely. Highly unlikely that any one of your pack would risk losing a mere fuzz ball for the one-eyed muppet who is occasionally confused with the one who beds hens. Now, you answered question one. Question two: do you know what this is?

With a snarl and a clap of his hands, DR. HONEYDEW summons BEAKER from his tidying, and the lab assistant snaps on a pair of thick rubber gloves and carefully lifts a large graduated cylinder from his workspace, gingerly carrying it to HONEYDEW, kneeling and resting the cylinder at his feet. He removes the gloves and lays them down well, and continues to tremble and kneel until DR HONEYDEW, with an eyeroll, fishes a syringe from his coat pocket and squirts a bit of yogurt onto the floor. Beaker laps at the lukewarm dairy, mewling and meeping before writhing away.

DR. HONEYDEW

This one, of course, is a hypothetical. You couldn't possibly know the contents of this container, not when you're wrapped up so snugly. You couldn't possibly lean forward, peer into

the tube, and discover the nasty fate that awaits you, if you're unable to provide myself and Dr. Beaker with coordinates to the location of Boss Sam's killer, names of who might know these coordinates if you're unable to provide them yourself, and anything else that may aid us in...eliminating those of your droll crew responsible for the stuff-shed of Sam.

GROVER

Would you settle for coordinates to the location of my last bowel movement? I already told you, I didn't do it. None of my guys, either.

DR. HONEYDEW

How naive you must be, to think we would exert this sort of effort and release you upon the value of your word. No, there are further questions yet, Mr. Grover. Further questions only the mixture can answer.

GROVER

The mixture? Goddamn, doc...hey, meep boy! Go get some ice and unfuck this situation! Freeze this shit off, and I'll tell the frog you were real good to me. Melon head'll get the Uzi.

BEAKER looks up from his yogurt induced stupor at the captive puppet, sucking illicit dairy off his palms. He sees the genuine pleading in his fellow puppet's eyes, but he knows where his bread gets buttered. There's an overwhelming empathy surging through him, an effect of the yogurt, but that empathy quickly transforms into a deep paranoia that HONEYDEW will lock him in the Bad Beaker Box if he lingers upon GROVER'S plea any longer. That paranoia turns out to have some legitimacy, as HONEYDEW angrily glares between BEAKER for support and GROVER for some trace of regret at his threat. Receiving neither, he chooses to cut his paced interrogation short.

DR. HONEYDEW

Vodka and bleach, Mr. Grover. To dissolve the gum, and your apparent iron will. Praise Father Henson that we do not require breath to sustain ourselves. Noxious stuff, here. I had intended to measure this in gradual increments..

HONEYDEW slowly reaches down to the floor and retrieves the gloves, sliding them on with care as he regards GROVER'S abject horror and raspy screams with a small smile. He pinches the cylinder from the floor, and takes one, two, three painfully precise steps forward to GROVER'S thrashing body, blue fur and thin tufts of stuffing already speckling the floor from his wrists rubbing against the armrests and his restraints. There's the faintest flash of anticipation.

DR. HONEYDEW

...but it seems I must get answers, before your leader "gets me" with an Uzi.

HONEYDEW sloppily splashes the caustic mixture onto GROVER'S chest, and his screams of terror expand into roars of agony. The vodka makes short work of the adhered gum as it liquefies and further coats GROVER'S pelt, while the bleach begins stripping the iconic blue from his pelt. His mouth flaps wildly, felt uvula frozen in place while his anguish rings out untethered. At the center of GROVER'S deep blue frame is a cerulean hole growing lighter by the second, pale azure dye flowing like a soiled creek down his body and wetting the stuffing on the floor from his ruined wrists.

DR. HONEYDEW

If not you, then who? The tobacco-stained avian you call Big Bird? Interspecies conflicts are common in our line of work...

GROVER:

Get the fuck outta here, no! Hose me down! I don't know anything!

DR. HONEYDEW

Or perhaps the lovers? I know one of those nancies is fond of the drink...makes a puppet do things he musn't...

After several beats of GROVER'S wailing, DR.HONEYDEW's impatience rears its bald and sinister head in the form of a crocheting pin fished from his pocket. Still wearing the rubber gloves, HONEYDEW clutches his captive's thrashing head with one hand, holding him with his mouth thrown open, while the other hand deftly worked with the pin to yank stuffing from the bleach-burned hole he's created.

DR. HONEYDEW

You're leaving me no choice. Give me a name. A location. Otherwise, they won't be able to sew you into so much as a tea cozy.

GROVER

No one from The Street is fuckin' involved...I swear. Meeps, c'mon...

GROVER makes one last plea to BEAKER, kicking his legs wildly as his arms are too ruined to continue, his shoulders rippling and spasming from the now gaping wound on his chest. He coughs, and a wad of soggy cerulean stuffing lands on the floor with a splat. BEAKER trepidatiously nears the scene, his high isn't fully dissolved and the horror of the carnage

causes him to overreact, lurching forward sputtering vomit between GROVER and HONEYDEW. In HONEYDEW'S haste to avoid the filth, he slops more of the bleach/vodka mixture onto GROVER, onto his legs and the restraints on his chair.

DR HONEYDEW  
Filthy droog! Back in your box!

HONEYDEW roars and moves on BEAKER, who scampers like a frightened Bichon into the depths of the lab. Faced to choose between his rage towards his junkie partner and the task at hand, he steps over the puke puddles and looks back at GROVER, who has essentially collapsed in his chair. His chest rises and falls with a stern stagger, and his chin has dropped to his chest. The air is silent, save for the wet sounds of bleach dripping onto stuffing. HONEYDEW chooses BEAKER as his prey, and the silence is broken with the meeps of a truly miserable creature.

GROVER  
S-shit...

In the chaos and chemical overload, enough bleach makes its way onto GROVER'S restraints that he's able to yank his way out of his wrists restraints. His left wrist is utterly destroyed, but with his right, he slowly undoes the remainder of his ties, and crawls feebly towards the direction of freedom, which he determines to be opposite of HONEYDEW and BEAKER. After scraping himself down a lengthy hallway, GROVER finds himself at what seems to be a feasible exit, and no means of reaching the door from his position.

GROVER  
Son of a bitch. I'm gonna die before I ever get a bite of that frog's sweet and sour Piggy.

The crass joke is enough to boost GROVER'S morale and force him to stay alive. Propping himself up on his elbows, he moves into a proper crawl and foregoes the door he's discovered, wiggling on his stomach onto a slanted ramp. He gains momentum onto the ramp, but in the darkness, he doesn't realize he's rolling into a wheelchair that's been abandoned at the bottom. Jackpot. Unfortunately, there's a corpse abandoned there as well. A bloated, bleach-logged Fraggles stripped of its uniform and badge. Fuckin' HONEYDEW.

Forcing himself back up the ramp isn't an option after dragging the dead Fraggles from the wheelchair and securing himself in the corpse's place, so GROVER tools around in the darkness until he finds himself at another door. There's murmuring behind it, but Grover no longer gives a shit. Even

if it was the big frog himself, he wouldn't wait to be literally picked apart by HONEYDEW.

GROVER

Goddamn, I hope it's not Scooter behind here.

With a meager kick, the door swings open. Sunlight bathes GROVER's back as he collapses into an alley nestled against the torture lab. He shudders, and continues to scrape his way towards the hospital.

DISSOLVE

INT. VERY EARLY MORNING-- Fozzie Gang's Rec Room/Gym Area

ROWLF, well oiled and stern, admires himself in the mirror, lifting a paw to cover the raised gash across his throat as PEPE lingers behind him, plugging a freeze plate in and resting it on the treadmill to drop yogurt onto. Frozen yogurt, like crystal meth, was a quick and effective way to quiet the mind's morality and doubts, which both Muppets sorely needed.

PEPE

I'm tellin' you, man, you're fucking jacked. Any bitch in a 50 mile radius would lift her tail for ya, I swear.

ROWLF

That ain't it. It's this fuckin' stripe. My burden to bare. A permanent reminder that I was vulnerable enough to almost get got. Maybe I shoulda got got.

PEPE

Pop some of this shit, man. You're bummin' me out.

PEPE successfully freezes some yogurt dollops and extends the tray to ROWLF, who snags a handful. Both puppets imbibe, beat their chests and begin to tremble as the yogurt takes hold.

ROWLF

Agreed. Pussy shit. Puttin' it away. Onto better shit.

PEPE

My man, let's do this. Truthfully, I've been hopin' and prayin' for a good reason to plug that pig up...with lead, don't look at me like that!

ROWLF

Don't act like you never thought about it. Frog likes her just fine. Anyway, she ain't the mark. I'm goin' after the chef.

PEPE

Swede-y? I thought you liked a little doggie bag every now and then.

ROWLF turns his gaze back to the mirror, and gives his scar one last good rub down before turning away and attending to his gym bag on the floor.

ROWLF

Gives me the fuckin' creeps. You got any opinions on what we should carry?

PEPE

I'm gonna take the revolver, goes without sayin'.

ROWLF

Said it, though.

PEPE

Man, fuck you, I'm *feelin'* this yogurt. What about you?

ROWLF

Might bring some knuckles, a baton. Weird atmosphere out there, man, with Sam checked out. I don't expect anyone to be on their normal shit.

PEPE

What about your katana, numb nuts? I've seen you with the knucks, man. Stick to swingin' shit.

ROWLF reaches into his gym bag and retrieves a slender black box, which he pops open to reveal his infamous katana.

ROWLF

Went without sayin', *number* nuts.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

The DOG FROM THE FRAGGLES is in the middle on an empty street. It takes a fat shit on the road and just walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TIME PEOPLE ARE USUALLY SEXTING - MISS PIGGY'S PEG PEN

MISSY PIGGY'S camera is glued to her hands with sweat worming through the house capturing a collection of feelings built in

the very structure of her pride, her prejudice.. her spank bank. She ventures through well-lit rooms, dim rooms, and with only the snap of their photo insists each lover go home.

In the guest room ANIMAL'S shadow is painted against a wall, his silhouette frozen for a caught breath until the flash settles, as though a caveman etched a howling wolf. The click of the shutter is faint competing against the vulgarity of flesh and its' screaming swelled before it. MISS PIGGY is noticeably agitated to see ANIMAL is here.

MISS PIGGY

Oh, sorry, I thought you two were fucking.

MISS PIGGY snorts at her joke. Her eyes adjust to the darkness. She realizes she does not recognize the WOMAN fucking ANIMAL. An uninvited guest, she presumes. Someone trying to take her title of Peg Queen, in her Peg Pen.

The WOMAN looks at MISS PIGGY.

WOMAN

Why don't you give it a go, show me how it's done, Miss.

ANIMAL is panting, slightly sobbing. MISS PIGGY senses sarcasm in this WOMAN'S voice, which infuriates her. It infuriates her even more this woman is human, an intolerable sight to be atop a friend she grieved long ago.

ANIMAL

My ass is your bottomless pit, Miss.

MISS PIGGY rolls her eyes. After everything ANIMAL has done, she cannot take him seriously.

MISS PIGGY

What stagnancy. Is that why you let someone else have your hole, you ungrateful loser?

ANIMAL

I wanted you to find me.. to find me like this. I've missed you tenderly even in your wickedness.

MISS PIGGY

Yeah, I'm sure. After you left our gang to join the fucking fuzzie wuzzies?

ANIMAL

We're called The Furrries, Miss.

MISS PIGGY

You're gonna be called The Buried if I let it slip you're even here right now.

ANIMAL

I'm sorry, Miss. I -

Before ANIMAL can finish his sentence MISS PIGGY is already ripping the strap-on off the stranger in her house, planting her nails into ANIMAL'S hips.

MISS PIGGY

Kneel in front of him like a dog, your ass towards his face.

The WOMAN complies because she's heard about how cruel MISS PIGGY can be if she doesn't get her way. Regretfully, the WOMAN is curious but not idiotic enough to press. Everyone knows the cold hand guiding KERMIT'S decisions is attached to the body mounting ANIMAL.

MISS PIGGY

My tiny beast, you've achieved nothing by your presence here, have you?

Unsure how to answer, ANIMAL remains silent.

MISS PIGGY

Lick her soles for me.

MISS PIGGY pushes ANIMAL'S head towards the mattress, his fur drenched, leaning over his body.

MISS PIGGY

Start here.

Her index finger rests on the WOMAN'S heel.

MISS PIGGY

And take your tongue up to here. You see where the dirt has accumulated the most?

She drags her finger slowly up to the WOMAN'S toes.

MISS PIGGY

A hundred times, back and forth.

ANIMAL

Yes, Miss.

MISS PIGGY

And don't forget in between the toes.

ANIMAL

Yes, Miss.

ANIMAL makes a sound no one has heard before which is surprising given that ANIMAL has produced sounds no living creature should be able to release. MISS PIGGY goes in dry.

ANIMAL

HHHHHRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMFAAAAAAAHHH

MISS PIGGY

No matter where you sleep tonight your body will always desire mine. Isn't that right?

ANIMAL (mouth open)

Es, iss.

MISS PIGGY

Because I can make your insides look like the apocalypse.

ANIMAL'S mouth doesn't lift from the WOMAN'S foot even with MISS PIGGY hate fucking him. His ass trembles beneath her, carefully lapping up sweat and tears from the bare roots of the WOMAN who is liable to have clashed with the entire gang back in the day but remains as a symbol of what the muppets will do for an orgasm. This goes on for an hour before MISS PIGGY cums from the pressure of the dildo against her puggy. Puggy is pig pussy. It's just nicer to say.

ANIMAL begs her to not tell anyone about tonight.

MISS PIGGY  
Under one condition.

ANIMAL  
Yes, Miss.

MISS PIGGY  
Kill the woman.

The WOMAN topples off the bed.

WOMAN  
Wait, what?!

ANIMAL pounces onto her. Blood fireworks out against all modes of decency, a bodily celebration of mortality and consequence erupt from her throat. MISS PIGGY sits on the bed to witness the show below her, taking only one more photo before jerking off her dildo.

MISS PIGGY  
Keep her alive a little longer.

ANIMAL'S teeth situate themselves into the stomach of the WOMAN, chewing through flesh until her insides are aired open. Her skin peeled back, a living autopsy. Her body reacts to the pain by pooling blood out of it.

The human body can withstand this type of pain and blood loss for a short period of time before going into shock or passing out. Thankfully, the WOMAN can endure more than the average human.

ANIMAL untangles the intestines while removing them. MISS PIGGY stands over her and pisses into the exposed cavity.

MISS PIGGY  
Drink up, monster.

MISS PIGGY presses her foot against the WOMAN'S throat.

MISS PIGGY  
I bet you wish I would just kill you, end this because you know it will not get better. That feeling you have that you

cannot pinpoint under the noise of pain you're in, that feeling is worthlessness. You will die in this room tonight and I would put money on it no one is looking for you. They would never suspect you'd come to a place like this.

MISS PIGGY shifts her weight heavier onto the WOMAN.

MISS PIGGY

I know exactly who you are. You are a person who seeks unconditional love only when you are drinking, you are a person who separates morals from mundaneness. You believe in a God you refuse to admit or submit to, and in your last moments, you have submitted to me.

MISS PIGGY releases her foot, heads for the door. Within the woodwork, she pauses and looks at animal.

MISS PIGGY

Finish her and get out.

MISS PIGGY leaves the room to check on the guests she refuses to kick out. She hears the instant the WOMAN'S life leaves just as she reaches the end of the hallway.

MISS PIGGY grins. ANIMAL sneaks out the window. He will always be her favorite secret pet.

INT. RIGHT BEFORE DAWN - LIVING ROOM

In the main room ANIMAL'S old band THE ELECTRIC MAYHEM is gathered. JANICE is wearing everyone's favorite cock, the t-rex dildo. She has the guys tied together like a human centi-peg, their faces strapped to each other's asses, each wearing a dildo mask. FLLOYD PEPPER is at the front unable to move at all, DR. TEETH behind him, ZOOT behind him. Even LIPS is there, the one being fucked by JANICE. All chained to the floor.

MISS PIGGY takes a photo. She will put this one on the refrigerator. She stands in front of FLLOYD PEPPER, pulls his head up by his hair and places herself into his mouth. He chokes on what he realizes is the taste of shit but MISS PIGGY

holds herself somewhere in his throat, even after he throws up. She snaps a pic.

JANICE

P, how nice of you to join us!

MISS PIGGY'S demeanor drastically changes. Her voice becomes soft, pure.

MISS PIGGY

Are they being good boys for you?

MISS PIGGY rocks her hips back and slams herself into FLLOYD PEPPER'S mouth again. He tries to speak but pukes, again. MISS PIGGY pulls out.

MISS PIGGY

Something wrong, Flloyd Pupper?

FLLOYD PEPPER

No, Miss. I'm sorry.

MISS PIGGY

Good, puppers. Would hate to think you didn't want me here, in my own house, fucking the woman of your dreams.

JANICE giggles.

If you were to hear a Siren, if you were to see an angel or some light before you die, if you were to believe in the depths of depravity and the layers of weakness, if you lost all your senses, your mind... if you lost the will to live, the only thing that would make sense to you is JANICE relishing in your humiliation.

MISS PIGGY catches a glimpse of her heart-shaped lips, a choker glimmering in the flash of the lens. JANICE, her object of love, a fancied fallacy, poses in the burst of white giving two thumbs up.

JANICE

How do I look?

MISS PIGGY knees each segment of the band in their ribs.

Holding up the camera for JANICE to see herself, her sunshine-stained hair near moonlit from the exposure against the darkness behind her, MISS PIGGY inches closer. JANICE can feel the warmth of this collateral satisfaction not an inch from her ear, whispering.

MISS PIGGY

As young as morning, soft as night.

We zoom in to their lips, JANICE still looking ahead, frozen.

MISS PIGGY

Your body has set course to form a new universe, each world named after the perishable whimpers I had once thought to be an insignificant subject of our abstract confessions.

JANICE

P, I...

MISS PIGGY

The reality of your beauty has stomped out every superstition I believed. My fears, once a choir of shame when I found myself thinking about you in this realm, which declares humanity the inhumane, have dissipated. There are only a few questions I claim in fields of truth beyond and between your house and mine. The places you have rushed through faster than weeds grow just to be here when I call. Their path is undeniable.

MISS PIGGY and JANICE have been caught many times entwined together, mapping routes of their bodies, their over excited bodies. One hanging in the room they call The Slaughterhouse where JANICE spent 3 days dangling hoping every footstep was MISS PIGGY coming back to release her from this suffering with one word, any word would do.

JANICE

All roads lead to Rome?

MISS PIGGY

All roads lead to your home.

This is an inside joke between the two that we never cover because the writer of this scene is tired of editing and trying to make sense of what they are spewing but can promise that JANICE and MISS PIGGY have had more sex than all of us

combined and that the female characters in the Muppets are more than just shells of the image they depict.

JANICE  
Do you have the nunchucks?

MISS PIGGY bends over, spreading herself for the inconceivable pleasure she will get from JANICE plunging her arms inside her.

MISS PIGGY  
Fish them out for me.

MISS PIGGY hears a sound.

MISS PIGGY  
What was that?

The doorknob of the front door hits the floor.

JANICE  
Get the guns.

MISS PIGGY  
Get the fucking nunchucks.

JANICE (through her teeth)  
It's fucking game time, P. No more of this pussy fantasy shit.

MISS PIGGY huddles out the room. She sees someone with a flashlight down the hall. No one is allowed to have a light at these parties. No phones, no lights, no cameras. Only MISS PIGGY.

She backs up into the living room. The front door is open. The chain of men is still on the floor, JANICE standing against the wall facing..

MISS PIGGY (under her breath)  
Rowlf?

ROWLF  
Where is she, Janice?

JANICE

She's not here. She went to pick up yoghurt.

JANICE sees MISS PIGGY and begins to sing at the top of her lungs. MISS PIGGY catches on she's trying to distract ROWLF for her. She quietly climbs into the broom closet. JANICE wanted her to do something a little more productive than hide.

ROWLF

Are you lying to me, Janice? Would hate to see a pretty girl like you end up like your ugly sister.

JANICE

Nahnice? What do you know about her?! She's been missing for..

ROWLF

8 years.

JANICE

What did you fucking do to her?

JANICE swings at ROWLF. ROWLF shoots her in the fucking hand. Stuffing puffs out of her.

JANICE

You shot me in the fucking hand!

ROWLF

Here, piggy, piggy! I'm gonna disfigure your girlfriend if you don't come out and face me.

MISS PIGGY exhales. She knows the gun ROWLF is holding is not his, which means PEPE must be who is lurking around. And that means two bullets are left because PEPE believes in third times the charm and only loads 3 bullets at a time.

She musters the energy to walk out but stops, hearing JANICE.

JANICE

She's not here, you maggot. I told you.

ROWLF

So loyal. Such a shame you've wasted it on a clown.

Another gunshot goes off. This time in JANICE'S thigh.

PEPE

Can't find her. And stop fucking around. Take your stupid sword back. I told you switching weapons was a bad idea. You've wasted 2 bullets and still we have nothing.

ROWLF

It's more than a sword! This wouldn't be an issue if you would just do things normal!

PEPE

Do you have any idea how much ammo is these days? Are you paying for it? No.

MISS PIGGY is shocked to learn PEPE is cheap, not superstitious.

PEPE

You just sharpen a fucking blade with any rock you pick up and flail it around. You're not a ninja and you're not much of a marksman either.

ROWLF

Shut up. You can barely hold the damn thing and it takes more intelligence to use a bladed weapon.

JANICE

Must be easy, then.

They swap weapons. ROWLF holds his katana to JANICE'S throat.

ROWLF

She's had plenty of time to sneak out and knock me out over the head with literally anything while I've been standing facing a wall this entire time. But it also seems unlikely she'd go pick up yoghurt when she has you to do her bidding.

ROWLF turns around and sees the guys are strung together like Christmas lights.

ROWLF

What if I start murdering your bandmates?



ROWLF

Fuck, man. Why do I always get stuck with you?

PEPE walks to the band.

PEPE

What do we do about them?

ROWLF

Fucking kill them.

PEPE

With your sword?

ROWLF

For the last time, shrimp fucker, it's a katana.

To cope with the reality her lesbian lover just got murdered and now so will the band, MISS PIGGY starts to masturbate. ROWLF walks to FLLOYD PEPPER and wedges his blade between the dildo of DR. TEETH'S mask and PEPPER asshole. He swipes up, cracking through the tail bone. He stands in front of PEPPER.

ROWLF

Y'all locked in pretty tight, huh?

ROWLF kneels in front of PEPPER and pushes him backwards, forcing his torn ass to swallow DR. TEETH'S head. DR. TEETH suffocates to death. ZOOT gets his head chopped off after ROWLF hacks at it for 45 minutes because he forgot to sharpen his blade but is too proud to admit it. PEPE beats LIPS' limbs backwards with his gun before bashing his skull in. PEPPER has his spine removed by witchcraft and the next two hours MISS PIGGY fucks herself as quietly and slowly as she can while ROWLF and PEPE check every inch of the house that isn't the broom closet because they don't think she could fit in there.

PEPE

I don't think she's here.

ROWLF

Or she came back and saw your hideous truck parked in the driveway and knew not to come in.

PEPE

I don't like to park on the street.

PEPE and ROWLF walk out of the house.

ROWLF

Welp, thank god we didn't have to fuck them!

PEPE

Haha, yeah. That would've been another 34 pages and I'm starving.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SIRENS can be heard amongst the hustle and bustle of the busy New York street. A yellow sedan pulls into the parking lot and stops outside the entrance.

ERNIE

Are you sure we can just park here, Bert?

BERT

I - I'm sure Ernie. I've still got some old links, Ernie. We can park here.

The car doors open. Exit BERT, wearing a striped sweater over a white turtleneck. ERNIE, his squeeze, steps out onto the street in a red and black sweater. A Fraggie walks over with a hand raised.

FRAGGLE

You can't park there, sir-

BERT

W-w-with all due respect, sir, kindly fuck off, would you? I have your permit right here, Officer Fraggie sir.

Bert lowers his turtle neck to reveal a long scar spanning the width of his neck. The Fraggie's eyes widen in recognition.

FRAGGLE

Bert. I - I'm sorry, sir. Elmo just left, if you were looking for him.

ERNIE

We're here to see Grover, sir.

FRAGGLE

Grover? Grover got slashed? I had a feelin' it was someone high up. The Bird just told me -

BERT

I don't wanna hear about Big Bird, or Elmo, or any of that shit. Just l-look after my car, will ya Frag?

Bert tosses the keys, the Fraggles catching them. As Bert enters the building Ernie turns to look at the camera.

ERNIE

Remember, folks. Only park in front of a hospital if you have mob connections, or you could get in biiiig trouble, okay?

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRCASE

Bert is stomping upstairs, followed closely by his man.

ERNIE

You know, Bert. You could've been nicer to him. You don't work for the other side anymore.

BERT

Ernie. Do you - do you have any idea -

ERNIE

Remember manners, Bert. We're better people now -

Bert spins on his heels and grabs Ernie by the throat, pushing him against the wall. Mere inches separate their fat felt faces.

BERT

Listen to me, Ernie. I shifted Yogurt for years - years before I ever saw a cent of what I was making for The Bird. I believed in that fat bastard, yanno? I supported the cause - a cleaner street. A nicer street! We did more...more good than any of those tufty tailed fucks who touted lofty ideals and the idea of a place where the boys in blue ruled the roost. There's only one roost - there's only ever been one roost for me, you get it, Ernie? There's only one rooster. There can only ever be one rooster, and his name is Big Bird. Not some fucking frag who sticks his dick in a radish to get his kicks.

Bert sees the fear in Ernie's eyes and releases his grip. He breathes deeply for a few moments before continuing up the staircase, slower this time.

ERNIE

(Stroking his neck)

I like being choked, Bert. It gives me a big ol' boner. Maybe once in a while I'll let you dom.

He pauses, frowning.

ERNIE

I thought Big Bird was a canary.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Grover lies on the bed, breathing through a ventilator. Bert and Ernie watch over him.

ERNIE

Looks like chemical burns, Bert. He's lucky to be alive.

BERT

I - I've never seen this before, Ernie. I don't know who did this.

ERNIE

His wife?

BERT

She died years ago. Grover's a nervous guy - borderline paranoid. Nobody he trusts would do this, and nobody he doesn't would be able to get close enough. Unless...

The monitor starts to beep more rapidly as Grover's eyes shoot open. He gasps and shifts as Bert and Ernie move to keep him still.

ERNIE

Hold steady, Grover.

BERT

Ernie's right. You should conserve your strength.

GROVER

I - I...

He groans and shifts. A look of concern passes over Bert's face before the stone wall of stoicism resumes.

BERT

C'mon, Grover. You're a tough son of a bitch.

GROVER

Me...

BERT  
Yeah. You. That's what I said, asshole.

GROVER  
...Eep.

ERNIE  
Now now. Don't be scared, Grover. Fear is -

BERT  
Ernie, I love you. I love your big fat muppet cock. But please  
shut the fuck up and let my ex speak.

ERNIE  
Right-o, Bert.

GROVER  
Me...eep.

BERT  
Meep?

GROVER  
Meep...

Grover closes his eyes again. Ernie and Bert stare blankly for a few moments. As Ernie looks to Bert he sees the Muppet's hands curling into clenched fists.

BERT  
Beaker.

He looks into the camera with a face of fury.

BERT  
Ernie. I'm back in.

ERNIE  
Fucking aces, Bert!

INT. THE FIX-IT SHOP

Bert and Ernie enter the dilapidated store. ELMO is wiping a BUTTERFLY KNIFE behind the counter.

BERT  
You planning on using that tool?

ELMO

Oh boy, yeah! Big Bird said I could stab waaaaaaaay many people! Oh yeah! Stabby stab stab

Elmo starts waving the knife around, nearly stabbing Ernie.

ERNIE

Elmo, Elmo! Calm down, friend! Remember - sharp objects hurt. Are you trying to hurt someone?

ELMO

Hurt someone? HE GETS IT! AWW YEAH, HE GETS IT!  
Elmo is practically convulsing at this point. The pair laugh and shake their heads at him.

BERT

El-Elmo...you always were a crazy son of a bitch. I need to see Big Bird.

ELMO

Ohhhh boy. Big Bird said you'd be here! Had a job for you. Reaaaally important!

BERT

Well...let me in.

ELMO

Oh, yeah! You got it, Bert!

Elmo opens the counter and lets Bert pass. As Ernie tries to enter Bert reaches out a hand to stop him.

BERT

I can't have you in this life with me. Go back to 123 and wait for me there. I won't be long.

ERNIE

Are you wearing the thong, Bert?

BERT

Of course I'm wearing the thong.

Bert smirks and grabs Ernie's crotch.

BERT

(extremely sexy Bert voice)  
Master.

ERNIE

Ohh boy.

The two smile at each other. It's a really sweet moment.

ERNIE

Don't let anyone lay a hand on that sweet face of yours. I need it...like a rubber duckie for my soul.

BERT

I promise. Nobody is going to cut my face off and wear it like a mask.

Bert enters the back room - a mess of boxes and cigarette smoke. In the corner sits a large, shadowy figure.

BIG BIRD

Come in, Bert.

Bert peers at the bird. The feathers are greying; the creature moults before his very eyes. One eye focuses on Bert while the other peers at something behind him - or someone.

BERT

Is Snuffy here?

BIG BIRD

Oh, yeah. He's always there.

BERT

...Okay.

BIG BIRD

Pull up a chair.

Bert looks around, failing to find a chair. Big Bird is sitting on the only one. This is an example of a POWER PLAY, showing us that Big Bird is the fucking don and nobody in this entire fucking movie has a percentage of the criminal acumen this muppet possesses.

Defeated, Bert pulls up a box and sits on it. He's made of felt so the box doesn't crumple.

BERT

I saw Grover. Beaker's behind it.

BIG BIRD

Oh, I know.

BERT

Why? We know our turfs. We keep to ourselves, and they keep to their corner of the city. This was senseless.

Big Bird takes a drag of his cigarette and blows the smoke into Bert's face.

BIG BIRD  
(Slowly)  
They think we took out Sam.

BERT  
(Frowning)  
Sam?...Someone took out Sam?

BIG BIRD  
Like we always said. There's only room for one bird in this city.

Bert points at Big Bird, eyes widening. The Bird shakes his head with a wry smile.

BIG BIRD  
I respected the truce. I'm a bird of my word, and my word is...the bird. This was someone else.

BERT  
So why come after us?

VOICE FROM BEHIND  
Because they're scared.

Bert turns to his right. COOKIE MONSTER stands in a doorway with his knuckles dripping in stuffing. A large tank top on his chest bares the words "KISS THE COOKIE (MONSTER)".

COOKIE MONSTER  
(To Big Bird)  
We have him, boss.

BIG BIRD  
Tie him up. I'll be in momentarily.

Big Bird takes another drag, eyes fixed on Cookie Monster until he leaves.

BIG BIRD  
Ol' Snuffy has been talking to me, Bert. The enemy is divided. The Frog and the Bear are ready to do anything to find Sam's killer...and they'll tear their little felt bodies apart if that's what it takes.

BERT  
Who did this?

BIG BIRD  
It doesn't matter who did it. What matters is the opportunity.

Big Bird rises to his feet and exits. Bert follows into an alleyway, rain soaked and dirty. Cookie Monster and OSCAR THE GROUCH are on either side of Big Bird, who gazes coldly down at BOBO THE BEAR.

BOBO THE BEAR

B-Big Bird. I'm sorry. I didn't do anything about no Grover!  
I'm Sam's bear, not anything else! I followed the code!

BIG BIRD

(To Bert)

Last night I received a message. Sam dead, it said. Kermit and Fozzie at odds. The old faces keeping the ship afloat.

Big Bird strokes Bobo's face. The prisoner whimpers.

BIG BIRD

I want that ship sunk. So how do we do that?  
Oscar lifts a bag out from his can and tosses it onto the street between Bert, Big Bird and Bobo.

BIG BIRD

We take away the old faces.

MAHNA MAHNA's head spills out of the bag. Bobo takes one look, heaves and vomits stuffing over it as Big Bird takes another cigarette drag.

BIG BIRD

I'm ending this war before it starts. The clan is divided. Mahna Mahna is gone. Lew Zealand is compromised. Bean Bunny is rotting below my floorboards, and Crazy Harry had an 'accident' not one hour ago. We finish this purge here, today. The others will devour themselves.

He looks over at Cookie Monster.

BIG BIRD

Call The Count. I want the two of you keeping an eye on things. Make sure this mess doesn't get cleaned up.

COOKIE MONSTER

On it.

He disappears into the shadows. Bert and Big Bird look back at Bobo.

BIG BIRD

The stars have realigned, Bert. I want you back in. You and that dom of yours who failed to show up.

Bert pauses, struggling to speak.

BERT

I...I'm in. We'll be by your side. I promise.

BIG BIRD

(Taking one last drag)

Good.

He extinguishes the cigarette and rubs his hands together. Bert takes this as his cue to leave and backs away. As he exits into the shop, hurrying past Elmo (still cackling to himself) the sounds of Bobo the Bear's screams echo out onto the Street.

INT. PEPE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

PEPE's truck comes speeding down the same street, and we cut inside to the duo, fresh from their massacre. ROWLF is driving, and they are blasting music and laughing.

ROWLF

What's that smell?

PEPE

Oh shit, thanks for reminding me.

PEPE takes a bowl of steaming hot bowl of nachos from the foot well. They are adorned in jalapenos and blanketed in hot cheese, huge spoonfuls of sour cream and salsa on top.

ROWLF

What the fuck? Where did you get nachos?

PEPE

I made them before we left.

ROWLF

(Looking back and forth between the road and Pepe)

B... Before we left MISS PIGGY'S?

PEPE

Yeah that's right she had all the stuff and I was like fuck it

ROWLF

When did you have the time to do that?

PEPE

While you were trying to chop that ne guy's head off.

ROWLF

Alright well just, I don't want you to spill any nachos in  
your truck that's all

PEPE

Dude you BETTER not spill these nachos in my truck. Queso does  
not scrub out of lamb skin. Drive fucking carefully!

ROWLF

It's not me who made a giant sloppy bowl of nachos! Just hold  
on tight to it.

PEPE

I'm gonna put em here, in the middle, so everyone can share.

PEPE balances the bowl between the two front seats.

ROWLF

What? There isn't even a thing to stand them on there, they're  
going to fall over within five seconds!

PEPE

Not if you drive carefully! Don't fuck around

ROWLF

There's nobody else even in the car! Why put them there?

RIZZO

(sitting up from the back seat)

I'm in the car.

ROWLF

(jumping and swerving a little)

What the fuck!?

PEPE

Woah man! You almost spilt the fuckin' nachos! Take it fucking  
easy!

ROWLF

How did Rizzo get in here?

RIZZO

I was here the whole time.

PEPE

He sleeps in here sometimes, have some nachos Rizzo.

Rizzo

Ooh, nachos!

We see a sharp turn coming up ahead.

ROWLF

Look, look there's a turn, grab the nachos because they're going to go fucking everywhere.

PEPE

Don't spill these nachos, Rowlf!

ROWLF

I have to turn the car, Pepe! I have to turn the car!

PEPE

Don't spill my fucking nachos!

RIZZO

They're gonna go everywhere when we take that turn.

ROWLF

I have to take the turn, Rizzo.

PEPE

(getting all up in ROWLF's shit)

I just had this fucking truck upholstered, Rowlf. Don't spill these fucking nachos.

Furious, ROWLF opens the sun roof of the truck and grabs the bowl of nachos, hurling it up and out of the vehicle. PEPE looks through the back window in horror as the bowl drops down and smashes onto the street, nachos and cheese flying everywhere.

They take the turn and there are a few seconds of silence.

PEPE

What the FUCK, Man!?

RIZZO  
Guys.

PEPE  
Those were my fucking NACHOS, MAN!

ROWLF  
Fuck your nachos, Pepe!

RIZZO  
Guys.

ROWLF  
And fuck you!

PEPE  
You better turn this mother fucking truck around cock sucker  
and go back for those fucking nachos.

ROWLF  
You still want them? They're all over the street!

PEPE  
They're still warm, bastard!  
(crying)  
They were still warm.

RIZZO  
GUYS.

ROWLF  
What, Rizzo!?

RIZZO  
I'm gonna throw up.

The trucks screeches to a halt, and the back door opens, RIZZO  
projectile vomiting out of the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The car is parked where it stopped, and ROWLF and PEPE are leaning against the hood, smoking. ROWLF's smoke is pouring out of the slit in his neck. RIZZO lies on the back seat, moaning.

PEPE

This shit's crazy, man.

ROWLF

You can say that again.

(he looks up at the stars, shining brightly overhead)

Fuck, man.

PEPE

You were the last one to see the boss, right? I mean before the lowlife feltface that killed him.

ROWLF

I guess so.

PEPE

(pauses)

Who you think did it?

ROWLF

I don't know. But if we find em before Kermit's guys do? I'm gonna cut their throat myself. All the way to the back of the neck.

(still looking up at the stars)

I'm sorry, boss.

PEPE

It's not your fault.

ROWLF

I was on the door.

PEPE

I know but it... it just ain't your fault, okay?

RIZZO

(appearing at their side)

What you guys talking abot?

ROWLF  
Fucking your mother.

PEPE  
Yeah we were over there last night. It's true what they say  
about rats, man, they'll eat anything.

RIZZO  
You guys are assholes. Let's go.

ROWLF and PEPE flick away their cigarettes, laughing, as RIZZO  
grumpily gets back into the car.

CUT TO:

INT: KERMIT'S PLACE - DAY

KERMIT  
(throwing a bowling ball through a window)  
What the FUCK!

MISS PIGGY sits stoically in front of KERMIT's luxurious oak  
desk as he paces back and forth behind it, occasionally  
smashing something in the room.

KERMIT  
(stopping for a second)  
Rowlf? And Pepe? You're sure?

MISS PIGGY  
Yes, Kermy. It was them.

KERMIT  
(smashing his own TV with a golf club)  
MOTHER FUCKERS. THOSE MOTHER FUCKING FUCKERS.

He resumes pacing.

MISS PIGGY  
Calm down please.

KERMIT  
CALM? CALM?

(he puts an academy award statue in a blender and switches it on)

These cunts just ran into our turf and killed the entire Electric Mayhem, muppets who were their brothers and sister only days ago, in the middle of a FUCKING truce, and you want me to be calm? How the hell fuck am I meant to be cum?? I mean calm

MISS PIGGY

(assertively)

Because I am. And I was there, Kermit. I actually had to see it happen. So if I can stay calm after watching our friends literally wear each other, then you can stay fucking calm okay?

KERMIT drops the blender, looking ashamed. He goes to his lady love, and kneels down in front of her. He takes her hands in his and meets her eye.

KERMIT

Hey. I'm sorry. You're right. It must have been...

MISS PIGGY

It was.

KERMIT

I know Janice and you were... close friends.

There is silence for a second. Suddenly KERMIT yells at the top of his lungs whilst still gazing into her eyes.

KERMIT

SCOOTER!

Footsteps pound towards the room, and then the door bursts open. SCOOTER stands butt naked in the doorway.

SCOOTER

What happened in here?

KERMIT

Oh just a- jesus Christ Scooter why are you fucking naked?

SCOOTER

I was taking a shit.

KERMIT takes a full ten seconds to decide whether he wants that explained or not. He decides that he doesn't.

KERMIT

Scooter, you heard about the Electric Mayhem?

SCOOTER

(balling up his fists)

Those fucking pieces of cum. It was the Sesame Street Gang, right?

KERMIT

Wh-where did you hear that?

SCOOTER

Word on the street is Grover got put in the hospital pretty bad, chemical burns. Sounds like Honeydew. So I'm assuming you're onto something, boss?

KERMIT

My my, word does get around f-Scooter I'm sorry can you cover your dick up with something?

SCOOTER

Oh

SCOOTER looks around nearby. There are dressers with various objects on, but he can't decide on anything that seems appropriate.

KERMIT

Just grab something!

SCOOTER

Yeah there's just like.. not really anything

KERMIT

There's loads of stuff over there

SCOOTER

There's not really like anything I can really get to

KERMIT

Scooter just grab something

SCOOTER grabs a photo frame of KERMIT as a baby and slaps it against his junk.

KERMIT

What the fuck Scooter

SCOOTER

You said anything!

KERMIT

Why did you pick a photo of me as a baby there's so much stuff over there that's such a weird choice

SCOOTER

Should I swap it for something else

KERMIT

No no god no. and don't hold it right against your dick why are you doing that

SCOOTER

What

KERMIT

Just like... float it a few inches in front of

SCOOTER

(moving the picture)

Hover it

KERMIT

Yeah hover it

SCOOTER

Hows that

KERMIT

Its good. Fuckin weirdo. Anyway no, it wasn't the Sesame Street Gang this time. This might be hard to hear, but it was two of Fozzie's.

SCOOTER  
What!?! Which two?

KERMIT  
Rowlf and Pepe.

SCOOTER  
Bastards. What's the order boss?

KERMIT  
Go over there. Show them who they're messing with.

SCOOTER  
Yes sir.  
(he turns around to leave)

MISS PIGGY  
Scooter.

SCOOTER  
(turning back)  
Yes Ma'am?

MISS PIGGY  
Make Pepe suffer.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE, FOZZIE'S PLACE - DAY.

PEPE is laughing his ass off in a close-up shot, holding a bottle of champagne, with a female muppet sitting on his lap. She's nothing more than a sex object to him. Gross, right? Anyway everyone is partying and having a sweet old time.

ROWLF  
Hey, Pepe. We're outta snacks. Run to the kitchen and get us some more, will ya?

PEPE  
Fuck you man! Why me? Cos I'm a prawn?

ROWLF

Because you're closest to the door, dude. Relax, we kicked some ass last night. I literally kicked an entire ass out of a window. Relax, baby.

PEPE

Alright alright. I'll be back in a second.

PEPE jumps out of his chair, sending the female muppet flying, and makes his way towards the kitchen. He scratches his ass as he walks, and yes folks, that's right, he fucking sniffs his hand.

He walks through the kitchen door, humming the muppet show theme to himself, and we stay focused on the door for a second. Slowly it closes, and SCOOTER's feet are standing behind it.

PEPE is at the counter, pouring pretzels into a bowl.

PEPE

Say when!

PRETZELS, WHO ARE ALL MUPPETS

When!

Suddenly, SCOOTER grabs him from behind. They wrestle a little, but SCOOTER is way bigger so its an easy win. He drags PEPE over to a huge pot on the stove and opens it up.

PEPE

No... no! Come on man!

SCOOTER

Miss Piggy says hi.

SCOOTER thrusts PEPE into the pot, which is full of tempura batter. SCOOTER puts the lid on the pot and holds it down as it shakes. PEPE is screaming inside and fighting for his life.

Suddenly, ROWLF enters. He looks over at the pot, and the camera whips around to reveal that SCOOTER is no longer there, but smoke is rising from the pot. ROWLF rushes over and turns the heat off, coughing, and waves away the smoke. He lifts the lid to see PEPE inside, deep fried to death.

ROWLF  
Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!

Then there is a voice from behind him.

SCOOTER  
Something smells good.

ROWLF  
(turning around)  
You fucking rectum

SCOOTER draws his katana from its sheath, and ROWLF does the same. They circle each other in the kitchen for a few rotations and then KACHOW! They're fucking swordfighting. Hell yeah baby! Oh HELL yeah. Look I can't really make a sword fight sound that good in stage directions so just imagine a bunch of awesome shit.

Abruptly, the door swings open and GONZO stumbles in drunk. All of them freeze.

GONZO  
Ooh lemme go get my lazer swords

SCOOTER  
Sorry about this Gonzo

With a swift flick of his blade, SCOOTER slices GONZO's famous nose clean off. It bounces on the kitchen floor. GONZO is speechless (until his line)

GONZO  
What the literal fuck bro

SCOOTER  
I wish it didn't have to come to this

GONZO  
Why my nose man! OH my god my fucking nose what the fuck?  
That's like my THING.

ROWLF

Yeah that's fucked up Scooter.

GONZO

Like you said sorry BEFORE you did it like you panned it. You  
you you you THOUGHT about it and did it.

SCOOTER

We're enemies now

GONZO

Pfffwwyeah! Apparently! Holy shit

SCOOTER

Listen I-

Before SCOOTER can try another weak ass excuse, ROWLF knocks  
him out with a saucepan, and we cut to black.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - BASEMENT-ESQUE ROOM

It's really dark, like, really pushing the dynamic range on  
them cinema-grade cameras that cost as much as my college  
tuition kind of dark, people in the theaters will be  
complaining about the glare but the content will be so good  
they'll forget all their gripes. The room consists mostly of  
concrete, ~~bleed~~ *stuffing* stained concrete everywhere. Also,  
it's dark as shit. One of those industrial work lights turns  
on and we see SCOOTER hanging from the ceiling, tied there by  
shoelaces. The laces are tied tightly enough around his limbs  
that it would cut off circulation if not for him being a  
muppet. He is facing the floor, and in the center of the room,  
his head faces stage left.

SCOOTER

What is- what is this? Where am I? What's going on? Who are  
you? Wait, no, I know who you are! I know what's going on  
here! You're sexykink69 from the S and M personals on  
Craigslis. Dude, I said was totally down for this and to hit  
me up, but, like, you really seem to have taken the hit and up  
parts a tad literally here, it's a phrase, y'know? Like, it  
just means to contact me. I provided my contact information as  
well, my E-mail, phone number, address, social security

number, fax number, hell, I even threw in my pager number and this is how you treat me? Not cool, this is extremely not cool as hell. I mean, I gotta admit, this is pretty freakin' hot, but I would have preferred this be in a bit more of a consensual manner and at an appointed time, see, I was just going to this one place to kill some of these fuckin' guys, these dudes, these bros, I was gonna cut 'em to bits with my katana, you see. Shit, man, I really gotta get back to that, fuck. Shit, fuck, goddamn it, this really is not a good time, could you cut me loose and let me go for now, I'll come back later, is there anything you wanted me to grab? Some lube, maybe? I could go get you some coffee? Or some snacks? Some better rope, not to be picky, but this is some uncomfortable rope. No? Nothing. Ok, well, I'll just be on my way then, good seeing you, man. Goodbye. Can you, could you just,,, please cut me down?

ANIMAL appears on screen, coming in from behind the camera toward stage left. As he steps forward he throws his arms into the air and begins shouting.

ANIMAL

The fuck? No, jesus, what the fuck? God, no. Fucking hell. I'm here to torture the shit out of you to get information about whoever you work for and their whole deal, like, whatever their deal is, I need to know all the details, the deets, I need to know all of them. So we're going to start torturing you. And, like, since I'm not whoever you think I am from the forum thing or whatever about your fetishes or whatever I don't really know what sort of stuff will actually convince you and what will just get you off, so we're going to be doing a bit of experimentation. I'm going to torture you in a bunch of ways and if you look like you're enjoying yourself and not giving us the information that we want then we'll move onto another method, got it?

SCOOTER

Ok, that's a bit fucked, but I'm game. Tho, one small 'deet' about this whole thing. You said 'actually convince you' implying that there are some methods of torture that will actually push the tortee to give you information, but it has been proven time and time again that torture does not work as a method of acquisition. In all likelihood, I will die from

~~blood-stuffing~~ loss before I actually tell you anything you need to know.

ANIMAL

While I do understand your criticism, I do not believe you are in a position to make any valid claims that may contradict my motives. As such, I will continue on with this torture as previously stated.

SCOOTER

I am not okay with this; however, it has been made abundantly clear that my opinions are irrelevant and therefore I must learn to adapt and accept my fate as it may be.

The camera then pans to FOZZIE who was in the corner of the room opposite the camera and toward stage right this whole time, but as it is dark as fuck and there is only a single directional light source it is understandable if the camera's brightness range does not allow it to capture his figure in the corner. At this point he is the sole focal point and should be in full focus. He is stroking his crowbar at varying intervals, his mouth is foaming and it is clear that his eyes are slowly rolling back into his head as he watches these events unfold before him.

FOZZIE

Go fer\* it, ANI!

\*This is not a typo, this is a pun, let me live.

ANIMAL

Let's begin then.

ANIMAL pulls out a pipe wrench and grins at the camera. He lifts up the wrench and wraps it around SCOOTER's left arm, which is facing the camera. ANIMAL slowly begins to tighten the wrench around SCOOTER's arm, this does not look painful to the HUMAN audience so SCOOTER should shake about in pain/fear while ANIMAL slightly grimaces.

SCOOTER

What the fuck do you even- what do you want to fucking know- what the fuck. God- goddammit this fucking hurts! Please! What do you want-

ANIMAL

Let's start with the simple questions, to gauge your reactions  
and just for the records.

SCOOTER

Ok, that sounds reasonable, I am ready to answer any question  
that you ask me.

ANIMAL leans in (up?) to SCOOTER's ear, it is his left ear as  
this is the side of SCOOTER that is most visible to the  
camera.

ANIMAL

What is your name?

SCOOTER

I won't tell you anything, you sick bastard, take that wrench  
and shove it right up your goddamn fucking urethra, you  
fucking shit face monster.

SCOOTER spits in the general direction of ANIMAL's face, he  
misses as he is upside down and hits the camera which is  
positioned behind ANIMAL's head.

ANIMAL tightens the wrench further, the camera zooms in on  
ANIMAL's hand which is holding the wrench, slowly losing  
focus, there is an audible snapping noise and the screen  
begins to fill with white stuffing, but also fading to black.

EXT. DAY - SOME NEW ENGLAND BAY

A small sail boat is bobbing up and down in an otherwise  
completely empty bay. This has to be New England because it  
has that faded/desaturated aesthetic that will really  
emphasize this scene, I think. Land can be seen off in the  
distance, but just barely popping up from the horizon so that  
the audience assumes that there is no way anything on this  
boat could be heard by anyone that is not on the boat.

The camera slowly zooms in on the boat, coming to a stop just  
above the boat and facing the back, the portion not covered by  
the roof, and we see SCOOTER tied down to a table. He is  
clearly missing his left arm and stuffing is leaking through  
the ropes on his left side. The camera should, like, pan in

and slowly tilt down so this position is with the camera facing top-down on the boat, with the bow off screen stage left and the back of the boat ending just inside the frame at stage right, SCOOTER should have be facing upward with his feet facing the bow parallel to the boat. ANIMAL is standing below him on frame, by his right arm.

There is country music playing in the background, too loud to imply that it was set for leisure, and since the previous shot established that noise wouldn't be a problem, the audience should be forced to conclude that it is being used as a form of torture at this point.

ANIMAL

So, are we willing to talk now?

SCOOTER

I will never tell you! I won't say a fucking word! You can't make me, I will fucking fight you to the death. FUCKING FITE ME. Wait,,, wait,,, what the fuck happened to my fucking arm? Where is my arm? The fuck did you do to me? Let me out! I need my arm!

ANIMAL

You weren't cooperating, it forced me to,,, make some decisions about certain limbs and locations of certain torturings.

SCOOTER

WHAT!?! YOU REMOVED MY FUCKING ARM? WHAT THE FUCK HOW IS THAT SUPPOSED TO GET ME TO FUCKING TELL YOU ANYTHING.

ANIMAL

Well, I mean, like, it isn't? The normal torture is supposed to get you to talk but the amputation was supposed to,,, uh,,, convince you that the rest of the torture was supposed to work?

SCOOTER

If it worked so much, then what was the last question you asked me, hmm?

ANIMAL

I asked for your name.

SCOOTER

Right, and did you get an answer, do you even know what my name is? Do you even know who I am?

ANIMAL

You're Scooter.

SCOOTER

Shit. I thought torture didn't work, but here I am, you asked a question and now you have the answer and the only method by which you ever even attempted to acquire this information was by torturing me so I guess I'm going to have to change my opinion on the whole thing.

ANIMAL

Right, I mean, clearly if so many people in the past and present have chosen torture as a means by which to gather info it has to work, right? That's just the way things are. Now,,,

ANIMAL pulls out a small knife and sticks it between the ropes, the blade parallel to the ropes to make it evident that he is going to cut SCOOTER, not the ropes.

ANIMAL

,,,how did you even get into the Yakuza.

SCOOTER

Shit. shit. Shit. shit. I guess I have to tell you. My uncle owned a theater.

ANIMAL

What? That makes no sense, that doesn't answer my question at all!

ANIMAL begins to drag the knife along SCOOTER's stomach. A close up shot showing the stuffing beginning to bubble out of SCOOTER would be perfect here.

SCOOTER

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK Let me explain! Theater's are mostly a cash business! People pay for tickets on the spot! It's perfect for laundering! So my uncle got dragged into the

Yakuza after I got hired on as a stagehand guy that goes and gets stuff for people-

ANIMAL  
A gofer.

SCOOTER  
Yeah, yeah. Anyway, since I was already working there and just doing chores and shit they figured 'hey, this kid can go do chores and shit for us, the motherfucking yakuza, i mean getting coffee and laundering money are basically the same fucking thing, right!??' And, like, I guess I'm pretty good at that, too. I mean, sure I was originally only hired because of my uncle and good ol' nepotism but at least I'm pretty dec at my job as well.

ANIMAL  
Hold up. Nepotism?

SCOOTER  
You know, giving friends and family advantages over strangers in consideration for appointments, tasks, wages, etc.?

ANIMAL  
Yeah, I know what nepotism is, it's just that some people actually had to work their way up to this point. Like, I had to fucking drag myself out of the slums to get where I am now. I joined a band and with it the underworld, I've had to kill so many to get to my standing as it is and you just happened to be related to some fuck who owned a goddamn theater? What the fuck?

SCOOTER  
I mean, I get that it's a bit fucked up, but maybe you're overreacting? Like, why did you start torturing me to begin with?

ANIMAL  
Truth is we know everything we needed from you, who you are, who sent you, what your goal was, etc etc. This was an exercise in futility to begin with, I mean, it's torture for fuck's sake, all information gathered by torturing is much easier and more ethical to acquire by other means, this was more of a message. We were supposed to record this to

intimidate your cohorts, not actually figure out what you wanted. We all want the same thing but for different people, it's pretty straightforward. But really! Fucking nepotism. Jesus christ! Now, this is personal.

SCOOTER

Come on, man, we can work something out. Just let me go. Come on!

ANIMAL

Nah, you're fate is set.

SCOOTER

\*your

ANIMAL begins cutting SCOOTER's stomach open, cutting very slowly, SCOOTER screams in agony as his stomach is currently being cut open. Stuffing begins to pour out from the ropes. ANIMAL drags the rest of the stuffing out and SCOOTER's screams begin to turn into a whimper as his consciousness starts to shut down with all the pain he is having to handle. Once SCOOTER is completely flat, ANIMAL reseals him with a couple of strips of duct tape. Liberal use of close up shots would be just dandy here.

Timelapse of ANIMAL and FOZZIE sitting on the boat fishing, each time they catch a fish they stuff it into SCOOTER's deflated body, slowly refilling him. The timelapse ends when ANIMAL begins to struggle to stuff a fish into SCOOTER and they untie him. Close up of his eyes which have stuffing coming out from behind them, maybe this is his brain, idk im not a muppet physician.

ANIMAL

Well, what do you want me to do with him now?

FOZZIE

Is he still alive?

ANIMAL

Yeah, muppets are kind of freaky with this whole survivability thing. Like, if torture doesn't work on animals and people that die easily I don't know what we expect with muppets.

FOZZIE

As previously established we just wanted to intimidate them.

ANIMAL

Right, but given all that, what do I do with this sack of fish?

FOZZIE

There any, like, sharks and whatnot out here?

ANIMAL

I dunno, probably, didn't JAWS take place somewhere around like Maryland or some shit.

FOZZIE

That's probably south of here, unless it was Maine, which would be north. I'm not entirely sure about any of this though. Also, that was a fictional story about a massive fake shark or something, I don't think we should base our decisions on that.

ANIMAL

True, true, but we could probably still assume there are sharks or something along those lines out here, it is the ocean after all.

FOZZIE

Ok, well, I guess even if there were no sharks here, we could just throw him overboard and he'll either drown or get eaten eventually.

ANIMAL unties the ropes around SCOOTER, which are drenched in stuffing. He shakes a bit of it out, but it is hopeless, there is stuffing all over the boat. FOZZIE grabs SCOOTER's legs and ANIMAL grabs his arms. They heave him over the edge of the boat. Cut to a shot level with the water facing out from the boat, we watch SCOOTER slowly sink, several shark fins pop up in the water heading towards the camera and SCOOTER.

ANIMAL

Well, now we know that.

FOZZIE

Yeah,,, have you ever seen Dexter?

ANIMAL

Shit, yeah, we could have done that instead, that would have been a sure bet.

FOZZIE

Yeah. Well, whatever. We should probably burn this boat now.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BIRD'S ROOM - EVENING

ELMO enters, and gently shuts the door behind him. Big Bird is sitting in a big chair, staring at the door.

ELMO

You wanted to see me?

BIG BIRD

Take a seat, buddy.

ELMO

(sitting down opposite him)

Is... anything wrong?

BIG BIRD

No, no. Just checking in with my guy. You drop off our boy?

ELMO

Yeah, outside the hospital. I thought you were gonna kill him.

BIG BIRD

Me too, but Snuff had other plans.

ELMO nods as if he understands, but of course he thinks BIG BIRD is just crazy. They all do, but they would never dare admit it, even to each other.

BIG BIRD

The Count and Cookie Monster just left. We're makin' moves, Elmo.

ELMO

Cool.

BIG BIRD

You know what today's letters are, Elmo? They're L... S... and D.

He tosses ELMO a little packet.

ELMO

Oh, no thank you sir. I'm straight edge.

BIG BIRD

(chuckles)

Good boy. You're a hard worker, aren't you?

ELMO

Yes sir.

BIG BIRD

Always were. You know what I see for you? I see great things  
for you, Elmo. Great things.

ELMO

Thank you sir.

BIG BIRD

You're going to be a big, fancy boy, Elmo.

ELMO

Thanks.

BIG BIRD

You're going to be a man about town. You're going to be a big  
French fancy boy. Elmo you're going to be a sweet little  
vegetable soup for the whole family to enjoy. I just know it.

ELMO

That means a lot sir.

BIG BIRD

You're gonna wear a little hat and you're gonna walk up and down the country road and you're gonna say 'hi everybody, it's me, little mister... little mister fucking grandma's house' And they can't get enough of it, Elmo. Elmo you're going to turn into a huge car and win a race and when they ask you how it feels you're going to look right into the camera and tell them to drink your blood because you're a god and you taste like diamonds.

ELMO

I don't know what that means sir.

BIG BIRD

Do you smoke weed, Elmo?

ELMO

No sir.

BIG BIRD

You totally should.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - EAGLE ESTATE, FRONT DOOR

The wind is howling. It's a real gale. SWEDISH CHEF and WALTER walk up to the sleekly ornate door with a Japanese floral motif that leads to Sam the Eagle's manor.

WALTER

We should split up, take different floors.

SWEDISH CHEF

Flurrdy hurrdy.

WALTER

Alright, I'll get downstairs.

The two enter the building. A bat has been watching from a topiary bush, and flaps urgently into the darkness.

INT. NIGHT -KITCHEN

Walter flicks on the light and walks into a slate gray kitchen. He sifts through a pile of mail on the counter, seems

interested in one envelope in particular, and throws the rest back on the counter.

INT. NIGHT -BATHROOM

Swedish Chef is standing over a stuffing-strewn bathroom floor, with ceramic and porcelain pieces littering the grisly scene. He follows the stuffing trail into the bedroom. He looks under the bed and behind the window curtains, then SIGHS and walks out.

INT. NIGHT -KITCHEN

Walter, WHISTLING, is going through the cabinets, picking out foods that his eye catches. The wind picks up. Something moves past the window above the sink, and Walter flinches and turns, but doesn't catch anything.

WALTER  
Stupid storm.

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

Swedish Chef is walking among rows of stuffed hunting trophies: Sweetums, that bird thing from the Dark Crystal, the dancing fire thing from Labyrinth that can remove its head. Suddenly the lights go out.

SWEDISH CHEF  
Flerg!

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

The lights shut off.

WALTER  
Damn it!

He walks over to the light switch and starts flicking it up and down. He doesn't notice the window slowly opening.

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

Swedish Chef is walking through the trophies, stumbling and trying to find his way. One of the trophies moves when he isn't looking.

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

A figure is creeping up behind Walter. Walter shouts out to Swedish Chef.

WALTER

Hey, I think the storm may have knocked out the power! I can go check outside.

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

Swedish Chef is about to respond when the lights turn back on. He sighs in relief and turns around to see COOKIE MONSTER looming behind him.

COOKIE MONSTER  
COOKIE!

Cookie Monster lunges at Swedish Chef knocking the man off his feet and into the bird from the Dark Crystal.

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

WALTER  
Oh, never mind.

He turns around and it seems like he's going to see someone, but he doesn't. He is returning to the cabinets when he hears a crash upstairs.

WALTER  
Chef, what's going on up there?

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

Swedish Chef is trying to get up off the ground when Cookie Monster grabs his legs and throws him against the wall. As Swedish Chef coughs and spits stuffing, Cookie Monster rushes through the statues, pushing them over in his hurry. He grabs Swedish Chef by the apron and hoists him in the air.

COOKIE MONSTER  
COOKIE!

A strong wind strikes outside and the lights go out again. Swedish Chef kicks Cookie Monster in the neck and in his confusion and pain the monster drops the chef. Swedish Chef rolls away and hides behind Sweetum's body.

INT. NIGHT - STAIRCASE

Walter is beginning to walk up the lit stairs to investigate the noise when the lights go out again.

WALTER

God damn it!

Suddenly, a wisp shoots down the stairs and knocks him into the air. He lands with his back on the last two stairs, and screams in pain. He's writhing as a figure in a cape approaches him. He looks up to see THE COUNT, covered in 69 teardrop tattoos and with a devilish grin and monocle on his face.

THE COUNT

Ah ah ah! Greetings! Vut have ve here?

Walter groans in pain.

THE COUNT

Vun little Muppet, filled with delicious stuffing!

He approaches Walter, who recoils in fear, still clutching his back.

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

Cookie Monster is roaming around the room, throwing stuffed creatures around, rooting for the Swedish Chef. The Chef is slinking in between statues, almost getting caught. He manages to rip the fake eye out of the dancing Labyrinth creature and throw it across the room. Cookie Monster starts and then grins, lumbering over to the source of the noise, allowing Chef to start to sneak out of the room.

INT. NIGHT - STAIRCASE

The lights are still off as the Count approaches Walter, licking his lips. Walter is looking around for any sort of weapon, and can find none. Suddenly, the lights turn on again, and the Count hisses and dives under the stairs.

INT. NIGHT - TROPHY ROOM

The Chef is about to escape when the lights return and Cookie Monster looks right at him.

COOKIE MONSTER  
COOKIE!

Cookie Monster charges and throws Chef's body from the room, out to the top of the stairs.

INT. NIGHT - STAIRCASE

The Chef crashes into the railing and stumbles down some steps, but manages to right himself before Cookie Monster can

follow through. As the monster tries to grab him, the Chef dodges further down the stairs, causing Cookie Monster to stumble off balance and fall down the stairs. Walter manages to roll out of the way of the falling blue goliath, and the motion gets him on his knees. He finds he can crawl, and he begins crawling back into the kitchen.

WALTER

Chef! There's some sort of vampire here! When the lights are on he hides but when they go out he's a threat!

The noise turns Cookie Monster's head, and the giant starts shifting his weight to start to stand up and go after Walter. Chef sees this and runs down the rest of the stairs to tackle Cookie Monster. Before he reaches the bottom, the lights go out again. The Count pounces on the Swedish Chef, allowing Cookie Monster to run into the kitchen to face Walter. The Count pins the Chef down.

THE COUNT

Ah ah ah! A muppet more my size!

SWEDISH CHEF

Flerrdy gerrdy burrdy!

The Swedish Chef punches the Count in the face and manages to roll away and chase Cookie Monster into the kitchen.

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

In the darkness, Walter is crawling frantically towards a cabinet by the sink. Cookie Monster runs up to him and grabs him by the midriff. Walter screams in pain as Cookie Monster lifts him above his head, preparing to crack Walter's spine over his leg.

The monster is tackled from behind by the Swedish Chef and cracks his head into the counter. The two roll around in a fight as Walter frantically attempts to pull himself up to a stand, leaning against the counter and whimpering. He weakly reaches his hand to open a cabinet, but isn't able to fully extend his arm before the Count knocks him over.

The lights flicker on and the Count screeches and dives under the dining room table, watching Walter and waiting for the lights to go out again.

Cookie Monster is on top of the Chef and is pummeling the Swedish man in the face repeatedly. Walter manages to lift himself back to standing. As he reaches for the cabinet he sees a cookie jar. He opens it and grabs a cookie.

WALTER  
Hey Cookie Monster! Fetch!

Walter throws the cookie down the hall towards the staircase. Cookie Monster follows the arc with his eyes hungrily.

COOKIE MONSTER  
COOKIE!

The monster runs out of the room, and the Swedish Chef shakily stands up, face covered in stuffing. He grabs a knife and looks out to see Cookie Monster ravenously eating the cookie. Just then the lights go out.

WALTER  
Chef! There's garlic in the cupboard!

Walter gets lifted off his feet by the sweeping cape of the Count, slamming down onto his back yet again, howling. The Chef leaps over his body with the Count leaning over to open the cabinet. He places the knife in his teeth as he rummages for a clove. Looking to the side, he sees that Cookie Monster is nearly done eating.

Looking down, he sees the toaster, and places the knife into one of the slots, pulling down on the lever. Nothing happens because the power is out. He continues to rummage until he finds the garlic. He tosses it at the Count, who screams and runs behind the kitchen island.

THE COUNT  
What!?! This is impossible!

The Chef picks up the toaster and turns it towards the hallway door, just as Cookie Monster is picking up steam straight towards him.

COOKIE MONSTER  
COOKIE!

SWEDISH CHEF  
Flerrgy derryby sturryy!

Just as Cookie Monster is about to ram into the Chef at full speed, the power returns. The toaster explodes in sparks and electricity, sending the Chef careening backwards. Cookie Monster receives the brunt of the impact to his face, gurgling as he falls to the floor, his blue fur sizzling and melting. The light from the explosion is blinding to the Count, who lets out an enraged howl as he bursts through the glass of the

window above the sink and flies away. The only sound now is the crunch of Cookie Monster's fur and skin turning solid in the kitchen air.

The Swedish Chef runs up to Walter, who is still lying on the floor.

SWEDISH CHEF  
Gerrdy flurrben durrgen!

Walter weakly looks up at the Chef, and then down at the two perfect puncture marks in his neck.

WALTER  
I think I'm gonna be okay

SWEDISH CHEF  
Bork bork bork.

WALTER  
Wh... what?  
SWEDISH CHEF kneels down beside WALTER and takes out a large cleaver, letting the moonlight glint off of the blade.

SWEDISH CHEF  
Flurrbiddy durrby doo. Derrby derr bork bork.

WALTER  
No... n-no I don't believe it! You?

SWEDISH CHEF  
(smugly)  
Bork.

SWEDISH CHEF brings the cleaver down hard into WALTER's forehead, leaving it wedged deep into his head. WALTER jerks and then slumps down completely onto the kitchen floor, motionless. SWEDISH CHEF stands up, giggling to himself. He sprinkles some cookie crumbs over WALTER's body to make his murder look like it was the Sesame Street boys alone, then turns around and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A DINGY hotel, GONZO enters, wearing a dust mask. The HOTEL sign is flashing through the window, lighting STATLER, who has his back turned to the camera, pouring a bourbon into a glass. WALDORF is slowly puffing on a cigarette in the corner of the room, reading a book.

STATLER

You got some nerve calling a meeting like this

GONZO

Fnuck you! Fnuck this, fnuck everything!

GONZO pulls off his dust mask. In place of his missing nose he has stitched a condom onto his face. it's full of fluff but still droops downwards, replicating the nose he once had. It looks really fucking funny.

STATLER

LOOK. You mess with fire, you gonna get burned. What did you think was going to happen!? Shit. I'm going to give you a bit of advice my old man gave me when I started on the force, god knows I could have done with it earlier. He said "Stat", Stat he called me, "Stat, no one knows what the future holds but there are people out there who've been through shit. LISTEN to them." Listen to them... they've been through shit ... you learn from their mistakes. My da... ..he knows best.

WALDORF

And you nose worst!

BOTH

AHAHAHAHAHA

GONZO

(Clutching his condom)

Gnod DAMNIT gnuys! Be snerious for once!

AHH! THIS HNURTS.

I WANT OUT. Is there ANYTHNING you can do?

WALDORF

Gonz, come on. What do you expect us to do? You're our informant but we don't owe you shit.

STATLER

You COULD say we don't give a crap!

BOTH

AHAHAHA!

GONZO

PNEOPLE ARE DYING.

GONZO slumps on the bed. WALDORF puts down his book and sits next to him.

WALDORF

WE. ARE. TRYING.

Look, what do you think we are doing? This city is a wreck. It's run by the most corrupt government, the most corrupt officials, everyone is scared, EVERYONE.

GONZO

Dnon't you thnink I know that?! Our pnresident is a damn  
(LOOKS AT CAMERA) ...mnuppet.

There's nothning I can do... nothning. That's why I came hhere...

GONZO starts weeping. It's really horrible. Snot and tears start pooling at the bottom of the condom.

STATLER

Oh christ, oh god, what the ever living shit. Gonzo. Gonzo man, shut the fuck up.

GONZO is balling now, sniffing and short of breath. The condom is inflating with every pathetic sniff. Suddenly he sneezes, filling the condom with FLUFF and causing it to expand into a 1 meter long balloon that knocks a lamp off a table. he snorts the fluff back in.

WALDORF

That's fucking horrible. What can I say. man you're disgusting. Gonzo, listen. Say we put you undercover (Gonzo starts to talk) -NO, SAY... say we put you undercover.

STATLER

We've done this time and time AND TIME again. It never ends well. Muppets just aren't up to it. They can't follow through. We've lost so many informants. They back out, get killed, have second thoughts...

WALDORF

In your case they don't even have first thoughts!

BOTH

AHAHAHAHA!!!

WALDORF

Remember Skeeter? She went missing what, 30 years ago? Our first case. Fuck.

STATLER

SHE DIED, GONZO. SHE DIED.

WALDORF

The guy we had on the inside broke. Skeeter got kidnapped by the Sesame Street's lot. Brutal bunch. We knew he had her but

we never saw her again. Our informant turned up a few days later floating down an open sewer in Shibuya, his ass stitched to his face.

STATLER

Talk about a butthead!

BOTH

AHAHAHAHAA!!

WALDORF and STATLER pause mid laugh and sigh.

WALDORF

But we could use you for something. In return we can help you out. Make you disappear.

GONZO

Wnitness protection?

WALDORF

Of a sort. You'll have to wear a wire.

GONZO

A wnire?!

STATLER

We can make it discreet. We can stitch it in. Since your face is already fucked up we can make it look like a tube to an oxygen pump. But that's not the challenge. We need you to get a confession.

GONZO

...no...

STATLER

Fozzie. We know he hand a hand in the Electric Mayhem massacre but we have nothing to pin it on him.

GONZO

Fnozzie is untouchable. I cnan't. He'll know.

STATLER

He'll know?! We know! Gonzo ...christ. You call us up just to waste our time? Do you know how much free time I have? NONE.

Fuck you. My wife ...ex-wife, my kids don't see me any more. this job is my life now. You fuck with my job, you fuck with the only thing I have left.

WALDORF

This is serious. We need to bring Fozzie down. We've been chasing him for years and each time he slips away. Our department looks ridiculous.

STATLER

Looking ridiculous?! With this uniform who could disagree?!

BOTH  
AHAHAHAHAH!

They are wearing wetsuit bottoms

WALDORF  
We're taking that dog down

STATLER  
Bear. He's a bear.

WALDORF  
Whatever. I don't give a shit. he's a fucking pox on this city  
...and we're the antidote.

Silence. A siren sounds and fades away.

STATLER  
That's the lamest fucking thing I've ever heard.

GONZO  
...I'll think about it... I have the worst piece of shnit  
headache you could ever wish upon anyone...

WALDORF  
Use it. Set up a meeting. Anything. This fucking horse needs  
to be locked up.

STATLER raises his hand to interject but decides to not bother. The scene fades out showing the hotel exterior. Someone is getting their head kicked in into the side of a 2012 Ford Capri.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSS SAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

WALTER sits up with a loud gasp. The cleaver is still wedged firmly in his forehead. He looks around the dark, empty room, and then focuses on the blade between his eyes. Hesitantly, he grabs the handle and pulls the cleaver up and out of his head. No stuffing flows, and WALTER checks his reflection in a

nearby saucepan. He flicks at his split head with a finger, and the two halves wobble. He then turns his head to see that the two holes in his neck left by THE COUNT's fangs have healed, but have left marks. Dramatic music swells as confusion spreads across his face.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE INTO:

INT. SESAME STREET BASE - DAY

Camera slowly moves out from a close-up shot of BIG BIRD's beak - slightly open, cigarette dangling from the side, thick yog dripping all around it. As the camera moves back we see that his eyes are closed and that all around him, a long trunk wrapped around his neck and body, is SNUFFLEUPAGUS, looking like an endless Eastern deity, all tendrils of trunk, infinite eyes with long batting lashes, fur twisting and forming glorious shapes with BIG BIRD orgasmic in the centre of the embrace. Scores of happy children jump and gambol around his feet, while a very, very faint sound bed of the SWEDISH CHEF rambling plays in the background.

There is a steady drumbeat underneath this, and the buzz of a tattoo needle and voices. As the camera moves further back we head through a door and then turn in the next room to reveal ELMO, headphones on, rhythmically tapping at some pots and pans with some drumsticks. He is lost in the beat.

COUNT

(V.O) 66...67...68...

OSCAR

(V.O) Geez Count, you sure got a lot of these now huh? Even Master Big Bird ain't racked up a kill count this high.

COUNT

(V.O) Ah-ah-ah! Kill count! You know I like zat Grouch, I like zat a lot!

OSCAR

(V.O) Ah heck, I wasn't even kidding. Everything's a joke to you people.

COUNT

(V.O) You made me looze my place... 69... 70...

At 'seventy' the camera has finally moved into the tattoo room; a plush lounge, with a tattoo table to the side. THE COUNT is having his final teardrops applied to his face by OSCAR THE GROUCH, who is wearing sunglasses and leaning out of his trash can.

OSCAR finishes up.

OSCAR

Done.

COUNT

Zank you my friend. And don't feel bad; zeventy zouls is as nothing when you are immortal as I. Between the purity of my veganity, my pact with the Shadow Shogun of the Nether and the guiding light of my beloved mathematics, I am sure zat zis zweet kill streak shall continue anon, anon, anon!

OSCAR

Yeah, yeah. Don't touch it for a couple hours.

COUNT

Ah! Zee children are here to celebrate my latest ziring! Here kinder, here, come to Count!

Some of BIG BIRD's children have entered. They head towards the doors, looking drugged. Two of the children are clearly DOCTOR BUNSEN HONEYDEW and BEAKER. HONEYDEW is wearing a cap with a propeller on top and some dungarees, BEAKER wears a 'FRANKIE SAYS RELAX' t-shirt.

HONEYDEW

What's up, fellow youths?

COUNT

Vat the..

BEAKER

MEEP MEEP

OSCAR

FUCK

The drugged children leave out a huge set of double doors. Quick as a flash HONEYDEW produces a blow-dart gun and fires two darts into COUNT's neck, while BEAKER simply pushes OSCAR's trash can over with a 'MEEP'. OSCAR lies helpless on the floor, COUNT collapses with a crash into the tattoo table.

COUNT

BIRD! BIRD!

OSCAR

It's no good, he's tripping  
on 'ghurt!

HONEYDEW walks over and plucks the darts from COUNT's neck, leaving vampire-like puncture marks.

HONEYDEW

How ironic! Oooh, and how many years have I waited to get at you, you funny little Satanic abacus, you? Three... four... five...? Oh don't worry, it will not kill. This isn't the same poison I used on your darling children...

BEAKER

MEEP MEEP

BEAKER starts to pull OSCAR from his trash can. OSCAR starts to scream. HONEYDEW picks up the tattoo needle and walks towards the COUNT.

HONEYDEW

Science and spirit, cold glass on cold flesh...  
Yes, you were always a particular obsession of mine, wasn't he Beaky? How to kill the unkillable, counting, counting, counting all the years he's evaded our grasp?

COUNT

I shall count your last heartbeats...

You fat-headed Billy Corgan fuck...

HONEYDEW

Smashing! Perhaps the world is a vampire!  
But you do not fear my science, do you Count?

HONEYDEW produces a dog collar and puts it on.

HONEYDEW

You fear God.

OSCAR continues to scream in the background as HONEYDEW lunges on the COUNT and begins to tattoo a cross into his forehead, rubbing his groin with his other hand as he does so.

HONEYDEW

Our Father... who art in heaven...

COUNT screams as his forehead starts to burn. BEAKER begins 'meeping' wildly.

HONEYDEW

What is it my little love? Oh!

OSCAR lies on the floor. He is around seventeen foot long, draped around the lounge like a snake, his bottom part still in the trash can. BEAKER continues to thread him out, meeping excitedly.

HONEYDEW

Oh my! You're not at all what you pretend to be, are you? The knives Beaker, I want all the specimens you can muster! We'll sell muppet meat to McDonalds for decades, and they'll never know they're eating out of the trash!

BEAKER produces a meat cleaver and begins hacking at OSCAR.

HONEYDEW

Stings, doesn't it? Just two little lines, and so much pain. But that's all it is, isn't it?

Pain. You think you can fool me,  
is that it, vampyre? You think  
because you are of the old ones  
you can lie there, writhing, the  
dead playing dead until I walk  
away? No. No, I have a special  
treat for you.

He produces a blue syringe.

HONEYDEW

This... this is the blood of Christ.  
The Western king, the son of the  
Almighty God. The only thing that  
can truly wipe an abomination such  
as you from the face of this foul  
Earth. Great personal expense...  
great personal expenses were taken  
to procure this... one... two... three  
drops. Come, Count, count with me.  
Father... Son... Holy Ghost...

The drum beat has stopped about two minutes ago.

BEAKER

MEEP MEEP

HONEYDEW

You're right my love... the beat has  
stopped...

The doors explode open as ELMO, riding a sleek sports car very  
fast, crashes into the room. He slams into BEAKER, ripping up  
some of OSCAR with his wheels as he does so. BEAKER is crushed  
into the wall and split in half. He stares into ELMO's eyes  
through the shattered windshield.

BEAKER

MEEP... MEEP...

ELMO

Meep Meep Motherfucker.

HONEYDEW  
MY BOY! MY DARLING BOY!

HONEYDEW screams and rams the syringe into the COUNT's throat. He then runs at ELMO's car, enraged. ELMO opens the door, slamming it into HONEYDEW's face. HONEYDEW crashes back into the tattoo table.

HONEYDEW  
YOU FUCK! YOU STINKING SCARLET FUCK!

ELMO  
Doctor. Let me help you  
write your thesis.

ELMO forcefully removes HONEYDEW's glasses, revealing the lack of eyes underneath. He shrugs, then grabs two tattoo needles and draws some sad eyes, leaving the needles in and flicking a switch on whatever the fuck a tattoo machine is. Ink pours into HONEYDEW's head. He screams again. BEAKER starts screaming from the wall.

BEAKER  
MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP

ELMO walks over and flicks out his butterfly knife.

ELMO  
Anyone ever tell you you're more  
annoying than polio?

We see him deliver three swift swipes. Then, close up on BEAKER's face as his jaw slides off. Then his eyes. Then his nose. ELMO wrenches the faceless BEAKER off the wall, trailing stuffed organs from his bottom half, and tosses him into HONEYDEW's lap. Ink has started pouring out of HONEYDEW's mouth.

ELMO walks over and checks OSCAR's pulse. Huge chunks of green have been hacked out of him and sit lying around the lounge.

ELMO  
I'll miss you, you grouchy fucker.  
Namaste.

He kisses OSCAR on the forehead, then walks over to the COUNT, and cradles his head.

ELMO

Count... Oh man, Count...

COUNT

My son... You know... you know the takeout with the biggest mark up? It's pizza... think about it, it is just dough, some tomato puree... a little cheese...

ELMO

Count...

COUNT's head is slowly shrivelling up and shrinking from the Jesus blood.

COUNT

Vat is that, a dollar? Just a dollar, and they sell it to you... for ten... I would spend my hard earned money on a nice Indian... the variety of flavours... chicken... beef...

ELMO

Count, please! My father! You said once you knew my father...

COUNT

Your father...

ELMO

Yes?

COUNT

Your father is no man...  
He is a beast...

ELMO

Who? Who is my father? WHAT  
IS MY FATHER?

COUNT starts to choke and wither faster, turning to ash and burnt felt.

COUNT

Father... Father... I see you now,  
oh Father... I see the light...  
I am truly your son, though  
I have lived in darkness... so long...

ELMO

Count! Count!

COUNT

He is real! He is glorious! Take  
me Father! I love to... count...  
Ah-ah-ahhhhh!

ELMO buries his head in COUNT's chest.

COUNT

Five... four... three... two...

He shrivels away to nothingness. ELMO keeps his head low for a bit, then looks up with vengeance in his eyes. We go into slow-mo, maybe black and white, and a series of cuts that like fade into each other, whatever they're called: ELMO taking a handful of COUNT's ashes, ELMO climbing the fire escape to the roof, ELMO putting on his sunglasses and gently letting COUNT's ashes fly out over the cityscape. As this happens music plays, soft rock or maybe the ending theme from Sonic 2, and COUNT's smiling face is superimposed over the action, along with a quote:

'LIVE AS A MONSTER, DIE AS A MAN' - Joe Biden

The quote and COUNT face disappears, leaving the word 'PEACE' in italics superimposed in the corner. We cut to ELMO getting into his car, returning to the normal shooting-style.

ELMO

Peace... there's no peace without  
truth.

He takes out his butterfly knife, then snorts some of COUNT's ashes off of it. He then revs the engine, reversing his car out the doors. As it backs out it shatters the 'PEACE' word. The camera tracks across the floor, over OSCAR's lumps of felt, COUNT's ashes and the debris, to HONEYDEW and BEAKER. HONEYDEW's head is grotesquely swollen with ink seeping out of it in a stream over the floor. He cradles the blind, noseless and dumb BEAKER in his arms.

HONEYDEW

(Singing) Would you know my name  
If I saw you in heaven?  
Would it be the same  
If I saw you in heaven?  
I must be strong and carry on  
'Cause I know I don't belong  
here in heaven

The camera has slowly moved closer to BEAKER's sliced off mouth, eventually ending in extreme close up. We hear HONEYDEW scream and shout out of shot.

HONEYDEW

Oh no! I SEE IT! I SEE IT!

He screams a final time. There is a quick flashing set of shots of BIG BIRD floating towards him, surrounded by the swirling, endless glowing form of SNUFFLEUPAGUS as the 'Sesame Street Theme' plays quietly in the background.

EXT. NIGHT - A VAN is stopped at the curb of a deserted street. A single FRAGGLE sits low behind the steering wheel.

INT. NIGHT - INSIDE THE VAN

Inside the police van, setting up for a stakeout. There are TV monitors on the walls and two benches running lengthwise. GONZO sits on one bench, he is shirtless. A wire is being taped to his chest by a FRAGGLE. GONZO looks miserable. STATLER and WALDORF sit opposite GONZO.

STATLER

Now remember, we need him to incriminate himself, but he'll be paranoid right now. Wait for the right moment.

WALDORF

Yeah, try to sniff out an opening!

STATLER AND WALDORF laugh

GONZO  
(sighs)

STATLER  
Tell him something good about today to put him at ease. Appeal  
to his ego.

WALDORF  
But don't brown-nose him.

STATLER  
Well we don't need to worry about THAT!

STATLER AND WALDORF laugh

GONZO  
(shakes his head)

EXT. NIGHT - THE VAN

We can faintly hear the echos of STATLER and WALDORF's  
laughter

INT. NIGHT - BEDROOM INSIDE FOZZIE'S BASE

MUSIC: Bachman Turner Overdrive's "Taking Care of Business"

Interior, Fozzie's base bedroom. Sounds of fucking (mainly  
MISS PIGGY'S rhythmic panting) as the camera pans around the  
room. It's less a bedroom that a purpose-built fuck pad. A  
1992 cokehead's version of paradise. There is a wet bar in  
the corner and a stripper pole in front of a black leather  
sectional couch; the table in front of the couch has bottles  
of champagne on it (some empty, some chilling in ice) and a  
pile of cocaine the size of a baseball cap, from lines are cut  
and waiting. There is an ashtray with a long blunt  
smouldering in it. There are several pots of yoghurt on the  
table. One is closed, one is empty and tipped over, and one  
is half empty with a spoon resting in it.

Camera pans to a wall adorned with photographs and lingers on  
three. First is a large black and white photo of FOZZIE and  
KERMIT laughing and shaking hands in front of building, a  
ribbon-cutting ceremony of some kind; wearing suits and  
smoking cigars amongst a crowd of well-heeled people. Next  
to that a same oversize picture of KERMIT and PIGGY on their  
wedding day; KERMIT in black tux and PIGGY in a wedding  
veil. KERMIT and PIGGY have their arms around each other but

are looking and laughing at FOZZIE, who is looking into the camera with double finger guns. Camera pans to smaller, inelegantly framed photo of a very young FOZZIE and KERMIT, not looking at the camera, wearing white T shirts greaser style, smoking cigarettes and trying to look tough while leaning against a brick wall.

Camera does a 180-degree spin to rest on the bed. There are mirrors above the bed and on the back wall. The bed is circular and the bedspread is black and white leopard print. MISS PIGGY is on all fours, FOZZIE is behind her pumping away.

Close up on PIGGY'S face; FOZZIE is visible over her shoulder. PIGGY'S eyes are rolled back.

FOZZIE  
(Grunting in time with his thrusts)  
Tell me... when you're... getting... close

MISS PIGGY  
Oooh... now. NOW NOW

FOZZIE continues thrusting; one arm dips beneath PIGGY'S hips and he violently pulls out a banana,

MISS PIGGY  
(cumming)  
HI-YAAAHAH!

FOZZIE  
(Holding up banana; speaking into camera as PIGGY calms down)  
Second banana's not always a bad gig.

Zoom out to take in the whole room. FOZZIE dismounts and strides confidently to the table and pours a drink. PIGGY rolls herself into the bedclothes and looks at herself in the ceiling mirror.

PIGGY  
That's all I needed.  
(starts singing)  
It's just the ... BEAR NECESSITIES, that's why a bear can...

FOZZIE  
(slams down bottle)  
Stop that.

PIGGY stops singing

FOZZIE

We can't afford the rights to that song. I've already got a war going on outside, we don't need the Mouse sniffing around for residuals.

PIGGY (subdued)

What are you so nervous for?

FOZZIE

That frog's no dope.

PIGGY

Don't be ridiculous. With his little four-eyed assistant out of the way, he's got idea what's happening out here.

FOZZIE

I've seen him hop out of trouble before.

PIGGY

But that was against people. He's never gone toe to webbed toe with a bear before.

FOZZIE

(staring at himself in the mirror, considering)

PIGGY

If you're about finished with your hibernation, this pig needs another stuffing. Bring me that yoghurt pot.

FOZZIE turns and winks at her. He tosses his drink over his shoulder as he leaps back on to the bed. Camera cuts to the wall, where the champagne splashes on the picture of young FOZZIE and KERMIT. The picture begins to run.

INT. NIGHT - INSIDE THE VAN

GONZO's wire is finished and he is buttoning up his shirt

GONZO

Guys, if this doesn't go right, I need to know that you'll come in after me.

STATLER

Listen to me, you rat snitch. You don't get to dictate the terms here. You need to get an admission out of him. If you don't, or if he discovers that you're talking to us - well, it's no skin off my nose!

STATLER and WALDORF laugh

GONZO hops out the back of the van in a huff and approaches FOZZIE's building.

INT. NIGHT - BEDROOM INSIDE FOZZIE'S BASE

More fucking sounds. Camera is trained on the phone next to the bed. It rings and FOZZIE's yoghurt-covered hand picks it up.

FOZZIE (off camera)

Aw, guys! I was right in the middle of a callback!... He's downstairs? Good. Tell him to come through.

Now FOZZIE is buttoning up his shirt on the side of the bed. MISS PIGGY walks into frame and gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then goes towards the window. As she opens it to climb out, GONZO enters. They lock eyes and GONZO looks awkwardly away.

MISS PIGGY

What happened to your nose?

GONZO

I... I lost it.

MISS PIGGY smirks, and then climbs through the window. FOZZIE walks over to it, waves to her, and closes it. He then turns back to GONZO, and invites him to sit down on the bed.

FOZZIE

What do you need?

GONZO

I'm sorry to interrupt.

FOZZIE

Oh, don't worry about it. I can have a slice of that bacon any time I want. Wakka wakka. I mean fucking

GONZO

Haha, nice. Uhh, so where are we on figuring out who killed Boss Sam?

FOZZIE

(lighting a cigar)

Oh, come on Gonzo. You know it's not about that shit anymore. Whoever killed him did us a favour anyway, that old pigeon was getting weak.

GONZO

Sir, what exactly happened with the Electric Mayhem?

FOZZIE  
(chuckling)  
Not a lot lately.  
(he pauses)  
They're dead.

GONZO  
But what... happened.

Nervously, he adjusts his shirt collar, and we see a quick shot of STATLER AND WALDORF recording the conversation and listening.

FOZZIE  
You know what happened.

GONZO  
I... I just want to be sure...

FOZZIE  
What's going on? You're being weird.

GONZO looks panicked. He can't do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOZZIE'S PLACE - MORNING

A dusty car pulls up outside. Through the windshield, we see the driver, BERT, and his passenger, ERNIE, eyeing the building with intent. Without looking, ERNIE lights BERT's cigarette. They exit the vehicle. They walk to the back of the car, and we're get a Tarantinoesque trunk shot as they open the back.

Now we see inside. The trunk is full of guns; shotguns, handguns, machine guns, uzis, and even a couple of grenades. ERNIE loads a revolver, and then takes out a little flask. He pours some whisky into the barrel, and BERT opens his mouth. In an incredibly sexual manner, ERNIE slides the barrel into BERT's mouth and BERT sucks out the liquor. They both smile, and kiss.

INT. STATLER AND WALDORF'S CAR, ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

From inside the car, we watch BERT slam the trunk, and he and ERNIE advance towards the building. They are carrying shotguns in plain sight.

STATLER

(putting down his headphones)

Looks like they're getting ready to have a blast!

Both laugh wildly.

WALDORF

Seriously though we need to get ready to call backup those are goddamn shotguns.

He grabs the police radio. In the background we can see BERT and ERNIE walking up the steps to the building.

INT. FOZZIE'S BASE - DAY

BERT and ERNIE kick open the double doors, shotguns pointed forward, and step into the lobby. RIZZO the rat is sat behind the front desk, reading a newspaper with his feet up. He looks up casually when he hears them enter, and a look of panic washes over his face.

RIZZO

Oh shi-

He scrambles to get up but before he knows it, BERT has blown him to pieces with a shotgun blast. Little pieces of RIZZO decorate the lobby.

We cut back to FOZZIE and GONZO for a second, who both turn towards the door upon hearing the shotgun blast.

Now we're back with BERT, as he advances down the long hallway leading from the lobby. The walls are beautiful mahogany panelled. Behind him, ERNIE lights a cigarette as he looks down at the biggest chunk of RIZZO's corpse.

CUT TO:

INT. STATLER AND WALDORF'S CAR

Faintly, they hear the gunshots from outside, and jump in their seats. STATLER spills his coffee.

WALDORF

Looks like this situation is like food in the digestive system, partner.

STATLER

(picking up the car radio)

Why's that?

WALDORF

It's going to shit.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A fluffy red muppet runs out into the corridor, and without hesitation or slowing his pace, BERT pumps his shotgun and blows the unnamed muppet away. Red fluff snows down on him as he reaches the end of the hallway.

BERT

(calling out)

Knock knock.

He and ERNIE shoot each other a smirk through the hallway.

We cut to FOZZIE and GONZO loading guns, GONZO looking extra nervous. FOZZIE puts his back to the wall beside the door, and gently pushes it open. A few seconds later, a door on the opposite side of the corridor outside flings open. ROWLF stands in the doorway, tying up a kimono with one hand while he holds his katana in the other. He gives FOZZIE a 'what the fuck was that?' look.

FOZZIE

(mouthing)

Get a fucking gun!

ROWLF

(confused, also mouthing)

But I have my katana.

FOZZIE

(whispering loudly)

Yes but THEY have fucking GUNS, clearly.

ROWLF  
Who does?

FOZZIE  
I don't fucking know, go and fucking find the fuck out.

ROWLF, looking perturbed, puts his katana down and takes a pistol out of a drawer. He slowly leans out of his door and we see his perspective; it is a large lounge area with huge glass windows from floor to ceiling. It is empty.

ROWLF  
(to FOZZIE)  
Where's Animal?

FOZZIE  
He's out getting groceries. You two will have to go.

FOZZIE gestures to GONZO, who reluctantly joins ROWLF in the corridor. GONZO does not have his lazer swords with him, but a pistol instead.

ROWLF  
Where are your lazer swords?

GONZO  
They're in my car.

We cut to a quick shot of two insanely cool looking lazer swords laying on the back seat of a family sedan, in full view, then back to the action.

FOZZIE  
No fucking swords! This isn't Treasure Island! Get the fuck  
OUT THERE.

ROWLF and GONZO cautiously walk into the lounge area, waving their guns around. The place looks empty. Then, suddenly a shotgun blast completely eviscerates an entire couch. GONZO and ROWLF scabble for a hiding place. GONZO climbs inside a cabinet, and ROWLF gets under a coffee table. We hear

footsteps, and see ROWLF frantically looking around, but no feet.

All of a sudden ROWLF is dragged backwards by his ankles by BERT, yelling as he scratches at the carpet, dropping his gun. He twists over just in time for BERT to smash him in the face with the butt of his shotgun. As ROWLF writhes in pain, BERT takes out a switchblade, and kneels down over ROWLF. He pins ROWLF's arms down with his knees.

ROWLF

My face! Oh god dammit

BERT

We can take care of that.

BERT holds ROWLF's head in place, and slowly cuts under the fabric of his face, starting with the chin, and then up the cheek and across the forehead. ROWLF is screaming in pain. We cut back briefly to FOZZIE, who is too petrified by the sounds to move, and GONZO who is literally pissing himself in the cabinet. BERT finishes slicing around ROWLF's face and then gradually peels it off from the bottom, only intensifying the screams. He takes the fabric from ROWLF's face and slams it down on the coffee table. All that's left are ROWLF's eyes and nose, the rest is a mess of stuffing.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOZZIE'S BASE - DAY

ANIMAL is walking down the street with a huge bag of groceries. Birds are chirping and he smiles to himself. All of a sudden he notices police cars pulling up across the street.

ANIMAL

What in the fuck

Cut to the interior lobby, where ANIMAL bursts through the doors, shopping still in hand.

ANIMAL

There's cops outside.

Instead of one of his comrades, he looks down the corridor and locks eyes with ERNIE, who stands smoking a cigarette with his shotgun in his hands.

ANIMAL loses it. He drops the groceries, and screams an... uh, animalistic scream at the top of his muppety lungs, running down the corridor at full speed. When he gets about halfway, ERNIE raises the shotgun and fires.

One of ANIMAL's legs flies off, as ANIMAL takes a dive and falls right on his fucking face. ERNIE reloads.

We cut back to BERT, who is pulling ROWLF's nose off with his bare hands. As he makes the final yank, he inspects it, laughing, and takes a bite of it like an apple. When he hears the gunshot, his face drops and he jumps to his feet, grabbing his shotgun and running back to the doorway. We can see ERNIE standing at the end of a short corridor, obviously at the corner of where the two hallways intersect.

BERT

You okay?

ERNIE

Never better.

As ERNIE smiles, he is torn to shreds by gunfire. I mean fucking obliterated. He is hit by more bullets than have been fired in this entire movie so far. I cannot stress enough how many bullets hit this fucking muppet. His torso has more holes in it than the plot of Opposite Jurassic Park.

Now, in slow motion, BERT screams, dropping his shotgun and running towards his friend... his lover. He pulls two pistols out of holsters and as he reaches the corner, turns and open fires.

ERNIE's killers, the FRAGGLE POLICE, are flooding into the lobby but start dropping like flies as BERT shoots fraggle after fraggle. The bodies pile up and the doorway fills with felt and fluff.

Eventually, BERT runs out of bullets, and the deafening gunfire is quickly replaced with pure silence. ROWLF's screams fade into the background as we slowly push in on BERT's face, still pulling the triggers of the now empty guns.

WALDORF  
(entering the lobby)  
Drop 'em, Bert!

STATLER  
Drop the fucking guns!

Defeated, BERT closes his eyes and drops the pistols. He looks down at the ground as emotional music begins to swell, with ROWLF's cries and the increasing sounds of footsteps approaching in the background. BERT is then tackled to the ground.

He lies face down as STATLER handcuffs him, FRAGGLE POLICE rushing into the house behind them. But we're focused on BERT's face, his eyes now filling with tears, for only feet from him, lies the body of ERNIE. ERNIE's lifeless face stares back at BERT, who now silently screams as the music takes over, and we fade to black.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOZZIE'S BASE - EVENING

ROWLF is brought out on a stretcher, not moving. FOZZIE stands blocking the door, GONZO at his side, with STATLER and WALDORF facing them on the steps.

FOZZIE  
Gentlemen, I appreciate you saving me and my people from these vicious assailants. My life was in danger.

STATLER  
I think that's your career.

The two cops erupt with laughter, and then return to looking very serious.

A PARAMUPPET approaches them. A muppet paramedic. Fuck you.

PARAMUPPET  
Sir, the other one refuses to be taken.

Over FOZZIE's shoulder, we can see ANIMAL taking swings from the ground at another PARAMUPPET who is trying to get him on a stretcher.

FOZZIE

Leave him here. We'll take care of him. Wakka wakka.

There is a long, tense pause.

WALDORF

Alright, let's go.

WALDORF signals to the FRAGGLE POLICE and the PARAMUPPETS that it's time to pack up and go. Before they walk away, STATLER and WALDORF give GONZO a look. GONZO glances away. The two cops climb into their car, BERT sat in the back seat, and begin to drive away.

FOZZIE and GONZO walk back inside, and close the doors. They step over the dropped groceries, all covered in stuffing, and start walking down the corridor.

FOZZIE

Smells like rat around here, doesn't it.

GONZO

(stopping)

Wh...what?

FOZZIE

I said it smells like rat.

GONZO doesn't respond. He looks absolutely terrified though.

FOZZIE (Contd.)

Because Rizzo's all over the walls.

GONZO

(breathing a sigh of relief)

Oh yes, yes sir.

FOZZIE looks at him for a second. He is suspicious.

FOZZIE

Help Animal up, let's go.

FADE OUT AND CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

A single ray of sunlight pierces through a hole in the blinds, all of which have been drawn. It lands squarely on WALTER's face; he grimaces in discomfort and swiftly lurks towards the bathroom.

WALTER opens the medicine cabinet. He rummages through several bottles of Flintstone's vitamins until he finds the bottle he's looking for and dry swallows a handful of pills. He closes the cabinet and sees himself in the mirror through bloodshot eyes.

WALTER is halfway through crudely sewing his head back together with a dirty looking shoelace. He dials desperately on his mobile phone. It rings a few times while he pierces his felt with the needle, and there is no answer.

WALTER

Come on, Kermit, pick up!

He stares back into the mirror, inspecting his face. He squints close up at his reflection.

WALTER

Get it together, Walter. This is all in your head.

His attention is drawn to the bite marks left by THE COUNT, which are throbbing. He lurches and heaves the contents of his stomach in to the sink. He looks down; the sink is filled to the brim with entirely undigested hard candy, all still in the wrapper.

WALTER

(Shrieking in agony)

CUT TO: WALTER'S NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

WALTER's neighbor is on the phone with the police. WALTER's screams can be heard clearly in the background accompanied by loud crashing noises

NEIGHBOR

Yes, I'd like to report a noise complaint.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT

WALTER

(on the phone)

...please believe me. I hope you check this message but I'm coming over as soon as I can.

He turns his phone off and looks back into the mirror.

WALTER's hair falls out, his cheeks sink in, and his eyes turn blood-red. His lower jaw rends in two, revealing rows of razor sharp teeth and a wriggling, barbed tongue-like appendage. As he falls to his knees, his bloodcurdling screams turn to ravenous growls. He suddenly jerks his head toward the door at the sound of knocking.

FRAGGLE OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Police, open up!

WALTER, now completely dead-eyed, composes himself and opens the door.

WALTER

Good evening, officers.

FRAGGLE OFFICER 1

We received a complaint from your neighbor of loud animal noises.

FRAGGLE OFFICER 2

Mind if we take a look around here?

WALTER

By all means, go ahead. I was just about to have myself some dinner.

As the officers enter his apartment, WALTER emphatically cracks his neck with a fiendish grin before slamming the door behind them.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

BOBO THE BEAR is coming out of hospital. He is battered and bruised, in only a way that felt and whatever shit BOBO THE BEAR is made out of can be. A car pulls up, and the door opens. In the driver's seat is GONZO.

GONZO  
Get in.

BOBO THE BEAR gets into the car, and they drive away. Seconds later, another car arrives.

KERMIT pulls up to the ICU loading bay directly over asphalt labelled NO PARKING. He throws the gear shift in to P and enters through the sliding doors in slo-mo.

INT. GROVER'S HOSPITAL ROOM

KERMIT enters, propping the door shut behind him with a chair. He pulls his twin UZIs out of his trench coat and gingerly places them on the bedside table. A knapsack is slung over his shoulder. GROVER looks to him with his one good eye, the only part of his body that isn't wrapped in thick bandages. A life support machine softly beeps in the background.

KERMIT  
You've always had a big mouth, Grover. I trusted Beaker and Dr. Honeydew wouldn't have any issue melting it shut once they were finished with you, but you are one resilient motherfucker.

KERMIT lights a cigarette, takes a prolonged drag, and blows it directly in GROVER's eye; GROVER winces in obvious discomfort.

KERMIT  
I admire that.

KERMIT puts the cigarette out in GROVER's eye.

GROVER  
(Muffled screaming)

KERMIT removes a large glass jar full of buzzing insects from the knapsack.

KERMIT  
See this? Oh, well, I guess you can't anymore. Whoops! Inside this jar are several dozen specimens of the species *Vespa mandarinia*, the Asian giant hornet. Their venom contains a pheromone that signals fellow hornets to attack the target in question. It is also incredibly painful.

KERMIT pulls a scalpel from his knapsack and begins slicing GROVER's abdomen open lengthwise.

KERMIT  
You see, Grover: when the hive is compromised, the hornets get angry.

KERMIT is now prying GROVER's abdomen open, revealing his pumping organs. GROVER writhes in agony, he lets out a hoarse shriek as spittle soaks the bandage covering his mouth.

KERMIT  
Very angry.

KERMIT removes a length of plastic tubing from his knapsack and plunges it in to GROVER's gut, funneling the contents of the hornet jar in to his viscera. GROVER begins to violently spasm as the heart monitor blips increase in frequency. "The Rainbow Connection" begins playing as KERMIT reclines back in his chair, sipping on a glass of LIPTON iced tea.

EXT. NIGHT - DIMLY LIT ALLEY  
We open on a close-up on FOZZIE's grimacing face.

FOZZIE  
Wokka... W-oooooooo-kkkk... huh.

He's just done an orgasm, but gotten no relief because of he's pretty bummed out about yakuza stuff right now and was only really half-erect through the whole thing. He elbows down-on-

his-luck pig hooker DR JULIUS STRANGEPORK to the ground, pelts him hard in the face with a wad of notes, & urinates on him for good measure.

FOZZIE

I guess my dick's still good for one thing.

FOZZIE cuts off his stream and we track backwards following him as he walks down the alley to a neon-lit street in a red-light district. Glowing signs on each building reveal he's just emerged from the alley between a seedy-as-fuck looking strip club where dead-eyed teen bear whores are gyrating in the crimson-hued windows called Bearly Legal, and a Ruth's Chris Steakhouse.

FOZZIE turns and begins to walk further into this grim part of town. He stumbles listlessly past grimy tenements & smashed up pachinko machines with KERMIT & FOZZIE's faces staring out at him. He drags his crowbar across them, scratching out the faces further.

We see some background YAKUZA MUPPET EXTRAS carrying a comically huge butterfish the size of a sedan out of a shop called Pablo Escolar. The fish splits open and bricks of cocaine fall out and they all trip over them, flinging the fish through the air. It slaps wetly against FOZZIE's face, smashing him against a wall, but he is grimly determined and powering onwards.

FOZZIE finally approaches a flashing neon Julie Andrews and we pan up to reveal he is at the store front of BOBO THE BEAR's The Sound of Music-themed saki and sushi bar "Udon, Farewell, Auf Iwahshi-hn, Goma-ae!" FOZZIE muscled his way in.

INT. SUSHI BAR

BOBO THE BEAR is cleaning glasses behind the bar while LEW ZEALAND is boomeranging fish into big knives on the wall, which chop the fish up perfectly and form them into tasty sushi dishes that LEW ZEALAND catches & boomerangs around the room for customers to snatch instead of a conveyor belt. FOZZIE kicks the door in and brandishes his crowbar at BOBO. The customers, LEW and BOBO exchange nervous glances.

FOZZIE

A bear walks into a bar and the barman says "no shirt, no service," so the bear says "even if I put a shirt on I'll still have a bear chest." Wokka Wokka Wokka, get me a fucking drink.

BOBO

Oh, uh, sure thing there Mr the boss Fozzie sir, be right with ya.

BOBO THE BEAR adjusts his lederhosen but we see he is getting better access to a little knife strapped to his thigh. FOZZIE walks up to the bar and hops up to sit on one of the stools.

FOZZIE

No tricks, asshole, & leave the bottle.

BOBO THE BEAR reaches down a bottle of sake from the wall. He glances at LEW ZEALAND who is aiming a boomerang fish at the yellow bear, but BOBO THE BEAR gives him a little shake of the head to deter him. BOBO THE BEAR places the rice wine in front of FOZZIE and goes to get a glass.

FOZZIE

A shortsighted man walks into a bar, which knocks all his drinks over. Shouldda warn glasses. W-A-R-N. Wokka wokka wokka.

BOBO THE BEAR

Jeez, Foz, that's a clumsy one even for you. You had to spell the damn thing.

FOZZIE

It's been a cunt of a day Bobo, what can I tell ya? Fuck that glass off.

FOZZIE picks up the bottle of sake and glugs the whole damn thing. The few muppet customers who were at the sushi tables scuttle out of the joint in the background, piling into the door and leaping through the windows with a crash, leaving only FOZZIE, LEW ZEALAND, and BOBO THE BEAR.

FOZZIE

Another.

BOBO THE BEAR nods at FOZZIE and proceeds to snatch another bottle of sake from the wall. When he turns around FOZZIE is holding up two fingers so BOBO grabs two more bottles and returns to the distressed bear. LEW ZEALAND ducks into the back office. FOZZIE necks another half bottle of sake and groans.

FOZZIE

A soldier walks into a bar. Suddenly his face drops in alarm and he rushes back out as if he forgot something. What did he forget, Bobo? Nothing. Not one damn, grim, harrowing motherfucking detail. That's the joke. Wokka wokka wokka.

BOBO THE BEAR

Okay, Fozzo, chief, I think maybe this is a bad path you're on here, that's some dark shit.

FOZZIE

No, Bobo, you know what I think? I think something's changed in me today. I think Rowlf is dead and-

BOBO THE BEAR

Oh shit, Rowlf died?! Do I need to find another nazi-themed barkeep?!

FOZZIE

NOT YOUR SOUND OF MUSIC ROLF, BOBO. MY FRIEND, MY GOOD BOY. FOZZIE drains the second bottle of sake and throws it to the floor, raging.

FOZZIE

MY VERY GOOD BOY, LOST HIS FACE. But you know the worst of it Bobo? Half the time I have to force myself to care about it. I have to push my nose right into the horrible mess I've found myself in just to feel the flickering of empathy for those dying around me, to even care about them as means to an end. Rowlf was my good boy, a fixer, loyal. Rizzo was... Sure.

FOZZIE runs his hand over his crowbar.

FOZZIE

But at the end of the day they were tools to me, Bobo, as useful and replaceable as this crowbar... Wokka wokka wokka! Haha! The cheapness of their lives is truly my greatest joke. Wokka wokka wokka!

FOZZIE grasps the crowbar and then slams it pry-down into the countertop. It wobbles back and forth as he begins drinking from the 3<sup>rd</sup> bottle. LEW ZEALAND returns from the fire door outside, wagging his fish around. One of the fish looks weird and lumpy now. He flings both fish and they whizz past FOZZIE's head. FOZZIE pulls another crowbar out from somewhere and bangs it against the one that he drove into the counter.

FOZZIE

I was on top of the world, Bobo, it was all gonna be mine. The pig, the power, the money. Now the noose is closing and I'm thumbing my soggy pud into a homeless pig's mouth in an alley for scratch.

As FOZZIE talks, we slowly pan along the bar, away from him, to reveal someone else, drinking alone at the end. As he raises his head, we see that it is ELMO. He sits drinking a glass of vodka, wearing a leather jacket. ELMO, not the glass. He looks over at FOZZIE and watches him speak.

A fish flies past FOZZIE's head again.

BOBO  
Uhhhh...

FOZZIE  
You know the last time I was happy, Bobo? The last time I had a throbbing rager blasting from my crotch like a breaching narwhal? Watching that four-eyed candyass eat it and eat it hard. The prodigal son, that simpering spineless fuck, squealing like Miss Piggy being barebacked over a flame, a suckled pig fuckled on my furry spit.

BOBO  
Jesus Christ...

A fish flies past FOZZIE's head again.

FOZZIE  
That was the last time I was happy Bobo, the last time I felt anything in the limbless beanie baby between my legs. And I'd give anything to feel that again. To watch the life drain from each of Scooter's four eyes, to know that I, FOZZIE MOTHERFUCKING BEAR WAS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS DOWNFALL. AND BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OUT, THE DRAINS WILL BE CLOGGED WITH STUFFING TORN FROM MY ENEMIES BE IT BY CROWBAR OR BARE HAND. BY JIM HENSON'S LEFT TEAT, I WILL BE THE PUPPETMASTER. AND I WILL SEE THAT FROG'S LIMP FELT BODY FASHIONED INTO A RIGHTEOUS SHEATH OF JUSTICE WITH WHICH I WILL STICK MY GROINAL GLADIATOR RIGHT UP MY ENEMIES' BUTTHOLES.

A fish flies past FOZZIE's head. We track the fish this time and notice it has a whole Mr Microphone stuffed down its throat.

EXT. NIGHT - COP CAR IN THE ALLEY BEHIND "UDON, FAREWELL, AUF IWAHSHI-HN, GOMA-AE!"

STATLER & WALDORF are listening to the radio and eating Pez when the Mr Microphone picks up FOZZIE's confession.

STATLER & WALDORF  
OH HO HO HO HO HO HO

STATLER  
We're finally going to shut down this shitshow!

WALDORF  
And not before time!

STATLER & WALDORF  
OH HO HO HO HO HO HO

WALDORF

Breaker breaker, come in Police House, 'Dorf calling Police House here.

INT. NIGHT - THE POLICE HOUSE

GOBO FRAGGLE

10-4 good buddoes, this is The Police House, Constable Gobo here. Uh huh. You don't say?

STATLER (over Radio)

NO, WE DON'T SAY, WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN YET.

STATLER & WALDORF (over Radio)

OH HO HO HO HO HO HO

GOBO FRAGGLE

Is that you Sarge and Sarge?

WALDORF (over Radio)

Gobo, you goober. I need you, Lt Mokey, Sgt Wembley, Officers Red, Boober, Uncle Travelling Matt, Aunt Granny, Fishface, Bigmouth, Bonehead, Noodlenose, Cantus the Minstrel, Chuchu, Dimpley, The Fragglettes, The fucking Pipebangers from down on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor, Sir Blunderbrain, Inspector Wimple, and EVERY SINGLE SWAT DOZER YOU GOT down on West Central Yokohama & 4<sup>th</sup>, just south of Yakuza Street. We're going to take this bastard down. Now GO HO HO HO HO!

EXT. NIGHT - COP CAR IN THE ALLEY BEHIND "UDON, FAREWELL, AUF IWAHSI-HN, GOMA-AE!"

STATLER

Do you think this'll end it?

WALDORF

If it doesn't, at least our part in this dumpster fire of a movie will be over!

STATLER & WALDORF

OH HO HO HO HO HO HO

INT. SUSHI BAR

FOZZIE is absolutely fucked up at this point and slurring his words and dancing around the bar on his own to no music at all. There are 7 crowbars driven into the top of the bar now. LEW ZEALAND and BOBO THE BEAR are exchanging nervous glances because FOZZIE keeps getting crowbars from somewhere.

FOZZIE

A crow walks into a bar. Crowbar. Is that something?

ELMO is still looking at FOZZIE, who hasn't noticed him. He is squinting, as if he is trying to figure something out, and then a look of realisation comes over his face.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. ELMO'S FAMILY HOME, WHEN ELMO WAS A BABY

Everything is in sepia tone for this part. Maybe a bit wobbly too.

Baby ELMO is sat playing with some wooden blocks on the carpet. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. ELMO'S MOTHER goes to the door and opens it. Baby ELMO looks to the door and sees a younger FOZZIE standing in the doorway. FOZZIE tips his hat, and then mutters something.

ELMO'S MOTHER

Honey? Your friend from work is here? It's so late I...

ANIMAL emerges from a back room, fully dressed with suitcases. He walks past ELMO and to the door, where he shakes hands with FOZZIE. They all talk for a while, and ELMO'S MOTHER becomes clearly upset.

ELMO'S MOTHER

You have a son, Animal! Does he mean nothing to you? Do I mean nothing to you?

ANIMAL hands her a big bag of cash, which she throws back in his face. He eats some of it. Then he turns away, and begins to walk out.

ELMO'S MOTHER

If you leave now... you NEVER come back.

ANIMAL

I know.

ANIMAL walks away, and ELMO'S MOTHER runs away from the door, beginning to cry. Baby ELMO stares up at FOZZIE, who gives him a slimy wink, and pulls the door shut.

END FLASHBACK

CUT BACK TO BAR:

FOZZIE

Then... then I'm'a gonna slap the dick right outta Kermit's mouth. Wokka wokka wokka. Ahhahahaha. Teeheeheehee. BARKEEP!

BOBO

Uhhh... yes, boss?

FOZZIE

PUT SOME FRICKIN TUNES ON, MY MAN, OR I'LL GUT YOU.

BOBO

Uhhh, sure thing Mr Fozzie sir, I can do that.

ELMO is staring at FOZZIE with utter fury. His glass breaks in his fist.

BOBO THE BEAR switches on the radio but there is a weird static. FOZZIE turns to look at him.

FOZZIE

TUNE THAT MOTHER—

RADIO

Tune that mother--

Tune that mother--

Tune that mother--

Tune that mother—

FOZZIE

What the fuck is this shit?!

RADIO

What the fuck is this shit?!

FOZZIE's eye dart around the room until he spots the weirdly microphone-shaped fish.

FOZZIE

You doublecrossing fucks.

With a flick of his hand FOZZIE throws a crowbar at LEW ZEALAND, but LEW knocks it out of the air with a perfectly thrown fish. FOZZIE is already upon him, bashing LEW ZEALAND's face into the floor, when BOBO THE BEAR removes FOZZIE's ear with a knife.

FOZZIE

Big mistake, asshole.

FOZZIE is on BOBO THE BEAR at this point, smashing him in the face with yet another crowbar. He bashes him again and again, forcing BOBO THE BEAR across the bar. LEW ZEALAND is on the floor with stuffing popping out of his ears, all bashed up. With one last triumphant crack of his crowbar, FOZZIE knocks BOBO THE BEAR down into the bar's basement, tumbling down the stairs.

BOBO THE BEAR

Oof, ouch, yeesh, gak, oof, yikes.

With a thud, BOBO THE BEAR lands on the cellar floor. FOZZIE whips out his phone from somewhere and dials a number.

FOZZIE

What's red and black and blue and dead all over? You if you don't pick me up right the fuck now. Wokka wokka wokka. BOBO's joint, right the fu-

LEW ZEALAND pounces at FOZZIE, grabbing him by the face and smashing him to the ground. With one great big muscular flourish he lifts FOZZIE by the skull and throws him through the air like a boomerang fish towards the sushi knives on the wall. However this is not FOZZIE's first rodeo. With incredible rectal dexterity, FOZZIE grabs the biggest knife between his butt cheeks just before it would do him damage. He grins at LEW ZEALAND, plants his feet on the wall, and somersaults forwards, unleashing the knife from between the muscular cheeks of his fuzzy butt at just the right time. The knife slashes through LEW ZEALAND's left hand, rendering it useless and unbalancing him just before he was about to throw a fish with his right. The fish ricochets off the wall, against the opposite wall, into the door to the cellar, down the stairs bouncing off each and every one and finally slapping hard into a just-coming-to BOBO THE BEAR's face.

BOBO THE BEAR

Oh for fu--!

BOBO THE BEAR passes out again. FOZZIE rushes at LEW ZEALAND, grabbing him by the crotch. He flings him over his head and suplexes him down onto the bar.. Exactly where FOZZIE's crowbars are. LEW ZEALAND busts apart, the crowbars gouging huge chunks of stuffing out of him, tearing felt, until all that is left is a pair of eyeballs in a sea of foam rubber.

FOZZIE

Yeah, bitch. Boomerang back from that. Wokka Wokka Wokka.

LEW ZEALAND's eyeballs blink and then the pupils are replaced by Xs. FOZZIE walks behind the bar and grabs another bottle of sake.

FOZZIE

You know what? Old papa Foz just felt a twitch in his old papa Foz, if you get me. Wokka wokka wokka. Haha.

FOZZIE's head is smashed into the bar. BOBO THE BEAR drags him across it, bouncing his head off each of the seven crowbars, which plink out "Shave and a haircut, two bits." as he does so.

BOBO THE BEAR

You come into my bar, Fozzer, you best learn to handle your drink. Wokka wokka, motherfucker.

BOBO THE BEAR twirls a bottle of sake around, smashes it on the bar, and jams it into FOZZIE's hand.

FOZZIE  
OUCHIES!

FOZZIE kicks BOBO THE BEAR in his stomach and scrambles towards the exit but BOBO THE BEAR is on him. He grabs FOZZIE by the head and rushes towards one of the windows.

Now ELMO gets off his stool, and takes out his butterfly knife. He flicks it open, and starts to walk towards the tussling bears. His eyes are full of rage, and fixed solely on FOZZIE.

EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE BOBO'S JOINT

A dozen SWAT vans scream down the road and handbreak turn to a stop. DOZERS and FRAGGLES and STATLER and WALDORF pile out. STATLER & WALDORF address the crowd.

STATLER  
It's Time To Play The Music.

Sirens wail.

WALDORF  
It's Time To Light The Lights

Police spotlights are activated one by one, facing the bar.

STATLER  
It's Time To Get Things Started

Snipers take up position

WALDORF  
On The Most Sensational

STATLER  
Inspirational

WALDORF  
Celebrational

STATLER  
Police Brutational

STATLER & WALDORF  
This Is What We Call A Fucking Show Ho Ho Ho Ho!

The gathered police open fire indiscriminately at BOBO's bar. FOZZIE and BOBO THE BEAR are scrapping in one of the windows and bullets whizz past their ears. FOZZIE punches BOBO THE BEAR with his glassed hand.

ELMO stops in his tracks as the bullets fly. He hesitates for a second, then frustrated, turns around and runs out the back door.

FOZZIE  
How the fuck are we both bears?! You're fucking huge and totally different.

A bullet glances off BOBO THE BEAR's shoulder and FOZZIE fucking punches him up for a bit but then BOBO THE BEAR remembers he's massive and smashes FOZZIE into the wall and FOZZIE's head is hanging out the window. In the distance we hear the roar of a motor. Suddenly a Lamborghini Testarossa comes flying over the bar and comes to rest just in front of it, between it and the gathered cops. The gullwing door opens up and ANIMAL steps out, good foot first... followed by a drum mallet where his other leg should be. He adjusts his sunglasses.

FOZZIE  
Animal, you legend. LISTEN, ANIMAL... YYZ!

ANIMAL's eyes glow red as he begins to hear Rush's YYZ in his head. Colours swirl around him as he begins to dance, seized with the spirit of the radio.

ANIMAL  
NEIL!!!!

Suddenly ANIMAL is the swirling avatar of Rush drummer Neil Peart playing that sick fucking solo from when he does YYZ live. His drum mallet foot whirls in the air as his hands seize their drum sticks tight. He's on the first DOZER before it can realise, drum mallet busting its head apart.

FOZZIE  
Shit yes, bro.

FOZZIE, emboldened by ANIMAL absolutely battering the cops outside throws a hail mary punch at BOBO THE BEAR. It unbalances BOBO THE BEAR just long enough for FOZZIE to grab hold of the knife BOBO THE BEAR was making easier to grab earlier in this script. He grasps it and howls.

FOZZIE  
WOKKA WOKKA, BITCH

FOZZIE begins stabbing BOBO THE BEAR thousands of times, a whirl of knifework too fast for the camera to keep track of. BOBO THE BEAR is stabbed up so much that his atoms are all stabbed apart and there is nothing left but a few scant scraps of the gross brown bobbly material his skin is made of.

FOZZIE  
A bear walks into a bar. One bear leaves. Wokka wokka wokka.

FOZZIE urinates on BOBO THE BEAR's head, then stumbles over to the bar. He grabs two bottles of saki, pours one out over his glassed hand, then wanders off out the fire door drinking the other.

EXT. NIGHT - WEST CENTRAL YOKOHAMA & 4<sup>TH</sup>, JUST SOUTH OF YAKUZA STREET

40 DOZERS lie dead and ANIMAL is eating one to make a scene.

STATLER  
Whoa, he's EATING a Dozer.

WALDORF  
Better than eating a poser, OH HOHOHOHOHO.

STATLER

Fuck does that even mean Waldorf, he's eating a fucking co-worker. I know we sass, but fucking hell.

WALDORF

OH HO HO HO HO, I'M DEAD INSIDE, BITCH.

ANIMAL whips his dick out and smashes it through 10 DOZERS, knocking their heads clean off. A stream of stuffing erupts from their necks. He howls and it sounds like SUPER DISCO BREAKING by the Beastie Boys while he waggles his dick to knock all the heads off the DOZERS. Soon the DOZERS all lie dead and ANIMAL is whacking fucking bullets out the air with his rapid drumming. All of his righteous actions are in time with Neil Peart's live YYZ drum solo. STATLER fires an RPG at ANIMAL but he ratta tat tats on the rocket to make it respect the heck out of him and fire into the air where it explodes like a big firework that looks like ANIMAL. Meanwhile the Muppet drummer is clunking motherfuckers in the skull with his drumsticks. LT MOKEY scampers up towards him, ducking behind various sedans and SUVs. He pounces out at ANIMAL only to be drummed into dust by the righteous drumming Muppet as he emulates Rush. The dust settles on ANIMAL's foot and he kicks it into the eyes of RED FRAGGLE who freaks the shit out and begins to vomit all over his feel. ANIMAL tonks him in the face with a drum stick and RED FRAGGLE's head flies off and busts apart against the BEARLY LEGAL shop front. ANIMAL roars at the remaining cops and begins drumming on a pile of empty DULUX paint pots.

STATLER

Of cocking cockbutts.

ANIMAL flings himself through the air, drumming furiously into the skulls of assorted Fraggles as he flies, reducing their skulls to leaky stuffing lumps.

WALDORF

I want to make a snarky joke, but that is one fly ass motherfucker.

STATLER

OH HO HO HO HO HO, at least you used some archaic dialogue. ANIMAL lands in a pile of broken dozers and brandishes his drum sticks at the Fraggles surrounding him.

ANIMAL

Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed, citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has.

ANIMAL begins to vibrate and scream at the sky, when a lightning bolt hits him square in the face. A cartoon of Ben Franklin dances around his body.

ANIMAL

You may delay, but time will not, bitch.

ANIMAL begins darting between Fraggles like lightning bolts, appearing in front of WEMBLEY, BOOBER, UNCLE TRAVELLING MATT, AUNT GRANNY, FISHFACE, BIGMOUTH, BONEHEAD, NOODLENOSE, CANTUS THE MINSTREL, CHUCHU, DIMPLEY, THE FRAGGLETTES, The fucking PIPEBANGERS from down on the 5th floor, SIR BLUNDERBRAIN, & INSPECTOR WIMPLE one by one and bludgeoning them in the skull with his rhythm-keeping drum stick foot until stuffing pops out, because ANIMAL is like a fucking baller. It's really slow and deliberate each time, because ANIMAL is being a right asshole and slowly pops each Fraggles' skull in the way a total fucking prick might,

ANIMAL

Well done is better than well said, BITCH!

ANIMAL clunks GOBO on the head and then rips him in two with the drumstick he's grafted onto his crotch, violently snare drumming GOBO to bits during a righteous solo. ANIMAL is staring down STATLER and WALDORF. He lunges at the miserable critical cop pair.

STATLER & WALDORF

What next, ANIMAL? Agent of chaos. You think you can take the law down? I'd think twice. We are the thin blue line, the embodiment of justice, all that stands between Muppetry and mainstream success, the law that identifies your garbage existence. You strike us down, you lose your ironic essence? What say you, ANIMAL? What do you do now? Oh ho h oho ho!

ANIMAL

AN-I-MAL!

ANIMAL throws the bits of GOBO FRAGGLE at STATLER and WALDORF, which bounces off their faces and catches fire. It glances across a police car's gas tank and lights it aflame. Suddenly all the gathered law enforcement vehicles are exploding and ANIMAL is scampering into the night across a field of busted-skull fraggles and dozers.

STATLER

Trust us to be killed in a literal throwaway scene

WALDORF

At least we finally escaped this trash heap!

STATLER & WALDORF

OH HO HO HO HO

STATLER and WALDORF shit themselves to death.

FADE TO:

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

We see venetian blinds slowly open, and through them the sun setting over the city. Inside, WALTER scowls. He checks his phone - no missed calls. He opens he Muppbook (facebook for muppets) app, and scrolls a little until he sees a recent status from Kermit.

[Kermit the Frog - 12 Minutes ago  
Off to bust some heads with my top boy Swedish chef ;)]

WALTER

No!

Panicked, WALTER paces around the room, which we now see is littered with the bodies of FRAGGLE COPS and his NEIGHBOR. He shakes in frustration, and then carefully opens the door, letting some light in. Gently he sticks his arm out, and it begins to smoke very lightly, causing him to retract it with a whimper of pain.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SESAME STREET BASE - SUNSET

Open on the double doors opening into the lounge. There is still shit everywhere - ash, bits of OSCAR, BEAKER's felt guts. KERMIT and SWEDISH CHEF enter, guns raised, starting to case the joint. They speak to each other in whispers.

SWEDISH CHEF

Rumbi roombi schrudi gurb

KERMIT

I know, I get it. But  
I didn't have any choice.

SWEDISH CHEF

Scimbi du flurbi du dorp du dorp

KERMIT

Don't you ever fucking talk about  
her like that! I love her dammit!  
I LOVE HER!

He goes to hit THE CHEF with the butt of his gun, but stops as they both hear bumps coming from upstairs. They nod to each other and continue, the camera following them past the disintegrating mass of black ink and felt that was HONEYDEW and BEAKER.

The two start to climb the stairs. Strange music plays in the distance, and the walls seem to shake a little.

KERMIT

Look, you're my best guy. My best.  
We get in here, we get the bird in  
his nest and we can stop this whole  
thing before any more shit hits the  
swamp. I am not losing any more men  
today! I can't believe Walter is gone.

SWEDISH CHEF

(Smirking to himself)

Frim du da burby da gurp mo lurp

KERMIT

I know. And we'll do it again. Together.  
I don't wanna have to send you back  
to Malmo, ya big lug.

They enter a long corridor. The walls are wet and shimmering, the music getting louder. The camera follows behind them as they make for a set of double doors at the end.

KERMIT

Quick and clean. Straight  
to the forehead then out. Word on the  
vine is this guy's so cracked out  
on 'ghurt he doesn't know his ass  
feathers from his elbow anyhow. Should  
be open and shu...

The camera ends up on the doors. Yoghurt is seeping out from beneath them.

KERMIT

What the...

The yoghurt slowly ebbs into the shape of Jim Henson's smiling face. It starts to glow, then evaporates into the air. KERMIT and THE CHEF take a big whiff and start to cough, then blink and look ahead as the doors start to slowly open.

They glance at each other, then the camera follows their gaze into the room. BIG BIRD sits in the centre on a swing, surrounded by a ring of children. The scene is shot in half speed, very arty. Blair Witch style stick things hang from the low ceiling. Behind the bird are two big woolly mammoths like you'd see in a museum, very tatty and worn with big chunks falling off them. BIG BIRD himself is asleep, yoghurt drooling from his beak, a small mountain of cigarette butts on the floor around him.

KERMIT

This was a mistake.

SWEDISH CHEF

Flurdy gurby flu flu...

The doors slam behind them. BIG BIRD's eyes snap open.

SWEDISH CHEF

Gurb.

BIG BIRD

Hey fellas. Welcome to Sesame Street.

There is a deafening blast of sound, like a nightmare with snippets of the Sesame Street Theme cut up within it; 'Sun-sun-su-nny-day' etc. This goes on constantly in the background. KERMIT and SWEDISH CHEF are thrown backwards into the doors, their guns falling to the floor. We see KERMIT look up, painfully, then see what he sees; BIG BIRD lolling his head as the children dance around him, eventually removing their heads and tossing them around to each other to swap.

MICHAEL CAINE

(V.O) Don't worry Bob. They're not quite a mop, and they're not quite a puppet!

This is tricky but we need to cut it to show what KERMIT sees and what SWEDISH CHEF sees; basically KERMIT doesn't see the SNUFFLEUPAGUS, but THE CHEF does. Maybe cut to the BIRD again, then to the screaming SWEDISH CHEF, then KERMIT, then the BIRD again, then KERMIT turning to THE CHEF confused. Anyway, as this is going on there are more voiceovers:

KEVIN BISHOP

(V.O) Please Captain Smollet, sell me some snuff! I'll be the best cabin boy on all seven seas!

JEFFREY TAMBOR

(V.O) Pigs in Space! Pigs in Spaaaaaaace!

The children continue swapping as BIG BIRD lolls his head around and around. We focus on KERMIT; he's flailing like he does and screaming, then finally forced to open his eyes. We stay on him.

BIG BIRD

(V.O) Oh Mr Frog! Hey there Mr Frog! Oh, you got it all wrong ya big silly!

A kaleidoscope of boomerang fish swirl around KERMIT, then one of those heads constantly going into their own mouth things. It's Kevin James. Finally there's swirling circles of a live-action pig fucking a live-action frog to death. Think Doctor Strange.

BIG BIRD

(V.O) It's not pain! There's never been any pain, not anywhere! It's love! You gotta look out for love!

SWEDISH CHEF

Smurdy... ma smurdy...

KERMIT  
PIGGGGYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

After a hyper rapid deluge of PIGGY and KERMIT's relationship ending in PIGGY laughing KERMIT screams one last time, then goes limp. We cut to SWEDISH CHEF. He's shaking against the door, mutting 'flurd de gurb' etc. The camera cuts to BIG BIRD; he's slumped forward now, totally possessed by the SNUFFLEUPAGUS inhabiting the infinite space behind him. The endless deity extends its trunks towards the camera, and thus THE CHEF. It speaks in 'elder god' language, all deep groans and moans like the giants out of Majora's Mask. We keep cutting between the two.

SNUFFY  
(Indecipherable truthes)

SWEDISH CHEF  
Snurdy gurdy flurdy burby!

SNUFFY  
(Soul-disintegrating revelations)

SWEDISH CHEF  
Gurt furdy burt le smurdy burb!

Cut to SWEDISH CHEF's face. It's an onslaught now; the lens shakes, the music still plays, lights flash and images swirl. The SNUFFLEUPAGUS continues to groan in the background as the camera pans back and down to reveal an arm sticking into THE CHEF, panning out further to show that it's attached to an ACTUAL LIVE ACTION SWEDISH CHEF dressed in normal world chef's whites. He's thirtyish, normal looking. Both he and the muppet are in the shot with all the shit going on around them, both screaming 'flurby rub smoodly food' etc with their eyes shut.

SNUFFY  
(Reality shattering eon-talk)

Images are superimposed over THE CHEFS; the boomerang fish again, swirling Swedish flags, images from alt-right sites of fireworks going off in the streets of Malmo. Eventually we cut to the SNUFFELUPAGUS as it makes a vaguely 'huh' noise, like it's realized something.

We then cut back to THE CHEFS, and the imagery changes to SAM THE EAGLE's head swirling about. THE CHEFS scream, and the camera plunges into a flashback of the very first scene, only it does that classic mystery thing where it cuts to THE SWEDISH CHEF as he shoots and stabs and flushes, revealing him as the killer. It ends in him laughing and making his noises, while also tossing a fish and some tomatoes into the air for some reason.

We cut back to the screaming CHEFS; the imagery changes to real eagles, SAM's felt genitals, the American flag burning, the endless swirling of toilet bowls. The flag is sucked down the toilet just as the LIVE ACTION CHEF is ripped from the SWEDISH CHEF in a plume of blood. The LIVE ACTION CHEF collapses out of shot as the SWEDISH CHEF is surrounded by an endless swirling human centipede of all the muppets wandering around as the SNUFFLEUPAGUS screams: the doors fly open behind this and throw the CHEF out into the corridor next to KERMIT. The CHEF scrambles to leave, crawling his half-body along the floor. KERMIT holds him back.

KERMIT

Wait... wait.

Cut to the room. The only sound now is heavy breathing. Everything has disappeared, the camera pans along the floor, showing piles of ash where the children stood. There are globs of yoghurt floating still in the air, like frozen rain; the camera pans up to reveal BIG BIRD, a beatific look on his face, totally covered in yog.

BIG BIRD

Today's Sesame Street was brought  
to you by the letters G, O, and D.

He turns directly to the camera and smiles.

BIG BIRD

Find him kids. FIND HIIIIIIIMMMMM

BIG BIRD explodes into a flock of real white doves, who burst out of the room and over KERMIT and THE CHEF's heads. A faint 'it was you, it was you, it was you' whispers and fades as a single tear falls down a close up of THE CHEF's face. The camera moves to KERMIT's hand on his shoulder. The two sit there, breathing heavily for a moment. THE GHOST OF SAM stands behind CHEF, his hand on his other shoulder.

KERMIT

It's over. Burn the street. Burn  
it all.

The SWEDISH CHEF crosses himself.

SWEDISH CHEF

Flurdy... flurdy glurp...

KERMIT

You're right... maybe it was always  
was.

Close up on GHOST OF SAM screaming into CHEF'S ear, then close  
up on KERMIT flicking his sunglasses down.

KERMIT

Piggy.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

BERT sits with his head down in a cell, when a FRAGGLE GUARD  
appears at the bars. It's a Fraggles who is a guard, not a guy  
who guards fraggles. I'm sure 99% of you would have gotten  
that but I didn't want anyone to go forward reading this scene  
thinking that a guy who guards fraggles is guarding BERT  
because BERT isn't a fraggle. This is a fraggles who is a  
guard, and he's guarding BERT, who isn't a fraggles. To  
clarify, there's only one fraggles in this scene and it isn't  
BERT, it's the guard.

FRAGGLE GUARD

My name's Bert

BERT

What

FRAGGLE GUARD

Haha, not really, just a little mind game. Its actually a psychological mind game I learned in prison guard school. You just fucking... you straight up tell someone that your name is their.. name. Like you just fucking tell them that you're called what they're called. It's pretty interesting.

BERT

No it isn't, and it doesn't make any sense.

FRAGGLE GUARD

Whats fucked up is that my real name is literally Fraggie Guard. Anyway you have a visitor

BERT

At this time of night?

FRAGGLE GUARD

Baby gonna cry? Little baby doesn't like getting visitors at night? Shut up, come on

BERT is lead to a room with a table in it and a door on either side. The FRAGGLE GUARD sits BERT down, and handcuffs him to the table.

FRAGGLE GUARD

Well, here's my last line

The FRAGGLE GUARD leaves the room and locks the door behind him. BERT looks around nervously, rattling the handcuffs. Then, the door before him opens. A SILHOUETTE stands in the doorway.

SILHOUETTE

Hello Bert.

BERT

Who is that?

SILHOUETTE

What's the matter Bert, don't you recognise me?

BERT

Obviously not I can't see you at all

SILHOUETTE

How about...

The SILHOUETTE steps forward into the room, and BERT sees that it is a CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD.

CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD

...Now?

BERT

Nope, you have bandages wrapped around your head

CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD

Oh for fuck's... Okay hang on

CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD begins to unwrap the bandages. As he unwraps, BERT's face turns from confusion to pure dread. He begins to scream, now looking upon the CHARACTER WITH THE UNWRAPPED BANDAGES WHO JUST TO CLARIFY IS ALSO CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD AND SILHOUETTE, whose face we cannot see.

CHARACTER WITH THE UNWRAPPED BANDAGES WHO JUST TO CLARIFY IS ALSO CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD AND SILHOUETTE

You owe me something, Bert.

As CHARACTER WITH THE UNWRAPPED BANDAGES WHO JUST TO CLARIFY IS ALSO CHARACTER WITH BANDAGES WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD AND SILHOUETTE says this, he produces a large knife. BERT screams for his life as the mysterious character advances, and we cut to black.

FADE IN:

EXT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and one of WALTER's feet tests the air. It's dark enough now that he can come out. He steps out into the moonlight and we see that WALTER is now full on motherfucking vampire. He's still got that icky stitched together head, anda gross looking face with big pointy teeth.

He checks Muppbook again. KERMIT has posted a selfie with SWEDISH CHEF, smiling as SWEDISH CHEF obviously holds a knife behind his back.

WALTER

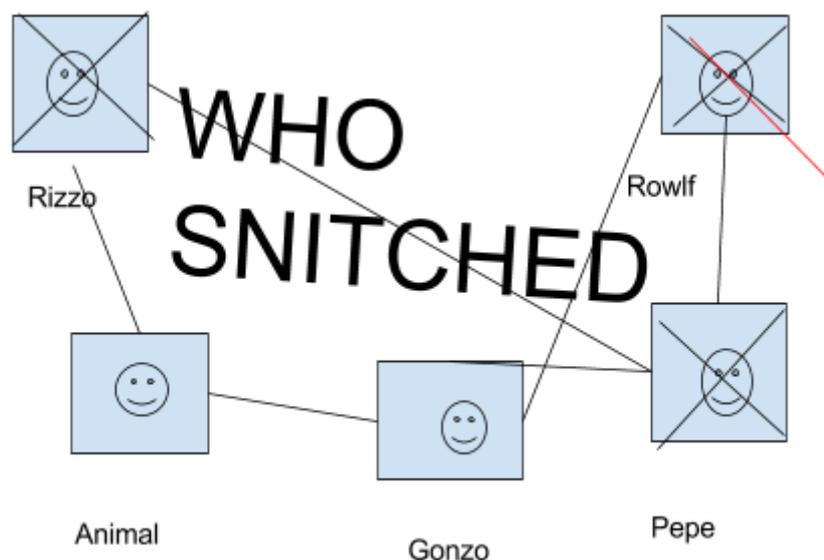
Shit. Don't worry Kermit. I'm coming.

WALTER begins to run down the street, which is empty and silent. He gets to an intersection, and is about to turn right, to KERMIT's place, but then pauses. A little piece of fluff comes floating towards him from the left road, and he is completely frozen. We follow it as it gently drifts to his face and he snorts it right out of the air. His eyelids flutter and he licks his lips. He turns left, and begins to run.

CUT TO:

INT- FOZZIES QUARTER - NIGHT

FOZZIE is sat in front of a board decorated with pictures of every Muppet Yakuza member on his gangs headshot, there are lines connecting each furry muppet. It looks a little like this:



FOZZY

What the fuck am i even looking at, this is like someone was rushing to get this done in like 2 hours.

FOZZY wipes the sweat from his brow, he takes a deep breath, sips from his #1 YAKUZA BOSS coffee mug, and sighs

FOZZY  
Fuck, this is hot

FOZZY throws the #1 YAKUZA BOSS coffee mug at the wall shattering it. A splash of coffee hits the board, every picture is drenched with 300 degree bean water, and dissolves, all but one

FOZZY  
What the....  
The clairvoyant bean water reveals that the traitor was none other than the rat fuck Gonzo

FOZZIE  
That rat fuck Gonzo

CUT TO- GONZOS ROOM, NIGHT

GONZO is packing clothes into a suitcase with great haste, his eyes are darting left and right, he puts in a picture of him and his wife and daughter, so you know he has a soul, which will make the audience sad when this next part happens

DARK FIGURE  
Hello, Gonzo

GONZO jumps, and his suitcase goes flying, the picture falls out, and it cracks

GONZO  
W-who's there?!

The DARK FIGURE pulls the switch to the lamp next to him, bathing him in light, revealing the FIGURE to be none other than FOZZIE

FOZZIE  
Where ya going, pal?

GONZO panics

GONZO

OH hey hhHEY BOSS how are ya! I'm just about to go on a trip  
to uh, to the Bahamas, yeah!

That was a lie

FOZZIE

Oh you are going on a trip alright

This was not a lie

GONZO knows what is going on, and takes out his laser swords

GONZO

Fozzie, i'm leaving, im taking my family and getting the hell  
out of here, i wont be a problem anymore

FOZZIE gets up, crowbar in hand

FOZZIE

Oh you are right, you wont be a problem anymore, to anyone.

GONZO

Fozzie, please, let me go.

FOZZIE

Sorry bud, them's the breaks, and speaking of breaks..

GONZO swings the laser sword at FOZZIE, FOZZIE blocks with his  
crowbar, and knocks the laser sword out of GONZOS hands

GONZO

Wh-

FOZZIE

Surprised, Gonzo? I made you that sword, it was a gift. Do you  
really think i wouldn't implement a measure to keep you from  
killing me? Think again, buddy, waka waka

FOZZIE slams his crowbar into GONZOS knee, and the force  
shatters both of his legs, the pain knocks GONZO unconscious  
immediately.

FOZZY picks up the picture of GONZO and his family, it has  
fallen out of the frame and has been scuffled up by the  
scuffle that just happened. He turns it around to find an  
address on the back of the picture

FOZZIE

How sweet, now let's have some fun

INT-DARK ROOM, MORNING

GONZO

Wh-whats going on? Why can't I see anything? Why cant i move?  
HELLO? FOZZIE? ANIMAL? ANYONE?

The lights in the room GONZO is in turn on, revealing an unsettling scene. The room for the most part is empty, all that is around him is a TV monitor displaying static, a pile of what looks to be trash in trash bags, and his laser sword right in front of him. On the wall is a message written in blood. It reads:

YOUR LIFE FOR THEIRS

GONZO

What

The monitor turns on, displaying a feed of FOZZIE knocking on a door, the door opens, revealing it to be GONZOS wife and daughter on the other side, the screen cuts to them, tied and on their knees

FOZZIE

I met your family, Gonzo. Lovely people. We are having a ball, arent we!? Now look, im sure you've looked around, and seen the message on the wall and im sure ive made myself very clear. You have 30 seconds. Im sure you dont want to see your little girls brains splattered on the wall do you?

GONZO

FUCK FUCK FUCK oh my god no no no noNO NO FUCK YOU FOZZIE FUCK YOU!!!!

GONZO is sobbing, he knows what has to be done, for his family, everything he has done, he did for them. He takes the laser sword in hand

GONZO

Ive been a coward my entire life. But i won't back out of this. I'll die knowing my family will be safe, and that's enough for me. Here we go.

GONZO lunges the sword right into his abdomen, it goes straight through, stuffing starts pouring out of his stomach, GONZOS consciousness starts fading, and everything is going hazy. He hears a door being slammed shut behind him, but his eyes are fixed onto the screen still, awaiting FOZZIES acknowledgement. On the screen, FOZZIE goes over by GONZOS wife, looking at the camera, as if he was staring through

GONZO himself. Two words are uttered by FOZZIES mouth. But it wasn't coming from the TV, it was coming from behind GONZO

FOZZIE  
Waka waka

Suddenly the FOZZIE on the screen hits GONZOS wife over the head with the crowbar, it kills her instantly, but FOZZIE keeps hitting and hitting with no end. After her head is nothing but white fluffy gore, FOZZIE does the exact same thing with GONZOS daughter, relentless in his strength, quick work is made of her.

GONZO  
Wh...at...i..i..i did..it

GONZOS head is swimming, he found himself unable to react with any emotion, stuffing is pouring out of him at a fast rate, everything is becoming cloudy. Footsteps approach behind him

FOZZIE  
Nice little home recording i did huh?

FOZZIE walks over to the trash bags, and opens them revealing them to be the corpses of his family

FOZZIE  
Sorry it had to be like this, i really am, but what kind of person would i be to just let snitching slide?

GONZO  
Y..o...u... bast...ard i'll..kill...you...

GONZO feels cold, he knows he cant kill FOZZIE.

GONZO  
F..uck..you

GONZO slowly fades into unconsciousness, until eventually, everything is black.

FOZZIE spits on GONZOS corpse.

FOZZIE  
Good riddance, mother fucker.

Behind FOZZIE a figure appears.

FOZZIE

I know you are there. You can do what you came here to do. I won't stop you.

The figure walks into the light, revealing it to be ELMO

FOZZIE  
I'm ready

FOZZIE closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, feeling cold steel against his neck. ELMO drags the knife across FOZZIES throat, letting out the stuffing pumping through his veins, at first he felt warm, and then, he felt nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. parking lot outside the building, night. It is pouring rain heavily.

WALTER is snooping around, hopping along as a muppet does, but because this is a gang movie, he does it sinisterly. He sees a patch of stuffing on the ground and skewers it with his dagger, bringing it up to his nose to sniff.

WALTER  
Goddamned furrries..

His timbs clip clop as he walks toward the entrance of the building. He looks fresh as fuck. The camera zooms in on a window with the venetian blinds askew, but closed. The audience can see ANIMAL peering through them. Inside of the building, Animal turns away from the window. He inhales deeply and then exhales. ANIMAL prepares for WALTER to enter by taking the jacket off of a fraggle and twisting it into a thick rope. WALTER stands with his dagger outside of the door, pounding. (the door, I meant. I don't think that was clear)

WALTER  
(yelling)  
Alright, fucker, I know that you're in there.. I'm gonna give you to the count of 10

ANIMAL  
(frustrated)  
Why ten?

WALTER  
(yelling louder)  
ONE...

ANIMAL

What?

WALTER  
TWO... THR-

ANIMAL  
You could just count to three, it'd be so much easier.

WALTER  
(yelling even louder)  
FIVE...

ANIMAL  
You skipped four!

WALTER  
What?

ANIMAL  
You skipped- Ah, forget it

ANIMAL kicks the door down and tackles WALTER to the ground. WALTER drops the dagger as ANIMAL chokes him with the twisted jacket he grabbed earlier. WALTER bites animal's arm with his muppet-y teeth. ANIMAL is somehow pained by this and let's go of the jacket. WALTER crawls to the dagger as ANIMAL walks toward him. Walter quickly goes on his back with the dagger in his right hand and slices towards ANIMALS stomach. He misses. WALTER tries again and misses a second time. ANIMAL, getting cocky and knowing he has the high ground, starts laughing. He lifts up his leg and with full force stomps on WALTERS knee, causing him to scream in pain.

ANIMAL  
I'm gonna give you to the count of 80. And when I reach 80, you better be prepared to die. One, two, three, fo-

WALTER  
Oh god this is awful...

ANIMAL  
POINT PROVEN!

ANIMAL lifts his leg up to stomp on WALTERS other knee, but WALTER throws his dagger as a last resort, sticking directly into ANIMALS eye. WALTER uses this opportunity to stand up, limp over quickly to ANIMAL, grab him by the hair, and with the dagger still lodged in his eye, slams his head into the wall, making it go deeper (the dagger, I meant. I thought I made that clear). As ANIMAL falls to the ground, not dead but clearly not living for much longer, a gunshot can be heard,

startling the two. A quick pan to ELMO, in a trench coat and a hat holding a gun (the hat is not holding the gun, ELMO is, although a gunhat would be awesome), which explains where the gunshot noise came from. Quick zoom into his face and pull up graphic in Super Smash Bros. trailer style that says "ELMO Has Joined The Fight!"

WALTER

You!

ELMO

I'm gonna give you to the count of three-

ANIMAL

(still "bleeding" out)

See, now that's sensible

ELMO

One, two, three!

ELMO empties his gun into WALTER's chest. Nothing happens.

WALTER

Mwahahahaha. You fool. Don't you recognise a VAMPIRE when you see one?

ELMO

Really? Interesting.

WALTER

(confidently approaching)

You cannot kill me with bullets, nutsack.

ELMO

Not ordinary bullets, but I bought these, just in case Count ever turned against us.

ELMO produces a little box from his jacket pocket. On the box is a picture of a dead Count Chocula, and the text reads 'Van Helsing's Best'. He empties the little box into his hand - bullets - and holds one up to the light. The tip of it is wooden, and sharpened to a perfect point. ELMO loads his gun.

WALTER

Oh shits

Elmo fires the gun and it goes right past WALTER, hitting the wall behind him. WALTER hobbles in the parking lot as ELMO keeps shooting. WALTER hides behind a red car.

ELMO

You think you can hide from me you no-chinned bastard?

WALTER scrambles desperately to find something to use as a weapon. He reaches into his jacket and takes out a small locket. He opens it up to reveal the black and white photograph of him and his brother, Jason Segal.

WALTER

Jason... If I don't make it out of here alive, I want to thank you for being the only reason I wasn't the least attractive one in the family.

JASON SEGAL's picture starts talking

JASON

You can do it, Walter!

WALTER

Jesus Christ, what the fuck?

JASON

You know what to do.

WALTER

Am I hallucinating?

JASON

Funny story actually; I've been trapped in here for the past several ye-

He quickly closes it, waits a while, then kisses It for good luck. He stands up, facing ELMO

WALTER

EAT THIS!

He throws the locket at ELMO. It bounces off ELMOS shoulder very lightly

ELMO

...Why did you think that would work?

WALTER (distracted)

FUCK I HAVE NO CLUE

ELMO shoots at WALTER, but hits the car window instead, making it shatter. WALTER has basically accepted that he's gonna die right then and there, which is only emphasized by him repeating "FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK" as he hobbles between cars.

ELMO  
Times up, bitch

WALTER  
I'm well aware, *bitch*

ELMO  
You don't need to be sassy, *BITCH-*

WALTER  
Okay can we just acknowledge how uneven of a fight this is?  
You have a gun and I clearly am running out of options.

ELMO  
Well didn't you have a dagger?

WALTER  
Well I kinda used that to k-

ELMO  
Kill my father, yeah mhm tell you what I'm a pretty easygoing  
guy, how about I let you get the dagger, and then we'll  
continue this fight.

WALTER  
Wait, for real?

ELMO (with a kind smile)  
Yeah, absolutely!

WALTER  
Ah, dude thank you! You're so cool about this. Sorry that  
like, we're kind of at war with each other right now.

ELMO  
Well, what can you do? Mondays, am I right?

They both laugh as WALTER goes to ANIMAL to pull out the knife

ANIMAL (sarcastically, as knife is being pulled out)  
Yeah don't mind me, it's not like im dying or anything.

WALTER takes the knife, and then turns to ELMO. WALTER gets  
into fighting stance.

WALTER  
Alright, looks like I got everything. Ready?

ELMO  
Yup!

ELMO shoots WALTER in the throat without hesitation and sighs in a "I can't believe I gotta do this shit" type of way. WALTER's body begins to bubble underneath the felt, until eventually it completely explodes in a mess of wet stuffing. ELMO spits out a mouthful of the stuff. He walks over to his dad, who is trying to cup stuffing from spilling out of his eyeball.

ANIMAL  
Son...

ELMO  
Yeah?

ANIMAL  
P-please. You must kill him. Kermit..... is the enemy. Kermit is the man you want.

ELMO  
Well, of course he is. He's like, the main dude on the poster.

ANIMAL  
ELMO... I may be dying of old age, but before I go, let me give you this.

ANIMAL hands an icicle that's been sharpened to a deadly point to ELMO.

ANIMAL  
It's been in the family for years. I've killed many a man with this very icicle. Perhaps you can use it to finish off Kermit once and for all. Make me proud, son.

ANIMAL takes his last breath as he dies in ELMOS arms. ELMO barely reacts. He is clearly trying to hold it in and not show emotion. Jazz music plays in the background as he puts the icicle in his trench coat pocket and walks away.

FADE TO:

INT. MUPPET HIDEOUT - DUSK

MISS PIGGY, KERMIT, and SWEDISH CHEF sit around a table lit by a solitary bulb directly overhead. The camera scans around the table, and the three exchange glances. The tension in the air is palpable.

KERMIT  
The pawns have all been knocked over.

MISS PIGGY

And yet there seems to be no king to avenge them. Or queen.

KERMIT casts a suspicious sidelong glance at MISS PIGGY. Suddenly, the shattering of glass is heard as FOZZIE's mutilated corpse is hurled through the window, landing directly in the middle of the table. MISS PIGGY cradles FOZZIE's body in her arms, caressing it lovingly.

MISS PIGGY

Oh Foz. We could've had it all. But you had to go and fuck that all up.

MISS PIGGY sheds a single tear on to FOZZIE's skinless face.

EXT. MUPPET HIDEOUT, AN ALLEY

KERMIT and SWEDISH CHEF rush outside to investigate. They see a Black BMW with the license plate TCKLISH speed off down the street. KERMIT throws his twin UZIs on the ground in frustration.

KERMIT

I can't believe the nerve of that son of a bitch! When I get my hands on that little red bastard, I'm gonna tickle him til his goddamn eyes bleed! I'll-

KERMIT is interrupted by SWEDISH CHEF pressing a huge, gleaming carving knife directly to his throat from behind. He swallows nervously.

CUT BACK TO UPSTAIRS:

MISS PIGGY looks over at Kermit's phone, which is flashing. She picks it up and looks at the screen.

MISS PIGGY

Ugh, that dumb green bitch never checks his voicemails.

She taps a button, and a voicemail begins to play. It's WALTER. He's breathing heavily and there are sounds of clutter in the background.

VOICE OF WALTER

Kermit, Kermit it's Walter. I'm not dead. Swedish Chef lied. He killed Boss Sam. He told me himself. It's him, Kermit! Just please believe me. I hope you check this message but I'm coming over as soon as I can.

Throughout the voicemail, MISS PIGGY's eyes widen, and halfway through she drops the phone on the table, running out of shot and down the stairs.

CUT BACK TO THE ALLEYWAY:

KERMIT

Chef, I don't know what you're thinking about doing, but if you let me go now, I'll only chop half of your fingers off.

KERMIT eyes the UZIs lying directly beside his feet.

SWEDISH CHEF, speaking entirely in gibberish, delivers a monologue with Hannibal Lecter-esque charisma revealing how he brutally murdered, dismembered, cooked, and served SAM up to the rest of the Muppet gang as a play for power. He describes how the Muppet Yakuza will become more powerful than anyone ever could've imagined under the leadership of a cold-blooded psychopath such as himself. He finishes by claiming KERMIT was always too weak-minded and emotional to become a truly powerful leader.

KERMIT

I understood literally \*none\* of what you just said.

SWEDISH CHEF lets out an exasperated huff and begins to recite the exact same monologue verbatim, slowly emphasizing each gibberish syllable. He is cut off mid-sentence by MISS PIGGY's nunchucks cracking his skull open. He buries her fingers into the crack and splits the bone like she's opening a bag of chips.

MISS PIGGY

i'm the only one allowed to hurt my mean, green, sleeps-after-cumming machine.

KERMIT

Talk about timing!

MISS PIGGY

First, let's talk about us, you slimy, disgusting lizard.

KERMIT

Wow, Piggy. You haven't insulted me like that since we were kids.

MISS PIGGY

You know what else we haven't done?

KERMIT

What?

MISS PIGGY grabs rope that's just laying around.

MISS PIGGY  
I haven't had you tied up..

MISS PIGGY grabs KERMIT'S wrist to knot around it.

MISS PIGGY  
Without control...

She puts his hand behind back and pulls the other arm behind him.

MISS PIGGY  
Without someone fucking watching us, or listening to us.

KERMIT  
This is so hot, MISS PIGGY. I miss this side of you.

MISS PIGGY tightens the rope so both wrists are bound, leads it to his knees and ankles, looping it around his throat so if he moves too much it'll strangle him, rendering him cautiously immobile.

MISS PIGGY  
You know what I miss the most, though?

KERMIT  
What's that, my grumpy goddess?

MISS PIGGY  
My life before I met you.

Despite being with the man she is to love for the rest of her days, she will stay for the rest of his. It's his fault JANICE is dead, the one who should've been here now with her ability to laugh at anyone's suffering but MISS PIGGY'S. The sacrifice she made to keep MISS PIGGY alive and safe. That perfect, beautiful cuck, JANICE. Plus, she gets to be the gang leader once KERMIT out of the way.

KERMIT  
Oh, wow, Piggy. This is some intense foreplay.

MISS PIGGY  
I know. How do you feel?

KERMIT  
For the first time in a long, helpless.

MISS PIGGY looks around for something to put inside KERMIT'S ass. Just some glass bottles. Perfect. She lines them up next to his defenseless body.

MISS PIGGY  
Get on your back.

KERMIT  
How? i'm tied up kneeling?

MISS PIGGY pushes him back. KERMIT is gasping for air.

KERMIT  
MISS PIGGY, help me. I can't breathe.

MISS PIGGY  
You used to be into that before you got old and boring, when there were more important things than crime and fucking any fucking woman you wanted and trying to hide it from me. But everyone knew. And they all covered for you. Now they're all fucking dead. Funny how that works out, huh?

KERMIT  
Pl.. please.

MISS PIGGY lifts him up by his neck.

KERMIT  
Oh, boy. Getting a little dangerous here. Let's just fuck and get home and we can rethink of future of the gang and where we stand in it. This life of crime... it's become too much for me.

MISS PIGGY lays him back down so he's still choking but just enough to make speaking difficult for him.

KERMIT  
It's true. I've been unfaithful. But so have you. You were allowed to fuck whoever you want. You weren't supposed to fall in love with them! You were supposed to always come home to me. You were supposed to be my main babe, my rock, you were my JANICE.

MISS PIGGY puts a bottle inside his ass. KERMIT yelps.

MISS PIGGY  
Don't you dare mention her.

KERMIT  
Didn't you think it was peculiar ROWLF and PEPE came in just around the time you kick all your guests out except for JANICE and whatever project she wants you to take part in?

MISS PIGGY  
How... how did you know?

KERMIT  
I have the place bugged. I know about ANIMAL. And no, I didn't have anything to do with his ultimate demise.

MISS PIGGY inserts another bottle.

MISS PIGGY  
You were gonna have me killed?

KERMIT  
I knew you would end me one day. I knew the day would come when power and control were more important to you than my life. I was such a sweet boy before you. But you always hounded me, and nagged me. You stalked me, you snooped through my belongings. I had no choice but to make sure there was a line of defense between you and me. You'd be the first suspect if anything bad happened to me. I wanted JANICE for myself, that's why I made her listen to us fuck. To show her it didn't matter the relationship you had with her, I was the alpha frog. I didn't want to kill her but once I realized she'd never be with me, there was no use for her anymore. I spent my whole life trying to impress women who would never fuck me that I was worth fucking but fucking their lovers.

MISS PIGGY  
I LOVED HER YOU STUPID FUCK

KERMIT  
i'm sure you still do and when i'm gone, you can tell the truth. Everyone will respect you for what comes next. I know you're gonna kill me. I didn't at first. I thought we'd fuck, laugh about the day, eating CHEF'S brains with a side of raspberry butter glaze. But when it was too late to run, it hit me. You're gonna kill me. And I deserve it. I killed so many people, I ordered death after death to those who didn't deserve it. I killed my parents just for bringing me into this world. Some days when I felt down I would poison water reservoirs. I would hit pedestrians with my car, I stole a baby from someone and then I fed it to you.

MISS PIGGY  
Whose baby?

KERMIT  
I don't know but when I said "i'm gonna feed your baby to my wife" she collapsed and died of a broken heart. And you know

what? I came home, fed you her baby, and jerked off while you ate.

MISS PIGGY

I thought you were just into that feeding fetish thing.

KERMIT

Just fuck me one more time.

MISS PIGGY balances KERMIT out so he's flat on his back with his calves pressed his thighs. She sits on his dick and rides him slowly so he can keep explaining shit to her.

KERMIT

I wanted to be the baddest boss in the world but I always knew it was you. You had the better ideas. You had the people skills. You had the imagination. You knew how to handle pressure and control. I just had an insatiable desire to kill and an appetite for endless attention. And if it weren't for you always believing in me, pushing me to be half the man you thought I could be, I would've died years ago. I would've...

Glass shatters inside KERMIT.

KERMIT

You fucking fat pig get off of me!!

MISS PIGGY

What did you just say?

KERMIT

Please. You broke a bottle.

MISS PIGGY starts bouncing on his dick to try and break the other bottle.

KERMIT

Piggy, after everything I just told you, you're still gonna kill me?!

The second bottle breaks. MISS PIGGY is slamming herself into him. Up down up down left right left right r1 r2 l1 l2. KERMIT is calling out for someone to help him. And then it happens. Blood gushes out of his asshole, his pelvic area completely flattened.

KERMIT

Pig, pig. Please, reconsider.

MISS PIGGY

I always hated that name.

MISS PIGGY gets up, puts a bottle down KERMIT'S throat.

MISS PIGGY  
This one is from JANICE.

Lodged deep enough she can see the bottle neck sticking out of KERMIT'S, MISS PIGGY stomps on his throat repeatedly. Glass tears up his insides. he's swallowing glass, spitting it up, choking on it. there's a gash forming through his skin. MISS PIGGY stands next to him and waits for him to die.

All of a sudden, the whole alleyway is illuminated with light. Shocked, MISS PIGGY looks towards the source; headlights. With a vicious revving, the car begins to speed down the alleyway, roaring and smashing bottles and boxes. MISS PIGGY crouches down. She closes her eyes and seconds before the car hits - she leaps into the air and backflips in slow motion.

KERMIT  
(coughing up a piece of glass)  
Fuck

The tires of the car go right over KERMIT, squashing him flat. The pieces of glass stuck in his body puncture them, however, and the car begins to jerk from side to side, smashing itself up and the driver attempts to control it. Eventually it grinds to a halt. ELMO clambers out of the driver's side window, and fixes MISS PIGGY with a stare. Music swells as the two stare each other down.

ELMO  
So you're Miss Piggy, are you?

MISS PIGGY  
And who the fuck are you? You look like a tomato

ELMO  
I've heard a lot about you.

MISS PIGGY  
I haven't heard anything about you. Unless you are actually a tomato, in which case I do know plenty about you.

ELMO

I'm no tomato, bitch.

ELMO reaches for the icy dagger handed to him by his father, but all he finds is a wet pocket. Sighing, he takes out his butterfly knife.

MISS PIGGY

What you planning to do with that, sweetheart?

ELMO

You ever heard of thinly sliced ham?

MISS PIGGY

You ever heard that you look like a fucking tomato?

ELMO screams with anger and charges towards his target. MISS PIGGY swings her nunchucks, and yells as she runs to meet him head on. ELMO's blade locks into the chain of her nunchucks, and they are face to face.

ELMO

I'm going to kill you!

MISS PIGGY

You impudent little runt. You really think you have a chance against me?

ELMO

I have killed lot of muppets today, what's one more pig?

MISS PIGGY

Oh sunshine you've never met a swine like me before.

MISS PIGGY delivers a swift kick to ELMO's crotch. He drops to his knees, and she pushes him backwards so that now she is on top of him. But ELMO is stronger than he looks, and manages to roll her onto her back. Laughing, he raises his butterfly knife, ready to bring it down on her chest when out of nowhere, his arm is chopped off in one smooth motion by a katana. Screaming, he tumbles off and into a puddle, where he lays weeping as stuffing pours from his stump.

MISS PIGGY looks up, and finds a hand - no - a paw is being offered to her. She takes it and is shocked to see that ROWLF is helping her to her feet. She looks up at his face but is disgusted by what she sees.

Stretched over ROWLF's head is the fabric of BERT's face, crudely stitched on, with little puffs of stuffing poking out from the sides. ROWLF's smaller eyes stare through BERT's eye holes, deranged and frightening. But he kneels before her.

ROWLF

Miss Piggy. I submit to you as the one true Boss.

MISS PIGGY

Rowlf? Is that you? What happened?

ROWLF

I've been through some... changes, recently. I've made some bad decisions, but I see now that you are the leader that the Muppet Yakuza needs.

(he pauses)

I know you were there that night. The Electric Mayhem. I cannot possibly expect forgiveness, but I will find a way to prove my loyalty and show my regret. I would cut my tongue out but it's just a little piece of felt glued to the bottom of my mouth. But I can... well my whole face is already cut off... uhh, one of my eyes? Or both of my eyes? Both of my eyes seems like a bit much to be honest.

MISS PIGGY is silent, but smiling

ROWLF (Cont'd)

Both of my eyes then? Both of my eyes it is. Righto then. Here we go, both of the eyes.

He holds his katana at arm's length and puts the point against his left eye.

ROWLF (Cont'd)

Here we go, really poking my eye out here. Actually going to do this.

He looks up at MISS PIGGY, who is still silent.

ROWLF (Cont'd)

Okey dokey. Eye poke time. Here it comes.

(He pushes the blade into his eye)

Oh fucking hell. Oh wow that's really bad. Oh I already can't see out of it. Wow it's, yep it's gone. It's done with, that eye is out of order folks. Wowza that's quite some pain there. Oh boy. Oooohhhh boy. I don't...I don't really think I need to do the other one, do I?

MISS PIGGY remains silent, smiling.

ROWLF (Cont'd)

No no, you're right, why not, okay here we go then.

(Painfully he removes the blade and points it at his remaining eye)

Fuuuuuuuuckin Hell lads. Oh fuuuuuucking hell, okay okay, no worries, this is... Eye number two. The sequel, haha. Alright.

Let me just have a last look at stuff before I'm... blind forever, okay very nice, dark alleyway, great stuff, seen it. Here we go!

As ROWLF cuts out his other eye, MISS PIGGY rolls her eyes, and then helps him to his feet. Stuffing is pouring out of BERT's eye sockets on ROWLF's face.

MISS PIGGY

Thank you Rowlf, that was very nice.

ROWLF

Really?

MISS PIGGY

Yes it was lovely, shall we go inside now?

ROWLF

Yes boss.

MISS PIGGY begins to lead her new blind, BERT-faced bodyguard ROWLF back into the building. It seems as if the movie is ending on a nice note. Charming music fades in but abruptly stops when the butterfly knife comes flying from behind, past MISS PIGGY's head, and slicing her cheek ever so slightly. She stops, and slowly turns around.

ELMO lies in the puddle, breathing heavily but looking determined. MISS PIGGY smiles, amused by his tenacity, but

behind it the confidence that she will show him what it means to be afraid.

MISS PIGGY

Stay here for a second, Rowlf.

As MISS PIGGY takes her first step towards him, her leopard print high heel hitting the wet concrete of the alleyway, our real outro music begins to play. It is a deep-voiced choir, chanting a scary, guttural song. As she gets closer to ELMO, the chant is gradually getting faster, and more voices are joining the choir. It continues to build in intensity until the scene ends.

MISS PIGGY steps over ELMO and stamps hard on his ankles, breaking them. He cries out. Then she grabs his shoulders and pulls him up so that he is leaning against her. We cut briefly to ROWLF, who isn't even facing in the right direction.

Delicately, she produces her nunchucks and stretches them out so that the chain is tense. She then carefully wraps the chain around one of ELMO's eyes, which as I'm sure you know, are sticking out on the top of his head. MISS PIGGY starts to pull on each nunchuck hard, tightening the chain around ELMO's eye. The camera gently pushes in on them as ELMO begins to scream such a blood curdling scream that the whole city hears it. MISS PIGGY grits her teeth as she pulls the chain tighter and tighter, and the very second that ELMO's eye finally pops out of his head we cut to black.

THE END