

POPPYCOCK

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FOX LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

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

Patrons drink and chat.

Cy walks to the bar and smiles at the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER
Hello there, how can I help you?

CY
Drink?

BARTENDER
Sure, what'll ya have, pal?

CY
Drink?

BARTENDER
Doesn't matter?

CY
Drink.

BARTENDER
Comin' right up.

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

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

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

CY
Drink?

BARTENDER
Money, old timer.

Cy nods, smiles still.

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

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

The clock on the wall acts screwy, stops, then moves backwards, then forwards.

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

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

CY
Look sharp, young man, you are in
the presence of a god. I am
Cyronticulous Gentrax the Immortal,
Smasher of Worlds, worshipped and
feared in twenty-three thousand
intergalactic cultures.

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

Cy points at the top shelf Grey Goose.

CY (CONT'D)
Drink?

BARTENDER
You got it, sir!

An OLD DRUNK DAME slides up to Cy.

CY
Drink?

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

LATER

The bartender shoos people out the door. Everyone is drunk off their ass.

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

Cy still sits at the bar, smiling, and drinks. Most of the bottles on the shelf are empty. The Old Drunk Dame wobbles on her seat.

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

Cy nods and smiles.

On the bar, a purple cat laps out of a shot glass.

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

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

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

CY
Corpulent sycophant, my wife will never be replaced.

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

OLD DRUNK DAME
Not yet! I wanna know your name.

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

CY
(unearthly voice)
Cyronticulous Gentrax.

The room darkens.

OLD DRUNK DAME
Cyron-ridiculous Geriatric, tha's cool, I-

CY
Drink.

OLD DRUNK DAME
What??

Cy points at the glass she holds.

CY
Drink.

OLD DRUNK DAME
One more for the road.

She throws the drink down her throat.

Cy raises an eyebrow.

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

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

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT

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

Mavious' delivery is rapid-fire, blink-and-you-miss-the-joke. Quacko's is that of a Yiddish person doing a bad Italian accent.

MAVIOUS (O.S.)

Egads, I declare shenanigans, my brother and sister!

QUACKO (O.S.)

What are you talkin' about, with the shenanigans and the egads?

MAVIOUS (O.S.)

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

QUACKO (O.S.)

So why not take a hundred years before you talk again?

MAVIOUS (O.S.)

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

QUACKO (O.S.)

What'choo think? When Tonky never with us?

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

We hear a woman's whistle.

QUACKO (O.S.)
I'd say speak of the devil but she
don't-a speak. Hi Tonky!

The whistle responds in kind.

MAVIOUS (O.S.)
Say, why don't we put some clothes
on?

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CASINO - MORNING

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

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

The monolith makes a smaller sound that sounds apologetic.

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

The stone runes flare again, then reconfigure to segment it into thirds. The two sides break off and jut out a foot to each side.

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

From them we hear the voices of Mavious and Quacko.

MAVIOUS
Wait a minute, which one of you is
me?

QUACKO
Not me.

MAVIOUS
Well which one are you?

QUACKO
Me!

MAVIOUS
We better put on some duds.

The three forms specify.

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

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

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

QUACKO

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

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

QUACKO(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(to Mavious)

Say, what's your name? I forget.

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

You can call me Doctor Spinelli.

MAVIOUS

Doctor Spinelli? I knew a Doctor Spinelli once.

QUACKO

Oh no, that's not-a me.

MAVIOUS

You said I could call you Doctor Spinelli.

QUACKO

Who am I to stop you?

MAVIOUS

Who are you, indeed?

QUACKO
Quacko, Quacko Spinelli.

MAVIOUS
PhD?

QUACKO
No tanks, I already got one.

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

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

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

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

Tonky whips open her cape again, but what looked like bouncing breasts are her holding two coconuts with straws. Mavious and Quacko gladly accept and drink.

Mavious spits it out.

QUACKO
What's-a wrong widda da coconut?

MAVIOUS
This is for baby coconuts. Why I
oughtta! Tonky, what else you got
to drink?

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

GUARD ONE
Hey, stop right there!

The trio freezes instantly, only eyes moving.

GUARD TWO
Holy buckets, did you three smash
all these car windows?

MAVIOUS
You know what I like about you two?

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

GUARD TWO
Hey get off me, freaks!

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

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

GUARD ONE
Delbert.

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

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

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

MAVIOUS
Alright, Fred-

GUARD TWO
It's Gil!

MAVIOUS
Alright, ItzGil, let's get serious
here.

GUARD TWO
Who smashed the windows?

MAVIOUS
I saw two hippopotamuses wandering
around here.

GUARD TWO
What the hell two hippopotami gotta
do with it?

MAVIOUS

They were carrying hammers. I haven't seen a hippo that mad since, well, enough about your mother, ItzGil, we need to see your leader. We have to save the world.

QUACKO

That's-a right, take us to yuh leadah!

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

INT. MALL SECURITY OFFICE

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

LIONEL

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

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

Gil and Delbert are slouched by the door.

MAVIOUS

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

LIONEL

Wait, what? Three-

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

Boss, you keepin' his eyes in or out?

MAVIOUS

Eyes in, you know what that means?

QUACKO

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

LIONEL

Hey-

QUACKO

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

MAVIOUS

Alright, Lionel, I've had about
enough yappin' outta you, I haven't
stopped talking since you got here,
and you need to take us to the
president.

LIONEL

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

LIONEL (CONT'D)

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

MAVIOUS

Would you do it for the Pope?

LIONEL

Take you to the president?

MAVIOUS

No, the Pope.

LIONEL

Bring the Pope to the president?

QUACKO

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

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

LIONEL

My guys gonna take you to the
president.

MAVIOUS

It's a deal!

INT. SECURITY VAN - NIGHT

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

MAVIOUS

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

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

QUACKO

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

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Delbert and Gil get out of the van and open up the rear door. A pink hippo holding a hammer and smoking a cigarette grumbles.

HIPPO

Can I get some privacy?

They slam the door shut.

GIL

Delbert, we check into rehab tomorrow.

DELBERT

Done runnin' from it, Gil. Pinky swear.

They interlace pinkies and hug.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Mavious, Tonky and Quacko stand outside the gates.

QUACKO

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

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

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

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

No, I waited for you.

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

I forgot.

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

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

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

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

Can I help you?

MAVIOUS

No, but I can help you. We're the diplomats from Luche Cootcha Monga. You were worried we'd be late, were you?

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

(looks at iPad)

Loocha Monga what?

MAVIOUS

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

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

WHITE HOUSE GUARD #1

Alright, alright, c'mon.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Mavious, Tonky, and Quacko sit at chairs in front of the empty Oval Office desk. They wait somewhat patiently, but Tonky fidgets.

Behind them on the couch, a dyed-blonde white teenager with bright athletic gear, BABY POPSICLE, has his feet up on the couch, plays on his phone.

BABY POPSICLE
 (talking at phone)
 Yeah, lil' punk dweezils! Don't
 front on me!
 (phone dings)
 Aw yeah, there's one of my lil
 chickens, what's good lil' chicken?

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

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

BABY POPSICLE
 (at them, holding up his
 phone"
 Hey peeps, check that booty out,
 know what I'm sayin'? Girl is
 thicc!

MAVIOUS
 Like your skull, I might say.

BABY POPSICLE
 Whatchoo say?

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

A bustling throng of ADVISORS rushes in.

ADVISOR #1
 Mr. President, a moment of your
 time.

Tonky stands up, salutes.

BABY POPSICLE

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

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

ADVISOR #1

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

BABY POPSICLE

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

Baby Popsicle texts more.

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

EXT. DESERT - DAY

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

INT. CASINO - DAY

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

BAR

Cy smiles at the CASINO BARTENDER.

CASINO BARTENDER

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

Cy holds up another gold cube.

CY

Drink?

TITLE: SEVEN HOURS LATER

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

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

CASINO BARTENDER
You doing okay, Mr. Cy?

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

Casino bartender is taken aback.

CY
Drink?

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

CY
Then, Cyronticulous Gentrax shall eat.

Tentacles burst out of Cy's shirts as buttons fly straight at the bartender.

MOMENTS LATER

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

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

INT. OVAL OFFICE. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

Lusty Secret Service Agent takes a step back. Tonky eats the rose, tackles him and they roll behind the sofa. They make sounds like Tonky's got an accordion under her cloak.

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

MAVIOUS

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

QUACKO

What do I do if you're right?

MAVIOUS

Slap me.

Quacko raises his hand.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)

I'll take another rain check.

QUACKO

Partly cloudy, with a chance in the evening. Why you worried about the rain so much, Boss?

Mavious stands up and addresses Baby Popsicle.

MAVIOUS

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

BABY POPSICLE

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

MAVIOUS

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

BABY POPSICLE

Older than dat, shiiiiiii...

MAVIOUS

Settled, it's fifteen and a half.

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

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

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

MONTAGE:

Quickly we see BABY POPSICLE smiling as an innocent lad.

BABY POPSICLE in the news as a missing boy.

BABY POPSICLE in the news being pulled out of a frozen lake.

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

MAVIOUS (O.S.)
 They should have stuck you in the
 oven longer.

HEADLINE: BABY POPSICLE DECLARES RUN FOR PRESIDENT

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

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

BACK TO SCENE:

BABY POPSICLE
 So who you gang of fools?
 Represent!

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

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

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)

You could return to your mother's
basement.

BABY POPSICLE

(raps)

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

MAVIOUS

(aside)

Why am I trying to save this planet
again? People voted for this mook!

QUACKO

You tell him what he wanna hear,
Boss, even if he don't wanna hear
it.

MAVIOUS

(singing)

Hey, Mr. President, I gotta say,
There's an evil threat looming and
he's headed our way
If you don't stop him he'll eat
every cow
Then he'll eat your guards right
here anyhow
Your face will be dessert
And it will really hurt
So I suggest you be listening
Before your head goes mah-hissing!

BABY POPSICLE

(raps)

One, two, three, four,
Only see three but I added one more
Five, six, seven, eight,
Gotta get goin' before I get too
late
You three bozos be comin' up and
frontin'
Don't stop talkin' but ya ain't
saying nothing'
When I say nine, ah gonna go dine
When I say ten, not seein' y'all
'gain.

MAVIOUS
 Jumpin' Jehosephat-

BABY POPSICLE
 Who dat tramp?

MAVIOUS
 (sings to Quacko)
 I'm gonna kill this scamp!

The Secret Service officers all pull their guns and point them at Mavious.

MAVIOUS (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, gentlemen, no need to
 get your alarm bells in a bunch,
 let me explain.

BABY POPSICLE looks at his cell phone again.

Quacko steps to the head of security, AGENT HORNBY

Hornby puts a gun up to Quacko's nose.

HORNBY
 Allow this to explain.

QUACKO
 Oh, my favorite flavor, licorice!

Quacko takes a bite out of the end of the gun, and indeed it is just licorice shaped like a gun.

HORNBY
 What?

MAVIOUS
 Well, lick (look) at that!

HORNBY
 Turn it back!

QUACKO
 You no like licorice, then why
 youza guys all bring some?

The other Secret Service agents are shocked, but quickly check their guns. All are licorice.

Tonky taps Hornby's shoulder. Shakes his hand. A CLUNK as a gun hits the floor underneath Tonky's cloak, then a BANG. Tonky grimaces!

Several agents tackle BABY POPSICLE.