

RAT BATTLE Z

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. COFFEE SHOP: DAY

RONDA RATZ a flamboyantly dressed woman in her mid 20's waits in a slow-moving LINE. A high pitched squeak catches her attention. It's the sound of STEVEN RATKINS' wheelchair.

RONDA  
(with disdain)  
Steven Ratkins.

STEVEN  
Well, if it isn't my arch-rival,  
Ronda Ratz.

RONDA  
Still faking that disability, I  
see.

STEVEN  
Faking? I'm not FAKING a thing. A  
private citizen, me, can FREELY  
utilize a wheelchair regardless of  
a disability induced NEED.

RONDA  
Sure, but collecting disability  
payments when not actually disabled  
is still a crime.

Steven, ignoring this last statement, surveys Ronda.

Cut to:

INT. DARK SUBWAY TUNNEL.

We see a young RONDA lost and walking down a literal dark path.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
Ronda Ratz, left in the Brooklyn  
subway as a child. Parents lost in  
a brutal accident. Isn't that  
right?

Ronda see's a light, hope, it's a million shining rat eyes.

RONDA (V.O.)

The rats raised me as their own. I fight for my kin Ratkins, for what I believe in. You don't believe in anything because you're an atheist.

Cut back To:

INT. INCOFFEE SHOP. DAY

Collective GASP from customers.

STEVEN

That's right Ronda. All of your precious societal norms mean nothing to an atheist like myself.

Ronda folds her arms.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You would even deny yourself the luxury of traveling the city's handy capable sidewalks in style.

Steven strokes the gold trim of his electric wheel chair.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

And why? Because you don't want to "offend" disabled people? No. It's because you are weak minded, weak willed, and it all shows in your pitiful rat training.

RONDA

That's it. Rat Battle me right now!

STEVEN

With pleasure.

RONDA

Come Remy.

Ronda brushes back her bangs and a lean rat, REMY, drops to the coffee shop floor. Customers let out CRIES and disperse into a circle around Ronda and Steven.

RONDA (CONT'D)

We're going to show this ratbastard once and for all.

STEVEN

A truly pitiful creature, though I expect nothing more from you Ronda.

Steven leaps from his wheelchair. The crowd GASPS.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Behold, perfection!

Steven opens his shirt and a lump of muscle drops to the floor with a THUNK. This is Steven's battle rat.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
"The Throbber" five pounds of pure  
muscly sinew.

Ronda beholds a disgustingly cut rat seething with unnatural energy.

RONDA  
Jesus Steven. What did you feed  
him? He just doesn't look right.

STEVEN  
Afraid of a little TREN Ronda?

"THE THROBBER" heaves out foam as it takes in its surroundings. Locking eyes with Remy.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Performance enhancing supplements  
are the only way to bring out a  
Rat's true FORCE.

RONDA  
Your wrong Steven! The secret is  
the love we show them.

STEVEN  
You idealistic fool. Just see how  
far that logic takes you in the  
heat of RAT BATTLE.

RONDA  
Remy, quick attack NOW.

STEVEN  
"The Throbber" counter with  
headlock NOW.

ALL watch SWEATING with anticipation as the two rats meander about the circle. "The Throbber" suddenly falls on its side, foam SPRAYING from its every orifice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
"THE THROBBER"! NOOOOOOOOOO!

Steven kneels in The Throbber's liquid excretions and tries desperately to scoop the fluids back into the rat.

RONDA

Pushed him too far Ratkins.

Steven picks up the dead rat, stuffs it in his shirt, and gets back into his wheel chair. He YELLS as he wheels out of the coffee shop:

STEVEN

We will meet again Ronda Ratz. Mark my words!

Ronda SIGHS and turns to the counter to order.

RONDA

Sorry about that, can I get Uh caramel macchiato grande with an extra espresso shot and a puppuccino this little guy.

Holding up Remy.

WORKER

Get the fuck out.

FADE OUT.