

JULY 8, 2025

DOUG & KEVIN FIGHT EXTRAVAGANZA



Caption

Kevin B Ploth
DIRECTOR, WRITER

WAREHOUSE OF CREAM:

Script 1: Warehouse Ambush

Setting: A dimly lit, abandoned warehouse at night. Crates and metal barrels are scattered around, creating a maze-like environment. A gang of arms dealers is preparing a shipment when our trio infiltrates.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The camera pans across a cluttered warehouse. Footsteps echo. KEVIN B. PLOTH (40s, rugged, ex-military) crouches behind a crate, gripping a SIG Sauer P226 handgun. DOUG MARCAIDA (50s, wiry, precise) and RJ MARCAIDA (30s, agile, intense) flank him, each wielding a karambit knife and a tactical folder, their blades glinting faintly.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Six tangos, northwest corner. They're packing heat. Doug, RJ, you take the flanks. I'll draw their fire.

DOUG

(grinning, spinning his karambit)

It will be my pleasure to... *cut* through their defenses.

RJ

(nodding, flipping his knife)

Let's make it quick and clean, pops.

Kevin signals. He rolls out, firing precise shots—BANG! BANG!—dropping two thugs instantly. The others scatter, returning fire. Bullets ricochet off crates.

THUG LEADER

(yelling)

Get the shooter! Now!

Doug sprints left, low and silent. He leaps over a barrel, slashing a thug's arm with his karambit—THWIP! The thug screams, dropping his gun. Doug spins, planting his tactical folder into another thug's shoulder, disarming him.

DOUG

(calmly)

Your blade work needs improvement.

On the right, RJ vaults a crate, dodging gunfire. He throws a knife, pinning a thug's sleeve to a wooden beam. RJ closes in, slashing with his karambit, disabling another thug with a precise leg cut.

RJ

(smirking)

Stay sharp, or stay down!

Kevin, now in the open, holsters his gun and charges a thug. He ducks a wild swing, landing a brutal uppercut, then a hook – CRACK! The thug collapses. Kevin draws his handgun again, scanning for threats.

KEVIN

(shouting)

Clear!

Doug and RJ regroup, wiping blood from their knives. The thug leader, cornered, raises his hands.

THUG LEADER

(panicked)

We surrender! Don't—

RJ flicks his knife, cutting the leader's belt, pants dropping comically.

RJ

(grinning)

Talk, or I aim higher next time.

KEVIN

(checking his mag)

Clock's ticking. Where's the shipment?

The camera pulls back as the trio looms over the thug leader, ready to interrogate.

FADE OUT.

Run Time: ~1:45

DP Larry Gress, KBP/ARTIMIS

ROOFTOP OF LACTOSE:

Script 2: Rooftop Chase

Setting: A neon-lit city rooftop at dusk, with HVAC units and skylights. The trio is pursuing a rogue operative carrying stolen tech.

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DUSK

The camera follows KEVIN B. PLOTH sprinting across a rooftop, handgun drawn. DOUG MARCAIDA and RJ MARCAIDA trail, knives in hand, moving like predators. The ROGUE OPERATIVE, a wiry man with a briefcase, leaps over a vent, glancing back.

KEVIN

(yelling)

Stop running, or I stop you!

The operative fires wildly with a pistol. Kevin dives behind an HVAC unit, bullets sparking off metal. He returns fire—BANG! BANG!—grazing the operative’s leg.

DOUG

(to RJ, nodding)

Let's cut him off.

Doug and RJ split up, moving with eerie precision. Doug slides under a pipe, his karambit flashing as he slashes a rope barrier, blocking the operative's path. RJ vaults a skylight, throwing a small throwing knife that nicks the operative's hand, making him drop his gun.

OPERATIVE

(clutching hand)

Damn you!

RJ lands in front of him, spinning twin tactical folders. He feints left, then slashes right, cutting the operative's jacket, forcing him to stumble back.

RJ

(taunting)

You're out of your league, buddy.

Doug appears behind, karambit at the operative's throat.

DOUG

(icy)

Drop the case, or I drop you.

The operative hesitates. Kevin steps forward, pistol aimed at the operative's chest. He closes the distance, delivering a swift jab to the operative's gut, then a knee to his face— THUD! The operative collapses, dropping the briefcase.

KEVIN

(picking up the case)

Sloppy. You should've known better.

RJ retrieves his throwing knife, wiping it clean. Doug sheathes his karambit, scanning the rooftop.

DOUG

(to Kevin)

Clean work. But next time, let us have some fun first.

KEVIN

(smirking)

Plenty of fun when we crack this case open.

The trio heads for the roof's edge as sirens wail below, the city glowing beneath them.

FADE OUT.

Run Time: ~1:50

DP Larry Gress, KBP/ARTIMIS

ALLEY OF OATLY:

Script 3: Alley Brawl

Setting: A narrow, rain-slicked alley at midnight, lit by flickering streetlights. The trio is ambushed by hired mercenaries after retrieving a key witness.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rain pours. KEVIN B. PLOTH shields a trembling WITNESS, his handgun ready. DOUG MARCAIDA and RJ MARCAIDA stand back-to-back, knives drawn—Doug with a bolo knife, RJ with a balisong, flipping it rapidly.

KEVIN

(to witness)

Stay low. We've got this.

Five MERCENARIES emerge, armed with bats and knives. One charges Kevin, who sidesteps, firing a single shot—BANG!—dropping him. Another swings a bat; Kevin blocks with his forearm, then delivers a crushing elbow strike, sending the merc sprawling.

MERCENARY #1

(snarling)

Get the witness!

Doug moves like a ghost, bolo knife slicing through a merc's jacket, disarming him. He spins, parrying a knife attack with his blade, then slashes the merc's thigh, dropping him to his knees.

DOUG

(calm)

Your form is... lacking.

RJ flips his balisong, dodging a bat swing. He slashes twice—fast, precise—cutting a merc's arm and leg. The merc stumbles into a trash can. RJ throws his balisong, pinning another merc's sleeve to a wooden crate.

RJ

(grinning)

Pinned ya!

A final merc charges Kevin, who holsters his gun and meets him head-on. Kevin blocks a punch, then lands a flurry of blows—jab, cross, uppercut—knocking the merc out cold.

KEVIN

(to witness)

Time to move.

Doug and RJ clean their blades, rain washing away the blood. The witness, wide-eyed, follows as the trio vanishes into the night.

DOUG

(to RJ)

Your throw was off by an inch.

RJ

(laughing)

Still hit the mark, didn't I?

The camera pulls up, showing the alley littered with defeated mercenaries, rain pooling around them.

FADE OUT.

Run Time: ~1:40

DP Larry Gress, KBP/ARTIMIS

Notes:

- **Timing:** Each script is designed to be performed in 1.5–2 minutes, accounting for action pacing, dialogue delivery, and cinematic beats.
- **Character Distinction:** Kevin’s scenes emphasize his handgun precision and brawling skills, while Doug’s focus on calculated, elegant knife work and RJ’s on flashy, agile knife techniques.
- **Diversity:** The settings (warehouse, rooftop, alley) and scenarios (infiltration, chase, ambush) vary to keep each script unique while showcasing the trio’s teamwork and individual talents

