

TABLOID - KARATE LOBSTERS SCENE

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - FOREST HILLS, QUEENS -- DAY

The HOST stands at the front desk, reading the New York Eye. The cover reads: "LOBSTERS IN QUEENS RESTAURANT KNOW KARATE! CAN ANYONE STOP THEM?"

The Host lowers the paper slowly, looks at the lobster tank across from him. The LOBSTERS are all wearing tiny Chinese headbands.

HOST

Uh-oh.

One lobster chops at the glass with his claw, emitting a high-pitched "HI-YA!" The glass shatters and the 25 or so karate lobsters wash out onto the floor.

People scream as the lobsters begin karate fighting the waiters and patrons, chopping them with their claws, kicking them with their tiny legs, picking people up, spinning them, tossing them through the air onto tables, each time shouting a tiny "HI-YA!"

A WAITER hides under a table with a WAITRESS.

WAITER

They've overcome the rubber bands on their claws by learning karate!  
There's no stopping them now! They'll rule the world!

WAITRESS

(to Host)  
Call Maine! They'll know what to do!

The Host grabs the phone off his desk, cowers behind it as the pandemonium ensues.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINE FISHERMAN'S HOUSE -- SAME TIME

An old, scruffy Maine FISHERMAN, wearing yellow slicker pants and a plaid shirt sits down to a bowl of soup, as waves crash outside near his rustic house overlooking the foggy Maine Atlantic. Foghorns sound.

His old, black telephone rings, he answers in a thick Maine accent.

FISHERMAN

(into phone)  
Ayuh.

(MORE)

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)

(listens a few seconds)

Karate lobsters, eh?

(slowly)

Well, seems to me, if you can, of course, and I don't know whether you can or can't, but it seems to me probably the best thing you could do would be to--

CUT TO:

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - FOREST HILLS, QUEENS - SAME TIME

A lobster hurls a butter knife through the phone cord, cutting the Host's call off.

People flee into the street.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - OUTSIDE SEAFOOD RESTAURANT -- DAY

People run out of the restaurant into the crowded street, screaming. The karate lobsters follow, begin beating people up in the street. Chaos reigns. Even the police are helpless and knocked around by the wily lobsters.

A lobster hoists an ALLERGIC MAN over his head to throw.

ALLERGIC MAN

Put me down! Put me down! I'm allergic to shellfish!

Down the street, CHEN, an old Chinese man with a Fu-Man-Chu beard and mustache, comes out from a door under the sign "CHEN'S KARATE CLASSES," followed by his CLASS of twenty men and women, all in their white karate outfits, to see what's going on. They stare, shocked.

CHEN

(dramatically)

I knew this day would come...but I had hoped for more time.

(to class)

We are the only ones who can stop them.

The students look at each other in disbelief. They all walk into the street; the street clears except for the karate class and the lobsters, like an old western showdown, people watching from the sidewalk.

1ST KARATE STUDENT

What's the weak spot for a lobster?

2ND KARATE STUDENT

The crop! Go for the crop!

Chen and his students get into a fighting stance. The lobsters get into their fighting stance. A gong sounds.

ALL KARATE CLASS MEMBERS  
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

ALL KARATE LOBSTERS  
AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEYAAAAAAHHHHH!!

The two sides run at each other, THE FIGHT BEGINS to the strains of the song "ROCK LOBSTER."

Lobsters and karate students battle it out in an epic karate fight, something rivaling Jackie Chan's fights. The lobsters chop and "HI-YA!" Students deflect blows, counter-punch; occasionally a student or lobster flies through the air to kick, or having been thrown. The crowd cheers on the class.

A lobster throws a bowl of melted butter into the eyes of one student, then backhand chops a student coming up behind him.

KARATE LOBSTER  
YAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAYAAAAA!

He turns and faces CHEN, who deftly twirls two shell-crackers around like nunchucks.

CHEN  
So, Mark...we meet again...and this time we settle the score...

Chen deflects a blow, the lobster deflects two, Chen twirls the shell crackers expertly, tries to get the lobster in them. They continue fighting.

Lobsters use their tails, jumping up and smacking students with them, the students kick and thrust away at the agile crustaceans.

3RD KARATE STUDENT deflects several blows from a lobster.

3RD KARATE STUDENT  
Ha! And you think you're worth twelve ninety-nine a pound?

He kicks at the lobster, it grabs his foot between its claws and tosses him backward through the air.

4TH KARATE STUDENT, a young woman, faces off against a lobster.

4TH KARATE STUDENT  
My mother taught me not to play with my food...but she never taught me not to fight with it. Bring it on.

The lobster comes at her, she kicks it in the face. A second lobster jumps her from behind, she quickly flips it over her shoulder and throws it to the ground.

The fight rages on in the street as the crowd cheers.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - FOREST HILLS, QUEENS -- LATER

Another gong sounds. The karate class, bruised and bloodied, and Chen sit around a big table; a large platter of steaming lobsters wearing little headbands is brought to them. They bow to the platter, then all smile, cheer, and dig in.

(C) 2004 Scott Teel. All rights reserved.