

FADE IN:

INT. FOX LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

CYRONTICULOUS GENTRAX THE IMMORTAL waddles into the Fox Lounge, smiling so hard that his eyes are almost pinched shut. He a short, bald, white-mustached, gaunt man.

People are enjoying a nice Friday night, drinking and chatting.

Cy walks to the bar and smiles at the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER  
Hello there, how can I help you?

CY  
Drink?

BARTENDER  
Sure, what'll ya have, pal?

CY  
Drink?

BARTENDER  
Doesn't matter?

CY  
Drink.

BARTENDER  
Comin' right up.

The bartender looks at the fine liquors on his shelf, then bends over and opens a drawer. He pulls out his cheapest vodka, pours a drink, and slides it to Cy.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
That'll be six dollars.

Cy reaches for the drink. The bartender puts his hand over the glass.

CY  
Drink?

BARTENDER  
Money, old timer.

Cy nods, smiling still.

He drops a perfect cube of gold, an inch on each side, on the bar.

The bartender picks it up, examines it. His eyes widen.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Mister, you just bought yourself  
drinks for every night of the year.

Cy points at the glass of cheap vodka, inquisitory, still smiling. The bartender nods. Cy sits at the bar, takes the glass, and throws it down in a gulp. Cy claps with glee.

The bartender raises an eye at the peculiarity, but shrugs and bends down to open the safe and toss the gold cube inside. He stands.

Cy points at the top shelf Grey Goose.

CY  
Drink?

BARTENDER  
You got it, sir!

An OLD DRUNK DAME slides up to Cy.

CY  
Drink?

OLD DRUNK DAME  
Well, I'll be! A gentleman!

LATER

The bartender is trying to shoo people out the door. Everyone is drunk off their ass.

BARTENDER  
Yeah yeah, old man's done, no more  
for anyone, head home...

Cy still sits at the bar, smiling and drinking. Most of the bottles on the shelf are empty. The Old Drunk Dame is barely able to stay on her seat.

OLD DRUNK DAME  
I still don't know your name!

Cy nods and smiles.

OLD DRUNK DAME (CONT'D)  
Wassa matter, cat got your tongue?

She grabs Cy by the shoulder, shaking him drunkenly. Cy's expression flattens.

OLD DRUNK DAME (CONT'D)  
If you're gonna be my boyfriend, I  
need ya to do some talking!

Cy tries to take a drink but the Old Drunk Dame grabs it out of his hand. His expression turns sour.

OLD DRUNK DAME (CONT'D)  
Not yet! I wanna know your name.

Cy looks down, shakes his head. He stands up from the bar, brushes off his coat, and dabs a handkerchief on his forehead before tucking it neatly away.

CY  
(unearthly voice)  
Cyronticulous Gentrax.

OLD DRUNK DAME  
Cyron-ridiculous Geriatric, cool, I-

CY  
Drink.

OLD DRUNK DAME  
What??

Cy points at the glass she's holding.

CY  
Drink.

OLD DRUNK DAME  
One more for the road.

She throws the drink down her throat.

Cy raises an eyebrow.

The bartender is eyeing his golden cube. It crumbles to dust in his fingers.

Cy's face splits open, and tentacles fly forth. The Old Drunk Dame screams.

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT

The globe silently turns. We hear the voices of three presences, but not their forms.

MAVIOUS (O.S.)  
 Egads, shenanigans, I declare, my  
 brother and sister!

QUACKO (O.S.)  
 What are you talkin' about, with  
 the shenanigans and the egads?

MAVIOUS (O.S.)  
 It's been fifty years since I've  
 bothered expressing one thought,  
 and that's a deal. My cousin took  
 a hundred years to ask for  
 directions to Poughkeepsie, and  
 that was before they settled it.  
 Adding injury to insult, he ended  
 up in St. Louis.

QUACKO (O.S.)  
 So why not take a hundred years  
 before you talk again?

MAVIOUS (O.S.)  
 Why not two hundred?

QUACKO  
 You trying to haggle? Seventy-  
 five.

MAVIOUS  
 Fifty.

QUACKO  
 Deal.

MAVIOUS  
 I'll take a rain check. There's a  
 fella named Cyronticulous Gentrax  
 loose from the hoosegow, and I'm  
 not saying we need to go down  
 there, but if we don't, there won't  
 be a down there much longer. Is  
 Tonky with us?

QUACKO (O.S.)  
 What'choo think? When Tonky never  
 with us?

MAVIOUS (O.S.)  
 Every time she's with us.

We hear a woman's whistle.

QUACKO

I'd say speak of the devil but she  
don't-a speak. Hi Tonky!

The whistle responds in kind.

MAVIOUS (O.S.)

Say, why don't we put some clothes  
on?

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CASINO - MORNING

A ten foot circle of the parking lot asphalt cracks. A stone  
monolith rises out of the ground, marked in glowing runes.

The runes brighten and a sonic wave BOOMS outwards,  
shattering the windows of cars around. Car alarms BLARE.

The monolith makes a smaller sound that sounds apologetic.

The monolith sends out electricity to each car to short out  
the alarms. Quiet returns.

The stone runes flare again, then reconfigure to segment it  
into thirds. The two sides break off and slide to the  
ground.

The runes glow again, and then the stone segments crack and  
crumble, falling away from three humanoid shapes,  
nondescript.

From them we hear the voices of Mavious and Quacko.

MAVIOUS

Wait a minute, which one of you is  
me?

QUACKO

Not me.

MAVIOUS

Well which one are you?

QUACKO

Me!

MAVIOUS

Make up your mind.

QUACKO

This is-a no good. We no gonna fit  
in here.

MAVIOUS

No birthday suits allowed here,  
this joint's a bit classier than  
we're used to, which isn't saying  
much. We better put on some duds.

The three forms specify.

MAVIOUS SNARKFISHER, human male form, 30s in appearance,  
wears a bedraggled suit, glasses that magnify his buggy eyes,  
and a corkscrew haircut pointing up.

TONKY, human female form, 20s in appearance, has a face that  
never stops making weird expressions, and a giant cape over  
shoulder pads that meets in the front hiding what's  
underneath. Giant shoes protrude from below.

QUACKO, human male form, 40s, wears undersized used car  
salesman clothes and a green casino visor.

QUACKO

You see, there's Tonky. Hey,  
Tonky, how's it going?

Tonky nods, smiles, flutters her fingers and a flute plays.

QUACKO(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ha, ha, quiet Tonky, we barely know  
the fella. Say, what's your name?  
I forget.

MAVIOUS

I'll say all right, my name is  
Mavious Snarkfisher, Sentinel  
Mavious Snarkfisher, I'll have you  
know- I'll halve you too, if you're  
feeling big today. And what does  
the complaint file at the Better  
Business Bureau refer to you as?

QUACKO

You can call me Doctor Spinelli.

MAVIOUS

Doctor Spinelli? I knew a Doctor  
Spinelli.

QUACKO

Oh no, that's not me.

MAVIOUS

You said I could call you Doctor  
Spinelli.

QUACKO  
Who am I to stop you?

MAVIOUS  
Who are you to stop me, indeed?

QUACKO  
I'm Quacko, Quacko Spinelli.

Tonky nods, puts hands on hips akimbo, chest jutting out somewhat disproportionately.

MAVIOUS  
(to Tonky)  
You don't watch out, you'll tip over!

Her breasts fall and bounce like slinkies down to her hips. She frowns.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)  
Four hundred million years old and now I've seen everything.

Quacko looks at Mavious.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)  
What else do they serve around here?

Tonky whips open her cape again, but what looked like bouncing breasts are her holding two coconuts with straws poking out the open tops. Mavious and Quacko gladly accept and start drinking.

Mavious spits it out.

QUACKO  
What's-a wrong widda da coconut?

MAVIOUS  
This is for baby coconuts. Why I oughtta!

QUACKO  
Cool it, Snarkfisher, you could adopt.

MAVIOUS  
I'm about to adopt an attitude. Tonky, what else you got to drink?

Tonky rifles through her cape, but they are interrupted by two security guards, GUARD ONE, a tall man, and GUARD TWO, a heavy one.

GUARD ONE  
Hey, stop right there!

The trio freezes instantly, only eyes moving.

GUARD TWO  
Report of a disturbance out here!  
Holy buckets, did you three smash  
all these car windows?

MAVIOUS  
You know what I like about you two?

The guards are a bit taken aback. Tonky and Quacko go to their sides and stroke their shoulders.

GUARD TWO  
Hey get off me!

Quacko backs away from him and scoots over to Guard One. Tonky puts her head on Guard One's shoulder and Quacko pats him on the shoulder while pickpocketing his wallet.

MAVIOUS  
Did I say two? We prefer him!  
What's your name?

GUARD ONE  
Delbert.

MAVIOUS  
Whatever you did to your mother,  
apologize.  
(sidles up to Guard Two)  
And you?

GUARD TWO  
Look, who smashed these windows?  
You guys have any weapons on you?

A mallet drops out of Tonky's cape, she jerks her hips and it pops straight back up inside her cape.

MAVIOUS  
Alright, Fred-

GUARD TWO  
It's Gil!



MAVIOUS

Alright, ItzGil, let's get serious here.

GUARD TWO

Who smashed the windows?

MAVIOUS

I saw two hippopotami wandering around here?

GUARD TWO

Hippopotami?

MAVIOUS

Right where your legs are attached!

GUARD TWO

How was a hippo here, Nevada is a desert state?

QUACKO

Ooh, dessert!

Tonky nods, and sticks an ice cream bar in Guard One's mouth. Guard One happily eats it up. Tonky slaps the ice cream bar out of Guard One's hand and sticks a toothbrush in his mouth and pats him on the head.

MAVIOUS

I mean it was here in a furious state! I haven't seen a hippo that mad since, well, enough about your mother, ItzGil, we need to see your leader.

QUACKO

That's-a right, take us to-a your leader!

Gil grabs Delbert and pulls him away from Tonky and Quacko. Delbert gets caught - a slinky is hooked in his belt loop, leading back to Tonky's pocket. Tonky gyrates her hips to keep the slinky oscillating.

Delbert tries to unhook the slinky, but Tonky pops it out of her pocket and wraps the loose end around his neck.

They all walk towards the mall.

Delbert gets more and more tangled as he tries to take the slinky off.

INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE

LIONEL, chief of mall security, sits slumped in his desk. Lipstick is smeared all over his mouth, his hair is frazzled, his tie has been scissored off below the knot.

LIONEL

You got the wrong guy. God help  
the right guy.

Tonky and Quacko are at bay on each side, edging closer to Lionel then backing off when he twitches and swats at them. Mavious sits in front of Lionel's desk, smoking a pipe.

Gil and Delbert are slouched by the door.

MAVIOUS

I wouldn't wish that on the wrong  
guy. Say, did I ever tell you your  
lipstick really brings out your  
eyes? I'm not kidding, you've got  
three seconds before they fall out.

LIONEL

Wait, what? Three-

MAVIOUS

Too late, be lucky they only fell  
out of style.

QUACKO

Boss, you keepin' his eyes in or  
out?

MAVIOUS

Eyes in, you know what that means?

QUACKO

Eyes in (a sin), sure I do, but  
it's-a no sin to be ugly.

LIONEL

Hey-

QUACKO

Don't worry, I was talking about a  
friend, my friend.

MAVIOUS

Alright, Lionel, I've had about  
enough yappin' outta you, I haven't  
stopped talking since you got here  
and you still haven't told me who  
your leader is?

LIONEL  
You want the mall owner?

MAVIOUS  
Who's bigger?

LIONEL  
The mayor?

MAVIOUS  
Bigger.

LIONEL  
Governor?

MAVIOUS  
Bigger!

LIONEL  
The president?

Mavious turns to Tonky. Tonky has made a fire under Mavious' seat and blows on it.

MAVIOUS  
That's just right, Tonky.

Tonky gives the thumbs up, contemplates a bottle of lighter fluid before Quacko swats her hand.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)  
(back to Lionel)  
Now what were we talking about?  
That's right, the president. Take me to him.

LIONEL  
You want me to take you to the president of the United States of America?

QUACKO  
He's-a good, boss, look at him on with the catching.

MAVIOUS  
He's a spitfire.

Tonky pulls a burning torch from the fire under Mavious and points it at Lionel. Quacko knocks her hand down.

LIONEL

But I can't do that! Who thinks I could do that? And why would I do it for you three idiots?

MAVIOUS

Would you do it for the Pope?

LIONEL

Take you to the president?

MAVIOUS

No, the Pope.

LIONEL

Bring the Pope to the president?

QUACKO

You getta Pope (poop), you flush it, I recommend this. Right, Tonky?

Tonky hands Lionel a dripping toilet bowl plunger. Lionel looks at it dumbfoundedly, then drops it.

LIONEL

I got a perfect guy to take you to the president.

MAVIOUS

It's a deal!

Tonky takes the plunger and puts out the fire.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The three sit in the back of the police van, handcuffed.

MAVIOUS

Hey Tonky, got any idea how to get us out of these?

Tonky does a little wiggling then pulls out three pairs of handcuffs linked together. Mavious' freed right hand still has a smoking pipe in it, which he clamps down on and puffs.

QUACKO

Hey Boss, there's gotta be an easier way to do this.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Officer SMALTS and Officer SMALLBERRY get out of the police van and open up the rear door. It's empty.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Mavious, Tonky and Quacko stand outside the gates.

QUACKO

Hey, Boss, there's gotta be an easier way to do this.

MAVIOUS

If there were, don't you think I woulda thought of that?

QUACKO

How you know I wouldn't-a thought of it first?

MAVIOUS

You wouldn't dare! Wait, did you think of it first?

QUACKO

No, I waited for you.

MAVIOUS

Oh, yes, that's right. What was it again?

QUACKO

I forgot.

Tonky taps on both their shoulders, excited. They look to her with quizzical expressions. She taps her forehead like what a big thinker she is, and hands them sunglasses.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Mavious, Tonky and Quacko, wearing their shades, walk up to the WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1 holding an iPad in the foyer of the White House.

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

Can I help you?

MAVIOUS

No, but I can help you. We're the diplomats from Luche Cootcha Monga.

(MORE)

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)

You were worried we'd be late, were you?

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

(looks at iPad)

Loocha Monga what?

MAVIOUS

I don't have time for this, Ambassador Tonky, show this man our credentials.

Tonky grins and opens up her cape. There's so much gold bling the guard shuts his eyes and waves his hands.

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

Alright, alright, c'mon.

Tonky closes her cape.

MAVIOUS

Hey, that was too easy, what's the big idea? You think I'm some pushover?

QUACKO

Shhh, Boss, he don't know who we are yet.

MAVIOUS

And who are we?

QUACKO

Like I said, he'll figure it out then he'll tell us.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Mavious, Tonky, and Quacko sit at chairs in front of the empty Oval Office desk. They wait somewhat patiently, Tonky fidgeting most, as usual.

Behind them on the couch, a teenage BOY has his feet up on the couch with bright athletic gear on, playing on his phone.

BOY

(talking at phone)

Yeah, lil' punk dweezils! Don't front on me!

(phone dings)

Aw yeah, there's one of my lil chickens, what's good lil' chicken?

The trio look around, not sure what to expect next. Mavious lights up his pipe.

QUACKO

If this the president's kid, they need us more than I thought.

BOY

(at them, holding up his phone"

Hey peeps, check that booty out, know what I'm sayin'? Girl is thicc!

MAVIOUS

Like your skull, I might say.

BOY

Whatchoo say?

MAVIOUS

I said I might say that, but don't get your hopes up. Hey, Junior, when will the president be here? We've got a pest we want to help him get rid of, and don't worry, I only mostly mean you.

A bustling throng of ADVISORS rushes in.

ADVISOR #1

Mr. President, a moment of your time.

Tonky stands up, salutes.

BOY/POTUS

Aww, heck no, already? I just barely got done with that last session of you punks babbling a whole lotta nonsense at me! Crisis this, disaster that! I need them chickens!

Tonky pulls out a chicken, Quacko makes her put it back in her cloak.

ADVISOR #1

Sir, that was your Daily Intelligence Briefing this morning, six hours ago.

The boy, the POTUS, responds.

POTUS  
Well who told Florida to sink into  
the ocean? Not me, son!

POTUS continues texting.

Mavious, Tonky and Quacko look at each other like 'you believe this?'

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Cy, still dressed neatly from the waist up, is surfing the desert sands towards Las Vegas on a blur of tentacles.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Cy, completely humanoid again, enters the casino, walking past greeters towards the-

BAR

Cy smiles at the CASINO BARTENDER.

CASINO BARTENDER  
Hello, good sir! What can I get  
for you?

Cy holds up another gold cube.

CY  
Drink?

TITLE: SEVEN HOURS LATER

The casino bartender slides Cy another drink, eying him quizzically.

Cy, red-faced, mouth hanging open, head sinking, takes the drink.

CASINO BARTENDER  
You doing okay, Mr. Cy?

Cy looks up, feebly smiles. He tilts the glass back. His eyes turn blood red. His body is squirming under the suit.

Casino bartender is taken aback.

CY  
Drink?



CASINO BARTENDER

Sorry, sir, I believe you've had enough for tonight.

CY

Then, Cyronticulous Gentrax shall eat.

Tentacles burst out of Cy's shirts as buttons go flying, straight for the bartender.

MOMENTS LATER

Cy moves through the casino, tentacles coming out of his sleeves and pant legs as well. They grip people who scream. He brings them into the maw in the middle of his belly, his shirt open.

SECURITY GUARDS aim guns but Cy emits an ear-ripping shout that shatters the guns as his tentacles snatch up the guards.

INT. OVAL OFFICE. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

POTUS, our duly elected leader, taps away at his phone. Five SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are stationed around the room.

A LUSTY SECRET SERVICE AGENT sizes up Tonky. Tonky shakes her shoulders then does two quick thrusts of her pelvis.

The Lusty Secret Service Agent raises his eyebrow. Tonky pulls a rose out of her cape and bites down on the stem. Lusty Secret Service Agent's mouth opens a little bit, taken aback. Tonky pulls THE FLIRTY LOOK, accompanied by the sound of a broken spring.

Lusty Secret Service Agent takes a step back. Tonky eats the rose, tackles him and they roll behind the sofa while making random sounds like Tonky's got an accordion under her cape getting mashed around by the agent.

Mavious and Quacko tap their feet, bored. Mavious puffs on his pipe.

MAVIOUS

Say, correct me if I'm wrong, which I never am, but they called this kid "Mr. President."

QUACKO

What do I do if you're right?

MAVIOUS

Slap me.

Quacko raises his hand.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)  
I'll take another rain check.

QUACKO  
Partly cloudy, with a chance in the evening.

Mavious stands up and addresses this boy president.

MAVIOUS  
Excuse me, are you the President of the United States?

POTUS  
Yeah, punk, whassup? Check out these guards I got! You mess up, they blast you, fool!

MAVIOUS  
If I recall from the day the Constitution was written, the President of the United States must be thirty-five. What are you, fifteen?

POTUS  
Older than dat, shiiiiiii...

MAVIOUS  
Settled, it's fifteen and a half.

Tonky pokes her head up and beckons SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2. He follows, she pounces, wrapping her arms and legs around him. He falls behind the couch.

POTUS  
You been sleeping under a rock, Rumpelstiltskin? I'm da POTUS for reals!

POTUS hits a button on his phone and casts a video to the Oval Office screen.

Quickly we see POTUS smiling as an innocent lad.

POTUS in the news as a missing boy.

POTUS in the news being pulled out of a frozen lake.

POTUS (CONT'D)  
 I got dat hypothermia after  
 drowning, they pulled me out and  
 defrosted my booty and it was still  
 fresh, yo. I'm thirty-eight.

MAVIOUS  
 They should have stuck you in the  
 oven longer.

HEADLINE: BABY POPSICLE DECLARES RUN FOR PRESIDENT

HEADLINE: BABY POPSICLE CALLS OPPONENT "PUNK-A\*\* B\*\*\*\*\*" IN  
 AGGRESSIVE ATTACK

HEADLINE: BABY POPSICLE WINS THE MAJORITY OF THE ELECTORAL  
 VOTE ON "SNITCHES GET STITCHES" PLATFORM

POTUS  
 So who you gang of fools?  
 Represent!

Quacko runs to a piano adorning a corner of the Oval Office  
 and provides accompaniment.

MAVIOUS  
 (singing)  
 With a heavy heart I bear  
 News for which you do not care  
 I don't know if you dare  
 To handle this new scare...  
 We're transdimensional space men  
 Suffering some displacement  
 If you should need a replacement  
 You could return to your mom's  
 basement.

POTUS  
 (raps)  
 Hey little man don't front don't  
 front  
 Pardon me a moment while I spark  
 this blunt  
 The people have spoken and they wuz  
 clear  
 Y'all pint-sized pretenders ain't  
 coming near.

MAVIOUS  
 (aside)  
 Why am I trying to save this planet  
 again? What a mook!