

BAMBI VS RAMBO

\$BAMBI

Screenplay generated by bMovies

Bambi vs Rambo

First blood. First Herd.

Logline: Orphaned fawn Bambi channels his inner one-man army to turn the forest into a lethal obstacle course against trigger-happy hunters.

Synopsis

After his mother is gunned down by a hunter during open season, young Bambi flees into the deep woods. He forages for survival, improvising snares from vines, sharpening antlers into blades, and studying the hunters' patterns like a green beret. When a posse of game wardens returns to "clean out the herd," Bambi unleashes guerrilla tactics: tripwires strung between trees that launch porcupine quills, a mud-camouflaged ambush that leaves rifles dangling from branches, and a harrowing chase through a freezing river where he uses the current as cover. His old friend Thumper reluctantly supplies intel from the warren while trying to talk Bambi down. The final confrontation occurs at the hunters' remote cabin; Bambi rigs the structure with a massive log battering ram triggered by a falling pinecone. As the cabin collapses and the last hunter flees screaming into the night, Bambi stands silhouetted against the flames, blood on his spots, eyes empty. He turns away without a word, disappearing into the trees as snow begins to fall, leaving only the faint sound of a single hoofbeat fading into silence.

Tone & genre

Darkly comic survival-action parody that treats Bambi's trauma with the straight-faced intensity of 80s vigilante cinema. Absurdity emerges from the clash between wide-eyed woodland innocence and Rambo-level tactical brutality.

Look

Muted 1980s film-stock palette of desaturated greens and cold blues broken by arterial reds; anamorphic lenses flare on muzzle flashes and sun-dappled snow. Shot like First Blood but framed through low-to-the-ground deer POVs and sudden whip-pans that mimic startled prey.

Characters

BAMBI: Wide-eyed orphan whose thousand-yard stare and improvised antler bayonet make him a four-legged killing machine.

THE SHERIFF: Pompous game warden who treats every deer sighting like a Viet Cong ambush.

THUMPER: Nervous rabbit sidekick who ferries messages but keeps begging Bambi to "just go back to the meadow."

DEPUTY BUCKSHOT: Trigger-happy rookie whose overconfidence repeatedly backfires in painful, slapstick ways.

Screenplay

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST MEADOW - DAWN

Golden light. A DOE and tiny spotted BAMBI graze. A distant RIFLE CRACK. The doe drops. Bambi freezes, eyes wide.

BAMBI

(whisper)

Mother?

HUNTERS' BOOTS approach. Bambi bolts into the treeline.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DUSK

Bambi, thinner, mud-streaked, fashions a bow from a bent sapling and vine. He tests the draw. It twangs like a tripwire.

BAMBI

(to himself)

Nothing is over.

EXT. HUNTER CAMP - NIGHT

The SHERIFF and DEPUTY BUCKSHOT sit by a fire, rifles across knees.

SHERIFF

We finish the herd tomorrow. No more Bambi stories.

A vine SNAPS. Quills rain down. Both men dive for cover, cursing.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Bambi lies submerged except for nostrils and eyes. The Sheriff's patrol wades past. Bambi surfaces behind them, antlers dripping.

BAMBI

(soft)

You're in my world now.

He vanishes into the current.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Thumper hops in through a broken window.

THUMPER

Bambi, they brought dogs! You can't keep doing this!

BAMBI

(loading a makeshift spear)

They started it.

EXT. CABIN CLEARING - DAWN

The Sheriff's team advances. Tripwires trigger: logs swing, nets of thorns drop, Deputy Buckshot is hoisted upside-down, screaming.

SHERIFF

It's one deer! ONE DEER!

Bambi drops from a branch, tackles the Sheriff, antler point at his throat.

BAMBI

Live for nothing, or die for something.

He releases the man. A pinecone drops. A massive felled log rams the cabin like a battering ram. The structure explodes outward in splinters and flame.

The Sheriff crawls from the wreckage, watches Bambi walk away into falling snow, backlit by fire.

SHERIFF

(hoarse)
What the hell are you?

Bambi pauses, turns his head slightly.

BAMBI
I'm Bambi.

He disappears between the trees. Only the soft, deliberate sound of hooves on snow remains.

FADE OUT.