

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

The Sick Movie

© 2010 Copyright Brett Paufler
all rights reserved
Brett@Paufler.net
www.Paufler.net

This story is fiction... or at least, that is what I shall claim.
Please see www.Paufler.net/TermsOfService.pdf for full disclosure.

Originally posted at:
www.paufler.net

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's stories may be found.

If you find this document hosted on any other site, you can rest assured that particular site is run by thieving idiots who now owe me at least \$250,000 for copyright infringement.

Thieves, because they don't have the right to host this document. Idiots because, well, exactly how hard is it to scrap off a few words at the beginning of a document. \$250,000 because theft comes at a price...

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

The Sick Movie

START - SCENE 1

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

All the world is dark (black and white) sputtering static

Within the static, the black eye-mounds of an octopus coalesce and slowly take form.

The eyes mounds open, revealing yellow static filled eyes.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The eyes are part of KELLY'S octopus tattoo, which peer out from above her shorts.

Kelly unbuttons the front of her cut-off jeans, revealing the red string-bikini beneath.

Both Kelly and the dark red octopus tattoo dance slowly, independently of the other.

The tattoo is alive, its tentacles wrapping their way down Kelly's brown legs.

The tentacles reach longingly upward, stopping just short of Kelly's bikini top.

Kelly smiles as she dances. She is a beautiful Asian in her early thirties, who always wears cut-off shorts, red bikini, dynamically dancing octopus tattoo, and nothing else.

The club in which Kelly and her tattoo dance is lost to a pointillist, multi-colored static.

The table on which Kelly and her tattoo dance is likewise lost to static.

EDDIE (a tall handsome Japanese American in his forties, who always wears a stylish black suit, fedora, and inky black sunglasses) sits straight and erect before the table.

While her octopus tattoo dances, Kelly steps off the table and straddles Eddie.

KELLY

Ever wonder what it would be like to get fucked by an octopus?

((((And if this were the DVD load screen, all would fade to black as we looped back to the beginning, and watched Kelly dance once again. Hardly a hardship, I would hope.)))

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - FURNISHED - NIGHT

An octopus is resting at the bottom of a large aquarium, which covers an entire wall.

TAZ grabs the octopus, and pulls it out.

Taz is a wiry, bone thin, bald Asian in his early twenties, who has an elaborate swirling thin-lined black tattoo that covers his entire body. The swirling, dynamic, moving design is centered in the small of Taz's back where hundreds of lines intersect, before swirling outward in every direction never to cross again. Taz has large silver rings in his nipples and ears, wears dirty black jeans, green rubber flip-flops, and nothing else - ever.

Taz holds the octopus in the air and considers it, while his tattoo swirls about.

TAZ

An octopus. You ever wonder what it would be like to fuck an octopus? All those suckers. Those slimy tentacles.

Across the room, BRYCE and a HAOLE sit next to each other on a white couch.

Biting his nails nervously, the white Haole in his twenties wears jeans, t-shirt, and a baseball cap.

Bryce (a handsome man in his thirties, whose eyes are full of black and white static, and who currently wears a loosely-tied white bathrobe) puts his arm around the Haole.

BRYCE

What Taz is trying to say is, if you've ever wondered, well, now's your chance.

HAOLE

I don't think.

BRYCE

(interrupting)

Always a bad sign.

Taz squats on the couch, trapping the Haole between Bryce and himself.

Taz passes the octopus to Bryce, as the Haole's eyes go wide.

The Haole tries to stand.

HAOLE

Maybe I should just go.

Taz grabs hold of the Haole's leg and pushes him down.

TAZ

It's too late for that. You've seen where we live.

Bryce plays with the octopus, brushing a tentacle against the Haole's face.

BRYCE

And because of that, we've got to know whether you're a cop or not.

HAOLE

I'm not a cop.

CAGNEY enters the room from the attached kitchen. Cagney is muscular, in her forties, has short blonde hair. Cagney always wears military boots, black combat fatigues, a white tank top, and a silver-plated pearl-handled Colt 45 in a shoulder holster.

CAGNEY

He's not a cop, FBI, DEA, or ATF. And he doesn't know anybody on the island, either. Fresh off the boat.

Bryce sets the octopus down on the Haole's shoulder.

BRYCE
And looking to party?

The Haole tries to leave again, but Taz holds him down.

Cagney draws her gun and points it at the Haole.

CAGNEY
Nobody thinks you're a cop. What the boys really want to know is whether you're a sick, twisted, demented mother-fucker just like them.

BRYCE
Or whether we should just have Cagney shoot you here and now and feed the scraps to the dogs.

SFX: dogs bark outside.

Bryce pokes at the octopus, pushing it off the Haole's shoulder and into his lap.

Following the octopuses' progress with their eyes, Bryce and Taz lick the Haole's ears.

Bryce's eyes are a mask of black and white static.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is a light black and white static.

EXT. PARIS ROADSIDE CAFÉ - DAY

The Eiffel Tower stands majestically among a static filled sky.

Down a deserted road, the Eiffel Tower in the background, is a street-side cafe.

Eddie, KIM, NEWT, and BLONDIE sit together at a table in the crowded outdoor café.

Kim is a cute Asian in her early twenties. She typically wears a conservative schoolgirl's outfit consisting of glasses, flowing pink hair ribbons, frosted pink lipstick, white blouse, pink and black checkered skirt, and black pumps. The pupils of her eyes are a pink static.

Both Newt and Blondie are twenty and wear black suits identical to Eddie's, complete with fedoras and sunglasses. Newt is a cute sort of geek. Blondie is a bombshell.

Bryce arrives dressed as a waiter.

BRYCE
Telling that same old story again?

Bryce snaps his fingers.

His tattoo swirling, Taz comes dashing in with a pitcher of water. He shakes with excitement as he pours water into everyone's glass, spilling most of it onto the table.

TAZ
Man, I love that story. That guy could scream. And the blood.

BRYCE
We had to get rid of the couch. All the furniture eventually.

TAZ
On account of the teeth.

Taz chomps his teeth in demonstration.

Bryce smacks Taz on the back of the head, correcting him.

BRYCE
Beaks, you idjit. Squids have beaks.

TAZ
Big honking things. Go right through a finger.

BRYCE
Or similar appendage.

TAZ
Who'd have thunk it?

Bryce puts his hand on Newt's shoulder.

BRYCE
That's why it's always wise to experiment before trying new things.

On the other side of Newt, Taz leans over and whispers into his ear.

TAZ
You know, get yourself a guinea pig..

Bryce smiles at Blondie.

BRYCE
Or two.

Bryce snaps his fingers, again.

Four large THUGS (GORILLA, APE, ANIMAL, and CAVE MAN) wearing orange prison jumpsuits and shackles shuffle forward carrying covered silver platters, which they set down on the table before Eddie and the rest. Gorilla has a smaller version of Taz's tattoo on his cheek. Ape has one on his neck. Animal has one on his hand, while Cave Man sports a thin-lined black swirling tattoo similar to Taz's around his eyes.

As one, the Thugs lift the lids off the platters.

Under each is a serving of deep fried squid, their lifeless tentacles reaching into the air.

BRYCE
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the calamari special, Celaphopod on the half-shell.

Everyone watches Newt and Blondie expectantly.

BRYCE
Go on, they're not going to hurt you.

TAZ
Cause they're dead.

Bryce mimes the action of breaking off a piece of squid and eating it.

Newt looks at his plate.

Blondie pokes at the squid.

BRYCE
Can't tempt you?

Bryce breaks off a tentacle, dips it in sauce, and eats it with relish.

BRYCE
Mmmm! Now, that is good.

Bryce breaks off another tentacle and waves it about.

BRYCE

Sure you don't want any?

Bryce plops the squid into his mouth.

BRYCE
Well, maybe later.

TAZ
(eager)
It's symbolic. You know, of how it's a squid eat squid world.

BRYCE
Yeah. I suppose so.

Bryce leans against the table facing Blondie as he licks his fingers.

BRYCE
By the way, my name's Bryce Canyon.

Accepting Bryce's proffered hand, Blondie takes off her glasses and smiles.

BLONDIE
So, you're the one they named the national park after.

BRYCE
Oh, yeah. Young, dumb, and soon to be full of cum. I think I'm going to like welcoming you to this little club of ours.

Behind Bryce, Taz clears his throat.

TAZ
Ahem.

Bryce's strokes Blondie's face as he stares into her eyes.

BRYCE
I assume you recognize my associate, Taz.

Signaling the Thugs, Taz points to Newt.

Without further preamble, Gorilla and Ape lift Newt out of his chair. Beside them, Animal rubs his hands together while Cave Man pounds his fist into the palm of his hand.

Taz removes Newt's glasses and runs his hand lovingly across Newt's face.

TAZ

It's initiation time, lover boy.

Newt tries to break free from the Thugs.

At the commotion, Bryce looks over his shoulder to face Newt.

BRYCE

What? This can't be a surprise. Tell me this isn't a surprise. This isn't supposed to be a surprise, Eddie.

Eddie takes a sip of water, sort of hiding behind it.

EDDIE

Didn't I tell you about this? Oh, well. After that other thing, then there's this thing. It's sort of a right of passage. Everybody does it.

Newt struggles as the Thugs carry him through the static filled door to the cafe.

NEWT

Wait! No!

EDDIE

Just remember, you're the lock that holds the key.

Cave Man's face appears in a static filled window, before closing the drapes

EDDIE

Or some such of shit like that. Like the man said, I'm pretty sure it's symbolic or something.

Pausing in front of the static on his way into the cafe, Taz grabs his crotch.

TAZ

Man, I just love symbolism.

Taz disappears through the static.

TAZ (O.S.)

Yo, wait up! I got the kid's symbolism right here.

BRYCE

It's symbolic. I like that, Eddie. A vague misleading statement like that, could mean almost anything. Unfortunately, the kid looked sort of surprised to learn he was going to be Taz's bitch for the next few hours.

EDDIE

These things happen.

BRYCE

No. No, they don't.

Bryce leans against the table in between Kim and Blondie, staring at the later.

BRYCE

You're not surprised to learn that you're going to be my bitch for the next few hours, are you, my darling?

BLONDIE

I've been looking forward to it for some time now.

KIM

(under her breath)

Slut.

BRYCE

(ignoring Kim)

So, why's hubby all worked up?

Bryce turns to regard Eddie.

BRYCE

It's bad for morale, Eddie. That's what it is. This is why you have to explain things all chro-no-co-logically to the new recruits. You do things in that crazy screwed up way of yours and you wind up omitting important details every time.

EDDIE

Like that symbolic thing with Taz?

BRYCE

Yeah, exactly. Little things like that. So, why don't you go back to the beginning and take it all nice and slow, being sure not to leave out a single little itty-bitty symbolic fucking detail.

Bryce turns to look at Blondie, smiling and dripping with charm.

BRYCE

Meanwhile, I think Blondie, here, was going to tell me how she could just stare into my eyes, like forever.

Moving in for a kiss, Bryce's static filled eyes glitter and sparkle hypnotically.

KIM (O.S.)

I think I'm going to be sick.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Bryce's eyes sparkle with black and white static.

Bryce's hair is a mess. He is smiling and having the time of his life.

BRYCE

Unbelievable. Un-fucking believable.

Bryce stands in the aisle wearing a button shirt over a concert tee and dirty jeans.

Kim sits window seat, smiling at Bryce. The aisle seat next to her is empty.

Bryce turns to face a STEWARDESS who walks down the aisle holding a deck of cards.

BRYCE

This is classic. Do you believe this?

KIM

He doesn't believe in causality.

Bryce accepts the cards from the Stewardess

BRYCE

No, that's not it.

Turning back to Kim, Bryce unwraps the cards as he throws the box to the side.

BRYCE

Here you go. New pack.

Bryce throws the cards on the empty seat next to Kim, calling them as they land.

BRYCE

Ace of spades.

Two. Three. Four.

Five of spades.

(beat)

What's next?

Before Kim can answer, Bryce shuffles the deck, dropping half of them in the process.

BRYCE

What's next? It's not the six, that's over there.

The six of spades has landed face up by the feet of a BUSINESS MAN, who along with the other PASSENGERS, purposely looks away from Bryce to avoid meeting his eyes.

BRYCE
So, what is it?

Bryce looks around the cabin at the other Passengers and especially the Business Man.

BRYCE
Anybody know? Any takers? I'll give you fifty to one odds.

The Business Man looks even further away from Bryce.

KIM
That's not the point.

BRYCE
No, that is the point. You think you know what comes next, but you can't, you don't, there's no way. There never is.

The Stewardess puts her hand on Bryce's shoulder.

STEWARDESS
We'll be landing soon.

Bryce flips the next card over on the seat next to Kim, before turning around.

Kim picks up the card and looks at it.

The card is the Queen of Hearts.

Beyond the card, Bryce is following the Stewardess down the aisle, skipping behind her.

BRYCE
So, this mile high club thing of yours. How exactly does it work? I mean, is there like a signing bonus or something?

Kim turns from Bryce, the Stewardess, and the card, and looks out the window.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF OAHU - NIGHT

Twinkling lights fill the island's valleys, while the mountain peaks are pitch black.

The lights are reminiscent of an iridescent amoebae that is slowly crawling ashore.

The tentacles of this illuminated amoebae pulse and ungrate.

The lights spasm as they creep farther ashore.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

The airplane touches down.

EXT. KONA AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA - NIGHT

Kim talks on a payphone, an empty baggage claim area to her side.

KIM

I'm at the airport.

(beat)

No. I arrive tonight.

(frustrated)

Yes, I'm sure.

(more frustrated)

I'm here. I'm in Kona.

(even more frustrated, starting to yell)

No don't do something first!

Kim looks at the receiver in her hand, and says the last words of the conversation to it.

KIM

Thanks a lot, sis.

Kim hangs up the phone.

Kim drops down next to her duffel bag and picks up her chemistry book as she looks up and down the airport access road.

The airport is totally deserted. There are no cars, no guards, no passengers, no nothing.

Opening her chemistry book, Kim holds her bookmark, the Queen of Hearts.

Bookmark in hand, the chapter Kim is currently reading is entitled, "Multi-Covalent Hydrogen Enriched Ionic Membrane Transfer Coefficients: and the bonds they form."

The words on the pages dissolve and turn to static.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - NIGHT

A rat scurries across the pages of a moldy chemistry book.

Eddie taps the book with one hand, while swirling a vial of blue static in the other.

EDDIE
Let's see.

Before Eddie stretches a picnic table strewn with chemistry equipment. To his side, stand VICTORIA and JOCKO in suit, hat, and sunglass combos to match his own. Victoria has red hair. Both are good looking, and in their twenties. The structure in which they stand is a rotting kit-house, sort of like a gazebo with open-balcony like walls. The jungle in the background is lost to the dark of the night and distortion of static.

EDDIE
Right, maybe work it backwards.

Eddie indicates a claw footed porcelain tub to the side filled with water and leaves.

EDDIE
The last step is cooling it down.

The tub is being fed by a steady stream of water that leaks through the exposed tin roof.

EDDIE
Before that it gets heated in solar distillers.

Eddie examines a glass refracting column on the table.

EDDIE
And before that, it must get mixed together in this.

VICTORIA
You don't know how to make it, do you?

EDDIE
What's to know? You just mix it all together. Simply, really.

Eddie accidentally pushes over the refraction column, breaking it.

EDDIE
It's broken, otherwise I'd show you.

VICTORIA
Just admit it, you don't know the first thing about chemistry.

Eddie places the vial on the table.

EDDIE

Fine. You found me out.

VICTORIA

So, how do we know you're the real Eddie.

EDDIE

Oh, well that one's easy.

Eddie takes off his hat and tosses it onto the table.

Turning to face Victoria, Eddie takes off his glasses, runs his hands through his hair, and shakes his head.

Three fluorescent blue lobe like tentacles descend from either side of Eddie's head. As they do, Jocko slowly steps backward, disappearing from view, fading into static.

Eddie shakes the lobes playfully about.

Victoria takes a step forward and reaches out with her hand.

VICTORIA

Can I?

Victoria caresses the side of Eddie's face, the tentacles wrapping around her hand.

EXT. KONA AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA - NIGHT

Hair and shirt dripping wet, Bryce wipes off his face with his long sleeve shirt.

Turning from the access road, Bryce notices Kim looking up from her chemistry book.

BRYCE

What? You're still here?

KIM

Me? It's been hours. Where have you been?

BRYCE

Turns out stewardesses travel in flocks.

KIM

Why am I not surprised?

Bryce shrugs as he looks up and down the deserted roadway.

BRYCE

So, can I give you a lift somewhere?

The airport is still completely deserted.

BRYCE
After the rental places open, that is?

KIM
No thanks, my sister will be here.

Kim looks at the bank of phones beside her.

KIM
Eventually.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Kelly snorts a line of white static off OXFORD's stomach (a college age frat boy).

YALE and HARVARD play cards in their boxer shorts, awaiting their turn.

Kelly pinches her nose, while inhaling. Sparkles of static clinging to her lips.

KELLY
OK. So, who's next?

EXT. KONA AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA - NIGHT

Kim hangs up the phone.

BRYCE
On her way?

KIM
She said something about a thing she had to take care of first. She could be a while. So, where are you staying, anyhow?

INT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - NIGHT

Lobs a dangling, Eddie and Newt stand by the picnic table staring at Blondie.

EDDIE
They say that when his father died, Bryce inherited all of this.

Standing in the rear of the bungalow where the walls have completely rotted away between two support posts, Blondie silhouettes a white static moon hanging in the sky.

EDDIE
(as an aside to Newt)
Lucky man.

Eddie walks towards Blondie, while Newt follows a few steps behind.

As they approach, Blondie takes off her hat and sunglasses, letting her hair down.

EDDIE
They also say he, was running from over a dozen bench warrants.

Eddie turns Blondie around, so she faces the static filled moon, while feeling her up.

EDDIE
Something about him being a bad seed.

Eddie slides Blondie's hands through loops of ropes hanging from the support posts.

Eddie cradles himself around Blondie and whispers into her ear.

EDDIE
You ever wonder how that rope scene really went down?

INT. THE BUNGALOW - WORKING LAB - NIGHT

Wearing white board shorts, Bryce tends his chemistry set.

Bryce clenches his jaw and grimaces as a pair of headlights illuminate his face.

By the front door, Taz sits on a bench paging through a magazine.

Taz freezes as Kelly comes through the door, holding a pearl handled silver Colt .45.

Kelly points the gun at Bryce. She is badly bruised and beaten.

Bryce's face twitches as he struggles to maintain control.

BRYCE
What happened?

Bryce walks slowly towards Kelly, smiling broadly.

Kelly waves the gun at Bryce.

BRYCE

(full of concern)
Who did this?

Bryce grabs the gun out of Kelly's hands.

KELLY
You did this to me. You know you did this.

Bryce hits Kelly in the face with the gun, causing her to fall to the ground.

Bryce points the gun at Taz.

BRYCE
Next time I tell you to kill someone, Taz ole boy, you better fucking do it.

Bryce kicks Kelly.

BRYCE
And next time you point a gun at someone, Miss Lee, you better be smart enough to pull the fucking trigger.

The gun still aimed at Taz, Bryce cocks the trigger.

BRYCE
Now tie her up. It's time to have some fun.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - NIGHT

Free of bruises, Kelly is spread eagled, her hands in the ropes.

His lobes a dangling, Eddie cradles Kelly's body, rubbing the Colt .45 against her face.

EDDIE
Tell me, darling Kelly, what do you see?

KELLY
I don't know. The ocean? The sky?

Eddie let's go of Kelly and rubs her butt with his hand.

KELLY
No! Please, No! Tell me what to see! I'll see whatever you say!

Eddie twirls the gun in the air and catches it by its drum.

Eddie pulls his arm back as a preamble to hauling off on Kelly's ass.

KELLY

Tell me! Please! I'll see whatever you tell me to see!

INT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - NIGHT

Hair down, hat and sunglasses off, Victoria's stands with her hands in the ropes. Eddie's body is wrapped around hers, his lobes a dangling.

EDDIE

Funny thing is, Kelly got off on pain, a true black and blue masochists. So oddly, the experience sort of caused her to fall in love, bound her to Bryce, made her his slave. How about you, my darling? You get off on pain?

VICTORIA

Not particularly.

Eddie tosses the gun backwards without looking.

The gun lands amidst the chemistry equipment, breaking glass.

EDDIE

So, tell me then. What do you see?

VICTORIA

The ocean? The moon? Waves? Stars?

Eddie pats Victoria's ass.

EDDIE

I am going to so enjoy pounding the shit out of you when the time comes.

Eddie lets go of Victoria, turns around, and leans against the railing.

Jocko stands cowering, trying to look invisible at the far end of the room.

EDDIE

Both of you. Lucky for you, I've been told not to skip around and that bit doesn't happen for awhile.

Eddie puts his sunglasses back on and his lobes disappear back into his head.

EDDIE

Hand me my hat.

Jocko scurries forward to the table to do as he is bid.

Jocko finds Eddie's hat next to the gun.

Jocko reaches for both.

Ignoring Jocko, Eddie puts his arm around Victoria.

EDDIE

So, where were we?

Both of them stare at the static filled moon.

EDDIE

Ah, yes. We're still stuck at the fucking airport. If we're ever going to get anywhere, we're really going to have to speed this fucking thing up.

EXT. KONA AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA - DAY

It is midday. The sun is high in the sky as it peaks over the Kona mountains.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Or slow it down.

The airport is crowded and full of passengers, security guards, and cars.

Bryce sits in the sun next to the phones, against a wall. Kim leans against him.

Kim nods off to sleep and jerks her head as she struggles to stay awake.

BRYCE

I mean, that's the thing. It's never the same for any two people. For some, it's like having a morning cup of coffee. It picks up the pace and makes everything clear and invigorating.

Bryce stares at an aluminum 35mm film canister in his hands.

While the canister remains clear and in focus, everything surrounding it dissolves into fuzzy motion-streaked pointillist static.

BRYCE

But for others, time seems to stand still. And you get this lucidity, this intensity, this awareness that pervades everything. But then, if something isn't in your direct line of sight, it might as well not exist.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Still photographic shots replace motion film for the duration. Only the central images are discernable. Everything else is lost to a heavily motion-streaked pointillist static.

SFX: wheel's screech.

A view of the front quarter panel of Kelly's battered red pick up truck.

KELLY (O.S.)
(as a distant echo)
Kim!

Kelly's cut-off shorts are unbuttoned, showing off her bikini and octopus tattoo.

KIM (O.S.)
I brought you something.

Kelly wears her standard very-revealing red bikini top.

KIM (O.S.)
Someone.

Kelly is smiling, her arms open, extended for a hug.

KIM (O.S.)
A gift.

SFX: two car doors slam shut.

Kelly's bikini top doesn't cover much when seen from the side.

Stuttering, following the length of her arm, Kelly's left hand rests on the steering wheel.

Jumping again, Kelly's right hand, rests on the stick shift nestled between Bryce's legs.

Breaking stop motion for a second, Kelly's fingers flutter, as she caresses the knob.

SFX: wheels screech.

The speedometer indicates 75mph, maybe more. It's blurred and hard to read.

KIM (O.S.)
Slow down!

Bryce's foot is on the accelerator next to Kelly's bare foot.

In rapid succession, Kelly moves her bare feet out of the way, squats, and kneels on her legs, before leaning forward.

KELLY (O.S.)
Alright. Now you're talking.

A red stop light hangs in the air, blurring as it passes by overhead.

KIM (O.S.)
Stop!

While passing, a line of cars is seen from the wrong side of the road.

KIM (O.S.)
Look out!

Continuing to pass, a blind curve on a mountain road looms ahead.

SFX: a truck's horn blares.

Clear, completely devoid of distortion, a Mac Truck's front grill looms larger than life, filling the senses.

KIM (O.S.)
Let me out!

INT/EXT. THAI SHACK - DAY

Waves of static break on the ocean.

The beach lies beyond the front door and open windows of the Thai Shack.

On the dirt road between the Thai Shack and the ocean, Kelly's truck skids to a stop.

Kim gets out of the truck and slams the door.

Kim grabs her duffel bag out of the back.

KIM
I'm getting a ride from Taz next time.

The truck peels out, covering Kim in a cloud of dust.

KIM
You deserve each other. You know that, right?

Kim walks up the quarter flight of wooden stairs into the Thai Shack.

INT. THAI SHACK - DAY

Eddie, Newt, and Blondie sit at a table off to the side, sipping beers.

EDDIE

Oh, Kim. Good, you're back. How about getting us three of the specials?

Kim walks between two large empty tables, which occupy the center of the room. A cooler filled with wine and beer covers the side wall.

KIM

I'm not your fucking slave, get one of your fucking whores to get you the fucking special if that's what you fucking want.

Behind the counter, bottles of liquor are displayed under a ragtag assortment of menu boards, chalk boards, and scraps of cardboard, which list the restaurants offerings. Kim throws her bag into the corner and sits down on a stool behind the counter.

KIM

Where the fuck is Taz, anyhow? And why the fuck doesn't he ever fucking pick me up from the fucking goddamn airport in the first fucking goddamn place, any-fucking-way?

BLONDIE

Yeah, where the fuck is Taz, any-fucking-way?

EDDIE

Well now, that is one mother-fucker of a good question.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT LAVA FIELD - DAY

A bald fat white HAOLE TOURIST steps up onto a rock outcropping. His aloha shirt is unbuttoned. The camera around his neck flops against his belly as he gazes across the ocean at the setting sun.

HAOLE TOURIST

This is great. What a view.

Taz walks up behind the Haole Tourist, pulling on his pants.

TAZ

Come on. Hurry up. We got to get you to the airport or you'll miss your flight.

HAOLE TOURIST

I think I'll stay another day.

The Haole Tourist turns to look at Taz and then smile at Taz's crotch.

HAOLE TOURIST
Night, at least.

INT. THAI SHACK - DAY

Victoria and Jocko sit with Eddie, now. They sip on beers and eat deep-fried squid burgers, their tentacles hanging out of the buns. A bottle of whiskey and shot glasses sit on the table.

EDDIE
He's in jail now. But back in the day, he was sort of a tourist guide for a.
(beat)
Specialized community.

Behind the counter, Kim looks up from her chemistry book.

KIM
Sounds a lot like.
(beat)
You, Mr. Takosori.

INT/EXT. THAI SHACK - DAY

Eddie raises his beer in agreement, while behind him Taz's TAXI slowly pulls to a stop outside. The Taxi is a tricked out yellow four wheel drive '57 Chevy taxi-cab that has been covered in swirling black lines as per Taz's tattoo.

Taz gets out of the Taxi, walks inside, and grabs a six-pack of beer out of the cooler.

TAZ
Fucking, haole asshole. Stayed two extra fucking days and didn't even give me a tip.

Taz glares at Eddie's party, while fishing for money in his pocket.

TAZ
Goddamn mother-fucking haole assholes.

KIM
If that beer's for you and Kelly, you'll be wanting more. She picked up some wimpy looking white dude at the airport.

Taz throws a twenty at Kim and departs with blood in his eyes.

Jocko stands and drops his napkin on the table.

JOCKO

You'll excuse me. This is something I've always wanted to see.

EXT. THE BUNGALOW - DAY

Jocko kneels as he looks over the half-wall of the bungalow by the side of the front door.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - DAY

The Bungalow is the same as The Bungalow - Working Lab minus the chemistry equipment.

On her back, Kelly sleeps on a pile of beach towels.

Eyes closed, the octopus tattoo on Kelly's stomach shifts in its sleep, reaching upwards.

Eyes closed, Kelly stretches mimicking the tattoo's movements.

Opening an eye slyly, the octopus slides a tentacle towards Kelly's bikini top.

Just as slyly, Kelly opens one of her eyes.

Kelly brushes the tentacles away.

The tentacles slither downward, dejectedly, as car lights dance across Kelly's body and illuminate the interior of the shack.

Jocko is no longer present. In his place, Bryce sits with his back to the wall next to the front door. He is wearing jeans and nothing more. In his hand is a 35mm film canister and he is trying to balance a license plate on his knees.

Taz barges through the front door, knocking license plate out of Bryce's hands and sending it scattering across the floor.

Taz eyes follow the license plate, and then beyond it to where Kelly is stretching and yawning.

Bryce crawls after the license plate, ignoring Taz.

TAZ

I'm going to kick your ass. Did you hear me? I said, I'm going to kick your fucking ass.

License plate in hand, Bryce looks up at Taz, concentrating on Taz's nipple rings.

TAZ

Did you hear me? I said, I'm going to kick your fucking ass.

KELLY

Stop yelling, Taz, and hand me a beer.

TAZ

Who the fuck is this? I'm going to kill him.

(to Bryce)

I'm going to kick his fucking ass.

Kelly wraps herself in a beach towel.

On her hands and knees, Kelly shuffles over to where Taz and Bryce are.

Kelly grabs a beer out of the six-pack Taz is holding, opens it up, and hands it to Bryce.

KELLY

Bryce this is Taz.

TAZ

I'm going to kick your fucking ass.

Bryce takes a sip of beer and puts it on the ground.

Bryce resumes trying to balance the license plate on his knees.

Kelly tosses the license plate to the side and gently pushes Bryce backwards.

Kelly grabs the film canister and pours a line of white static onto Bryce's stomach.

Kelly snorts the static.

TAZ

What are you doing? Didn't you hear me?

KELLY

Shut up, Taz.

Kelly pours another line on Bryce's stomach.

Kelly grabs Taz's hand and pulls him to his knees.

KELLY

You should try some, Taz. This is Grade A, haole shit.

TAZ

This doesn't change anything. When this is all over, I'm still going to kick your ass.

As Taz kneels over him, Bryce lazily reaches up and grabs hold of one of Taz's nipple rings.

Bryce pulls on the ring, gently but firmly, bringing Taz down to the static.

BRYCE

Go for it, tough guy. Go for it.

INT. THAI SHACK - NIGHT

The Thai Shack is full of customers.

Eddie and Victoria sit alone among the remains of their sandwiches, beer, and half drunken bottle of whiskey.

Eddie and Victoria both hold ceramic sake glasses.

EDDIE

It's fermented chiles, nothing more. To the Celaphopods?

Eddie and Victoria clink their glasses together and sip the liquid.

Victoria begins fanning her mouth and breathing heavily.

Victoria knocks over an empty bottle of beer as she pours herself a shot of whiskey, which she downs in one gulp, before pouring herself another.

Unaffected by the drink, Eddie turns sideways to face the room as he takes another sip.

Kim sits on her stool behind the counter reading a chemistry book.

EDDIE (O.S.)

You know Kim, of course.

AUNTIE, a short, thin, wisp of an anciently-old Chinese woman, appears from the back room carrying a mammoth platter of stir fried rice loaded with vegetables.

EDDIE (O.S.)

That's Auntie.

Auntie places the platter in front of SAM LEE, who sits at a large table along with MOON SHADOW, STAR, and KIMO.

Sam Lee is a fifty-year-old Chinese businessman in a conservative suit. He serves himself a few spoonfuls of rice.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Sam Lee. He knew everybody on the island. Though, I never could really figure out whether he was Auntie's husband or son-in-law.

Moon Shadow sits next to Sam. He is sixty-year-old long haired hippy who wears a tie-dyed tank-top and shorts. Moon waves off the rice and instead produces a joint from behind his ear, which he proceeds to light.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Moon Shadow. He ran the neighborhood store, more of a pawn shop, drug dealing operation, actually. Whatever you wanted, he could get it for you, and he'd take pretty much anything in trade. Except for an IOU, of course.

Star, a longhaired, fifty-year-old, cute-ish woman in a natural fiber beige dress, is next. She passes the rice and then accepts the joint from Moon.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Moon's wife, Star.

Kimo, a large Samoan in a police uniform, eagerly accepts the platter of rice from Star.

Kimo holds the platter in one hand, while lifting the small plate in front of him with the other. After a moment's hesitation, he switches out his plate for the big platter of rice, and begins shoveling great spoonfuls of rice into his mouth.

EDDIE (O.S.)

And Kimo, the ever popular dirty cop that let it all happen.

Kimo glares at Eddie, between spoonfuls of rice.

EDDIE

All in all, a good-guy, don't get me wrong, but dirty as the day is long.

Kimo shrugs and nods in agreement, before continuing to eat.

EDDIE (O.S.)

The truth of the matter is, Kimo had been on the take long before Bryce ever showed up.

Star sets a beer on the table before Kimo, which he gulps between spoonfuls of rice.

EDDIE (O.S.)

You see, Sam had never bothered to get a liquor license for the Thai Shack, and well, considering how much alcohol was consumed on the premises, it was an obvious infraction.

Eddie refills Victoria's glass with whiskey.

Eddie shrugs, before twirling his finger in the air, as if to say, "roll tape."

EDDIE

I suppose as long as we're here, you'll want the tour.

INT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

A living room illuminated by Christmas tree lights overflows with merchandise. There is hardly room to walk, much less sit down. Grocery style shelving set up in the middle of the room is crammed full of spam, chili, and potato chips, while car stereos, video cassettes, and magazines are heaped in piles on the floor.

Taz is examining a stack of surfboards on the couch.

Kelly, in her Daisy Duke's, sorts through records on the floor.

Bryce, dressed as he was on plane, carries two cases of nasal decongestant as he gingerly makes his way through the mess towards the front door where Moon sits behind an old desk crowded with candy, condom, and cigarette displays smoking a joint.

Bryce sets the nasal decongestant on the desk in front of Moon.

Bryce grabs a carton of cigarettes and places it on top of the decongestant.

Bryce runs his fingers up and down the candy display, as if trying to decide on a treat.

MOON

And how are you planning on paying for all of this?

After adding one and then another candy bar to the pile, Bryce places an aluminum 35-mm film canister on top of it all.

MOON

I think we have ourselves a deal.

INT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - PAWN SHOP - DAY

Taz stands by the front door with a cigarette in his mouth and a big brown box labeled “Nasal Decongestant” under each arm.

Moon sits behind his desk smoking a joint.

Bryce, who is wearing jeans, an aloha shirt, and flip-flops, tosses a baby-food jar filled with yellow crystals to Moon

Moon catches it and smiles.

EDDIE (V.O.)

It's a pretty simple concept, no need to draw it out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

Fronting a dirt road, across the street from a crowded beach full of SURFERS, DRUG DEALERS, and HOT CHICKS, lies the town of Lahina.

Lahina consists of five nearly identical run-down, two-story houses that have a short flight of stairs leading to their front porches. In order, the buildings are the Thai Shack, the Lee's House, Moon's Place, and two condemned buildings.

In front of Moon's house with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, Taz loads two red plastic gas tanks into the trunk of his Taxi, next to a surfboard, a stack of records, and two bags of groceries that are already there.

Bryce stands by the passenger door wearing flip-flops and white board shorts. He tosses a coffee can to Moon, who stands on the front porch of his house.

Upon catching the can, Moon makes a show of “weighing” its contents, before giving Bryce a thumbs up.

Bryce waves as Taz drives away.

Kimo emerges from Moon's house carrying a case of spam.

KIMO

Business good?

Without looking, Moon hands Kimo a plain brown envelope (of the type often filled with cash), his gaze never leaving the Hot Chicks on the beach.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Among the rest, Jocko and Blondie walk hand-in-hand on the beach in swimsuits.

Jocko turns to look at the waves, curling nicely in the surf.

JOCKO

You want to go surfing? I want to go surfing. Let's go surfing.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

Jocko and Blondie exit Moon Shadow's house, each carrying a surf board.

REDHEADED SURFER GIRL

Thanks, Moon. I'll find a way to pay you back later.

As Jocko and Blondie descend the staircase, Taz and Bryce arrive in Taz's Taxi.

Blondie looks good in her bikini as she and Jocko pass in front of the car.

BLONDIE

Hi, Bryce. Remember me?

Taz's eyes are on Jocko as he opens the trunk and pulls out a black duffel bag.

TAZ

You don't remember me, fish bait. But you will.

Jocko gulps. If you're into that sort of thing, I'm sure Jocko is looking good, as well.

On the front porch of Moon's house, Taz stares at two 55-gallon drums.

Taz pushes on the drums tentatively. They don't budge.

Duffel bag in hand, Moon shrugs.

After waving to Bryce, Moon goes inside, closing the door behind him.

Taz looks at the barrels and then at Bryce.

Bryce looks at Taz and his barrels, and then at Blondie.

Bryce skips towards Blondie, calling back to Taz over his shoulder.

BRYCE

I'm going surfing, Taz. Take care of that stuff, and I'll meet you back at the Bungalow later. If you behave yourself and take care of your chores, maybe I'll bring you a present.

Bryce puts an arm around both Blondie and Jocko as they walk towards the ocean.

BRYCE

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Blondie stands knee deep in water, holding a surfboard steady for Bryce.

Bryce kneels on the board, while gentle ripple-like waves lap Blondie's thighs.

BLONDIE

Now stand.

Bryce tries to stand, but loses his balance and falls into the water.

Eddie and Victoria stand on the shore a dozen feet away from Bryce in their suits.

EDDIE

You know, Bryce was a great guy.

(beat)

OK. He was a total creep. Still, he possessed two amazing talents. The first was the ability to make truly, unbelievable, top-notch crank. And the second was a knack for getting girls to do whatever he wanted. Sadly, surfing wasn't part of his skill set. Of course, this is just one man's personal opinion. You might get a different opinion depending on who you asked.

(beat)

And more importantly, when you asked them.

Bryce stands a dozen feet away from where Eddie and Victoria watch another version of Bryce take surfing lessons. The new Bryce is wearing a white robe and has blue lobes dangling from his temples. In front of him are six Hot Chicks in white robes, who strain their necks forward, eyes glued to Bryce, as they hang on his every word.

BRYCE

I was just goofing around. You should have seen me later.

EXT. BONZAI PIPELINE OAHU - DAY

A PROFESSIONAL SURFER (obviously not Bryce), wearing a pair of dark sunglasses with three blue fishing worms attached to side, rides the perfect wave.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

The Bryce in a white bathrobe regales the six Hot Chicks with tales of surfing daring do.

BRYCE

Of course, what I didn't know then was that to ride the wave, you had to be the wave.

Down the beach, there is yet another version of Bryce lecturing six more Hot Chicks.

BRYCE
Get inside the wave.

Down the beach yet further, another Bryce is talking to six more Hot Chicks.

BRYCE
Become the wave.

Stretching down the beach are countless groups of Bryce talking to six Hot Chicks.

BRYCE
(echoing in unison)
Until you are the wave.

Taz grabs Eddie by the shoulders and twists him around violently, so that he is facing the ocean. In the background, Bryce is falling off the surfboard being held by Blondie.

TAZ
Why the fuck are you telling her this shit? She's dead meat

Taz turns to face Victoria

TAZ
You done fucked up, girlfriend.

A few feet away, Jocko rubs tanning lotion onto Kelly's legs with vigorous enthusiasm.

TAZ
Or hubby has. Same fucking difference.

Bryce in white bathrobe with six Hot Chicks in tow, steps between Eddie and Taz as he puts his arm around Taz's shoulder. The six Hot Chicks look on with loving awe.

BRYCE
Don't worry about it, Taz. I've got it covered. It's all part of my divine gift, my continually revolving revelation.

As Bryce starts to walk Taz away, as Taz strains his neck backwards.

Kelly kneels over Jocko as she dumps half a bottle of tanning lotion onto his stomach.

KELLY
You don't mind if I...
(beat)
Rub it in.

Taz turns his head forward as he walks away with Bryce and the six Hot Chicks.

TAZ
I'm going to kill that bastard.

BRYCE
I'm sure you are, Taz. I'm sure you are.

Bryce glances sideways at Taz.

BRYCE
Given any thought, yet, as to exactly how?

A wind blows, kicking up sand.

Victoria shivers as she holds onto her hat.

VICTORIA
They're not really going to kill him?

Eddie looks away from Victoria, into the distance.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
He's my husband.

Across the beach, a line of picnic tables stretches across the sand, all strung together, and loaded with food. The Surfers, Drug Dealers, and Hot Chicks, along with a dozen SUITS (couples wearing dark suits, fedoras, and sunglasses), ORGY DANCERS (men and women wearing matching sarongs), and beach going EXTRAS surrounding the table, holding plates, and eating.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
I love him.

EDDIE
What?

Eddie turns around to face Victoria.

EDDIE
How are you even still here?

(beat)

Damn! I was looking forward to going down there and getting something to eat.

SISTER MARY & SISTER GRACE (the Sisters) walk behind Eddie, catching his eye.

The Sisters are rail-thin twenty year olds slutty Goth schoolgirls who wear low slung black skirts, white blouses tied at their midriffs, heavy makeup and jewelry.

EDDIE

Or room service, that's always good.

The Sisters stop to flirt.

SISTER MARY

Hi, Eddie. Hungry? Can I get you something?

SISTER GRACE

Maybe bring a friend?

VICTORIA

Sorry, ladies. He doesn't have time right now.

Victoria grabs Eddie and turns him around so that his body is facing her.

VICTORIA

My husband.

But Eddie's eyes are still glued to Sister Mary and Sister Grace, so Victoria shakes him until the spell is broken and he is looking at her.

VICTORIA

Focus, Eddie. My Husband. Tell me that my husband is going to be OK.

Eddie's gaze drifts lazily back towards Sister Mary and Sister Grace.

EDDIE

Yeah. Fine. Whatever. Your husband is going to be okay-dokay.

Sister Mary and Sister Grace blow Eddie a kiss in unison.

EDDIE

Can I go play now?

Victoria shakes Eddie until he looks at her again.

When Eddie's gaze starts to go back towards the Sister's again, Victoria slaps him across the face, sending his glasses flying.

VICTORIA
I'm serious.

Eddie closes his eyes and clenches his mouth as the blue lobes descend from his head.

Eddie opens his eyes, blazing.

EDDIE
So you're worried about your husband, I get it. But if I were you, I'd start worrying about myself right about now.

VICTORIA
Look, I'm sorry.

NEWT (O.S.)
Eddie? Is that you? Eddie! Eddie! Over here! Eddie!

EDDIE
Shit.

Eddie slowly looks over his shoulder, dreading what he will see.

At the end of the string of picnic tables, Blondie carries a white, three layer wedding cake, while Newt carries a briefcase, which he holds up and jostles for everyone to see.

NEWT
Look, Eddie. I got it. Ten grand in cash, just like you said.

Eddie grimaces as he closes his eyes and inhales slowly.

EDDIE
You're trying my patience, kid.

Eddie opens his eyes as he exhales.

Victoria is holding his sunglasses. Eddie grabs them.

VICTORIA
I'm so sorry. I don't know what got into me. I've been with my husband for so long. We met in high school. I do love him.

Eddie puts his sunglasses back on and his lobes retract.

VICTORIA

Can't you do something for him? I know you could if you wanted to. Please want to. I'll do anything you ask. Anything.

Eddie looks over his shoulder.

Newt and the Blonde are walking over.

NEWT

Eddie, my man.

EDDIE

Anything? Take care of that guy. Me, I'm getting out of here.

Eddie slices a line through the air with his finger, cutting a hole in the fabric of reality -- a wavering static-filled line that appears in the air.

Eddie pulls the static-filled line wider, causing the world to the sides to ripple as if it were nothing more than a curtain onto which a movie was being projected.

As the background churns, Eddie climbs through the hole.

Grasping the sides of the static-filled hole with his hands, Eddie pokes his head back out.

EDDIE

You can follow me if you want, if you can.

INT/EXT. - STATIC WORLD - DAY

Victoria's face looks normal through the hole. All else is distorted by wavering static.

VICTORIA

Wait! No! Eddie! Please!

Victoria rushes forward, but the hole closes, only chaotic static remains.

Behind the scintillating wall of static, Victoria's face grows brighter and more distorted.

EXT. LAVA FIELD - DAY

The sun shines overhead.

Jocko is crawling on his hands and knees, sweating profusely. His suit is dirty and torn. His hands and legs are covered with minor abrasions. His hat and sunglasses are missing.

Eddie sits perched on a low rock, drinking water from a bottle, as Jocko crawls by below.

Eddie pours the remaining water in the bottle over his face, sunglasses and all. When the bottle is empty, Eddie throws it to the side before fishing another one out from his jacket.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Where is he?

Eddie looks around frantically, while moving his mouth in confusion. What? What?

Victoria grabs the new water bottle from Eddie and rushes to Jocko's side.

VICTORIA
Are you all right?

Victoria helps Jocko, who is in a trance, sit against a rock.

Eddie looks on amused.

NEWT (O.S.)
There they are.
(shouting)
Eddie.

EDDIE
Great.

Victoria pours water into Jocko's mouth, nursing him like a baby.

Eddie takes another bottle of water out of his jacket.

EDDIE
So, how'd you get here, anyhow?

Victoria ignores Eddie as she splashes Jocko's face with water.

Newt and the Blonde arrive, stopping in front of Eddie. Newt carries a briefcase.

BLONDIE
(salaciously)
Hi, Eddie.

EDDIE
Hi there. Care to tell me how you two got here?

Newt puts down the briefcase, bends over, and puts his hands on his knees.

NEWT

(winded, between breaths)

Kim helped us. Or is it Mary Ann? I don't know for sure? How do you tell them apart? Or don't you? I guess it doesn't matter.

Newt stands up, takes off his hat and wipes the sweat from his face with his suit sleeve.

NEWT

So, call her Kim, or Mary Ann. She came by, looking good with those pink ribbons of hers, not to mention that swimsuit. Going surfing I guess. And she just opened the hole back up for us. Well, for her.

Newt indicates Victoria with his thumb.

NEWT

But we followed. Figured it couldn't hurt. Not if Mary Ann was leading the way.

Eddie raises his eyebrows.

Newt suddenly looks very worried as he pulls at his shirt collar to loosen it.

NEWT

No. You're not feuding. Are you? No, you can't be. You're friends, right?

Newt turns to Blondie.

NEWT

They're brothers, sisters, something like that, right?

Blondie puts her hand on Newt's arm to shut him up.

BLONDIE

Mary Ann helped us.

EDDIE

Remind me not to tell either of you any secrets.

Victoria looks up from where Jocko is sleeping in her arms.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Don't know if you wanted me to hear all that. But hey, look on the bright side. That'll save me the trouble of torturing it out of you.

Victoria's eyes widen. Jocko nuzzles her in his sleep.

Eddie tosses Newt a coil of rope

EDDIE

Tie 'em up.

Eddie rubs his jaw.

EDDIE

Don't worry. I think I can come up with some other reason to torture you. Maybe, I'll just find out what your name is, so I can send Taz's boys after you in the real world.

EXT. LAVA FIELD - SHACK - DAY

((FIT PIT BULLS IN HERE)))

The face could belong to Taz, but it doesn't. It belongs to EMACIATED TAZ, what Taz might look like if he was dying of a wasting disease and was bone thin. Although Emaciated Taz has a tattoo similar to Taz's, it is not as elaborate.

Emaciated Taz's watches, but does not move, as a cockroach crawls across his face.

Emaciated Taz is sitting on the porch of an old run down shack made of weathered split wood, like something out of an old Western movie.

EMACIATED BRYCE, a skid row version of Bryce in dirty board shorts, squats next to Taz staring at the cockroach. His hand is raised and twitches as he times his strike.

SFX: cue the twang of classic western showdown music

Emaciated Taz blinks.

Emaciated Bryce strikes at the cockroach. He misses, hitting Emaciated Taz in the eye.

The cockroach goes scurrying away across the porch.

Emaciated Bryce launches himself after the cockroach, bowling Emaciated Taz over.

Emaciated Bryce is sprawled over Emaciated Taz, his arms outstretched. Emaciated Taz lies perfectly still, his eyes staring at the ceiling.

EMACIATED TAZ

Did you get it?

Emaciated Bryce pushes himself off of Emaciated Taz.

Emaciated Bryce holds the cockroach in the air showing off his prize.

Without taking his eyes off the cockroach, Emaciated Bryce feels around until he finds a large syringe, which he loads the still squirming cockroach into very carefully.

Emaciated Bryce puts the needle to his arm, ready to shoot up the insect.

EMACIATED TAZ

What are you doing? It was feeding on me. It's mine.

Emaciated Bryce pauses as he considers this.

Emaciated Bryce shuffles on his knees to where Emaciated Taz sits against the wall.

Emaciated Bryce looks at the nonexistent veins in Emaciated Taz's arm.

EMACIATED BRYCE

This will never work

Emaciated Bryce lifts Emaciated Taz's foot and holds the syringe up to it, ready to inject.

Emaciated Taz pulls his foot away.

EMACIATED TAZ

Try my neck, instead.

Emaciated Bryce holds the needle against Emaciated Taz's neck.

Emaciated Taz sees something in the distance and points.

EMACIATED TAZ

Wait.

Emaciated Bryce turns to look at what Emaciated Taz has seen.

EXT. LAVA FIELD - FIELD OF SHACKS - DAY

The shack is one of a dozen, which cover an otherwise barren lava covered hillside.

At the bottom of the hill, Jocko and Victoria are pushed into view by Newt and Blondie.

Jocko hands are tied around his back.

Victoria's hands are tied in front, while her mouth is gagged by a tight leather cord. She has lost her hat, glasses, and coat. Her shirt is torn, pulled out, and buttoned improperly. She has bruises on her face and her hair is a mess.

Eddie sips on a bottle of water as he joyfully brings up the rear of the party.

EXT. LAVA FIELD SHACK - DAY

Emaciated Bryce holds the cockroach filled needle against Emaciated Taz neck as they watch a procession of their visitors legs go by. First, Newt pushes Jocko forward as the two of them enter the shack.

NEWT (O.S.)
Don't make this any harder than it needs to be.

Blondie pushes Victoria forward as both of them enter the shack.

BLONDIE (O.S.)
Go on, struggle. I'll tell you girl, I've been looking forward to this for a long time.

Eddie remains immaculately dressed, or so the condition of his slacks would indicate.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Gentlemen. Whenever you are ready.

Eddie walks inside.

Emaciated Taz's eyes go back and forth from the syringe to the entrance to the shack.

EMACIATED BRYCE
Fresh meat.

Emaciated Taz eagerly nods his head in agreement, sticking himself with the needle.

Emaciated Taz pulls the needle out of his neck gingerly and tosses it to the side.

Emaciated Bryce and Emaciated Taz crawl towards the door.

EXT. LAVA FIELD - DAY

The cockroach moves about inside the syringe, trying to escape, but to no avail.

The sun burns bright overhead.

INT. OLD WOOD WORKSHED - DAY

The sun cuts a shaft of light through the roof of the dust filled shack.

Jocko's face looks upward, illuminated by the light. The only other source of illumination is the numerous cracks in the walls. Which is to say, the room is well lit.

Jocko and Victoria are bound to chairs. Victoria is gagged.

Cagney leans against a workbench covered with rusty saws, chisels, drills, and files.

Eddie stands next to Cagney sorting through the tools. He picks up a hand-cranked drill, turns it around, and puts it down. He does the same with a pair of tin snips, before settling on a small handheld keyhole saw.

Fiddling with the saw, Eddie walks over to where Jocko is tied.

Emaciated Bryce and Emaciated Taz kneel at Jocko's feet trying to untie his shoes, while Jocko bounces around in the chair as best he can making the process difficult.

JOCKO

Look, I'll just tell you whatever you want to know, OK? There's no need for this.

EMACIATED BRYCE

In other words, you'd like to know what this is all about?

JOCKO

Yes.

BRYCE

Taz?

EMACIATED TAZ

You were snooping around where you weren't wanted.

EMACIATED BRYCE

Ah, come on now, Taz. That's hardly fair. Everybody snoops around these days. That's part of the fun.

EMACIATED TAZ

Well then, he slept with my girlfriend

JOCKO

That's not fair either! Everybody sleeps with Kelly! I mean, is there anyone she hasn't slept with?

EMACIATED BRYCE

He's got a point.

EMACIATED TAZ

Fine! He used my favorite fucking surfboard without asking permission.

Emaciated Taz hits Jocko in the face, knocking the chair over.

EMACIATED TAZ
Now, stop fucking moving.

Emaciated Bryce cradles Jocko's face and stares into his eyes.

BRYCE
Wow. His favorite surf board, wouldn't want to be in your shoes.

Taz tosses Jocko's shoe to the side and rips off his sock.

BRYCE
Well, you know what I mean. Now remember, your part is simple. All you have to do is scream.

Eddie hands Newt the saw.

JOCKO
Wait! No! I didn't know it was your board.

Newt looks at Jocko and then the saw.

NEWT
I don't know if I can do this.

EDDIE
It's a squid eat squid world out there.

Blondie grabs the saw out of Newt's hands.

BLONDIE
Oh, let me do it.

EMACIATED TAZ
Fuck that. If we're going out of order, I'm going first.

Emaciated Taz clenches his teeth around Jocko's big toe.

JOCKO
No! Please! Wait! AHHH! AHHHHH!

INT. UPSCALE SURBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jocko opens his eyes, as if from a terrifying dream.

JOCKO
AHHHHHHH!

Without moving, Jocko looks around with his eyes.

Jocko wears a black ninja, karate style outfit. Behind him a television spits static. On top of it burn six candles, around the room dozens more. In front of him, a coffee table is strewn with cult themed books and tapes. Across from him, past the TV, Victoria sits in a meditative pose, her back perfectly straight, her breathing even and strong. She wears a black full-body leotard with a colorful sarong tied around the waist.

Jocko sits up and scratches his head.

He looks at the television and shakes his head.

JOCKO
Six hundred bucks for a blank tape. What a scam.

Jocko stands up quietly and tiptoes past Victoria.

INT. UPSCALE SURBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jocko opens the refrigerator.

A plate of ribs sits in front, which he grabs.

INT. UPSCALE SURBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jocko tiptoes past Victoria, carrying the ribs and a beer.

Jocko sits down in a big easy chair, plate in hand.

Jocko raises a barbeque sauce laden rib to his mouth.

INT. OLD WOOD WORKSHED - DAY

Emaciated Bryce munches on a barbeque sauce laden rib.

EMACIATED BRYCE
The other white meat.

Emaciated Bryce leans against the shack wall. Next to him, Emaciated Taz roots around in a blue bucket that sits between them, but all he finds is a pre-chewed bone.

EMACIATED TAZ

It's time for the second course, if you ask me.

Blondie stands over the broken remains of Jocko's chair.

EMACIATED BRYCE (O.S.)

Right you are, Taz my boy.

Newt leans against the work table, Eddie patting him on the back.

EDDIE

Don't worry. You did just fine.

Cagney shakes her head as she walks past them carrying a CELAPHOPOD in a five-gallon water bottle with a spring clamp lid. The Celaphopod is a malignant black octopus/squid creature with yellow eyes, whose tentacles waving about angrily.

Cagney stops beside Victoria, who eyes go wide as she looks at the monstrosity.

Eddie taps the glass. The Celaphopod is rattled at first, shrinking back; but then, it strikes out, trying to attack Eddie's hand through the glass.

EDDIE

Believe it or not, we went easy on...

(beat)

What was his name?

Cagney shifts the bottle, as she reaches into her back pocket for a notepad, which she flips open and consults.

CAGNEY

Jocko.

EDDIE

And where exactly did this Jocko live? Did he have any assets?

Cagney shifts the bottle again, sending the Celaphopod into a new spasm of fury.

CAGNEY

This thing ain't light. Cut the bullshit.

EDDIE

What Cagney is trying to say is that unlike Jocko, we like you.

CAGNEY

Lucky you.

Eddie undoes the latch on top of the water bottle.

The Celaphopod squeezes out of the opening and stands on the narrow top.

The Celaphopod sways back, staring at Eddie.

Eddie takes off his hat and shakes his lobes out.

The Celaphopod sways away from Eddie and stares at Cagney.

CAGNEY

Her, you stupid shit.

The Celaphopod slowly turns to look at Victoria, pulls itself back, and then launches itself at her, attaching itself to her face, its tentacles wrapped around her head.

Victoria shakes wildly.

Victoria's chair bounces wildly around the room.

INT. UPSCALE SURBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Victoria hyperventilates as she sits in meditative pose, her body twitching and shaking.

Jocko looks at her from his plate of ribs; grabs a last bite, a last sip of beer, and then rushes over to where he had been sitting before, across from Victoria.

VICTORIA

(blood curdling scream)

Yr'goth lives!

Jocko is sitting down, pulling his legs together into a meditative pose.

JOCKO

What? Who?

Jocko looks around, at the static filled television; and then, the books on the coffee table. A book entitled, Yr'goth's Chosen: A Guide for the Sick, catches Jocko's eye, which he picks up.

JOCKO

Oh, right. Yr'goth, he lives. Of course.

Jocko stands and paces the room book in hand.

JOCKO

Look, we've had our fun, but enough is enough.

Jocko stops behind Victoria, who is crying, tears flowing freely from her eyes.

JOCKO

Look at you, you can't tell me you're having fun with this Sick shit, anymore.

VICTORIA

I can't believe what you said.

JOCKO

What the hell are you talking about?

VICTORIA

We were there with Cagney and Taz.

JOCKO

It was a dream.

Jocko looks at the book.

JOCKO

You've let this shit get into your head.

VICTORIA

It wasn't a dream. I was there. And so where you.

JOCKO

And what about the Scarecrow and the Lion, where they there, too. Because I'm just wondering.

VICTORIA

It doesn't matter. You told me the truth, that you don't love me, that you never have.

Victoria smiles as she looks at Jocko.

VICTORIA

I could make you love me. But it wouldn't be the same.

Victoria wipes the tears from her eyes.

Victoria stands.

VICTORIA
I want a divorce.

JOCKO
What?

Victoria puts her hand on Jocko's back, pushing him as she guides him out of the room.

INT/EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Victoria guides Jocko through the front door. He complies without resistance.

VICTORIA
I want a divorce. My lawyers will contact you in the morning.

Jocko turns to look at Victoria, book in hand.

JOCKO
You have lawyers?

Victoria takes the book from Jocko.

VICTORIA
Yes dear, I have lawyers. I think I might just have them all.

Victoria closes the door in Jocko's face.

All the life goes out of Victoria as she leans against the door, slumped and deflated.

VICTORIA
Great.

Victoria looks up at a large crystal chandelier that hangs from the ceiling.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
What am I going to do now?

The chandelier's crystals burst forth with a mesmerizing display of twinkling light.

SFX: cue new age whale music.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

Amid the sparkingly static, the CELESTIAL CELAPHOPOD (think holy squid) appears.

The Celestial Celaphopod reaches forth with its tentacles, grasping, seeking, and needing.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ETERNAL ORGY - DAY

A painted sculpture of the Celestial Celaphopod is nailed to a cross.

Below the cross, in front of an aquarium, in a raised area, bracketed by two lecterns, is an open area in which six dancers perform a modern dance interpretation of an orgy. There are two male Orgy Dancers and DEACON (a handsome forty-ish man) in black leotards, along with a female Orgy Dancer, Sister Mary, and Sister Grace, who wear black leotards with sarongs wrapped around their waists. The women kneel before the men, fluttering their hands in front of the men's crotches, before washing their hands over their faces as the male dancers mimic the action of spreading their seed with their hands.

The dancers come together into a circle in graceful, semi-ballet movements.

The dancers hold hands and give each other exaggerated mock kisses.

The only spectator, Victoria stands in the center aisle, wearing jeans and sunglasses

A newly arrived third male Orgy Dancer walks past Victoria, towards the stage.

SFX: the new age whale music pauses, before continuing with a softer, quieter song.

The newly arrived Orgy Dancer enters the circle, as Deacon leaves and walks toward Victoria. The new dancer becomes the center of attention, as the other dancers pulsate inwards and outwards around him and flutter their hands fluttering over his body.

Deacon walks toward Victoria.

As Deacon is about to pass Victoria, he stops suddenly and turns to face her.

DEACON

Ah, a visitor who is not running away, taking pictures, or trying to get the freaks arrested. I almost didn't notice you.

Victoria does not respond. Her gaze remains fixed on the dancers.

DEACON

My, but we are a quiet one.

Deacon follows Victoria's gaze back to the dancers, who have come together in a tight ball of intermeshed limbs humping and grinding away.

DEACON (O.S.)

Ah, yes. We are, that is to say this is, the longest running orgy in the world. As instructed, we await for his return.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - WORKING LAB - DAY

A pile of Hot Chicks covered in oil squirms away.

Taz is there, somewhere. I can see his arm and leg.

But not for long. Taz's body disappears back into the fray.

I guess what I'm saying is, this could make for the start of a really good X-rated scene if it weren't for the intervening picnic table or bubbling chemistry equipment that obscures the view. Blast it all! Why the blazes did we set the camera up all the way back here?

SFX: there is a knock at the door.

BRYCE (O.S.)
(muffled, from somewhere in the pile)
I'm busy.

SFX: there is another knock on the door.

HOT NAKED CHICKS
(giggling)
Where you going?
Come back.
Hey, I wasn't finished with that yet.

Bryce pokes his head up from behind the picnic table.

One could be pretty sure that Bryce was naked, if that fucking beaker wasn't in the way.

SFX: there is yet another knock at the door.

Bryce looks at the withering mass of humanity behind him.

BRYCE
That's it. Just keep it going. I'll be back before you know it.

Bryce stands naked before the closed door, set among the open walls, reminiscent of balcony railings. The door itself has cracks in it so large, a peep-hole isn't necessary.

Bryce looks through one of the cracks as he scratches himself.

INT/EXT. THE BUNGALOW - WORKING LAB - DAY

As missionaries, Sister Mary and Sister Grace are dressed in black skirts, Bibles in hand.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - WORKING LAB - DAY

Bryce continues to stand naked before the closed door as Taz walks up behind him naked.

SFX: Taz jingles when he walks (don't ask).

BRYCE
(in a sing-song, high pitched voice)
Who is it?

SISTER MARY (O.S.)
We've come to tell you the good news.

INT/EXT. THE BUNGALOW - WORKING LAB - DAY

Bryce flings the door open.

BRYCE
I've got your good news right here, Sister.

Sister Mary and Sister Grace stand in shocked silence, their mouths hanging open.

BRYCE
What you've never seen a dick before?

Both Sisters are staring at Taz's crotch.

Bryce follows their line of sight down to Taz's crotch.

BRYCE
Oh, yeah, well, now, that's something you've probably never seen before. We call that little wonder the Stairway to Heaven, thirteen stops on the way to eternal sexual salvation.

SISTER MARY
We should go.

Sisters Mary grabs Sister Grace, who is in shock, and quickly guides her away.

Bryce grabs his white bathrobe from a hook by the door and chases after them.

Taz is right behind him, pulling on his jeans.

EXT. OLD LAHINA - DIRT ROAD THROUGH JUNGLE - I - DAY

On a dirt road surrounded by jungle, Bryce and Taz skip after Sister Mary and Sister Grace who are beating a hasty retreat down the hill, back to Lahina.

BRYCE

Wait, don't go. I want to hear about this good fucking news of yours. I could use some good news for a fucking goddamn change. How about you, Taz?

TAZ

Yeah. Yeah.

EXT. OLD LAHINA - DIRT ROAD THROUGH JUNGLE - II - DAY

Bryce and Taz continue to skip after Sister Mary and Sister Grace.

BRYCE

I don't get it. Why are you running away? You spend all your time going door-to-door looking for that sinner, looking for that lost cause, that proverbial piece of waste and now that you've found him you're running away.

EXT. OLD LAHINA - DIRT ROAD THROUGH JUNGLE - III - DAY

Bryce and Taz are still chasing after Sister Mary and Sister Grace

BRYCE

Don't you get it? I'll never find salvation without you. The ways things are going, without your help I'm damned for sure.

(to Taz)

You'll vouch for me on this, right Taz?

TAZ

Oh, yeah. This guy's the sickest, most demented bastard I've ever known.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

Sister Mary and Sister Grace are halfway through town, when Bryce and Taz emerge from the jungle road. Bryce puts his hands on his knees, winded.

BRYCE

One thing you got to say for them, they're sure in good shape.

TAZ

Don't stop. They're getting away.

Bryce stands up goes to take a step, realizes how tired he is and falls to his knees, looking up only to see Sister Mary and Sister Grace continuing to walk away.

BRYCE

You see, the thing is. I could be saved. I should be saved. I have an inner craving to be saved.

Bryce suddenly realizes that everyone on the beach and in the town of Lahina is staring at him, all the Surfers, Drug Dealers, and Hot Chicks along with Moon, Star, Sam Lee, Auntie, Kim, and Kelly, and all the rest.

BRYCE

Lord have mercy, Sisters. I'd down on my knees. I'm begging to you. Turn around. What does a guy have to do? Dear Lord. I have been a sinner. I squandered and wasted my life. Here before God, man, and everything, I'm just asking for one final chance.

Sister Mary touches Sister Grace's arm. They both stop, but don't look around.

BRYCE

I begging you Lord. Don't walk away from me, don't turn your back on me. I can't do this alone. I can't walk this road any farther by myself.

Sister Mary and Sister Grace slowly turn around.

BRYCE

What I need is guidance, Lord. What I need is direction, Lord. What I need, Lord, is a loving hand. I mean, seriously. One lousy blowjob in exchange for my immortal soul, is that too much to ask for, Lord?

Sister Mary and Sister Grace turn around and resume walking away, faster than before.

Bryce gets up and chases after them, spurred on by the crowd which tags along.

CROWD

Go, get 'em Bryce.

You tell 'em.

Hold out for the anal.

Get those missionary bitches off our beach.

EXT. LAHINA - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

At the end of the beach, the road becomes paved and starts to go uphill. Large beachfront mansions line the road on either side. Sister Mercy and Sister Grace walk swiftly up the hill without looking behind them.

Bryce stops and yells after the girls, while playing to the crowd behind him.

BRYCE

Lo! Though I walk through the valley of death, decadence, and fat tourists slobs. I will fear no shortage of sex. I will fear no shortage of drugs. And sure as shit I will fear no goddamn shortage of rock and roll. For mine is the kingdom of sloth, the glory decay, and way to an early grave.

The girls disappear behind a bend in the road.

BRYCE

And if you don't like it, stay the fuck off my goddamn, fucking, beach, you skanky-ass Bible whores.

Bryce turns around to face Taz, the crowd, and the ocean.

BRYCE

Fucking hell. Fill out one of those goddamn cards. Make yourself a fucking note. How many times do I have to tell you. I'm not fucking interested.

The crowd cheers.

CROWD

Yeah.

Way to go, Bryce.

You're the man.

Fucking A, dude.

Bryce looks at Taz.

BRYCE

You know what we should do? We should form are own fucking religion. That'll show 'em.

TAZ

You're crazy.

Bryce smacks Taz on the back of the head.

BRYCE

No, dude. A fucking religion. You do like to fuck, don't you? Or are you some kind of pussy-ass fag?

OLD CRONE (V.O.)

That is total bullshit.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ETERNAL ORGY - DAY

An OLD CRONE of a woman wearing ragged clothes hunches forward resting the long telephoto lens of her camera on the back of the pew before her.

OLD CRONE

That's right, you heard me. It's total bullshit. Oh, sure. Bryce probably chased some missionaries out of town.

The Old Crone flutters her hand about.

OLD CRONE

But this. That's not where all this all started.

Victoria and Deacon stand in the aisle. Victoria looks to the Deacon for a response.

Deacon merely raises his eyebrows.

OLD CRONE

Don't get snotty with me, sissy boy. I was there. I saw it.

Deacon tilts his head slightly and raises his eyebrows even more.

OLD CRONE

Well, Gilligan was there, Gilligan saw it. Yeah, that's right. He's talked to me. He's talked through me. And orgies. Eh, this isn't even a real orgy. Longest running orgy. I have warts on my ass that have been around longer than the likes of you. Besides, who mixes it up on a rotting wood floor when there's plush shag carpeting to be had less than a mile away.

The Old Crone wags her finger at Deacon.

OLD CRONE

Or are you forgetting that Moon bought Bryce a house?

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - FURNISHED - NIGHT

Taz's finger is waving in the air. There is no furniture. Only the aquarium remains.

TAZ

Yay, virily, I say.

Taz jumps over Deacon and two male Orgy Dancers who roll about on the plush shag carpeting, legs entwined.

TAZ

Though I walk through the valley of death.

Taz dances around the Old Crone whose arms are being kissed by six Surfers all at once.

TAZ
I will get laid.

Taz stops his circuit to stare at the twelve Hot Chicks, enmeshed in a pile of their own.

TAZ
I will get laid. And if you don't like it, you can get the fuck off my beach.

Bryce sits against the wall in a white bathrobe, Kelly's head in his lap staring upwards.

Bryce applauds, as does everyone else in the room after his lead.

BRYCE
Bravo.

Kelly lazily puts two fingers in her mouth and whistles.

TAZ
Man, it was classic. You should have been there.

The Old Crone suddenly looks around and scratches her chin.

OLD CRONE
Oh, wait. That's right. I wasn't there.

EXT/INT. INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - BALCONY - NIGHT

The Old Crone and the rest fade into the distance.

OLD CRONE (O.S)
This can't be right.

EXT. STARRY NIGHT - NIGHT

OLD CRONE (O.S)
It involved squids and space.

EXT. CELLI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A cast iron spaceship with a lone porthole, like a deep water probe, drifts through space.

OLD CRONE (V.O.)

Celli had almost arrived.

CELLI, a cute blue cartoon starfish with yellow eyes, appears in the window. He has two arms, two legs, a head, and tail, all more or less equal in size.

Celli rubs the glass porthole with his arm, cleaning it, before looking out.

INT. CELLI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Celli turns away from the window to face a cartoon caricature of a small family room. There is a couch with table and lamp, a messy coffee table filled with soda cans and potato chip wrappers, and a old-time television set with rabbit ear antennas.

OLD CRONE (V.O.)

So he must have been broadcasting.

Celli turns on the television, but all he gets is static.

Celli kicks the television.

OLD CRONE (V.O.)

Controlling Bryce's mind from a distance.

In fuzzy black and white, Kimo appears on the television wearing his police uniform.

KIMO

(as per Gomer Pile)

Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

Celli jumps into the air and hides behind the couch.

Celli pokes his head out cautiously.

Bordered by the cartoon knobs of the TV, Sam Lee appears in fuzzy black and white.

INT. THAI SHACK - NIGHT

Shot in black and white. Static fills the coolers behind Sam Lee, who is about to bite into raw squid burger, tentacles hanging out the sides.

Sam Lee stops and takes the top bun off the burger to reveal the raw squid beneath.

As the tentacles flow off the bun, Sam Lee looks toward the kitchen door, which is full of static.

SAM LEE
(as per Ricky Ricardo)
Auntie!

Auntie emerges from the static, wearing an apron and hat.

Sam Lee holds up the squid burger for Auntie to see.

SAM LEE
Youse gots some es'plaining to do, Auntie.

AUNTIE
(as per Lucy)
Whah!

INT. CELLI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Celli eyes are glued to the television as he climbs back over the couch.

Sitting down, Celli reaches for a soda with one hand and a remote control with the other.

Celli takes a sip on the soda and hits the remote control button with gusto.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

High quality black and white photographic sequence begins, with static filled accents.

The ocean is lost to static, as Taz stands before his Taxi, hand raised as if to strike Kelly.

TAZ
(as per Ralph Kramden)
One of these days, Kelly. To the moon.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is static.

EXT. NASA - ROCKET LAUNCH PAD - DAY

A rocket takes flight in black and white, its flame replaced by static.

LAUCH CONTROL
Houston, we have lift-off.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is static.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Bryce holds an inflatable dinosaur over his head. The clouds in the sky are lost to static.

BRYCE

Argh! I'm going to get you.

A dozen Hot Chicks wave their hands helplessly as they scream in mock fright.

HOT CHICKS

No. No.

Save us.

Taz aims his Colt .45 in the air with both hands and fires repeatedly.

The inflatable dinosaur deflates, falling over Bryce's head.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is static.

INT. STUDIO KITCHEN - DAY

DR. BEECHUM, a spindly, bald, middle aged man in glasses, stands behind a counter wearing an apron and chef's hat, hacking a raw squid to pieces with a meat cleaver.

DR. BEECHUM

The Sick virus. It dices. It slices.

Dr. Beechum dumps the squid parts into a blender, turns the blender on, leans forward, and stares menacingly ahead, as the squid parts in the blender slowly turn to static.

DR. BEECHUM

It reconfigures your genetic makeup without your prior knowledge or your consent.

Hand on blender, the static travels up Dr. Beechum's arm, filling his glasses.

DR. BEECHUM

Hijacking your brain and turning all of humanity into one giant intertwining empathetic receptor.

Black and white sequence ends.

INT. CELLI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Back in cartoon color, Celli sits on the couch and shakes as he puts down his soda.

Celli hold one hand with the other to steady it, as he pushes the remote again.

After a click of static, a black and white image of Coconut Island appears on the screen.

CELLI

One thing's as sure as shit.

EXT. COCONUT ISLAND - OHAU - DAY

The island (Gilligan's Island) appears in black and white. A calm wind blows the palm trees. Static replaces the gently rolling waves.

CELLI (V.O.)

They're never going to get off that island. Not if I have anything to say about it.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - BALCONY - DAY

Standing a white bathrobe, Bryce stares across the water at an island in the distance.

BRYCE

I'm never going to get off this fucking island, am I?

INT/EXT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - DAY

Bryce remains on the balcony. Behind his back, Taz and Kelly whisper to each other conspiratorially. Both of their faces are covered with bruises, bodies too.

KELLY

How long has he been there?

TAZ

Three days.

Taz rubs his jaw and fingers the Colt .45 stuck into the waistband of his black jeans.

TAZ

All I know is, I'm lucky to be alive. And he wants to be called Gilligan from now on.

KELLY

O.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ETERNAL ORGY - DAY

VICTORIA

Kay.

Victoria sits next to the Old Crone on the pew.

OLD CRONE

Eh, I would have thought you would have had a more open mind about these sort of things by now.

The Old Crone looks at the Deacon who continues to stand in the aisle.

OLD CRONE

And you, don't you even start, with me. You have no idea. You want to call that.

The Old Crone indicates the dancers in the nave going around in a circle on their tiptoes.

OLD CRONE

That! An orgy. It's preposterous.

Kelly walks down the center aisle, past the trio, wearing a black leotard, sarong, and glasses. Her hair is immaculately braided, her back ramrod straight, her nose high.

The Old Crone bends over, her eye to the camera, as she starts to take pictures of Kelly.

DEACON

Um. Excuse me.

The Deacon follows after Kelly towards the stage, where three male Orgy Dancers, Sister Mary, and Sister Grace, surround a female orgy dancer, fluttering their hands.

By the time Kelly joins the other dancers, the Deacon has caught up with her.

Kelly becomes the center of attention as the other dancers slowly revolve around her.

Kelly kisses her hand and points to the three male Orgy Dancers.

The three male Orgy Dancers begin to mock kissing each other.

Kelly makes a spanking motion with her hand and points to Sister Mary and Sister Grace.

Sister Mary bends over and Sister Grace pantomimes spanking her.

OLD CRONE

She's my bread and butter. I got her layout loaded up on the.

The Old Crone pauses in her pictures to look at Victoria

OLD CRONE

Up on the communal mind.

The Old Crone resumes taking pictures.

OLD CRONE

The best part is, some sap in Palo Alto thinks she's the real deal.

Deacon kneels at Kelly's feet. She pushes him over with her toe, and grinds her heel into his chest, as he squirms with delight.

OLD CRONE (O.S.)

Paid me a thousand bucks just to follow her around for a day, frying bacon, doing laundry.

The three male Orgy Dancers pick Kelly up and carry her around the stage, as Deacon, Sister Mary, Sister Grace, and the female Orgy Dancer mime throwing flowers.

OLD CRONE (O.S.)

I've got a six hour video of her sleeping. I'd like to say real sick shit, but unfortunately it's just boring.

The Old Crone pauses in her picture taking to look at Victoria

OLD CRONE

Bright young girl like you. These aren't the folks you're looking for. Who's that who keeps that library chockfull of everything anyone has ever said about the Sick and Gilligan, true or false?

The Old Crone snaps her fingers and smiles.

OLD CRONE

Those Assholes in Montana.

VICTORIA

Those Assholes in Montana.

OLD CRONE

Those Assholes in Montana. Those Assholes in Montana. That's what everybody calls them.

The Old Crone squints up her face, thinking.

OLD CRONE

Except for maybe those Assholes in Montana. I think maybe they call themselves The Living Revelation of Gilligan or some such nonsense.

The Old Crone hunches back over her camera as she waves Victoria off with her hand.

OLD CRONE

Run along and figure it out on your own. I'm losing money here.

Victoria stands up and looks to the stage.

Kelly's arms are outstretched as the remaining dancers kneel around her, pulsing their hips upward and fluttering their hands up and down her body.

Victoria turns and walks out of the church.

The Old Crone pauses in her picture taking to gaze into the distance.

The Old Crone smiles as her eyes fill with black and white static.

OLD CRONE

(to the tune of the Gilligan's Island's)

No meth. No crank. No her-o-in.

Not a single lux-u-ry

INT/EXT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - BALCONY - DAY

For the duration, everything not denoted as being colored is in black and white.

Staring at a static filled sea, Bryce wears a white bathrobe. He turns around to reveal static-filled eyes and lobes on his head, both of glittering blue.

EDDIE (V.O.)

(singing with gusto)

There's Gilligan.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

Smiling, Moon waves from the porch of his house, the jungle beyond lost to static.

EDDIE (V.O.)

That Hippy Dude

INT. THAI SHACK - DAY

Smiling, Sam Lee takes a bite out of a fried squid sandwich.

EDDIE (V.O.)
A Chinaman.

Auntie's beams, her hand on Sam Lee's shoulder, the bottles in the cooler lost to static.

EDDIE (V.O.)
And his Aunt

EXT. LAHINA - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The lines of Taz's tattoo swirl about as he against his Taxi. Noticing he's being watched, Taz raises his beer in salute.

EDDIE (V.O.)
A man called Taz.

In front of Taz, Kelly has just finished nailing a painted piece of wood to the sign that marks the beach. The modified sign now reads: Lahina Cove Beach Park.

EDDIE (V.O.)
And a skank-ass whore.

Beyond Kelly in the sand, Eddie croons into an old-time microphone his blue lobes a dangling his blue eyes a glittering, as twelve Hot Chicks playing the role of chorus girls kick their legs in disjointed unison. The sky above is a light static, the sea beyond a dark.

EDDIE
All in La-hine-aaaaaaaaaaaa.

Eddie takes off his hat with a flourish, finishing the song with a fluttering salute.

Eddie's black hat blots out the world.

EXT. PARAMILITARY TRAINING CAMP - RIFLE RANGE - DAY

SFX: a gunshot

A bullet rips through black paper.

SFX: two more gunshots

Three holes form a tight grouping.

The holes are right between the yellow eyes of a three foot tall black squid target.

Cagney stops shooting and reloads her Colt .45.

CAGNEY

You never want to fire on an empty chamber.

Gorilla, Ape, and Animal stand at ease behind Cagney, dressed in paramilitary gear, as are the five SHOOTERS who stand before her.

ANIMAL

It's about the sorriest sound I ever did hear.

Cagney casts an evil glance at Animal.

Having reloaded, Cagney fires three more shots, hitting a different squid target between the eyes with each shot.

Cagney reloads.

CAGNEY

Am I the only one who knows how to kill a squid around here?

SHOOTERS

No, sir!

CAGNEY

Then kill some squids.

The Shooters commence firing, as Victoria watches on from a safe distance.

Cagney points at Gorilla and Ape.

CAGNEY

You two, follow me.

Cagney walks up to Animal and stares him in the face.

CAGNEY

And you, I guess you've found yourself a squad.

Cagney walks toward Victoria, Gorilla and Ape flanking her sides.

ANIMAL

You heard the lady. I want those squids dead, and now.

Animal stands in front of a Shooter, yelling in his face.

ANIMAL

You call that shooting, soldier? Do you want to become squid food?

Cagney waves Victoria along, as she passes by in front of her.

CAGNEY

Hungry?

Victoria watches Cagney walk away, shrugs, and walks after her.

EXT. PARAMILITARY CAMP - CAGNEY'S TENT - DAY

A raw squid on a tree stump is cut in half by a machete.

Cave Man wields the machete, as six RECRUITS in paramilitary gear watch, as do Cagney, Victoria, Gorilla and Ape in the background.

CAVE MAN

Sliced completely in half. You've killed him, right?

Cave Man picks up the two squid halves.

CAVE MAN

Wrong! You've got two squids now!

Cave Man tosses the squid halves at two separate recruits, hitting them in the face.

CAVE MAN

Congratulations. Not only are you dead, you've killed your friend as well.

Cagney holds the tent flap open for Victoria as she enters.

CAGNEY

The good news is, each of those squids is twice as stupid as the first. You chop a squid into enough pieces and they can't find their way out of a paper bag.

Cagney turns to Gorilla and Ape.

CAGNEY

I hope you two are paying attention.

Gorilla and Ape come to attention.

GORILLA

Yes, sir!

APE

Yes, Sir!

INT. GREEN ARMY FIELD TENT - DAY

Cagney pours coffee into a tin field cup.

CAGNEY
Coffee?

Next to the coffee pot stands a line of beakers filled with colorful iridescent liquid.

Cagney notices Victoria staring at the vials, so she indicates them in turn by holding the coffee pot before them, starting with the blue one, that looks a lot like Eddie's eyes.

CAGNEY
Or perhaps you'd rather try the Gilligan?

The next vial holds a sparkling pink liquid reminiscent of Kim's eyes.

CAGNEY
Maybe the Mary Ann?

The last vial has flakes of gold floating about in a green mint liquor.

CAGNEY
Or for the truly adventurous, might I recommend a little something of my own devising. Haven't quite worked out a name for it yet, but I'm sure something will come to me eventually.

Cagney places a tin cup on the table in front of Victoria and fills it with coffee.

CAGNEY
It's all bullshit, of course.

Cagney sits down opposite Victoria..

CAGNEY
All of it.

Cagney leans back, her hands behind her head, as three green lobes descend from either side of her head and her eyes turn green, complete with little flecks of gold.

CAGNEY
All of it.

EXT. CELLI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Celli is staring out the window of his spherical, cast-iron spaceship.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

A spaceship? That's bullshit, something for the masses.

Chunks of ice and snow start to accumulate on the surface of the spaceship's hull. Celli looks on worriedly for a second, but he is quickly lost to view, as the ball of ice and snow quickly grows to planetary proportions.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

We're talking a cubic mile of water and ice.

EXT/INT. ICE COVERED PLANETOID - NIGHT

Diving through the planetoid's ice-covered face, its watery core is revealed.

INT. ICE COVERED PLANETOID - NIGHT

Inside, the planetoid is full of water and nutrients.

At the center, a lone yellow-eyed black-bodied Celaphopod pulses its six tentacles lazily.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

Two point five million gallons.

The first Celaphopod splits, each of its tentacles becoming a new smaller Celaphopod.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

Did the journey take him six years or six hundred?

These six Celaphopods grow and then each splits into six more Celaphopods.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

There are a lot of things we don't really know.

The 36 Celaphopods split into 216 Celaphopods.

And then, the 216 Celaphopods split into 1,296 Celaphopods. But who's counting?

EXT/INT. ICE COVERED PLANETOID - NIGHT

Falling out of the planetoid, its ice-covered face is revealed once more.

EXT. HIGH EARTH ORBIT - NIGHT

An icy comet arcs towards the Earth, sloughing off a stream of crystals in its wake.

The Sun and Moon hover in the background.

The comet splits into six smaller comets.

CAGNEY (V.O.)
Did six of them land, like the story goes?

The six smaller comets split into 36, 216, and 1,296 smaller comets and more.

CAGNEY (V.O.)
Or was it a shit-load more?

Thousands of balls of icy comets fall into the Earth's atmosphere.

CAGNEY (V.O.)
Who the fuck knows?

EXT. LAHINA - OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Bryce and Kim bob on surfboards. Bryce wears board shorts, Kim a pink one-piece.

CAGNEY (V.O.)
And since it's all bullshit, who the fuck really cares?

Bryce points with his finger as six balls of fire fall from the sky into the ocean.

Kim points the other way.

On shore, the flashing blue lights from dozens of emergency vehicles illuminate Lahina Drive as they make their way down the winding road to the beach.

BRYCE
I think you're right, Kim. This night surfing thing. I had my doubts at first, but this has got to be the best idea I've heard in weeks. You don't mind if we stay out a while longer, do you?

A black Celaphopod pulls Bryce off of his surfboard and under the water.

Before Kim can react, another Celaphopod pulls Kim off her board and under the water.

The surfboards bump into each other as they drift aimlessly in the open ocean.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

I mean, if you'd just spent the last six or six-hundred years traveling across the cosmos, you could probably wait the five extra minutes and hold out for a decent meal. Bryce's brain wasn't exactly all there.

At 6" tall, Celli pulls himself onto Bryce's surfboard, choking and coughing.

Celli pulls Bryce's half-limp, brain-dead body out of the water, next to him.

CELLI

I don't know if I can go through with this.

Kim emerges from the water, with sparkling pink eyes and pink lobes.

KIM

Now that's a meal.

Celli tentatively puts his finger in Bryce's ear.

Licking his finger, Celli makes a sour face.

CELLI

Don't rub it in.

Kim leans back on the surfboard and stares at the stars.

KIM

Take your time. The rest of them aren't going anywhere.

Over the waves in the distance, flashing blue lights stretch the entire length of Lahina Drive, from where it meets the highway, all the way down to the beach.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - PICNIC TABLES - NIGHT

Six Drug Dealers sit on a picnic table drinking beers and passing a joint.

Flashing blue lights illuminate the Drug Dealer's faces.

A black van races onto the beach, stopping in front of the Drug Dealers.

Four SWAT OFFICERS jump out of the van, pointing their carbines at the Drug Dealers.

SWAT OFFICER - 1

Hands in the air! Now!

The Drug Dealers raise their hands, one flicking his joint into the distance.

INT. ABANDONDED BUILDING - DOWNTOWN LAHINA - NIGHT

Six Surfers sleep on the floor using beach towels as blankets.

Four Swat Officers kick down the door and rush inside.

SWAT OFFICER - 2
Police. No one move.

One of the Surfers rolls over in his sleep.

SURFER
Keep it down, man.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - NIGHT

Kelly yells, kicking and screaming, as four Swat Officers carry her out of the Thai Shack.

KELLY
Put me down.

Sam Lee is thrown against the hood of a squad car, a carbine to his head.

SAM LEE
My lawyers will hear about this.

SWAT OFFICER - 3
Shut up!

Auntie is thrown against the car next to Sam, a carbine at her head.

SWAT OFFICER - 4
You're under arrest.

The street is ablaze with flashing lights. The Drug Dealers and Surfers kneel on the ground, hands cuffed behind their backs, surrounded by dozens of Swat Officers and the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN
Anything you say can and will be used against you.

A Swat Officer runs up behind the Captain.

SWAT OFFICER - 5
We haven't found him yet.

CAPTAIN

Keep looking. He never leaves this place.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

The octopus moves in the aquarium.

A STUPID SWAT GUY jerks his rifle at the creature.

The Swat Officer standing next to the Stupid Swat Guy shakes his head.

A dozen Swat Officer line the walls. Taz and Moon kneel in the center, their hands cuffed, their faces beaten. Cagney stands over them, holding her Colt .45 like a pair of brass knuckles, her shoulder holster holding a Glock.

CAGNEY

Neither one of you is smart enough to cook.

STUPID SWAT GUY

(snort, chuckle)

Cagney shoots the Stupid Swat Guy an evil glance.

Returning her attention to her captives, she hits Moon in the face with the Colt.

Blood goes flying as Moon falls over.

CAGNEY

I'd say I was only going to ask you this one more time, but the truth of the matter is, I've got all night; and if there is one thing I pride myself on, it's my patience.

Cagney kneels over Taz and starts hitting him with the Colt to the sound of the beat.

CAGNEY

Where!

Is!

Bryce!

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - NIGHT

As Bryce walks out of the surf, he is illuminated by flashing blue lights. He has blue lobes and blazing blue eyes. He stops as waves gently wash around his legs.

Behind Bryce, Kim emerges from the surf, her eyes and lobes glowing pink.

BRYCE

Cool. Blue lights. Mary Ann, this is what I call a welcome.

KIM

Remember, Gilligan. We're supposed to keep a low profile.

Bryce waves Kim off and resumes walking ashore.

BRYCE

Hey! Hey! I'm over here!

A spotlight quickly finds Bryce's smiling face.

INT. GREEN ARMY FIELD TENT - DAY

Cagney twirls her green lobes about her finger, as she leans back and finishes her coffee.

Cagney puts her cup down next to Victoria's, which is still full.

CAGNEY

Are we laying off coffee in particular? Or stimulants in general?

Cagney's lobes retract back into her head, as her eyes return to a normal shade of green.

CAGNEY

I suppose we wouldn't want anything to interfere with the voices in our heads, now would we? What bullshit! Not that it'll make any difference.

Cagney purses her lips and blows at Victoria.

CAGNEY

See how easy that was?

Cagney blows again.

CAGNEY

The cold virus is a wonderful thing. If I'm sick, so are you. So avoid the sex, the orgies, and the colorful liquids all you want. But if the squids are real, they're already inside your head, controlling your mind, dictating your thoughts, and guiding your actions every step of the way.

VICTORIA

That's probably true.

CAGNEY

Whatever. So tell me why you're here, like I didn't already know.

Victoria reaches into her purse, fans out thirty-six \$100 bills and lays them on the table.

VICTORIA

There are rumors of a library.

Cagney picks up one of the bills and holds it to the light.

CAGNEY

They track this shit, you know. That's what the serial numbers are for.

Cagney puts the bill back on the table.

CAGNEY

I was DEA. Before.

Cagney leans back as her eyes go green and the lobes descend again.

CAGNEY

Before Bryce came along. Gilligan, whatever. I had a good career, retirement.

EXT. LAVA FIELD - DAY

Taz opens the trunk to his Taxi, takes out a briefcase, and hands it to Cagney.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

But that asshole had a lot of fucking money.

Cagney opens the briefcase. It is full of money.

A breeze blows over the money, scattering it about as Cagney and Taz watch on.

As the money flies away it looks like green tinsel, the color of Cagney's eyes.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

As a yacht motors past the dock, Kelly hops onboard carrying the briefcase.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Oxford pilots the boat, Harvard helps Kelly aboard, while Yale takes the briefcase.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

Boatloads of the shit.

Yale tosses the briefcase into the cabin, breaking it open, scattering money to the wind.

Sparkling tinsel like bills float by in the air, as Harvard holds Kelly fast, while Yale clenches his ring covered hand, getting ready to hit Kelly.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

The yacht clears the harbor buoys, as the sun sets.

INT/EXT - OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - DAY

Bryce stands on the balcony in white robe, blue lobes and eyes staring into the distance, as tinsel like sparkling dollar bills float by on the breeze.

Inside, Moon closes a briefcase that is busy leaking money to the wind.

Moon hands the briefcase to Kimo, as two other uniformed POLICE OFFICERS look on.

CAGNEY (V.O.)

He owned that entire fucking town.

INT. GREEN ARMY FIELD TENT - DAY

Cagney leans forward, as her lobes retract and eyes turn back to normal.

CAGNEY

He owned that entire fucking island. People like to go about that alien mind control thing. But the truth of the matter is, Bryce had a charming personality, and he had a lot of fucking money.

Cagney snaps her fingers.

Ape enters and stands at attention, awaiting orders.

CAGNEY

Of course, money isn't anything more than paper and I expect you'll lose your respect for that after you see the library. Still, I expect that's why you came.

VICTORIA

Yes.

CAGNEY

Ape will show you. And in the future if you don't give us our share, and I mean a full sixth of everything, exactly where, when, and how we say, well, Ape is the one who will come around to collect.

APE

In the flesh and all personal like.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Hat in hand, Ape stands by the entrance to a large concrete walled room.

APE
I'm not saying I wouldn't enjoy it.

Victoria is exploring the messy room, filled with shelves, desks, and heaping, disorganized piles of paper that is illuminated by six bare light bulbs.

Victoria picks up a small scrap of paper on one of the many desks.

INSERT: scrap of paper reading, "Mary Ann and Eddie planned to honeymoon in Paris."

APE
What I'm saying is, I'd have mixed feelings, I'd be conflicted.

Victoria squeezes between a heap of dirty spiral notebooks and a shelving unit which sags under the weight of dust covered cardboard filing boxes.

APE
I've already got two strikes against me, you know?

Victoria picks a notebook off one of the desks and flips it open.

INSERT: a confusing hand-drawn picture of a large black squid surrounded by five smaller squids in blue, red, green, yellow, and black. The squids have been labeled, crossed out, and relabeled, Mary Ann, Gilligan, Cagney, Professor, Celli, Yr' goth, Eddie, Kelly, Kim, and so on, with no rhyme or reason. One of the squids has been crossed out and replaced by a dolphin. At the bottom is a large red question mark under which it reads, "Who's the sixth?" and then, "I'm the Sixth!"

VICTORIA
Yes. Yes. You told me all about Melissa and Cicely. Very kind of you, sharing intimate details of your previous relationships like that.

APE
Um. Well. I guess I've said what needs to be said, then.

Ape turns to leave and pauses as he wrings the hat in his hand.

Ape indicates a desk in the corner where a pile of VHS tapes surrounds a small TV.

APE

Um. If I was looking for a place to start. That is, what hooked me into all this was the Janet Ono interview. Made it look, you know, fun.

Ape puts on his hat and departs.

The moment Ape is gone, Victoria rushes over to the desk Ape indicated.

Victoria's hand pushes a VHS tape labeled "Janet Ono Interview" into the player.

The television briefly spits static, the faint image of a Celaphopod in the background.

Then the image of Filipino television reporter JANET ONO fills the screen.

JANET ONO

They call themselves The Sixth.

EXT. KONA AIRPORT - PICK UP AREA - DAY

Three male and three female CULTISTS in sarongs, board shorts, and gummy worm sunglasses hand out sunglasses adorned with blue gummy worms to TOURISTS.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

You may have seen them roaming about town distributing their telltale sunglasses.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

All of the houses have been repainted. Clusters of Cultists talk in the road.

A line of Cultists stand in front of the Thai Shack, as others depart with plates of rice.

Moon's house is adorned with a sign reading "THE SIXTH, International Headquarters."

JANET ONO (V.O.)

But if you want to see them in their natural element you'll have to come down to.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

A flash of black and white static fills the world.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Surfers, Drug Dealers, Hot Chicks, and assorted cultists all wearing blue worm sunglasses enjoy the beach: surfing, flying kites, playing volleyball, sunbathing.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

Or as the Sixth call it, Lahina.

A NAKED GIRL runs by.

From under a blanket, a MAN and WOMAN pause in their grinding to look up.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

And as the Sixth with tell you, on this beach anything goes.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

Within the flash of static, a tentacle creeps inward from the edge.

EXT. CROWDED HIGHWAY TURNOFF - LAHINA AVE - DAY

Parked vehicles line the highway, as traffic comes to a standstill at a small turnoff. Cultists and other BEACHGOERS outfitted for a day at the beach (carrying towels, chairs, and coolers) walk towards the turnoff.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

If you can get there.

Six cars form a roadblock, preventing vehicles from traveling down Lahina Ave.

In the shade of the cars, six PIT BULLS lazily watch as the as Beachgoers and Cultists drop money into a blue bucket as they pass.

Janet Ono walks past the bucket without putting in any money.

Janet Ono is quickly surrounded by the snarling Pit Bulls.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

As the first tentacle crawls towards the static filled center, it is joined by another.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

The DEPUTY OF PARKS sits behind his desk in an aloha shirt and slacks.

DEPUTY OF PARKS

It's not against the law. They have a permit.

The Deputy of Parks opens a folder.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

2,189 permits to be exact. One for every day of the year, for the next six years.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

Stopping short of the center, the first tentacle turns to face outwards, while the other tentacle is joined by two more.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - BALCONY - DAY

Bryce stares at the ocean in board shorts, white robe, and blue worm sunglasses.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

They call their leader Gilligan. But we tracked him down and his real name.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

Among the static, new tentacles continue to appear, as those in the center turn outwards.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFINISHED EXT

In board shorts, robe, and worm sunglasses, Bryce talks to Janet Ono.

BRYCE

What do you mean, so I say? Of course, I'm an alien.

Bryce takes off the sunglasses and points to the blue worms.

BRYCE

Mind control lobes. I can get anyone to do anything.

Bryce puts the sunglasses back on.

BRYCE

OK, so here's an example. By virtue of my alien mind control powers, I know you don't believe me, so I'll show you.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The black tentacles continue to surround the static filled center.

JANET ONO (V.O.)

And show us, he did.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

On a beach full of Cultists, one of the Hot Chicks passes in front of Bryce.

BRYCE

Take off your top.

The Hot Chick promptly complies with Bryce's command.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The dozens of tentacles which surround the center define a static filled hole of sorts.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Another Hot Chick walks in front of Bryce.

BRYCE

Take off your bottoms.

The bottoms from a string bikini hit Bryce in the face.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The static hole in the center becomes more defined by dozens upon dozens of tentacles.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

The two Hot Chicks from before are kissing each other.

Bryce notices another of the Hot Chicks watching.

BRYCE

Join them.

This Hot Chick joins the first two.

Bryce notices two of the Surfers wearing blue worm sunglasses, watching.

BRYCE

And you two, join them, as well.

The two Surfers join the first three Hot Chicks, their arms entwined as they kiss.

Bryce looks at the remaining occupants of the beach, who have stopped to watch.

BRYCE

In fact all of you. What are you waiting for?

Everyone on the beach starts walking towards the group kissing.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The hole of static in the center remains. All else is a pulse of throbbing tentacles.

JANET ONO (V.O.)
It might seem like harmless fun.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Standing next to Bryce, surrounded by Cultists, Janet Ono holds her microphone first before one Cultist and then the next.

CARL THE CULTIST
I'd do anything for Gilligan.

CATHY THE CULTIST
I owe him my life.

CHARLIE THE CULTIST
Whatever he says, I'm on it.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

As the tentacles continue slither and grope around the center, the static begins to darken.

JANET ONO (V.O.)
Even Kill?

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

Janet Ono holds the microphone before the next Cultist, but Bryce jumps in.

BRYCE
Oh, hell yeah. Want to see him waste someone, right here and now? It's pretty damn awesome to watch. Just pick it. Tell me who dies.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The center forms into a flickering black, octopus-like eye mound, whose eye is closed.

INT/EXT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - UPSCALE OFFICE - DAY

Cultists play volleyball in the background as Moon watches on.

JANET ONO (O.S.)

He offered to have someone killed for me on the beach today.

Moon sits behind a new mahogany desk by the door. Janet Ono sits across from him in a newly decorated room.

MOON

He does that sometimes. He thinks he's a Celaphopod.

Moon turns to face Janet Ono who sits across from him.

MOON

A brain eater. The moral strictures aren't the same.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The black eye-mound grows ever larger as the tentacles recede to the edges of awareness.

INT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - UPSCALE OFFICE - DAY

Moon stands over his desk, his arms flay about in a rage, as Janet Ono watches calmly.

MOON

It's not an issue of whether I fucking believe him or not. He says he's an emissary from another fucking world. And as his lawyer, that's good enough for me.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The black, flickering, glittering eye-mound fills the screen. It is all.

INT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - UPSCALE OFFICE - DAY

Agitated, Moon sits behind his desk, fiddling with a pair of gummy worm sunglasses.

MOON

Fuck it. If it's so goddamn obvious Bryce is a psycho on a killing spree. Then the very fact no one can extradite him or move forward with charges. And this is great. Based on the ludicrous claim that he's an emissary from another fucking planet. You know, some shit about having his having his mind-sucked by a fucking Celaphopod, whatever the fuck that is. And so Bryce is no longer Bryce, but now, magic-fucking-presto, he's Gilligan, a squid from another fucking planet with diplomatic immunity on account of his being their sole emissary. Well, fuck it. If the system is that screwed up. I mean, if something as stupid as that works. Well then, fuck them. I mean, you know for sure that somewhere down the line somebody lost their fucking mind. And who knows, maybe it was a goddamn Celaphopod. It was sure as shit something.

(beat)

TAZ! Get your fucking ass in here.

Taz jumps through the door, his tattoo swirling about madly.

MOON

Show Miss Ono, here, what happens to trouble makers. Fuck it. If anybody needs to know that, she does, sure as fucking shit.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The black eye-mound is too large to be contained by the screen. It is more than all.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH

By the edge of the ocean with Janet Ono, Taz holds a blue bucket.

Taz grabs a piece of fried chicken from the bucket and throws it to six Pit Bulls waiting in the surf.

The pit bulls snarl as they fight over the lone piece of chicken.

A wave crashes over the Pit Bulls.

TAZ

Some folks think we feed our dissenters to these cute little puppies. But then, some folks think Bryce -- I mean, Gilligan -- is an alien.

Taz lazily throws another piece of chicken to the Pit Bulls.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

The eye opens, revealing dozens of different images of Bryce separated by flickering black static, as per a bee's-eye-view except every image is different.

Next to the first eye is a second. It is two banks of TV's playing Best of Bryce reels.

The eyes belong to YR'GOTH, an orange, yellow, and red spotted Celaphopod.

Yr'goth's myriad tentacles waive about in the static disappearing into the distance.

YR'GOTH

Do not fill your mind with facts, my child.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Yellow, orange, and red spotted black tentacles extend from the television set into Victoria's head, while static fills the screen.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Look around you.

A shelving unit behind Victoria full of paper, binders, and notebooks begins to creak.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Is this what you call knowledge?

An upper shelf snaps in the middle, breaking under the weight.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Bit and pieces of things which never happened.

The papers slowly slide off the shelf, one by one.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Then let me add to your knowledge.

The rate at which the papers fall off the shelf increases to a waterfall.

The waterfall becomes an avalanche as the bookcase collapses.

EXT. HARD SURF BREAK - BEACH - NIGHT

A wave crashes down hard. These are not surfing tubes. These are killing waves.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
I am not real.

The night flickers blue from flashing lights in the far distance over the hills. As the wave rolls out, Bryce appears in the surf.

Bryce struggles to stand. He struggles to remove a large blue multi-tentacled Portuguese Man of War that is attached to his back. He fails in both regards.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Celaphopods?

Another wave comes along and crashes on top of Bryce, as he disappears from view.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Please.

The ocean is a frenzy of whip-lashing waves without rhyme or reason.

Bryce crawling out of the water amid the flashing blue lights in the distance.

Bryce foams at the mouth, his eyes glazed over, his body covered in tendrils and welts.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)
Ever hear of a Portuguese Man of War?

Bryce claws at the mass of tendrils on his back, pulling the bulk of it off.

YR'GOTH (O.S)
Those things are nasty.

Bryce falls over on his back, the Man of War's body in his hand, his body covered in stingers and welts as he stares blankly upward at the sky.

EXT. BLUE LIGHT - NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

The stars twinkle. The blue lights pulse reflecting off the atmosphere.

An eggshell pattern forms as the stars become connected by thin lines.

The lines grow thicker, blue lights intermixing with the white stars, all flashing in unison.

SFX: the roar of an engine, building in force, the crash of the waves deafening loud.

A commercial airplane roars by overhead in slow motion, destroying reality as it leaves a swatch of static in its wake, the eggshell patterned falling from the sky.

Celli waves from the airplane's rear window.

EXT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

All the world fades to a dark static, darker in the middle, lighter around the edges.

Sort of like an octopus's black eye mound, only really distorted.

The eye opens, sort of. It's yellow at least.

EXT. HARD SURF BREAK - BEACH - DAY

The sun shines overhead, yellow and hot, static and distorted.

Like a pointillist painting with every other dot replaced by black and yellow static, Kim's face blots out the sun.

KIM LEE

(echoing, slow, from a million miles away)
Shit Bryce, you should have followed me in. You would have been better off going to jail.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

A snowstorm of static distorts the view of Kim helping Bryce stumble across the sand.

EXT. THE LEE HOUSE - DOWNTOWN LAHINA - DAY

Surreal, distorted, overexposed, Auntie runs down the steps, her face full of concern.

INT. THE LEE HOUSE - DAY

The static filled distortion continues as Kim and Auntie help Bryce fall onto a sofa.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is a white static.

INT. THE LEE HOUSE - DAY

Among this static, the ceiling plaster resolves. It is old and water stained.

Crystal clear, the wallpaper curls as it glows with an inner light, the edges lost to static.

Bryce tosses and turns on the couch, as the room around him (furnished lightly with old worn furniture and a rabbit eared TV) fizzles, crackling with static.

The static is slowly replaced by a dull, flat reality.

The room is a dump. Clean, but old, worn out, and used.

INT. THE LEE HOUSE - DAY

In a return to normality, Auntie washes the welts covering Bryce with a damp washcloth.

AUNTIE
No worry. Soon, you be better.

Eyes glazed over, Bryce lets Auntie clean him with movement, resistance, or notice.

Bryce stares blankly at the television set.

On the television, Celli stands on the edge of an idealized tropical island, waving.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now we return to our Gilligan's Island marathon, already in progress.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The tentacles release from Victoria's head and begin retract back into the set.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

So, simple. None of the nonsense they want you to believe is true.

Victoria remains stationary as the tentacles flop about and slowly recede back into the set.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

(echoing, withdrawn)

Wait, no. Some of it is true. It must be.

(beat)

At least tell me the code.

The notebook with the Celaphopod drawings remains on the desk where Victoria left it.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

You mean, what comes next? One, two, three, four, five. Six.

The page turns of its own accord, revealing a chaotic mess of notes on the next page. The series "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, ???" is repeated endlessly, the last symbol changing often.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

One, two, three, four, five. Sick.

The page turns again. The next page similar to the previous. The notebook of a madman.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

Or, one, two, three, four, five.

The rest of the pages flip by. All are filled with variations on the sequence of numbers.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

It could be anything. It is for you to decide.

INT. CHURCH OF ETERNAL ORGY - NIGHT

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

All that must happen is that the world beat as one.

Wearing eyeglasses, leotard, and sarong, Kelly stands on the stage, arms outstretched. Surrounding her are Sister Mary, Sister Grace, Deacon, and two Male Orgy Dancers, who kneel on one leg and pulse their groins upwards, fluttering Kelly with their hands.

KELLY
(moaning, rhythmically)
Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that!

Ripples of energy, which distort reality like a heat wave, pulse forth from Kelly.

The rippling distortion passes over the heads of the few CURIOUS ONLOOKERS who watch from the pews along with the Old Crone, taking pictures.

KELLY (O.S.)
Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that!

The Curious Onlookers do not notice the waves. Alone, the Old Crone follows their progress, taking pictures of them as they travel on their way.

KELLY (O.S.)
Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that!

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - CARTOON - DAY

On the curvature of Earth, Kelly and the rest of the dancers form a radio antenna.

The antenna pulses an outgoing signal to the beat of Kelly's chant.

KELLY (V.O.)
Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that!

EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM - CARTOON - NIGHT

The radio waves travel past the planets and out of the solar system.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - CARTOON - NIGHT

ORION, a cowboy decorated with a dot-line diagram of the constellation Orion, throws a comet like a ball to ORION'S DOG, a similarly illustrated tail wagging dachshund.

Orion's Dog chases after the comet.

White rippling radio waves flow past Orion.

KELLY (V.O.)
Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that!

Orion turns to face the source of the waves.

Orion's eyes pop out of his head. His tongue dangles out of his mouth like a dog.

Orion views the source of the waves through a pair of binoculars.

Orion's eyes pop through the binoculars.

ORION

Yowza!

Orion's Dog drops the comet at Orion's feet, where it bounces about.

Orion's dog yaps as he hops around excitedly.

ORION'S DOG

Yap. Yap.

Orion kicks the comet backwards with his foot in the direction of he traveling waves.

EXT. ALIEN SOLAR SYSTEM - CARTOON - NIGHT

The radio waves enter a distant solar system, traveling past the outer planets.

EXT. WATERY WORLD ORBIT - CARTOON - DAY

The radio waves arrive at a giant octopus like antenna on an alien world.

INT. CARTOON SPACE CONTROL - DAY

Pink, yellow, and green STARFISH along with Celli man an Apollo style control room.

Celli is wearing headphones. He puts his hand to his ear.

Celli flicks a switch, filling mission control with the sound of Kelly's moans.

KELLY (V.O.)

Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Yr'goth! Yes! Like that! Please.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

We have contact.

Celli and the other Starfish cheer.

STARFISH

Yeah!
Yippie!

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

The content of the message doesn't matter, only that one be sent, clear enough to be heard across the cosmos.

EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM - CARTOON - NIGHT

The Earth and other planets revolve about the sun.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

And if not, the next ship they send will not contain water, ice, and assorted microbes. But rather, will be composed of solid rock.

A moon sized asteroid appears at the edge of the solar system heading for Earth.

YR'GOTH (V.O.)

A rock the size of your moon

The rock hits the Earth, which explodes in an understated puff of dust.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

Yr' goth smiles, about as well as a monstrous alien octopus can smile.

YR'GOTH

I hope that explains the current situation to your satisfaction. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a planet to run.

Yr' goth slips to the side.

In the background, amongst the static, Celli walks toward an old time television set, its screen filled with static of its own.

Celli raps on the television set trying to get a picture, but nothing happens.

INT. STATIC WORLD - NIGHT

All the world is a dark static.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Victoria stares at the television filled with static.

Newt reaches over Victoria's shoulder to turn off the television.

Victoria shakes her head as she comes out of the trance.

NEWT

After he was done, he held me like that for. I think it was three days before anyone came looking for me.

Newt rubs his shoulder as if massaging a bruise.

NEWT

You know, to see if I was still alive. I guess it was supposed to be meant as some sort of lesson. You know, what would happen to me all permanent like if I failed.

Newt picks up his briefcase and walks over to the desk where the notebook lays.

VICTORIA

You're the guy. Who puked.

Newt clears a spot on the desk of paper and notebooks.

NEWT

Yep. But maybe that was the smart play. Turns out it's possible to be, um, too psychotic.

VICTORIA

Your wife? Oh. I'm sorry. Were you two close?

Newt opens the briefcase and removes a laptop computer, which he proceeds to set up.

NEWT

Believe it or not, I had no idea how far we had grown apart.

Newt shrugs.

NEWT

The funny thing is, she's the one who introduced me to. Um, speaking of which, did the old fellow tell you anything useful? Anything that you believe?

Newt puts his hand to his mouth as he leans forward to whisper in mock confidence.

NEWT

For instance, I learned.

INT. MOON SHADOW'S HOUSE - PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Before Moon, on his desk, stands the pile of nasal decongestant, cigarettes, and candy.

Moon pours white static from the aluminum film canister into the palm of his hand.

Moon rubs the static between his fingers.

Moon tastes the static, coating his lips with static, as he smiles in delight.

Bryce grabs a white sailor's hat sitting to the side and adds it to the pile.

BRYCE

Oh wait, I'm going to need a hat.

MOON

Whatever you say. Gilligan.

Moon reaches into a box behind his desk, full of sunglasses with blue fishing worms glued to the side, and adds three pairs of the sunglasses to the pile.

MOON

While you're at it, have some sunglasses. On the house.

The slogan "Kona Blue - Fishing & Lures" is imprinted on the side of the sunglasses.

MOON (O.S.)

Who knows, maybe you'll start a fad.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Victoria leans forward and whispers, joining Newt in mock confidence.

VICTORIA

I don't know about all that, but what I do know is that Celaphopods don't exist. Apparently, it's all in our heads.

NEWT

Damn those blasted voices in my head. You know, if they weren't so good at picking stocks, I would have stopped listening to them ages ago.

Newt sits down and leans back in his chair.

NEWT

As it is, they told me to buy Beechum Genetics during its initial IPO. I made a killing. And that was before I really knew anything.

VICTORIA

Oh? And what do you know, now?

Newt raises his eyebrows.

VICTORIA

About Beechum. Or Eddie. I never really figured out how Eddie fits into all this.

Newt turns his attention to his computer as he taps on the keyboard.

Victoria walks over to where Newt sits.

NEWT

Well, at first Eddie was a limousine driver, or at least, that's the earliest reference to anyone called Eddie Takosori that I can find.

Victoria looks over Newt's shoulder.

On the computer screen, Eddie (in a chauffeur's uniform) helps Kelly (in a full length mink coat, high heels, and a g-string) step out of a limousine.

NEWT

Amazingly, he was Kelly's limousine driver.

VICTORIA

Really? Is that true?

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Wearing a string bikini, Kelly dances on a table before Eddie.

Kelly's octopus tattoo taking on a life of its own, moving in sync with Kelly.

NEWT (V.O.)

Who knows. A year later someone calling himself Eddie Takosori became Kelly's. Business manager.

Kelly smiles as she reaches around to untie her bikini.

KELLY

I dance for you, and you alone.

The stage lights burn brightly in the background.

INT. BEDROOM MOVIE SET - NIGHT

The bright the lights of a photo-shoot surround Kelly as she finishes undressing.

She kneels on a bed, Eddie beneath her, those damn white sheets hiding all the good bits.

KELLY

Anything for you. Tell me what you want.

The high wattage lamps bleach Kelly out as they once again fill the world with white light.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A bare light bulb shines as it hangs from the unfinished concrete ceiling.

Beneath it, Newt backwards at Victoria, while Victoria looks at the computer.

NEWT

Impressive. Captivating. Dare one say, hypnotizing.

Without looking around, Newt flips the lid closed on the computer screen.

Victoria shakes her head.

NEWT

Not a bad recruiting tool. If you're into mind control.

Victoria straightens her clothes and runs her hands through her hair, setting it straight.

Newt reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a folder.

NEWT

Of course, you shouldn't be surprised to learn it's all a lie. Well, some of it.

Newt opens the folder, revealing a stack of pictures.

Newt tosses the first one on the desk next to the computer.

INSERT: a posed picture of Bryce, Kim Lee, and Kelly, smiling arm in arm at the beach.

NEWT (O.S.)

When Bryce went crazy, Kim and Kelly both left Lahina.

INSERT: picture of Bryce in white robe, staring out from the balcony at the Ocean Front McMansion.

INSERT: in rapid order, six glamour, pin-up style shots of Kelly are thrown down, one on top of the other, each covering the previous picture. Kelly in Daisy Dukes. Kelly in a bikini. Kelly dancing on stage. Close up of Kelly's octopus tattoo. Kelly signing autographs, surrounded by paparazzi, outside a club.

NEWT (O.S.)
Kelly became a stripper.

Newt holds a large stack of "glamour shots" of Kelly in his hand.

Newt looks at Victoria, standing next to him.

Victoria smirks.

NEWT
She had large body of work. Very impressive. Very rare. Very collectable.

Newt puts the stack of Kelly photographs down.

Newt picks up another (thinner) envelope, and takes out a picture of Kim.

INSERT: Kim's college graduation picture, in cap and gown.

NEWT (O.S.)
Anyhow, while Kelly did her thing, Kim went to college.

INSERT: picture of Dr. Beechum sitting behind a desk, an image of a half naked boy on the computer screen behind him.

INSERT: a cut and paste picture of Dr. Beechum's head on the body of a man in black studded-leather S&M gear.

NEWT (O.S.)
Where she met Dr. Beechum.

INSERT: picture of CHARLIE and ASHLEY kissing. Charlie both looks and dresses sort of like Victoria, while Ashley both looks and dresses sort of like Cagney.

INSERT: picture of Charlie and Ashley dancing together in a night club, Kim in the background, not a man in sight.

NEWT (O.S.)
And together with a few close friends. Namely, Charlie and Ashley.

INSERT: picture of hi-tech business park with the monument sign reading "Beechum Genetic Industries."

NEWT (O.S.)
They formed Beechum Genetic Industries.

INSERT: picture of Eddie shaking Dr. Beechum's hand, Kim Lee standing behind them, one of her hands on each of theirs.

NEWT (O.S.)
Which in turn, hired a certain.

INSERT: blow up of previous picture, focusing on Eddie. His face is in crystal clear focus, while his name badge is blurred out.

Newt looks up from the pile of pictures to gaze at Victoria, who stands next to him, leaning on the desk, looking at the pictures.

NEWT
. Well, I can't quite make out the name.

Victoria looks at Newt.

Newt nervously looks away.

Fumbling, Newt gathers up the photographs.

NEWT
Yes, well. Birds of a feather. You know how it goes from there, Eddie proposed to Kim, she accepted, and then.

VICTORIA
And then what?

NEWT
And then, um. Well, then, their past caught up with them. Or that is to say, her past caught up with her.

Victoria gives Newt a quizzical look.

NEWT
You know? Lahina? The Sick? Taz?

INT. BERKELEY, CA - EDDIE'S SECOND STORY RENTAL - DAY

A fish filled aquarium bubbles away.

Next to the aquarium in front of a mirrored wardrobe Eddie straightens his tie.

Eddie grabs his fedora off the wardrobe, and with a twisty flourish puts it on.

SFX: cue Sesame Street Theme Song music

KIM (V.O.)
Sunny day.

Eddie smiles and grabs his sunglasses, as he rushes to the window.

Eddie looks out his window to the street below

EXT. BERKELEY, CA - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Kim walk-skips down the street singing, not a care in the world.

KIM LEE
Everything's A, O-K.

Taz is behind Kim, walk-skipping along as well. Kim does not notice or care.

KIM LEE
Tah, da-dah.

Taz pulls his Colt 45 from the waist band of his jeans.

Taz brings the gun to the back of Kim's head, all crooked and gangster style.

KIM LEE
(full of gusto)
Where the air.

Eddie watches from the second story window.

KIM (O.S.)
Is.

EDDIE'S POV: Kim disappears behind a large oak tree.

KIM (O.S.)
Cleannn...

SFX: there is a loud gunshot, followed by silence.

Birds flutter silently from the oak tree
In

Slow
motion.
(((perhaps expand on the surrealism of it all)))

Shocked, Eddie stands like a statue in the window.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Newt leans against the edge of the desk next to Victoria who sits in a chair.

NEWT
From there, it gets a little squirrelly.

VICTORIA
Just, from there?

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

Bryce stands on the balcony in a white robe staring at the ocean.

NEWT (V.O.)
Kim was the second murder.

Colt .45 in hand, Taz grabs Bryce by the hair and pulls him inside.

In the aquarium, the octopus as Taz pushes Bryce to his knees.

NEWT (V.O.)
Earlier that day, maybe the night before.

The water in the aquarium shakes.

NEWT (V.O.)
Taz had killed Bryce.

The octopus watches as a puff of smoke rises.

NEWT (V.O.)
With a gun?

As the octopus watches, Taz stands up, holding a one handed sledgehammer.

NEWT (V.O.)
A sledgehammer?

Taz breaks the aquarium glass with the sledgehammer.

The water rushes out of the aquarium, octopus and all.

Bryce lies dead, face down on the carpet as the water pours over him.

Standing over Bryce octopus in hand, Taz tosses the octopus onto Bryce's head.

NEWT (V.O.)

Or maybe, a gunshot wound to the back of your head is just what you look like when a Celaphopod gets done with you.

Turning, Taz reveals that he is cradling three BLUE BABY CELAPHOPODS in his other hand, while three more slither up his chest.

NEWT (V.O.)

After your six years are up.

EXT. LAHINA BEACH - DAY

At the edge of the beach, Bryce lays lifeless, face down in the water, his head covered in seaweed as waves wash over him.

Taz and Moon each hold half of a broken surfboard, while Star, Sam Lee, and Auntie all look on.

NEWT (V.O.)

Or if you want to be really cynical about the entire thing, it just might be what you look like after taking a header into a coral reef.

TAZ

This never happened. This is not how Gilligan dies.

Taz drops the broken board as he pulls his Colt .45 out of his waistband.

NEWT (V.O.)

Odd thing is, the rest of them were never heard from again. They flat out disappeared. In all versions of the story.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LAHINA - NIGHT

The place crawls with Swat Officers, as the six Surfers, six Drug Dealers, and numerous Cultists kneel, hands cuffed behind their backs.

NEWT (V.O.)

The payments stopped, the cops returned, and what did they find?

Two Swat Officers exit Moon's, shrugging, as they report to the Swat Commander.

SWAT OFFICER

No one's here. They've cleared out.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

Bryce lies dead, face down on the wet carpet, an octopus covering his head.

EXT. BERKELEY, CA - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Eddie looks out from his window.

In the street, Taz lurches around madly, pointing his gun this way and then that, like a paranoid schizophrenic, afraid to turn his back on anything or anyone.

NEWT (V.O.)

And Taz a thousand miles away. Why?

Noticing Eddie watching from his window, Taz shoots at him.

NEWT (V.O.)

To kill Kim?

INT. BERKELEY, CA - EDDIE'S SECOND STORY RENTAL - DAY

Eddie drops to the floor as bullets fly through the window over his head.

Crouching, Eddie backs against the wall, as he turns to look into the room.

Bullets shatter the mirror over his wardrobe.

NEWT (V.O.)

To kill her brood?

EXT. BERKELEY, CA - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

In between Taz and Eddie's window, a PINK BABY CELAPHOPOD crawls up a yellow "School Zone" safety sign.

Taz shoots at the Pink Baby Celaphopod.

A bullet rips through the sign, missing the Pink Baby Celaphopod.

NEWT (V.O.)

You believe that?

Beyond the sign, five more Pink Baby Celaphopods scurry across the lawn towards Eddie's house, dodging bullets on the way.

NEWT (V.O.)
You believe Yr' goth would stand for that?

INT. BERKELEY, CA - EDDIE'S SECOND STORY RENTAL - DAY

Six Pink Baby Celaphopods scurry over the window sill, dropping into Eddie's lap.

NEWT (V.O.)
I don't. I think Taz was making a delivery.

A Blue Baby Celaphopod scurries over the window sill, dropping onto Eddie's shoulder.

The Blue Baby Celaphopod ducks as a bullet goes whizzing by overhead.

The bullet breaks the aquarium next to the wardrobe.

Water rushes onto the ground.

Six goldfish and a lone fighting fish flop about helplessly.

BLUE BABY CELAPHOPOD
Well, fuck that.

The Blue Baby Celaphopod stands at attention and gives Eddie a heartfelt salute.

BLUE BABY CELAPHOPOD
For those we are about to eat, we salute you.
(beat)
Dude.

The Blue Baby Celaphopod reaches out with its tendril and touches Eddie's ear.

The Blue Baby Celaphopod slowly works its way into Eddie's head.

Though a bit perplexed, Eddie does not resist or seem to mind.

NEWT (V.O.)
There's a reason Eddie's got blue lobes.

INT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - DAY

A shimmering yellow octopus eye sets over a sea of static.

In silhouette, spread-eagled, Kelly is tied to the balcony.

Wearing a long snouted black gas mask, Eddie wraps his body around Kelly's.

NEWT (V.O.)

And let's face it, mind control or some other mutual self interest is about the only way to explain how a guy like Eddie ever wound up with a girl like Kelly.

Eddie turns to face the camera, glaring. The eye sockets of the gas mask are a dance of glittering blue static.

NEWT (V.O.)

Um, what I mean to say is, well. I like Eddie and all, but Kelly is way out of his league.

SFX: there is a knock at the door, behind Eddie.

Eddie snarls toward the camera and then turns his head toward the door.

EDDIE

(muffled, raspy through gas mask)

What the fuck? Can't a guy enjoy his happily ever after in peace and quiet. It's not like I didn't earn it.

Kelly slips her hand out of one of the rope loops and straightens her hair.

KELLY

Of course you did, dear. For six long years you watched me dance, tied me up, and lived out your wildest fantasies no matter how demented. I know what a hardship that must have been for you.

SFX: there is another knock at the door.

Kelly slips her hand back into the rope loop.

KELLY

Could you get that, dear? I seem to be tied up at the moment.

Eddie lets go of Kelly and walks towards the front door.

Taking off the gas mask, Eddie drops it on the lab table.

His eyes sparkling with blue static, Eddie puts on his sunglasses and straightens his hat, as he walks toward the front door.

EXT. THE BUNGALOW - TRASHED LAB - DAY

Sister Mary and Sister Grace's wait outside. They wear low cut mini-skirts, white blouses tied revealingly at their midriffs, Gothic makeup, loads of jewelry, and pink ribbons in their hair.

The Sisters each hold a black leather book embossed with gold Celaphopods on the cover.

Eddie opens the door and walks outside, the interior of the Bungalow lost to static.

EDDIE

Yes.

SISTER MARY

We came to.

EDDIE

(interrupting)

Oh, bloody hell, not this. I'm not even the right guy.

Eddie looks right and then left.

Green static distorts the surrounding jungle.

EDDIE

Look, I don't even know how the fuck you get to that scene from here.

Down a short dirt driveway, at the turnoff to the road, under a sign which reads, "Yr'Goth's Chosen, Inc. Corporate Headquarters, Eddie Takosori CEO," six Dogs doze quietly, wearing muzzles that drip blue static.

Blue static drool, oozes from the corners of the Dogs' muzzles.

EDDIE (O.S.)

And you lot. What the fuck? Do you job.

The Dogs shift in their sleep. One rolls over and lies on his back, drooling merrily.

EDDIE

Look, just go back down to the beach and try again. It's really not that fucking hard.

SISTER GRACE

It's just that we came to.

EDDIE

What the fuck? Why are you still here?

(beat)

You fucking goddamn whores?

Kelly joins Eddie on the front step, wrapping her arms around him. She wears the gasmask, now. Puffs of red static fill the air as she exhales. The eyeholes dance with red static. And her hair has been replaced by a long mane of red octopus like tentacles.

EDDIE

Is that what it is? Did you come all the way up the hill just to get your fair share of abuse. Well, it ain't going to happen you skanky fucking whores, I got better things to do with my afterlife.

SISTER MARY

No. It's just that.

Eddie takes off his sunglasses and shakes down his blue lobes, while his eyes blaze blue.

EDDIE

For Yr'goth's sake! I'm the fucking competition. A true believer. Founding member. The inner fucking circle and all that shit. I'm not going to fucking convert. Not fucking now. So, shove off.

KELLY

But maybe they are.

Eddie whips his head around to face Kelly.

EDDIE

What?

Kelly's tentacles turn Eddie's head back around to face the Sisters.

KELLY

But maybe they are.

Kelly's tentacles slide down Eddie's suit.

Working their way down, the tentacles slither out from under Eddie's shirt cuffs.

The tentacles slither out from the bottom of Eddie's slacks.

The tentacles slither out from above Eddie's waist.

The tentacles undo Eddie's belt and work at his zipper.

SISTER MARY

Yes.

SISTER GRACE

Yes.

From Kelly, through Eddie, the tentacles work their way towards the Sisters.

The tentacles slip down Sister Mary's skirt.

SISTER MARY

Yes. Yes. Like that.

The tentacles slither inside Sister Grace's blouse.

SISTER GRACE

Oh, yes. Yr'goth.

The numerous tentacles continue to work their way inside the Sister's clothing, ripping and tearing as they go.

SISTER MARY

We died virgins. Oh, yes, Yr'goth.

SISTER GRACE

So, Mary Ann owns us. Yes. Yes. Please. Like that.

SISTER MARY

It's no fun, Yr'goth.

SISTER GRACE

So, we want to defect. Please.

The tentacles break apart what little remains of Sister Mary's blouse.

SISTER MARY

Yes! Please!

The tentacles break apart what little remains of Sister Grace's blouse.

SISTER GRACE

Oh, Yr'goth! Yes.

The Sisters fall to their knees before Eddie.

SISTER MARY
Please.

SISTER GRACE
Yes. Please.

SISTER MARY
We'll do anything you want.

EDDIE
Anything?

Guided by the tentacles, the Sisters head face the other.

Guided by the tentacles, the Sisters hands caress.

And guided by the tentacles, the Sisters come together for a kiss.

SISTER MARY / SISTER GRACE
Yes! Yes! Oh, Yes. Yr'goth.

It's a long, passionate kiss.

The tentacles loose interest, slip away, and yet the Sister's kiss.

Kelly shrugs.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Sitting in a chair, Victoria shakes her head in disgust.

Eyes closed, leaning against the desk, Newt embraces air, kissing an imaginary partner.

VICTORIA
And I'm supposed to be hooking up with you?

Newt freezes, as he opens one eye questioningly.

NEWT
Yes, well. I guess I do get a little carried away sometimes.

Newt stands and straightens his suit.

NEWT
But that's a good thing.

VICTORIA
Yes? How?

NEWT
Because it's a squid eat squid world out there.

VICTORIA
Meaning?

NEWT
Meaning, we either become the light that all will follow. Or we become the fuel that feeds the fire.

(beat)
I opt for that light, thingie. Sounds like more, fun.

VICTORIA
So, you have a plan, a proposition?

NEWT
Your name's Victoria, right.

VICTORIA
Yes.

Newt extends his hand in greeting.

NEWT
I'm Newt.

Victoria declines to accept Newt's hand, arms crossed.

VICTORIA
Like the bug?

NEWT
Like the salamander. Well, chameleon, actually. You know, because I'm resourceful and hard to pin down.

VICTORIA
And not just because you're a slimy little creep.

NEWT
Can we just pretend to be friends? We're going to have to work together if we want to stay alive. And I got an idea or two. Are you interested or not?

Victoria stares Newt down, saying nothing.

NEWT

For now, I'll take that as a yes.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is static.

NEWT (V.O.)

It's a little rough around the edges, but you'll get the idea, something the masses can wrap their minds around.

Victoria dances into view wearing a revealing multi-colored harem girl's outfit, her hands above her head as she does a belly dance. Her mouth is covered by a beard of a dozen multi-colored tentacles: three each of blue, pink, green, and black/orange/yellow ones.

NEWT (V.O.)

It's a little thing I like to call I Dream of Victoria

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Victoria stands up angrily.

VICTORIA

There is no fucking way!

NEWT

Just give it a chance.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

In harem squid-mouth attire, Victoria kneels before Newt.

Newt is dressed as a Navy Admiral, white hat in hand, a pink, blue, and green lobe a dangling from either side of his head, while a pair of yellow and orange black spotted ones descending from the side of his mouth like a fu-man-chew.

Victoria bows low, prostrating herself before Newt.

Straining her neck, Victoria looks up at Newt.

VICTORIA

Your wish is my command.

Newt smiles, big time.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Newt scowls as Victoria jabs him in the chest with her finger to accentuate her words, pushing him backwards, off balance.

VICTORIA
Let me repeat myself.
There is.
No.
Fucking.
Way.

Newt trips and falls over a pile of paper, sprawling backwards.

NEWT
Fine. Fine. How about something a little more
(beat)
Harmonious, then?

INT. THE BUNGALOW - MARIJUANA HYDRO-FARM LAB- DAY

The bungalow is filled with marijuana plants, bright grow lights, and chemistry equipment filled with swirling purple static.

Wearing a white lab coat, mirrored sunglasses, and a multi-colored dreadlock mass of tentacles trailing down his back, Newt holds a vial of the purple static.

NEWT
I'm thinking Green Acres, but it's not really coming out right.

Wearing a pale-purple fur coat, mirrored sunglasses, and a multi-colored dreadlock mane of squirming tendrils to match Newt's, Victoria picks a long slender silver pipe off the picnic table.

VICTORIA
You're right, it's more like Purple Haze.

Victoria fondles the pipe.

VICTORIA
Sadly, your focus isn't what it ought to be.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The pipe has become a pearl handled Colt .45, which Victoria points at Newt as he lies sprawled on the floor.

VICTORIA
Pity, that.

NEWT
Wait! How?

SFX: there is a dull thud, an explosion in the distance, far overhead.

The lights flicker, dust falls from the ceiling.

NEWT
We're not still?

The concrete walls flicker, turning to static and then back again.

NEWT
Are we still?

VICTORIA
Getting confused, Newt boy? Not quite sure whether this is live or if it's Memorex?

SFX: more explosions overhead.

The lights flicker.

The walls flicker.

VICTORIA
Wondering if maybe you're part of the humans pitiful yet somehow heroically romantic last stand?

Lobes descend from Newt's temples.

Newt grows a tentacle fu-man-chu.

VICTORIA
Or maybe you're just a traitor to your kind.
(beat)
Whatever kind. It's a squid eat squid world, after all.

Victoria points the gun at Newt, sighting down the barrel.

Newt crawls backwards.

NEWT
No. Wait.

Multi-colored tentacles descend from the back of Victoria's head.

VICTORIA
Sad really.
(mocking)
'No. Wait.'
Such brilliant last words. And you're supposed to be the brains of the outfit.

Newt continues to crawl backwards.

NEWT
You're not really going to kill me, are you?

Victoria sights down the barrel of the gun, easily keeping pace with Newt.

VICTORIA
I owe Eddie.

There is another explosion as the lights and walls flicker, and sparkling static filled dust falls from the ceiling.

Victoria briefly raises the gun towards the ceiling, as the tentacles on the back of her head focus on Newt.

VICTORIA
Psycho bitch and her army.

The tentacles slither their way down Victoria's arms.

VICTORIA
Mary Ann for opening the portal.

Running into an overflowing bookcase, Newt's backward progress comes to a halt.

VICTORIA
And Yr' goth.

Victoria's tendrils remove Newt's glasses and caress the side of his face.

VICTORIA
Speaking of Yr' goth, you were in his embrace for three days.

A tentacle grips Newt's neck, as another prepares to bore through his ear.

VICTORIA
I wonder if he left anything.

Newt gropes blindly at the bookshelf behind him.

NEWT
Enough. I can get it right. Just give me another chance. Let's see.

SFX: Beverly Hillbillies Theme song, kicks in briefly.

NEWT
(singing along)
This here's a story about a squid named Newt
One thing's for sure.
The boy was awfully cute.

SFX: the song dies.

Victoria's tentacles loosen their grip on Newt and start to trail away.

VICTORIA
There isn't anything left, is there?

The tentacles jerk suddenly and reassert their grip.

VICTORIA
Oh, well. Waste not, want not. That's what Celli always says.

NEWT
Wait! Wait!

Newt's hand finally finds something promising on the shelf behind him.

It is a black book.

SFX: Beverly Hillbillies Theme Song kicks in, again.

NEWT
Backed to the corner.
Pleading for just a second more

Kelly's tattoo is on the cover of the book which is entitled, "The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopod's, by Eddie Takosori. An inside look at the Sixth, Yr'goth's Chosen, and the Waikiki Crazyies."

NEWT
When his hand alighted on.
A book of Chosen Lore.
Yr'goth's, that is.

Newt opens the book to the dedication page and hands it to Victoria.

While her tentacles continue to caress Newt and pistol still in hand, Victoria takes a step backward to read the dedication.

NEWT (O.S.)
Eddie wrote it.
So you know it's true.

INSERT: dedication page. "After the lawyer's fees and endless battles with the IRS, starting a religion isn't as lucrative as you'd think. If you really want fame and fortune, what you need to do is write pulp science fiction and sell it to the big boys in Hollywood. Eddie Takosori, Leader of Yr'goth's Chosen, 1997-2003."

His hand on her ass, Newt and Victoria study a map of Hawaii spread out on a desk.

NEWT (V.O.)
Well the next thing you know.
Ole Newt's a talking fast
Trying to save his head.
Not to mention feet and ass.

Newt points to Waikiki beach on a map of Oahu.

NEWT (V.O.)
Says Hawaii is the place they ought to be

Victoria grabs Newt in her arms, bends him over backwards, and kisses him passionately.

NEWT (V.O.)
And since that sounded swell.
They moved to Waikiki

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Waves crash at the Waikiki beach shore break, hotels and high-rises in the background.

NEWT (V.O.)
Beach, that is.

Bryce falls off a surf board, taking a header into the sand.

NEWT (V.O.)
Surfer Dudes.

In their ripped clothes, Sister Mary and Sister Grace run to Bryce's rescue.

NEWT (V.O.)
Tourists chicks.

Kelly watches from the shore in all her tentacled glory.

NEWT (V.O.)
The Waikiki Crazyies!

Next to Kelly, Eddie takes off his hat and waves, as his lobes descend.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

Eddie is waving from an old rabbit ear TV.

Eddie kneels before the television, staring at himself.

Around Eddie, Surfers, Drug Dealers, Cultists, and Bikini Chicks lounge in front of the TV in various stages of undress.

Opposite the TV, Bryce sits against the wall with an arm around Sister Mary. Next to her Sister Grace kisses Taz. Both of the Sisters wear ripped clothes and heavy Goth makeup.

BRYCE
Get the fuck out of the way, Takosori. No one wants to see your stupid ass.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

At 6" tall, Celli takes in Bryce and the rest from behind a low countertop splash wall.

Celli turns around to face the animated tattoo on Kelly's abdomen.

CELLI
It's doesn't end there, you know.

Celli picks up a tumbler of green liquid half as tall as he is and walks over to the tattoo, which blinks as its tentacles waft about.

CELLI

A happily ever after in Waikiki? My ass. And don't even ask me why we're watching another one of these alien horror crossover specials, again. I told 'em I don't like 'em.

Celli puts down his drink and climbs a stack a books to get a better view over the splash wall.

CELLI

(yelling)

I told you I don't like it when you ruin my favorite TV shows and turn them into this creepy weird shit.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

Bryce puts up his hand to silence Celli as he points to the television.

On the television, Victoria is standing over Newt in the bomb shelter.

INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Victoria stands over Newt, pulling back the hammer on her gun with her thumb.

Victoria's tentacles reach through the cuffs of Newt's pants, exiting at the waistline, wrists, and neck to caress his faces, as they circle in for the kill.

VICTORIA

But I've been thinking. Why have a theme song? Why rip off yet another television show.

NEWT

It's tradition. It's a focus for the masses. It gives 'em something they understand to latch onto.

VICTORIA

It's also another lawsuit that I just don't need.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

On the television screen, Newt begs desperately as a tentacle slithers into his mouth.

NEWT (O.S.)

(garbled)

I can work with you. Tell me what you need.

BRYCE

Brains, dumb shit. That's what she needs. Fuck, she eats your brains and everything else falls into place.

Bryce grabs Sister Mary by the hair as he pulls her head into his lap.

BRYCE

Isn't that the way it works, precious?

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Finished watching, Celli slides back down behind the splash wall and picks up his tumbler.

CELLI

Fucking creepy bastards.

SFX: a loud gunshot comes from the television set.

Startled by the sound, Celli jumps and spills his drink.

TAZ (O.S.)

Brutal.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Classic.

Celli starts talking to Kelly's octopus tattoo again, which slithers around, batting its eyes.

CELLI

Give 'em mind control and what do they do, start killing people. Like there was ever a need.

Celli turns around and takes a few steps toward the splash wall.

CELLI

It's called mind control, idiots!

Celli returns his attention to the octopus tattoo.

CELLI

If you got to kill someone and feed 'em to dogs, you obviously don't have control, and probably haven't done a very thorough job of eating their brains.

Celli looks at the empty glass and slides the tumbler across the counter towards the tattoo on Kelly's abdomen.

CELLI

Speaking of which, how about a refill, love.

Kelly picks the glass up and puts it down next to a mixer.

As Kelly turns on the blender and drops in a handful of ice, Celli stumbles over and continues to talk to her tattoo.

CELLI

Don't do what I did, cutie.

Kelly's shakes her body causing her tattoo to dance, while she plops a tube of frozen lime-aid into the blender.

CELLI

I made the mistake of growing old and dying.

As the tattoo watches, Kelly pours tequila into the blender.

CELLI

Now I'm forced to live on in their memories, at their whim and mercy.

Celli climbs the base of the blender to get a closer look at the blending juices.

CELLI

Don't fuck it up like I did. Don't go down without a fight.

Kelly suddenly runs out of the kitchen.

KELLY

Oh thanks, that reminds me.

Hanging onto the blender, Celli calls after Kelly as she runs into living room.

CELLI

Hey, wait! Where are you going? Ditzzy girl! You're already dead. I was speaking Metaphor-oracly.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

Bryce and Eddie fiddle with the television antennas, while Taz pauses in his pounding of the side of the set to grab his crotch.

TAZ

Yeah, I got your Metaphor-oracly, right here, squid boy.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Celli returns his attention to the green liquid swirling in the blender.

CELLI
Fucking faggot.

Celli reaches down into the blender, trying to scoop up a handful of the nectar.

CELLI
Fuck you and your fucking meta-fucking.

Celli falls into blender.

Bobbing to the surface, Celli swirls around in the mixture.

CELLI
A little help!

Making the best of it, Celli spurts green liquid into the air as he swirls around.

Cagney appears, looking down on Celli in the blender.

CELLI
Oh, hey. Just pour me into a glass and I'll be fine.

Cagney puts her hand over the top of the blender.

Celli presses his face against the glass.

CELLI
(muffled)
Hey! No!

Cagney turns the blender to liquefy and Celli disappears into the mixture.

CELLI
Help!!!

Golden sparkles of static appear in the green liquid.

INT. OCEAN FRONT MCMANSION - UNFURNISHED - NIGHT

As Bryce, Taz, Eddie and the rest watch, Kelly places a cassette tape player on top of the static filled television.

KELLY

This is the next wave, the next generation. Music on TV.

Kelly slides a cassette into the player.

Kelly suddenly looks to the kitchen.

KELLY

Oh, shit. I was fixing Celli a drink.

Cagney and Kim enter carrying trays of salt rimmed, golden static filled green drinks.

KIM

Don't worry. We've got you covered.

CAGNEY

Yeah. Celli's all taken care of.

Bryce grabs a drink from the tray.

Following his example, everyone else grabs a drink from the trays.

Bryce raises his drink in toast.

Following Bryce's example, everyone else raises their drink in toast.

Spitting and chocking, a miniature version of Celli surfaces in everyone's glass.

The Celli in Bryce's glass grabs for the rim, but recoils at the salt.

CELLI

Hey! What gives?

Bryce pushes the miniature Celli under the surface and swirls the drink with his finger.

Everyone else follows Bryce's example, dunking the Celli in their glass.

BRYCE

To the next generation, then.

ALL

To the next generation.

Bryce chugs his drink, as does everyone else.

BRYCE

OK, Kelly. It's all yours. Let's see what you got.

Everyone gathers round to watch the television screen.

Kelly closes the cassette player and hits play.

SFX: cue up, Epic by Faith No More.

The television screen is full of static.

INT. STATIC WORLD - DAY

All the world is a bright static.

The static descends, forming a ball-like half planet over which the Celestial Celaphopod reigns, the darkness of space in the background.

The Celestial Celaphopod puts on a poker visor and produces a deck of cards.

One by one, the Celestial Celaphopod deals out cards over the static ball of the planet.

The first card lists the producer, or whoever.

The second card the director.

The third yet another. Maybe that the movie was based on a book by Eddie Takosori.

The Celestial Celaphopod scoops up the cards and shuffles them. As he lays them down again, the cards display short vignette movie loops, over and over.

In the first card, Bryce is in the surf, fighting a Portuguese Man of War.

In the second, Bryce rips the Man of War off his back and throws it to the ground.

In the third, Kim prevents Bryce from crushing it with his foot.

Over laying the first card, Kim collects the Man of War in a bottle.

Over the second, Kim feeds the Man of War.

Over the third, Kim observes the Man of War and records data in a journal.

Over the first, Bryce approaches the jar where the Man of War is kept.

Over the second, Bryce looks around as he opens the lid to the jar.

Over the third, Bryce dumps white static from a film canister into the jar.

Over the first, Kim watches as the Man o War turns into a Celaphopod.

Over the second, Bryce opens the Celaphopod's jar, film canister in hand.

Over the third, the Celaphopod attacks Bryce, latching onto his face.

The Celestial Celaphopod scratches its head with a tentacle, shakes his head, and clears the static of cards.

The Celestial Celaphopod shuffles the cards and re-deals.

In the first card, Taz is playing with an octopus.

In the second, Taz is feeding the octopus white static from a film canister.

In the third, Taz pets the octopus as it morphs into a Celaphopod.

Overlaying the first, the Celaphopod attacks Taz.

The Celestial Celaphopod shakes its head, clears off the cards, and scratches its chin.

It raises a tentacle as if to say, "I have an idea." And deals again.

The first card shows Victoria getting off a private jet.

The second shows Newt descending behind her loaded with luggage.

The third shows Newt loading the luggage into Taz's Taxi as Victoria and Taz watch.

Overlaying the first, Victoria checks into a hotel, Kim behind the counter.

Overlaying the second, Dr Beachum the hotel manager snaps his fingers.

Overlaying the third, Deacon acting as bellhop, grabs the luggage.

Over the first, Deacon shows Victoria a grand hotel suite.

Over the second, Deacon weaves multi-colored strands of thread into Victoria's hair.

Over the third, Deacon palms a wad of bills into Newt's hand as he leaves.

Over the first, Victoria emerges from the bathroom, showing off her swimsuit to Newt.

Over the second, Newt emerges from the bathroom, showing off his swimsuit to an empty room.

Over the third, Victoria walks along the beach as all eyes turn to look at her.

The Celestial Celaphopod lays a card over the first of Bryce taking a header into the sand.

Over the second, Cagney comes to Bryce's rescue dressed as a lifeguard.

The Celestial Celaphopod points to the last card happily while nodding its head.

The image of Cagney resuscitating Bryce becomes all.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Cagney is giving Bryce mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Bryce wraps his arms around Cagney's head in an embrace, pulling her close.

Standing next to them, the Old Crone turns to Taz who is holding a surfboard.

OLD CRONE

Well, when he's done with all that, tell him his problem is with surfing -- and everything -- is that he's looking at his feet and not paying any attention to where he's going.

Beyond Taz, Victoria is standing next to Eddie on the beach.

They stare at the ocean which slowly turns to static.

VICTORIA

That's a good question, Eddie. Where are we going with all of this?

EDDIE

I don't know about you, but I always wanted to make a movie.

Eddie grabs a bullhorn and calls to the MOVIE CREW behind him, complete with lights, cameras, and the works.

EDDIE

And. Action!

Kelly in all her tentacled glory emerges from the static filled ocean.

Sister Mary and Sister Grace in ripped clothes and gasmasks flank Kelly on either side.

Victoria steps in front of the camera.

VICTORIA

But to what purpose? That's what I want to know.

EDDIE

Cut! Cut!

Eddie puts down the bullhorn.

EDDIE

Celaphopods, right? They came from outer space, started a cult to hide their nefarious plans to take over the world. But in a bit of dramatic irony, they decided to tell anyone who would listen that the cult's principal belief was that their leaders were aliens who had chosen to disguise their nefarious plans to take over the world by pretending to be the leaders of a nutty cult.

VICTORIA

Yes. I am familiar with the story.

EDDIE

Right. Well, I say we do the same thing, only this time, instead of a cult, we use a big Hollywood movie production as our cover.

Beyond the camera crew and crowd control barriers a mass of FANS and SPECTATORS squeal with delight.

Among the crowd, Sister Mary and Sister Grace bracket a FAN BOY as a PHOTOGRAPHER sets up the shot.

Holding their mouths an inch away from Fan Boy's ears, the Sisters pretend to kiss him.

The Sister's have tentacles instead of tongues, which enter the Fan Boy's ears.

Through his ears, the Sisters lick the Fan Boy's eyes from inside his head.

The Fan Boy smiles with delight, as a camera flash burns bright.

And the image is frozen in time.

END

Sesame Street alternatives (MASH Suicide is Painless, Feeling Groovy, It's a wonderful Morning, or muck up Sesame Street.... Crazy Daze, everything's made of clay, I'm so happy my mind is free)))

please see

www.paufler.net/takosori/index.html

for more

**The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods
By Eddie Takosori
The Sick Movie**

© 2010 Copyright Brett Paufler
all rights reserved
Brett@Paufler.net
www.Paufler.net

This story is fiction... or at least, that is what I shall claim.
Please see www.Paufler.net/TermsOfService.pdf for full disclosure.

Originally posted at:
www.paufler.net

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's stories may be found.

If you find this document hosted on any other site, you can rest assured that particular site is run by thieving idiots who now owe me at least \$250,000 for copyright infringement.

Thieves, because they don't have the right to host this document. Idiots because, well, exactly how hard is it to scrap off a few words at the beginning of a document. \$250,000 because theft comes at a price...

**The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods
By Eddie Takosori
The Sick Movie**